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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 1.
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CONTENTS:

CONTENTS.—An Effective Judiciary; A Sensational View of Feminism; "Lion's Mouth;" California Husbands; A Distinguished Lawyer in a Fix; or, the Navy vs. the Bar; Aerial Navigation; Literary Men in California; Literary Gleanings; Gossip for the Ladies; A Visit to Juan Fernandez; Spain; "BLACK SHEEP;" The Pearl Harvest; Tact; Correspondence, Amusements, etc. POETRY—Cleopatra.—By W. W. Story; Take Heart, etc.

CLEOPATRA.

[We re-publish, in compliance with frequent requests, the following remarkable poem by W. W. Story—the eminent American sculptor—which appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Aside from the magnificence of its diction, the idea of the poem is so bold and original that very few will feel themselves familiar with it even on a second reading. The doctrine of the Metempsychosis never had an ampler or more fitting illustration.]

HERE, Charmian, take my bracelets,
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain:
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
Its music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover
The sleeping crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf-pavement
Never a ripple rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder—
For lightning and wild fiery rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
That wretched little gazelle
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him—my nerves be vexes—
The thing without blood or brain—
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald bleak skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like molten jewels
Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past-time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor,
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches
And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms—
How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met as two clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
For I was flexile and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
While I lay crouched there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife!
Come to my arms, my hero,
The shadows of twilight grow.
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior that storms a fortress!
I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then?

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES,

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

SUMMARY OF PUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "BLACK SHEEP."—George Dallas, the black sheep of the family, an only son and spendthrift, walks down from London to "Poynings,"—the Carruthers' country seat—to seek an interview with his mother—now Mrs. Carruthers, "wife of the rich, respectable old Carruthers," who had forbidden him the house—to obtain money from her to meet pressing difficulties. He arrives on the night of a party; climbs up into the room of his old nurse, Mrs. Brookes, and obtains there a stolen interview with his mother, which results in his obtaining a ten-pound note, and a promise that she will forward him, within one month, a hundred and forty pounds, to meet a note of indebtedness to one Routh, a friend and associate. After an interview of half an hour he leaves for the adjacent village of Amberst, where he passes the night. In the morning he changes the note, which bears a date and the post-mark of Amherst, to purchase an overcoat, and departs for London. In London, at the house of Stewart Routh, a gentlemanly gambler and adventurer of good accomplishments and address, the reader is introduced to his wife Harriet, commonly addressed by Routh as "Harry,"—a woman of rare mental qualifications and quick appreciation, thoroughly devoted to her husband, his counselor in all his schemes, and a most efficient aid in his precarious mode of living.

One Deane, an American, a cool, sharp, "posted" man, with abundant means, is also introduced, whose cleverness is even too much for the designs of Routh and his wife. George Dallas receives a letter from his mother, who writes him that the one hundred and forty pounds, obtained by a great risk and almost criminal sacrifice, will be given to him by her in person at Amberst. He informs Routh of the import of his mother's letter. Routh, meanwhile, is organizing a company for working some newly discovered silver mines in Brazil, which promises to be "a big thing," but is badly in want of funds to successfully launch his scheme; when he learns from Deane that he is to receive for some stock transaction three thousand pounds, which sum Deane proposes to keep in his desk for a few days until wanted; and, in celebration of the event, he invites Routh and Dallas to dine with him at a fashionable restaurant on the same evening. Routh tells his wife that he must have Deane's money "one way or another." The dinner comes off, but Routh is not present.

George Dallas again visits Amherst under his author-name of "Paul Ward," to receive from his mother the money she promised him; when he learns from her lips that she has secretly sent her diamonds to Paris to be imitated, with the object of pledging the genuine ones as the only available means of obtaining the amount. The jewelry failing to arrive, his mother requests him to stop at Amherst for a few days to await its arrival. While sketching a private park, "The Sycamores," a chance acquaintance is brought about—which rapidly ripens into mutual though unavowed feelings of affection between Miss Clare Carruthers, a beautiful young lady of nineteen, the favorite niece and heir of the rich Capel Carruthers—Dallas' father-in-law—and our hero; known only to Miss Carruthers as "Paul Ward," the author.

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED.

AMONG THE BEECHES.

"HOW beautiful she is, how frank, how graceful, how unspeakably innocent and refined! She spoke to me with such an utter absence of conventional pretence, without a notion that she might possibly be wrong in speaking to a stranger, who had offered her a civility in her uncle's park. She told that man on the balcony that night that Sir Thomas Boldero was her uncle. I did not remember it when the old man mentioned the name. How long has she been here, I wonder? Is she as much here as at Poynings? How surprised she would be if she knew that I know who she is; that I have heard her voice before to-day; that in the pocket-book she held in her hand a few minutes ago there lies a withered flower which she once touched and wore. Good God! What would a girl like that think of me, if she knew what I am—if she knew that I stole like a thief to the window of my mother's house, and looked in, shivering, a poverty-stricken wretch, come there to ask for alms, while she herself glittered among my mother's company, like the star of beauty and youth she is? How could she but despise me if she knew it! But she will never know it, or me, most likely. I shall try to get away

and work out all this, far away in a country where no memories of sin and shame and sorrow will rise up around me like ghosts. I am glad to have seen and spoken to Clare Carruthers; it must do me good to remember that such a woman really exists, and is no poet's or romancer's dream. I am glad to think of her as my mother's friend, companion, daughter almost. My mother, who never had a daughter, and has, God help her, no son *but me!* But I shall never see her again, mostly likely. When I reach the house, I shall find a pompous servant, no doubt, charged with Sir Thomas' compliments, and orders to show me round a gallery of spurious Dutch pictures, copies of Raphael and Carlo Dolce, and a lot of languishing Lelys and gluttony-suggesting Kneller's."

With these disparaging words in his thoughts, George Dallas reached the border of the park, and found himself in front of the house. The facade was even more imposing and beautiful than he had been led to expect by the distant view of it, and the wide arched doorway gave admittance to an extensive quadrangle beyond. A stone terrace stretched away at either side of the entrance, as at Poynings. Standing on the lower step, a tame peacock displaying his gaudy plumage by her side, he saw Miss Carruthers. She came forward to meet him with a heightened color and embarrassed manner, and said:

"I am very sorry, indeed, but Sir Thomas and my aunt are not at home. They had no intention of leaving home when I went out for my ride, but they have been gone for some time." She looked towards a servant who stood near, and added: "I am so sorry; nothing would have given my uncle more pleasure; but if you will allow me, I will send—"

George interrupted her, but with perfect politeness.

"Thank you very much, but, if you will allow me, I will take my leave, and hope to profit by Sir Thomas Boldero's kindness on a future occasion." He bowed deeply, and was turning away, when, seeing that she looked really distressed, he hesitated.

"I will show you the pictures myself, if you will come with me," she said, in a tone so frank, so kindly and engaging, that the sternest critic of manners in existence, supposing that critic to have been any other than an old maid, could not have condemned the spontaneous courtesy as forwardness. "I am an indifferent substitute for my uncle, as a cicerone, but I think I know the names of all the artists, and where all the pictures came from." Stephen," she spoke now to the servant, "I am going to take this gentleman through the picture-gallery; go on before us if you please."

So George Dallas and Clare Carruthers entered the house together, and lingered over the old carvings in the hall, over their inspection of the sporting pictures which adorned it, and the dining room, over the family portraits in the vestibule, the old china vases, and the rococo furniture. Every subject had an interest for them, and they did not think of asking themselves in what that interest originated and consisted. The girl did not know the young man's name, but his voice was full of the charm of sweet music for her, and in his face her fancy read strange and beautiful things. He was an artist, she knew already, which in sober language meant that she had seen a very tolerable sketch which he had made. He was a poet, she felt quite convinced; for did he not quote Tennyson, and Keats, and Coleridge, and Herrick and Herbert, as they wandered among the really fine and valuable paintings which formed Sir Thomas Boldero's collection, so aptly and with such deep feeling and appreciation as could spring only from a poetic soul?

It was the old story, which has never been truly told, which shall never cease in the telling. Both were young, and one was beautiful; and though the present is an age which mocks at love at first sight, and indeed regards love at all, under any circumstances, with only decent toleration, not by any means amounting to favor, it actually witnesses it sometimes. The young man and the girl—the idle, dissolute, perverted young man, the beautiful, pure, innocent, proud, pious young girl—talked together that spring afternoon, as the hours wore on to evening, of art, of literature, of music, of travel, of the countless things over which their fancy rambled, and which had wondrous charms for her bright intellect and her secluded life, simple and ignorant in the midst of its luxury and refinement. All that was best and noblest in George's mind came out at the gentle bidding of the voice that sounded for him with a new, undreamed-of music; and the hard, cold, wicked world in which he lived, in which hitherto, with rare intervals of better impulses, he had taken delight, fell away from him, and was forgotten.

The girl's grace and beauty, refinement and gentleness, were not more conspicuous than her bright intelligence and taste, cultivated, not indeed by travel or society, but by extensive and varied reading. Such was the influence which minute after minute was gaining upon George. And for her? Her fancy was busily at work too. She loved art; it filled her with wonder and reverence. Here was an artist, a young, handsome artist, of unexceptionable manners. She adored poetry, regarding it as a divine gift; and here was a poet—yes, a poet; for she had made Dallas confess that he very often wrote "verses;" but that was his modesty; she knew he wrote poetry—beautiful poetry. Would he ever let her see any of it?

"Yes, certainly," he had answered; "when I am famous, and there is a brisk competition for me among the publishers, I will send a copy of my poems to you."

"To me! But you do not know my name."

"O yes I do. You are Miss Carruthers."

"I am; but who told you?"

The question disconcerted Dallas a little. He turned it off by saying, "Why, how can you suppose I could be at Amherst without learning that the niece of Sir Thomas Boldero, of the Sycamores, is Miss Carruthers?"

"Ah, true; I did not think of that," said Clare, simply.—"But I do not live here generally; I live with another uncle, my father's brother—Sir Thomas is my mother's—Mr. Capel Carruthers, at Poynings, seven miles from here. Have you heard of Poynings?"

Yes, Mr. Dallas had heard of Poynings; but now he must take his leave. It had long been too dark to look at the pictures, and the young people were standing in the great hall, near the open door, whence they could see the gate and the archway, and a cluster of servants idling about and looking out for the return of the carriage. Clare was suddenly awakened to a remembrance of the lateness of the hour, and at once received her visitor's farewell, gracefully reiterating her assurances that her uncle would gladly make him free of the park for sketching purposes. She would tell Sir Thomas of the pleasant occurrences of the day; by the by, she had not the pleasure of knowing by what name she should mention him to her uncle.

"A very insignificant one, Miss Carruthers. My name is Paul Ward."

And so he left her, and, going slowly down the great avenue among the beeches, met a carriage containing a comely, good-humored lady and an old gentleman, also comely and good-humored; who both bowed and smiled graciously as he lifted his hat to them.

"Sir Thomas and my lady, of course," thought George; "a much nicer class of relatives than Capel Carruthers, I should say."

He walked briskly towards the town. While he was in Clare's company he had forgotten how hungry he was, but now the remembrance returned with full vigor, and he remembered very clearly how many hours had elapsed since he had eaten. When he came in sight of the railway station, a train was in the act of coming in from London. As he struck into a little by-path leading to the inn, the passengers got out of the carriages, passed through the station gate and began to struggle up in the same direction. He and they met where the by-path joined the road, and he reached the inn in the company of three of the passengers, who were about to remain at Amherst. Mr. Page was in the hall, and asked George if he would dine.

"Dine?" said George. Certainly. Give me anything you like, so that you don't keep me waiting; that's the chief thing."

"It *is* late, sir, indeed," remarked Mr. Page; "half past seven, sir."

"So late?" said George, carelessly, as he turned into the coffee-room.

CHAPTER VIII.

GLAMOUR.

When George Dallas had dined, he left the coffee-room, and retired to the bedroom which he had ordered, and over a "bit of fire" he sat long, his arms folded on his breast, his head bent, his brow lowering, his eyes fixed on the glowing embers. Was he looking at faces in the fire—his parents' faces, the faces of friends, whom he had treated as enemies, of enemies whom he had taken for friends? Were reproachful eyes looking at him from out the past; were threatening glances in the present upon him? He sat there, black and moody, a long while, but at length his fixed gaze relaxed, the muscles of his mouth softened, broke into a slow smile, and a light came into his dull, gloomy eyes. Then he rose, took his pocket-book from his breast-pocket, made some memoranda at the back of the sketch taken that day in Sir Thomas Boldero's park, put back the book, and, once more settling himself near the fire, lighted his pipe and began to smoke.

The musing look remained upon his face, but it was no longer painful, and, as he smoked, he fell to building castles in the air, as baseless, maybe, as the vapour which curled in fantastic wreaths about his face, but tenanted by hope, and inspired by higher and better resolves than had animated George Dallas for many a day. The twin angels, love and gratitude, were near him; invisibly their soft white wings were fluttering about him, refreshing the jaded heart and the stained brow. His mother, and the girl whom he had that day seen for the second time, and recognized with feelings full of a bitter and evil impulse at first, but who had soon exercised over him a nameless fascination full of a pure and thrilling delight, such as no pleasure of all his sin-stained life had ever previously brought him; of these two he was thinking. If George Dallas could have seen his mother at the moment, when he, having laid his exhausted pipe upon the little wooden chimneypiece, and hastily undressed, lay down in his bed, with his hands clasped over the top of his head, in his favorite attitude when he had anything particular to think of, he would have found her not only thinking but talking of him with her trusty friend Mrs. Brookes.

There was no reticence on this occasion; the mother had taken a dangerous step, and one whose necessity she indeed deeply deplored, but she had gotten over the first great effort and the apprehension connected with it, and now she thought only of her son, she dwelt only upon the hope, the confidence, the instinctive belief within her, that this was really the turning point, that her prayers had been heard, that the rock of a hard and stubborn heart had been struck and had yielded, that her son would turn from the old evil paths, would consider his ways and be wise for the future. So she sat and talked to the humble friend who knew her and loved her better than any one else in the world knew or loved her, and when she at length dismissed her and lay down to rest there was more peace at her heart than had dwelt there for a long time past.

So one of whom the prodigal son had thought gently and gratefully that night, was thinking of him with love that no unworthiness could kill or lessen, with hope which no experience could exhaust. And the other? Well, the other was playing and singing to her uncle and aunt in the green drawing-room at the Sycamores, and if she had said little to Sir Thomas and Lady Boldero concerning the young artist who was so delighted with the picture-gallery, and who had despaired of doing justice to the grand old trees in the park, it is presumable that, like the parrot of old renown, she thought the more.

George Dallas slept well, and in the morning went out, and once more took the direction of the Sycamores.

The day was bright and cheerful, and a light breeze was stirring the budding branches and lending a sense of exhilaration to the young man who so rarely looked on the fair face of nature, and who had unhappily had all his purer tastes and sympathies so early deadened. They revived under the influence of the scene and the softening effect of the adventure which had befallen him the day before. He stopped opposite the oaken gates, which had lain open yesterday, but were closed to-day, and he rambled on, further away from the town, and crossing the road, took his way along the park paling, where the fragrant odor from the shrubberies added a fresh pleasure to his walk.

He had passed a bend of the road which swept away from the large gates of the park, and was peering in at the mossy tufts, studded with violets and bluebells clustering round the stems of the young trees in the plantation, when his eyes lighted on a small gate, a kind of wicket in the paling, imperfectly secured by a very loose latch, and from which a straight narrow path, bordered with trimly-kept rows of ground ivy, led into a broader road dividing the plantation from the park.

"A side entrance, of course," said Dallas to himself, and then, looking across the road, he saw that just opposite the little gate there was a wooden stile, by which a path through the fields, leading, no doubt, into the town of Amherst, could be attained from the raised footpath.

"I suppose the land on both sides belongs to Sir Thomas," thought Dallas, and as he made a momentary pause, a large black Newfoundland dog, carrying a basket in his mouth, came down the narrow path, bumped himself against the loosely fastened gate, swung it open, and stopped in the aperture, with a droll air of having done something particularly clever. Dallas looked admiringly at the beautiful animal, and the next instant he heard a voice speaking from the top of the straight walk.

"Here, 'Cæsar,'" it said; "come here, sir; who told you I was going that way?"

"Cæsar" tossed up his head, somewhat to the detriment of the basket, and lolloped about with his big black legs, but did not retrace his steps, and the next moment Miss Carruthers appeared. A few yards only divided her from George, who stood outside the gate, his face turned full towards her as she came down the path, and who promptly took off his hat. She returned his salutation with embarrassment, but with undisguisable pleasure, and blushed most becomingly.

"I suppose I ought to walk on and leave her; but I won't," said George to himself, in the momentary silence which followed their mutual salutation, and then, in a kind of desperation, he said:

"I am fortunate to meet you again, by a lucky accident, Miss Carruthers. You are out earlier to-day, and this is "Cæsar's" turn."

He patted the shiny black head of the Newfoundland, who still obstructed the entrance to the path, as he spoke, and "Cæsar" received the attention tolerably graciously.

"Yes, I generally walk early, and ride in the afternoon."

"Escorted by your dumb friends only," said George, in a tone not quite of interrogation. Miss Carruthers blushed again, as she replied:

"Yes, my horse and my dog are my companions generally. My aunt never walks, and Sir Thomas never rides. Were you going into the park again, Mr. Ward?"

By this time "Cæsar" had run out into the road, and was in a state of impatient perplexity, and evidently much inconvenienced by the basket, which he was too well trained to drop, but shook disconsolately as he glanced reproachfully at Clare, wondering how much longer she meant to keep him waiting.

"No, Miss Carruthers, I was merely walking past the Sycamores, and recalling yesterday's pleasure—half gladly, half sadly, as I fancy we recall all pleasures."

"I—I told my uncle of your visit yesterday, and he said he was sorry to have missed you, and hoped you would see as much of the park as you liked. Did—did you finish your sketch, Mr. Ward? Oh, that horrid 'Cæsar,' he will have the handle off my basket. Just see how he is knocking it against the stile."

She came hurriedly through the open gateway into the road, George following her.

"May I take it from him?" he said.

"Oh, pray do; there now, he is over the stile, and running through the field."

George rushed away in pursuit of "Cæsar," triumphant in his success in thus terminating a period of inaction for which he saw no reasonable excuse. Miss Carruthers mounted the stile in a more leisurely fashion, turned into the footpath which led through the field, and in a few moments met George returning, her basket in his hand, and "Cæsar" slouching along beside him, sulky and discontented.

She thanked George, told him she was going nearly as far as Amherst by the "short cut," which lay through her uncle's land, and the two young people in another minute found themselves walking side by side, as if such an arrangement were quite a matter of course, to which Mrs. Grundy could not possibly make any objection. Of course, it was highly imprudent, not to say improper, and one of the two was perfectly conscious alike of the imprudence and the impropriety: perfectly conscious, also, that both were increased by the fact that he was George Dallas, and the young lady was Clare Carruthers, the niece of his stepfather, the girl, mainly, on whose account he had been shut out from the house called by courtesy his mother's. As for Clare Carruthers, she knew little or nothing of life and the world of observances and rules of behavior. Sheltered from the touch, from the breath, from the very knowledge of ill, the girl had always been free with a frank innocent freedom, happy with a guileless happiness, and as unsophisticated as any girl could well be in this wide-awake realistic nineteenth century. She was highly imaginative, emphatically of the romantic temperament, and, in short, a Lydia Languish without the caricature. Her notions of literary men, artists, and the like, were derived from their works; and as the little glimpse which she had as yet had of society (she had only "come out" at the ball at Poynings in February) had not enabled her to correct her ideas by comparison with reality, she cherished her illusions with ardor proportioned to their fallaciousness. The young men of her acquaintance were of either two species: sons of country gentlemen, with means and inclination to devote themselves to the kind of life their fathers led, or military magnificoes, of whom Clare, con-

trary to the fashion of young ladies in general, entertained a mean and contemptuous opinion. When Captain Marsh and Captain Clitheroe were home "on leave," they found it convenient and agreeable to pass a good deal of their leisure at Poynings; and as they happened to be ninnies of the first magnitude, whose insignificance in every sense worth mention was only equalled by their conceit, Miss Carruthers had conceived a prejudice against military men in general founded upon her dislike of the two specimens with whom she was most familiar. So Clare's imagination had no home pasture in which to feed, and roamed far afield.

It had taken its hue from her tastes, which were strongly pronounced in the direction of literature. Clare had received a "good education;" that is to say, she had been placed by a fashionable mother under the care of a fashionable governess, who had superintended fashionable masters while they imparted a knowledge of music, drawing, dancing, and a couple of modern languages to her pretty docile, intelligent pupil. The more solid branches of instruction Clare had climbed under Miss Pettigrew's personal care, and had "done credit" to her instructress, as the phrase goes. But the upshot of it all was, that she had very little sound knowledge, and that the real educational process had commenced for her with the termination of Miss Pettigrew's reign, and had received considerable impetus when Clare had been transferred—on the not particularly lamented decease of the fashionable mother, who was Sir Thomas Boldero's sister, and remarkably unlike that hearty and unworldly country gentleman—to Poynings and the guardianship of Mr. Carruthers. Then the girl began to read after her own fancy indeed, unguided and uncontrolled, but in an omnivorous fashion; and as she was full of feeling, fancy, and enthusiasm, her reading ran a good deal in the poetical, romantic, and imaginative line. Novels she devoured, and she was of course a devotee of Tennyson and Longfellow, saying of the latter, as her highest idea of praise, that she could hardly believe him to be an American, or a dweller in that odious vulgar country, and wondering why Mrs. Carruthers seemed a little annoyed by the observation. She read history, too, provided it was picturesquely written, and books of travel, exploration, and adventure she delighted in. Periodical literature she was specially addicted to, and it was rather a pleasant little vanity of Clare to "keep up with" all the serial stories—not confusing the characters or the incidents, no matter how numerous they were.

She had so much access to books that, as far as a lady's possible requirements could go, it might be said, without exaggeration, to be unlimited. Not only did the Sycamores boast a fine library, kept with the utmost care and attention by Sir Thomas Boldero, and of which she had the freedom, but Poynings was also very respectably endowed in a similar respect. She was so surrounded with luxury and comfort, that it was not wonderful she should invest opposite conditions of existence with irresistible charms, and her habitual associates were so commonplace, so prosperous and conventional, that her aspirations for opportunities of hero-worship naturally directed themselves towards oppressed worth, unappreciated genius, and fiery hearts struggling manfully with adverse fate. "The red planet Mars" was a great favorite with her, and to suffer and be strong a much finer idea to her mind than not to suffer and to have no particular occasion for strength. Mrs. Grundy would doubtless have had a great deal to say, and a very fair pretext for saying it, had she seen Miss Carruthers strolling through the fields which lay between the Sycamores and Amherst, in deep and undisguisedly delighted conversation with a strange young man, who was apparently absorbed in the pleasure of talking to and listening to her, while "Cæsar" trotted now by the side of the one, anon of the other, with serene and friendly complacency. Mrs. Grundy was, however, not destined to know anything about the "very suspicious" circumstance for the present. And George Dallas and Clare Carruthers, with the unscrupulous yielding to the impulse of the moment, which affords youth such splendid opportunities for getting into scrapes, from which the utmost efforts of their elders are powerless to extract them, walked and talked and improved the shining hours into a familiar acquaintance, which the girl would have called friendship, but which the young man felt, only too surely, was love at first sight. He had mocked at such an idea, had denied its existence, had derided it with tongue and pen, but here it was, facing him now, delivering to him a silent challenge to deny, dispute, or mock at it any more.

A faint suspicion that the beautiful girl whom he had seen yesterday for the second time meant something in his life, which no woman had ever meant before, had hung about him since he had left the Sycamores after their first interview; but now, as he walked beside her, he felt that he had entered the enchanted land, that he had passed away from old things, and that the chain of his old life had fallen from him. For weal or woe, present with her or absent from her, he knew he loved this girl, the one girl whom it was absolutely forbidden to him to love.

They had talked commonplaces at first, though each was conscious that the flurried earnestness of the other's manner was an absurd commentary upon the ordinary style of their conversation. George had asked, and Clare had implied, no permission for him to accompany her on her walk; he had quietly taken it for granted, and she had as quietly acquiesced, and it so happened that they did not meet a single person to stare at the tall, gaunt-looking, but handsome stranger walking with Miss Carruthers, to wonder who he "mought a bin," and proceed to impart his curiosity to the servants at the Sycamores, or the gossip at the ale-house.

"This path is not much used," said George.

"No, very little indeed," replied Clare. "You see it does not lead directly anywhere but to the Sycamores, and so the farming people, my uncle's servants, and tradespeople, back and forward to the park, chiefly use it. I often come this way, and do not meet a soul."

"Are you going into the town?"

"Not all the way: just to the turnpike on the Poynings road. Do you know Mr. Carruthers' place, Mr. Ward?"

George felt rather uncomfortable as he answered in the negative, though it was such a small matter, and the false statement did not harm anybody. He had told a tolerable number of lies in the course of his life, but he shrank with keen and unaccustomed pain from making this girl, whose golden brown eyes looked at him so frankly, whose sweet face beamed on him so innocently, a false answer.

"I am going to the cottage on the roadside just below the turnpike," Clare continued; "an old servant of my aunt lives there, and I have a message from her. I often go to see her, not so much for kindness, I'm afraid, as because I hate to walk outside the park without an object."

"And you don't mind riding without an escort any more than you do walking without one," said George, not in the tone of a question, but in that of a simple remark. Clare looked at him with some surprise; he met the look with a meaning smile.

"You dislike the attendance of a groom. Miss Carruthers, and never admit it except in case of necessity. You are surprised, I see; you will be still more surprised when I tell you I learned this, not from seeing you ride alone in the park—there is nothing unusual in that, especially when you are on such good terms with your horse—but from your own lips."

"From my own lips, what can you possibly mean, Mr. Ward? I never saw you until yesterday, and I know I never mentioned the subject then."

The young man drew imperceptibly nearer to her, on the narrow path where they were walking, and as he spoke the following sentences, he took from his breast pocket a little note case, which he held in his left hand, at which she glanced curiously once or twice.

"You saw me, for the first time yesterday, Miss Carruthers, but I had seen you before. I had seen you the centre of a brilliant society, the pride and belle of a ball-room where I had no place."

("Now," thought George, "if she only goes home and tells my mother all this, it will be a nice business. Never mind, I can't help it," and he went on impetuously.) The girl made no remark, but she looked at him with growing astonishment. "You talked to a gentleman happier than I—for he was with you—of your daily rides, and I heard all you said. Forgive me, the first tone of your voice told me it was but a light and trival conversation, or I would not have listened to it." (George is not certain that he is telling the truth here, but she is convinced of it; for is he not an author, an artist, a hero?) "I even heard the gentleman's name with whom you were talking, and just before you passed out of my hearing you unconsciously gave me *this*."

He opened the note-book, took out a folded slip of paper, opened that, too, and held towards Clare, but without giving it into her hand, a slip of myrtle.

"*I* gave you that, Mr. Ward!" she exclaimed. "*I*—when—where—how? What do you mean? I remember no such conversation as you describe; I don't remember anything about a ball or a piece of myrtle. When and where was it? I have been out so little in London."

Now George had said nothing about London, but opportunely remembering that he could not explain the circumstances he had rather rashly mentioned, and that, unexplained, they might lead her to the conclusion that the part he had played on the mysterious occasion in question had been that of a burglar, he adroitly availed himself of her error. True, on the other hand, she might very possibly think that the only part which a spectator at a ball in London, who was not a partaker in its festivities, could have played must have been that of a waiter, which was not a pleasant suggestion; but somehow he felt no apprehension on that score. The girl went on eagerly questioning him, but he only smiled, very sweetly and slowly, as he carefully replaced the withered twig in the note-book, and the note-book in his pocket.

"I cannot answer your questions, Miss Carruthers; *this is my secret*—a cherished one, I assure you. The time may come, though the probability is very dim and distant just now, when I shall tell you when, and where, and how I saw you first; and if ever that time should come," he stopped, cleared his voice, and went on, "things will be so different with me that I shall have nothing to be ashamed or afraid of."

"*Ashamed* of, Mr. Ward?" said Clare, in a sweet soft tone of deprecating wonder. All her curiosity had been banished by the trouble and sadness of his manner, and profound interest and sympathy had taken its place.

"You think I ought not to use that word; I thank you for the gentle judgment," said George, his manner indescribably softened and deepened; "but if ever I am in a position to tell—but why do I talk such nonsense? I am only a waif, a stray, thrown for a moment in your path, to be swept from it the next and forgotten."

This was dangerous ground, and they both felt it. A chance meeting, a brief association which perhaps never ought to have been; and here was this girl, well brought up, in the strictest sense of the term, yielding to the dangerous charm of the stranger's society, and feeling her heart die within her as his words showed the prospect before her. Her complexion died too, for Clare's was a tell-tale face, on which emotion had irresistible power. George saw the sudden paleness, and she knew he saw it.

"I—I hope not," she said, rather incoherently. "I—I think not. You are an artist and an author, you know." (How ashamed George felt, how abashed in the presence of this self-deluding innocence of hers!) "And I, as well as all the world, shall hear of you."

"You, as well as all the world," he repeated, in a dreamy tone. "Well, perhaps so. I will try to think so, and to hope it will be——"

He stopped; the gentleman's nature in him still existing, still ready at call, notwithstanding his degradation, withheld him from presuming on the position in which he found himself, and in which the girl's innocent impressiveness had placed her. To him, with his knowledge of who she was, and who he was, the sort of intimacy which had sprung up, had not so much strangeness as it externally exhibited, and he had to remind himself that she did not share that knowledge, and therefore stood on a different level to his, in the matter. He determined to get off the dangerous ground, and there was a convincing proof in that determination that the tide had turned for the young man, that he had indeed resolved upon the better way. His revenge upon his step-father lay ready to his hand; the unconscious girl made it plain to him that he had excited a strange and strong interest in her. It was not a bad imitation of the prodigal's project of reform that he renounced that revenge, and turned away from the temptation to improve his chance advantage into the establishment of an avowed mutual interest. This step he took by saying, gaily, "Then I have your permission to send you my first work, Miss Carruthers, and you promise it a place in that grand old library which I had a glimpse of yesterday?"

A little shade of something like disappointment crossed Clare's sunny face. The sudden transition in his tone jarred with her feelings of curiosity, romance, and flattered vanity. For Clare had her meed of that quality, like other women and men, and had never had it so pleasantly gratified as on the present occasion. But she had too much good breeding to be pertinacious on any subject, and too much delicacy of perception to fail in taking the hint which the alteration in George's manner conveyed. So there was no further allusion to the sprig of myrtle or to the future probability of a disclosure; but the two walked on together, and talked of books, pictures, and the toils and triumphs of a literary life (George, to do him justice, not affecting a larger share in them than was really his), until they neared Miss Carruthers' destination. The footpath which they had followed had led them by a gentle rise in the ground to the brow of a little hill, similar to that from which George had seen his mother's carriage approach Amherst on the preceding day, but from the opposite end of the town. Immediately under the brow of this hill, and approached by the path, which inclined towards its trim green gate, stood a neat small cottage, in a square bit of garden, turning its red brick, vine-covered side to the road beneath. When George saw this little dwelling, he knew his brief spell of enjoyment was over.

"That is the cottage," said Clare, and he had the consolation of observing that there was no particular elation in her voice or in her face. "Sir Thomas built it for its present tenant."

"Shall you be going back to the Sycamores alone, Miss Carruthers?" asked George, in the most utterly irrelevant manner. He had a wild notion of asking leave to wait for her, and escort her home. Again Clare blushed as she replied hurriedly:

"No, I shall not. My aunt is to pick me up here in the carriage, on her way to the town, and I return to Poynings this evening. I have been away a fortnight."

George longed to question her concerning life at Poynings, longed to mention his mother's name, or to say something to the girl that would lead her to mention it; but the risk was too great, and he refrained.

"Indeed! and when do you return to the Sycamores?" was all he said.

"It is quite uncertain," she replied. "I fancy my uncle means to go to London for part of the season, but we don't quite know yet; he never says much about his plans." She stopped abruptly, as if conscious she was not conveying a very pleasing impression of her uncle. George understood her, and correctly, to refer to Mr. Carruthers.

The had descended the incline by this time, and were close to the cottage gate. It lay open, and Cæsar ran up to the prim little green door.

"Come here, sir," called Clare; "please let him have the basket again, Mr. Ward. Old Willcox reared him for me, from a puppy, and he likes to see him at his tricks. Thank you. Now then, go on, Cæsar."

Her hand was on the open gate, her face turned away from the cottage, towards George—it was no easier to her to say good-by than to him, he thought; but it must be said, so he began to say it,

"Then, Miss Carruthers, here I must leave you; and soon I must leave Amherst."

Perhaps he hoped she would repeat the invitation of yesterday. She did not; she only said:

"Thank you very much for your escort, Mr. Ward. Good-by."

It was the coldest, most constrained of adieux. He felt it so, and yet he was not altogether dissatisfied; he would have been more so, had she restrained the natural grace of her manner and the sweet gaiety of her tone. He would have given much to touch her hand in parting, but she did not offer it; but with a bow passed up the little walk to the cottage door, and in a moment the door had closed upon her, and she was lost to his sight.

He lingered upon the high road from which he could see the cottage, and gazed at the window, in the hope of catching another glimpse of Clare; but suddenly remembering that she might perhaps see him from the interior of the room, and be offended by his doing so, he walked briskly away in a frame of mind hard to describe, and with feelings of a conflicting character. Above the tumult of new-born love, of pride, rage, mortification, anger, hope, the trust of youth in itself, and dawning resolutions of good, there was this thought, clear and prominent:

"If I am ever to see her again, it shall be in my own character, and by no tricky subterfuge. If she ever comes to care for me, she shall not be ashamed of me."

George Dallas returned to the inn, where his taciturnity and pre-occupation did not escape notice by the waiters and Mr. Page, who accounted for it by commenting on his request for writing materials, to the use of which he addressed himself in his own room, as a "hoddity of them literary geuts'; if they ain't blabby and blazin' drunk, they're most times uncommon sullen. This un's a poctical chap, I take it."

That evening George heard from his mother. She desired him to come to Poyniugs at 12 o'clock on the following Monday (this was Saturday), and to wait in the shrubbery on the left of the house until she should join him. The note was brief, but affectionate, and of course made George understand that she had received the jewels.

[To be continued.]

The result of the German war has been the disappointment of Napoleon. He thought that Austria would conquer, and that Prussia on her knees would beg his mediation, and in return for it give him the Rhine provinces. How greatly miscalculated the world now sees, and its bitter comments must be most galling to a prince who heretofore was proud to be considered the arbiter of Europe, but who now is compelled to yield to Prussian dictation of affairs not only in Germany, but to some extent upon his own borders.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

DID BACON WRITE SHAKSPEARE?*

IT is not probable that the question as to the authorship of "Shakspeare's plays" will ever be settled beyond controversy, or even so settled as to leave no room for reasonable doubt: and we suspect that in the majority of cases it will be found that those who treat the hypothesis that William Shakspeare, of Stratford on Avon, may not have been their real author as too absurd for discussion, have not made themselves familiar with the arguments by which that hypothesis is maintained. To say the least, the considerations urged in favor of the theory that Bacon was the real author of the plays, do not seem, when fully stated, so destitute of force as to warrant us in treating them with contempt. Nowhere has the argument in support of this theory been so fully set forth, as in a recent volume entitled *The Authorship of Shakspeare*, by Mr. Nathaniel Holmes, a St. Louis lawyer, who is said to have devoted the leisure of many years to the examination of the subject in all its aspects. The views resulting from this protracted investigation, together with the facts and reasonings upon which they are founded, are now presented to the public in a book of some six hundred pages, which of course will find but few careful readers outside of a small circle of critics and Shakspearean students.

The following brief *resumé* of the argument, made by the author himself, may serve to furnish some idea of the general nature of the proofs relied on:

"All that gives peculiarity and pre-eminence to these plays is to be found in Bacon; vast comprehension, the profoundest philosophic depth, the subtle discrimination of differences and resemblances, matured wisdom, vigor and splendor of imagination, accurate observation of nature, extensive knowledge of men and manners, the mighty genius, the boundless wit, the brevity of expression and pregnant weight of matter, a fine æsthetic appreciation of the beautiful, the classical scholarship, familiarity with law, courts, and legal proceedings, with the metaphysic of jurisprudence, with statesmen and princes, ladies and courtiers, and that proper sense which belonged to the age, of the dignity, sovereign duties, power and honor of the throne and King, the sovereign power in the State; all this, and more than can be named, belongs to both writings, and therefore to one author. Here was a man that could be a Shakspeare. Coleridge, Schlegel, Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, Carlyle, Emerson, Delia, Bacon, Gervinus, and, doubtless, many more, clearly saw that the real Shakspeare must have been such a man, in spite of all the biographies. 'Ask your own hearts,' says Coleridge, 'ask your own common sense, to conceive the possibility of this man being the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism! What! are we to have miracles in sport? Or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?' And yet, even Coleridge failed to discover, that 'the morning star, the guide, the pioneer of true philosophy, was not William Shakspeare, but Francis Bacon.

"The last and most conclusive proof of all is that general, inwrought, and all-pervading identity, which is to be found in these writings, when carefully studied, and which, when it is looked for and seen, is appreciated and convinces, like the character of a handwriting by an indescribable genuineness and an irresistible force of evidence. In the words of A. W. Schlegel, speaking of Shakspeare: 'On all the stamp of his mighty spirit is impressed.' The distinguishing qualities of Bacon's prose style are precisely those which belong to the poet, namely: Breadth of thought, depth of insight, weight of matter, brevity, force, and beauty of expression, brilliant metaphor, using all nature as a symbol of thought, and that supreme power of imagination that is necessary to make him an artistic creator, adding man to the universe; qualities, which mark that mind only which God hath framed 'as a mirror or glass, capable of the image of the universal world.' His speeches display these qualities. The oratorical style of that day seems to have been more close and weighty than in our times; it was full of strength and earnestness. Lord Coke spoke in thunderbolts, huge, Cyclopean, tremendous; he went to the very pith and heart of the matter, at once, and his speech was always *multum in parvo*. But in him, it was vigor without grace, power without splendor or beauty, and ability unillumined by the divine light of genius. When we know that Bacon had been such a poet, it ceases to be a wonder that he was such an orator as he was. The mind that had been conceiving dramatic speeches, at this rate, during a period of thirty years or more, could never address a court, a parliament, or a King, otherwise than in the language, style, and imagery of poetry. In short, Bacon's prose is Shakspearean poetry, and Shakspeare's poetry is Baconian prose."

It is said that Mr. Holmes' attention was first drawn to the subject of the present volume by an article in *Putnam's Magazine*, by Miss Delia Bacon, published many years ago. Miss Bacon not only maintained that the plays were written by Lord Bacon, but, also, that they had an esoteric political significance, to which she afterwards undertook to furnish a key in a bulky volume, the title of which we cannot at this moment recall. Becoming interested in the subject, Mr. Holmes commenced the investigations which resulted in the present volume.

A HIT AT TOURIST BOWLES.

The London *Saturday Review*, for October 6th, in a notice of Mr. Bowles' *Across the Continent*, delivers some hard hits which, though in the most supercilious English vein are not entirely unjust. The following will serve as a specimen:

"In the summer of 1865 a distinguished party of travelers crossed the American continent to California, visited various interesting points in the Pacific States, did an enormous quantity of public speaking, and returned by way of Panama to their homes in the East. The most prominent member of the party was the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives. This gentleman, as our readers will be interested in learning, is 'short, say five feet six, weighs one hundred and forty, is young, say forty-two, has brownish hair and light blue eyes, is a childless widower, drinks no intoxicating liquors, smokes *à la* General Grant, is tough as a knot, was bred as a printer and editor, but gave up the business for public life, and is the idol of South Bend and all adjacencies.' Next to him came Governor Bross of Illinois, who is, it appears, 'a true unspoiled child of nature,' senior proprietor and editor of the leading journal of the North West, and second officer in the State Government of Illinois. Then there was Mr. Richardson, a gentleman who has led a Bohemian life in all the Western cities, and been twenty months in a Southern prison; but who has, notwithstanding, preserved the 'air of a man who has had a very narrow escape from the pulpit, and cherishes a natural hankering for it yet.' He wears, we are told, 'black broadcloth and 'biled shirts' (the Western phrase for white underclothes), does not chew tobacco, disdains whisky, but drinks French brandy and Cincinnati Catawba, carries a good deal of baggage, does not know how to play poker, and shines brilliantly among the ladies.' We regret that an amiable modesty has prevented the fourth member of the party, Mr. Samuel Bowles, editor of the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*, from Illinois, from favoring us with details as to his own personal peculiarities. We are left in darkness as to his height, weight, and complexion, and know not whether his shirts are 'biled" or otherwise. But from the letters which he contributed to the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*, and which are here collected, we can form a very fair notion of his inward man. He appears to be as thoroughbred a specimen of the true Yankee editor as we have ever met with in print; and it is the involuntary exhibition of his character which gives to the book such interest as it may possess for persons not about to speculate in the mines of Idaho or Nevada. He has nothing very new or very profound to tell as about Utah or California; his reflections upon society, politics, and scenery are such as occur to ninety-nine out of every hundred of his countrymen; but it is rather curious to accompany this type of the keen self reliant race which is spreading over the whole continent to the latest of their acquisitions. He, of course, looks at everything with the eye of a possible speculator, and his language is everywhere delicately flavored with the appropriate slang. When he has to tell us that the San Francisco ladies dress expensively, he remarks that 'in no other American city would the ladies invoice so high per head as in San Francisco.' He evidently looks upon the filling of pulpits as a commercial question; the demand, he says, is 'for smart effective orators, as well as holy men.' Even the religious condition of a country has its pecuniary aspect. The population of a certain town 'keep Sunday as we do in New England, and as no other population this side of the Missouri now does; and real estate, as you may infer, is quite high—four hundred dollars a front foot for best lots one hundred foot deep.' The inference apparently rests upon the fact that Sunday-keeping implies a fixed, as distinguished from a migratory mining population. Mr. Bowles, of course, indulges in the occasional dashes of tall talk, with a slight spice of blasphemy, which are natural to an American editor; it is hard to determine whether this is merely owing to a confusion between big words and eloquence *common to all half-educated people*, or to an incapacity for the reverential aspect of things, which brings very sublime topics into queer connections. 'The Yosemite!' he exclaims in a fine rapture; 'as well interpret God in thirty-nine articles as portray it to you by word of month or pen.' Mr. Bowles is of course full of the glorious destinies of the great Republic, though, to do him justice, he does not talk upon this subject more than is inevitable in an American writer; and, in spite of bad taste and bombast, he has a fair measure of the cool, humorous shrewdness which is equally characteristic of his countrymen."

Just fancy the feelings of the complacent Bowles, "Editor of the *Springfield Republican*"—and of course a man of "rare culture and extensive acquirements," upon finding himself coolly referred to as "half-educated."

THE NAMES OF LONDON STREETS.—The streets of London have been matters of public interest in many ways. One thing that strikes the wanderer through them is the poverty of names which seems to have afflicted London, and which shows itself in singular and intolerable repetitions. There are 36 King streets. How loyalty to the throne is compatible with 36 King streets in London I cannot say. There are 25 Queen streets also, and 3 Queen squares. The House of Brunswick is remembered in 20 George streets and 9 George Yards. There are 34 Charles streets, 32 John streets, 25 Church streets, and 10 Church rows, 20 Princess streets, 18 Duke streets, 17 James, 16 Cross and 11 Chapel streets. Besides these there are unaccountable varieties, such as Old King, New John, Upper Charles, &c., &c. There are 21 New Streets, 6 New roads and 8 New courts. Thirty-two streets are named after Queen Victoria. Six of the dirtiest streets in London are called Paradise streets. There is a stenchy fitness in the naming of Liquorpond street, as there is in the religious literature of Amen Corner, which is reached by Paternoster Row. It is intolerable, however, that some of the vilest and meanest lanes should be named after Shakspeare, Newton and Milton.

IT is a very bad case when a young man parts with his watch, even to prove that "Time is money."

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*"*The Authorship of Shakspeare*—By Nathaniel Holmes. New York: Hurd & Houghton: San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

SOME of our California ladies have already adopted the new idea of wearing the short gored skirt over a petticoat of contrasting color. In this way old dresses may be made serviceable and appear as well as new. The following fashion items are compiled from the New York *Boudoir* and other Eastern papers:

DRESS LOOPINGS.

I have before spoken of skirts which are tied at the back with sashes; the fashion is spreading, and, instead of plain sashes, the ends are now ornamented. For example, there is a toilet composed entirely of Egyptian cloth, which is a new material manufactured principally of silk. It is soft in substance, and reminds me of the *caméléon*, which was only made of wool. The material is speckled all over with either black or white dots on, blue, maize, pearl-gray, or violet grounds. The toilet under consideration was of violet and white Egyptian cloth; the petticoat was trimmed with three *rouleaux* of violet silk, with a small quilling below to match; the skirt was plain, and was tied at the back, the two ends of the sash being fringed with violet silk; the small square paletot was trimmed with *rouleaux* to match those on the petticoat, and it had a violet feather fringe all round it.

THE NEW PETTICOAT.

I must not omit to mention the most costly novelty of the season, as well as the prettiest. It is nothing less than petticoats made of white *gros de Naples*, and ornamented with a band of Oriental embroidery worked in silks of divers hues. This embroidery reproduces palms, such as we see on Indan shawls.

White muslin petticoats never will go out of style, but, as is now the fashion, the muslin used may be a very small amount—the quantity wanting being made up of insertion and lace edging. Indeed, a plain white muslin skirt is almost a thing unknown. Ladies sew, at the very least, a serpentine braidedge on the bottom to preserve the hem from cutting; but it is a commonplace trimming, not near so pretty as a white linen braid stitched on by machine. This braid, if narrow, looks like a cord, and is of use also in making the skirt stiff at the bottom, thus helping it to stick out.

DRESS WAISTS.

The bodies of ball dresses rarely trimmed with *draperies*, as something more fantastic is desired. The *peplum*, the Louis XV. body, the Empire body, the square body, and that with folds crossing in front, are all preferred to the bodices *berthes*. Natural flowers are used in preference to artificial ones for ball dress trimmings. They are arranged as *agraffes* on the shoulders, as garlands on the skirts, as *berthes*, and as wide *cordons* on the bodices.

Braces or *bretelles* of lace are much worn over dresses which have low bodies; a *plastron* of lace to match is added on both the back and front of the bodice, so that with these additions very little bodice is visible. Vandykes are still a very popular style of trimming for dresses, etc., only they are now arranged the contrary way from what has been the case up to the present time. Instead of cutting out the material itself of dresses, *peplums*, and paletots in the form of vandykes, the material is cut straight at the edge, and the vandykes are composed of narrow bands of silk, which are sewed on the dress by a sewing-machine with black or white purse silk, the chain or lock stitch surrounding the vandyke.

HEAD DRESSES.

Combs for evening wear have all a wide straight band of either gold or silver at the top of them. The perforated silver bands, finely chased, and with delicate chains falling on the *chignon*, are in my opinion in the best taste. Some combs are made with a multitude of these delicate chains festooned to the straight metal band, with precious stones of cameos, and very graceful they look. Tiaras made of plain tortoise shell have become very favorite head dresses for morning wear, and some are enriched with waved gold or silver lines. These tiaras are very useful, because they assist in raising the second *bandeau* of hair, and now the higher the hair is worn the more graceful effect it is supposed to have.—Necklets are still worn, almost invariably, with high dresses. They are made of gold—a thick gold cord, with a locket suspended from the centre; or of filigree silver, when several fine chains encircle the throat; or the necklet is composed of large amethyst, or rock crystal, or alabaster beads—the variety is endless.

SPIRADELLA.

INDUSTRY.—Every young man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn upon the laborer, engaged at his toil; but his scorn is praise, his contempt honor. Dean Swift says he never knew a man rise to eminence who lay late in bed in the morning.

WITH the most ardent nature it is either love or hate; there is no twilight in the tropics.

POVERTY is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it.

AMUSEMENTS.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The engagement of Miss Alice Kingsbury at this theatre terminates with the coming week; which will probably be the last opportunity the public will have to see her charming personations. This afternoon *Little Barefoot* will be played, and this evening the *Child of the Savana*. Monday evening is set aside for the complimentary benefit, tendered by Miss Alice Kingsburry and Manager Maguire, to Mrs. Harry Jackson in recognition of the very efficient support rendered to Miss Kingsbury during her engagement by Mrs. Jackson, who has most kindly stepped aside from her position as first lady of the company, and accepted minor parts to strengthen the cast and give more completeness to the representations of Miss Kingsbury's peculiar *repertoire*. Mrs. Jackson is a talented, worthy and most versatile member of her profession, and no doubt will receive from an appreciative public the same recognition that Miss Kingsbury and Manager Maguire tender her—a benefit that will indeed be a "complimentary" one. Mr. Harry Jackson makes his re-appearance as a member of the Opera House company on this occasion.

On Wednesday Mr. W. A. Kendall, a member of the press, who has been prostrated by a severe and dangerous fever for more than two months, and is still incapacitated from attending to the duties of his profession, will be tendered a benefit, which we sincerely trust may prove a substantial one. Manager Maguire has been kind enough to give the use of his theatre for that night, and warm-hearted little Kingsbury and others have volunteered. Mr. Kendall is, perhaps, better known to the public by his *nom de plume* of "Comet Quirls," over which signature he has contributed numerous poetic effusion of acknowledged merit to our local press for years past.

Tuesday and Thursday, last nights of *Fanchon*. On Friday evening Miss Kingsbury has her benefit. If the reader thinks of going to it he had better, at once, step up to Captain Howard's box-office and secure seats for himself and ladies, or the probabilities are he will not be able to get in the theatre when that event comes off. *Romeo and Juliet* will be played for the occasion, Miss Kingsbury playing the loving "Juliet."

Mr. McCullough's benefit on Monday evening last was a success. The attendance was most flattering both in quality and numbers; and the gentleman's *Hamlet* was a very creditable rendition of that metaphysical character.

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THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF PACIFIC LODGE was celebrated at Platt's Hall on Wednesday evening last. The performance of *Black Eyed Susan* by amateurs was very good. Mr. Leszynsky's "William" was given with much power and feeling, the only fault being too much overacting in the emotional parts. "Blue Peter" by Miss Augusta Livingston, with song and dance, and "Susan" by Miss Therese Scherk, were also commendably personated. In fact the general acting of this piece, with all the minor supports, was much better than that usually given by amateur associations. The veteran Stage Manager, Mr. James Dowling, acted as superintendent and acting manager for the association, and the teachings of their mentor, were visible in the general perfectness of the performance. The Misses Lacmlein played several pieces of piano-forte music and exhibited great improvement. They were rewarded with great applause. A social ball closed the festival. The attendance was very large, and the amount accumulated for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund must have been considerable.

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METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—The first performance of the Martinetti Troupe was given on Thursday evening, as was expected, to an immense audience. The "Operetta" announced as *Le Chalet, or To Marry or Not to Marry*, turned out to be that old stager, *The Swiss Cottage*, with "Natz Teik," "Corporal Max," etc., under a new name, which proved to be a greater delusion to the audience than any of the tricks of the pantominic Martinetti family that followed. The "Operetta" was very creditably given, however, by the Howson Troupe. After which Prof. Charley Schultz, greeted by a hearty round of applause as a "welcome home," took the *bâton* to conduct his orchestra in the overture to the *Poet and Peasant*, in which, by the way, the violoncello obligato was admirably played by Mr. F. A. Howson. The ballet, the *Contrabandist*, followed without any particular marked effect except introducing those old time favorites, Phillipe and Julien Martinetti, Mme. Desire Mathieu, "little Paul," (little no longer,) and others. The *premier danseuse*, Mme. Marzetti, is a graceful artist, and was aided by the ladies of the ballet. Several fine tableaux were given. The well known Pantomine of the *Green Monster* concluded the performance, which was greeted with considerable laughter and applause. The same bill was repeated last night.

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M. AND MME. JOSEPH HEINE gave their first concert at Platt's Hall on Monday evening last, to an appreciative but not very numerous audience. M. Heine, though born blind, and though still apparently quite young, has attained a mastery of his instrument which not only excites the admiration of those familiar with its technical difficulties, but gives the keenest pleasure even to an uncultivated ear; and we welcome him as a true artist, who loves music as his life, and devotes himself tenderly and reverently to its interpretation, never obtruding his own personality, nor his acquired skill, between the music and the listener. His style is that of a master, although we think it would be improved by a shade less of emphasis on the turns and cadenzas, which are played with singular grace, but are made of more relative importance than would be justified by a taste more fully matured. In purity of tone, absolute truth of intonation, and depth of feeling and expression, we have rarely heard his equal; nor do we miss anything in his execution, which is marked by wonderful precision, though perhaps neither so rapid nor so brilliant as that of Paul Julien. In Paganini's solo for one string, on themes from *Moses in Egypt*, and in an original fantasia on "Ever of Thee," given as an *encore*, M. Heine excited great enthusiasm; the fantasia by Ernst, on themes from *Il Pirata*, was also exquisitely rendered.

Mme. Heine, an accomplished pianist, appeared in a grand rondo by Mendelssohn, and in Litolff's rather trifling *Spinnlied;* she also played the accompaniments for her husband's violin, with rare delicacy and skill. The vocal part of the programme was acceptably filled by Signor and Signora Bianchi, the Misses Howson, and Mr. Crowley; while Mr. Geo. T. Evans officiated at the piano, with his usual ability, spite of the embarrassment caused by the unexpected high pitch of the instrument, obliging him to transpose the accompaniments into remote keys, and nearly giving serious trouble in the duet from *Rigoletto*. The concert as a whole was so much enjoyed that nearly every piece met a hearty *encore;* and we trust that the second entertainment of the series will soon be announced.

TAKE HEART.

ALL day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan—
The wind made in the willow tree.

This is the Summer's burial time.
She died when dropped the earliest leaves,
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell down the Autumn's frosty rime—
Yet I am not as one that grieves.

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The blue bird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden Summer's bier—
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

MEN AND WOMEN.—Men love things, as facts, possessions, and estates, and women persons; and while a man regards only abstract scientific facts, a woman looks only at the person in whom they are embodied. Even in childhood the girl loves an imitation of humanity, her doll, and works *for* it; the boy gets a hobby-horse or tools, and works with them. But the noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman for the good of the world is love—that love which seeks no sympathy and no return. The child is the object of love, and kisses, and watching, and answers them only by complaint and anger; and the feeble creature that requires the most repays the least. But the mother goes on; her love only grows stronger the greater the need and the unthankfulness of its object—and while fathers prefer the strongest of their children, the mother feels more love for the feeble and garrulous.

THE GUIDE TO FOLLOW.—Taste, not fashion, is the guide to follow in all matters of dress. It is because the French understand that so well, that they carry the art of the toilet to great perfection. In France dress is always harmonious with the personality of the man or woman; so much so, that you can almost tell the age of a person by the way he or she dresses. Not so with us, certainly! Our insane love for show betrays us into all sorts of incongruities of fashion, and little by little we become nothing more than velvets or ribbons, while the years sit cross-legged at the corner of our eyes, and and we see them not!

POPULATION.—It is estimated that the population of this country has increased at the rate of almost a million a year since the last national census was taken, in '60,—and this in spite of the loss of half million of lives in the civil war, and of lives that, in the strictest sense, belonged to the producing classes.

"MARK TWAIN"—Who did not sail on the last steamer as we announced last week, is to deliver his lecture on the Sandwich Islands at Petaluma to-night.

AN old bachelor being laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them—"You are 'small potatoes.'" "We may be small potatoes," cried one of them, "but we are sweet ones."

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No 7.

"MEDICINE CHESTS always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

From the Manifesto of the Principles of the American Medical Society—"Multitudes of people in this country and in Europe exhibit an utter want of confidence in physicians and their physic. The cause is evident: Erroneous theory, and springing from it, injurious—often, very often, fatal—practice. Nothing will now subserve the absolute requisitions of an intelligent community but a medical doctrine grounded upon right reason, in harmony with and avouched by the unerring laws of nature and of the vital human organism, and authenticated and confirmed by successful results. In one word, Medicine must be redeemed, the manacles and fetters which environ it must be snapped asunder, and it must be rendered the HEALING ART or *perish!* Such, we have no doubt, is the invincible determination of the large public; and this is no hasty verdict, no passing cloud, no mere temporary popular ebullition. The feeling widens, deepens, is ineradicable.

"False theory, false induction, inefficient or fatal practice, these are the all-sufficient reasons for the popular dislike, discontent, disgust and detestation. Judged by its own authors, it stands self-condemned before the world."

THE SICK are guaranteed perfect cures in almost all cases of disease by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Why does he do so? Because he has had an experience and close observation during more than twenty-five years, which has made him master of the healing art; and besides, he uses no medicines, whatever, to poison and injure his patients. Sick people, possessed of common sense, sometimes called "horse sense," are requested to call on Dr. Bourne. No others.

Quoting many eminent medical writers the "Manifesto," continues: "Enough! Judged and repudiated by its most illustrious authors, those best acquainted with it, and of course best qualified to judge, discarded and scorned by a large, intelligent and influential portion of the people, old school Allopathy is dying of marasmus, it will linger for some time longer, but it is moribund—the most eminent of the faculty have pronounced its doom, and soon will it go down to the tomb of the Capulets without hope, or possibility of resurrection."

THE sick can always be either cured or greatly relieved when all other means have failed, by applying to DR. BOURNE, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

CURES guaranteed without medicines; very pleasant method, quick and satisfactory in all respects, by DR. BOURNE, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.—From the extensive business and business resources of this firm, aided by their liberal system of advertising, the firm-name at the head of this article must be very familiar with the public. A recent visit to their large retail store surprised us as to the extent and variety of their business.

Innumerable shelves extend through the whole length of the store crowded with the choicest dress fabrics—silks that will almost stand alone; merinos, poplins, rich laces and embroideries—cloaks and shawls, hosiery and furnishing goods. All divided into departments, and each presided over by a competent corps of salesmen proficient in their particular line of goods.

Great pyramids of house-keeping and domestic goods—linens, flannels, blankets, sheetings and shirtings—as well as of dress goods, stand in the middle of the floor and on the ends of spare counters. Everything betokens the immense business and resources of the firm; who established their retail store only about two years ago, although their business now far excels that of any of their competitors.

The great success of MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO., is simply that they have invested a sufficient capital to import direct, buying their staple articles from the manufacturer at the lowest cash rates, and are always ready with the cash, both in New York and in San Francisco, to take advantage of the large invoice cash auction sales, and purchase largely at the lowest rates under the hammer of the auctioneer. Goods so sold are of course disposed of greatly under prices. They are immediately sent to their retail store, and soon retailed over the counter at a slight advance—to be followed again by other auction purchases. It is these purchases that are advertised in the city papers every few weeks, and it is by this system of business that this house has acquired its tremendous patronage. The female portion of the community, ever alive to the procuring of bargains, know they can find them at MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.'s, and there they will go to make their purchases.

THE "HAYDEE" MURDERERS.—It is seldom that any case of capital crime is attended by circumstances of greater atrocity, than marked the dreadful murder perpetrated on the *Haydee* by Carlos Magne and Francisco Lazarini, recently executed at Mazatlan. These men belonged to no ordinary class of murderers, and are entitled to a horrible pre-eminence among modern criminals. An hour before their execution they were singing and laughing, apparently in excellent spirits, and on their way to the place where they were to suffer the penalty of their crime, both were tranquil and undaunted Magne smoked a cigar all the way to the spot, and, on arriving, the two leaped lightly from the cart, with every appearance of cheerful alacrity. The men were sentenced to be shot, and just before the word was given to "fire!" Magne shouted "Vive la France!" in a loud clear voice. Neither of the criminals was despatched at the first fire, another being necessary to complete the work. The heads of these extraordinary malefactors have been sent to this city preserved in spirits, and may be seen by those who are curious in such matters, at DR. JORDAN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.

STYLE—Gives prominence and superiority to everything; and in nothing more particularly so than in dress. It is their "style" that have made the custom-made clothing of the house of J. R. Mead & Co., so very popular with those who would dress well. This firm pride themselves on the style of their fall clothing, an extensive stock of which they have just opened—new, tasty and dressy. J. R. Mead & Co.'s down-town store is on the corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, their up-town store is on the corner of Washington and Sansome streets.

FIVE NEW GRAND PIANOS—For sale to day at 12 o'clock, by Cobb & Sinton, at their auction rooms, on California street, near Sansome. They will probably go very cheap.

WOODWARD'S GARDEN.—Every stranger should visit this delightful suburbial resort. The Museum, the picture gallery, the vintage and the collection of preserved birds and beasts are all under cover.

SONG.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

IT was with doubt and trembling,
I whispered in her ear:—
Oh! take her answer, bonny bird,
That all the world may hear!

Sing it—sing it, Silver-throat,
Upon the way side tree,
How fair she is, how true she is,
And how she loveth me!

Sing it—sing it, Silver-throat,
And all the summer long
The other birds shall envy you,
For knowing such a song!

A VISIT TO JUAN FERNANDEZ.

THERE is an island wilderness, far in the South Pacific, that has a romantic history, and in my humble opinion, one that has had something to do with the history of both England and America. I refer to Juan Fernandez.

Several years ago I was aboard of a New Bedford whaler that called at this island for wood and water. I stepped upon its shore in Cumberland Bay, on the north part of the island, and landed with an indescribable feeling of interest such as I had never before experienced, even when first landing from a long voyage in a foreign and tropical land. I was on the scene where the romantic adventures of Robinson Crusoe were supposed to have occurred, and, for a moment, the well-remembered enchantment of Defoe's delightful romance again enthralled my spirit.

It was that romance that had first turned my thoughts from school to the cocoa-groves of far-off regions; and, in my wanderings on "the element that never tires," I have met with many who, like me, have been led from home to wander in foreign lands by reading the story of Robinson Crusoe. It is partly for this reason that I have said that Juan Fernandez has had something to do with the history of the two great maritime nations. What I felt, thousands have felt. Their love of adventure has been prompted or cherished by reading the story of Defoe, which, therefore, has had much to do with the history of the great maritime powers. In confirmation of this belief, I have the characteristic remark of a young Irish shipmate, who, on first stepping ashore on Juan Fernandez, observed, "Had it not been for this island, I should not be here now!"

I have stated that I landed on the island with an indescribable feeling of interest. Such must certainly have been the case, for, during the first half-hour of my wanderings along the shore of the bay, my eyes were often trying to discover something of the ruins of Mr. Crusoe's hut. No trace of this distinguished residence was found, but, instead, we saw the dwellings of two Chilian families, and a hut inhabited by two sailors, who immediately wished to drink to our better acquaintance.

The sailors, one of whom was English and the other American, had a little industry; but perhaps this was not much to their credit, for it was apparently only inspired by a love of rum and tobacco. Their industry was displayed in providing for the wants of whaling vessels that occasionally call at the island. They cut wood, and acted as guides in hunting the wild goats on the mountains. The Chilians did little more than live. Their principal amusements, we were told, were smoking cigaritas while listening to a young man of one of the families twang a guitar.

Juan Fernandez is about thirteen miles in length, and seven in its greatest breadth, and is situate one hundred and ten leagues from the coast of Chili. It has been the sight of many strange scenes. It was once a favorite rendezvous for buccaneers who lived by preying on the Spanish merchant vessels laden with the riches of Chili and Peru.

Many celebrated English navigators, such as Dampier, Byron, and Lord Anson, have visited the island. The visit of the latter was made in the year 1741, or about thirty-one years after Alexander Selkirk, whose history suggested to Defoe the tale of Robinson Crusoe, had been removed from the island.

Anson and his squadron had had a long and stormy passage round Cape Horn, and the crews of the vessels, on reaching the island, were dying with scurvy. So enervated were all by this disease, that they could hardly bring the vessels to anchor. On board the *Centurion*, the commodore's ship, two hundred and ninety-two men had been lost; and of the two hundred and fourteen that remained, nearly all were affected with the disease.

The *Gloucester*, another of Anson's ships, lost an equal number of men, and on entering Cumberland Bay, after being a month vainly endeavoring to work in, there were but eighty-two men alive, and the most of them were in a dying state. A few days more and the vessel would have drifted about the ocean, a floating coffin for a few of those who had once comprised its crew.

So wonderful is the effect of fresh vegetable food and fish in combating the disease, that a residence of three months, living on the antiscorbutic food growing on the island in great variety, restored to perfect health all except a few who were too far gone with the disease, and were only taken shore to die

Juan Fernandez is a very fertile island, and in this respect it cannot, perhaps, be better described than by one or two quotations from Anson's voyages, wherein it is stated that "the excellence of the climate and looseness of the soil render this place extremely proper for all kinds of vegetation; for if the ground be anywhere accidentally turned up, it is immediately overgrown with turnips and Sicilian radishes." Again, in the same work, it is stated that "some particular spots occur in these valleys where the shade and fragrance of the contiguous woods, the loftiness of the overhanging rocks, the transparency and frequent falls of the neighboring streams present scenes of such elegance and dignity as would with difficulty be rivalled in any other part of the globe. It is in this place, perhaps, that the simple productions of unassisted nature may be said to excel all the fictitious descriptions of the most animated imagination."

If this could be said of the island then, who shall describe it at the time of my visit, when its productions had been wonderfully increased, and principally by Commodore Anson's efforts? He planted on the island many seeds, besides the stones of apricots, plums, and peaches; and a large variety of the best fruit, unknown on the island in Anson's time, is now growing there.

Eight years after Anson's visit the Spaniards established a penal settlement at Juan Fernandez. The convicts were kept part of the time in some caves in a high hill facing the harbor. In 1751 this settlement was broken up by an earthquake which destroyed thirty-five people, including the governor and his family.

Not long after Chili obtained its independence from Spain, its government established another penal settlement on the island, and the place again became a scene of murders and mutinies, until the island was deserted.

Some families from Chili once came to reside on the island, and were joined by some sailors who had absconded from a whaler. The sailors could or would not conduct themselves in a proper manner, and were all killed by the Chilians. The island was again deserted, the Chilians being taken to Valparaiso, where they were tried for murder and acquitted. Extremes meet. Juan Fernandez, with all its resemblance to what we may call a paradise, sometimes exhibits a little evidence that man alone may be vile amidst scenes of natural innocence and loveliness.

In 1835 a volcanic eruption took place at sea one mile from the land, in four hundred and eighty feet of water. For twenty-four hours, smoke, water, and fire were thrown into the sky.

From each of the many settlements that have been made on the island and afterwards broken up, various domestic animals, such as goats, dogs, cats, and donkeys, have been left to look after themselves, and at the time of our visit were running wild, the dogs being at war with all the others. In this war the goats are the favorite game of the dogs, and they would long ago have been exterminated, had nature not endowed them with the ability of leaping from rock to rock on the mountains, and thus gaining places where they are safe from the pursuit of their enemies.

We stayed three days at the island, and one of those days was devoted by the officers to the amusement and business of goat-hunting. I was then foolish enough to think myself fortunate in being one of the crew who was chosen to accompany them in the hunt. The two runaway sailors who had made the island their home acted as guides, and we started for the mountains.

On our way up the valleys we passed groves of fruit-trees, several varieties being in full bearing. This was in the latter part of December; and on the sides of the little hillocks we found the ground red with wild strawberries.

The native forest trees, or those not introduced into the island by Anson and others, are nearly all aromatic. The largest tree on the island is the myrtle, but we saw none of these that could be called large.

Although the forest, unlike those of most islands of the Pacific, are free from undergrowth, our journey to the mountains was not free from much toil; for our guides, in place of leading us up one winding valley, conducted us over many of the hills that divided several. The fatigue, however, of climbing the hills and crossing the streams, under a hot sun, was endured with a strange feeling of satisfaction that I have never met with while visiting the lions of a large city.

The island is a place no thinking mariner can visit without emotions peculiar to his profession. I was on a lone and nearly uninhabited island, one that should be the abode of several thousands of people, but one that had often proved fatal to those who had striven to tame the wilderness, and seems doomed to be a place where there shall only be enough of human life to feel that the island can be a home for solitude—about which, I suppose, Alexander Selkirk's poetical opinion is also the practical one:

"O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

"I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone.
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own."

The valleys and hills we crossed had once been familiar to the adventurous men who sailed with the old English and Spanish navigators of whom I had been in childhood so delighted to read. I could nearly fancy that the footsteps of the long departed should be distinctly seen. When viewing the historical scenes of thickly and long inhabited lands, this feeling cannot so strongly arise. The streets and fields we behold are trodden every day by many feet, and we cannot fancy that we may have been their only visitors since the time to which our memory strays.

The goats on the island are not easily obtained. They are constantly hunted by the wild dogs, and occasionally by the officers of whaling vessels. On our approaching them they fled to their well-known retreats on the mountains, from which they seldom stray far. They are not now as they have been described by the poet Cowper, in his beautiful lines upon "Alexander Selkirk;" for they were so well "acquainted with man" that their "tameness" was anything but "shocking" to us. After about four hours hard work, we obtained three goats. Three or four others were shot, but fell in places inaccessible to us, and had, to our regret at the needless slaughter, to be left, like Selkirk, "out of humanity's reach."

The goats' flesh was an agreeable change from our usual "salt horse" and pork; but I believe that the dinner we made of them was made most agreeable by the fancy of most of the men that they were eating some of "Crusoe's goats."

During the night of the third day at the island the anchor was hove, and in a few hours we "ran the place under water," with the hope that we should never see it again. Independent of its romantic associations, Juan Fernandez is worth seeing once; but whoever see it twice is unfortunate—unfortunate in wandering too long and far for happiness. From its position on the globe—its loneliness, its beauty and fertility—the island hardly seems a part of this earth, but a fragment of another. This assertion, applicable to its loveliness as well as its loneliness, is partly confirmed by an observation I once heard made by a sailor, who boasted that he had been "all over the world and to Juan Fernandez!"

SPAIN.

TO the tourist entering Spain three things start prominently forward to attract his attention. First, the heat; second, the cigarettes; and third, the priests. About the heat there can be no manner of doubt; the sun bakes down from a clear, dark-blue sky, and is reflected from houses aggravatingly white and dazzling, from green blinds painfully brilliant, from red tiles overpoweringly glaring, and from dusty roads painfully, chokingly hot. The Spanish side of the Pyrenees is always brighter than the French; whenever clouds roll along valleys and cap mountains in this part of the world, it is upon the French side. I have myself, in crossing one of the highest of the Pyrenean passes, ascended, on the French side, through thick cloud, opaque mist, and pertinacious drizzle, to cross the narrow ridge which divides the two kingdoms, to find the Spanish side bathed in sunlight, and the peaks of the high mountains standing out clear and sharp against a blue-black sky; and this is a common occurrence. This, I believe, is accounted for by the difference in soil: that of France being fertile to luxuriance, while the land on the Spanish side is hard, dry, and stony, with comparatively little vegetation.

With respect to the cigarettes, most nations have their peculiarities in tobacco and the mode of using it. The English through the clay pipe; the Germans through long stems from china bowls; the Turks through serpentine tubes. The French and Americans smoke cigars; while in Spain the national mode of smoking is the white-paper cigarette. All classes, from the highest to the lowest, insert the little paper tube between their lips, and suffer the pale-blue fragrant smoke to curl in and about their dark beards and luxuriant moustaches. It must strike every visitor in Spain—that appearance of men of all ages placidly puffing at their white cigarettes, at all times and in all places, lighting one from the ashes of another, and inhaling the smoke as if it were the pure air.

As every one, on visiting France for the first time, must have been surprised at the extraordinary number of uniformed men walking and lounging in the streets, so, in passing through a Spanish town, every one must have remarked the black-robed, strangely-hatted priests, who, with eyes bent on the ground, pass in every direction. Spain is doubtless the most priest-ridden country in the world; her sovereign is said to be entirely under the influence of the Church; and perhaps never was country, so admirably supplied by nature with all the requisites for greatness and prosperity, so sluggish, so involved, and so far behind its neighbors. Naturally, amongst these priests there are many large-minded, talented, clever, energetic men; but, as a rule, their education and their employment conduce to narrow-mindedness, and render them unfit to promote the commercial prosperity of a country.

WEALTH, and rank, and beauty may form a brilliant setting to the diamond, but they only expose more nakedly the false glare of paste.

TACT.

TACT is usually spoken of as if it were a virtue, but in reality it is nothing of the kind. It can scarcely be said to be much more than the faculty of moving through the world without friction—a faculty which for practical purposes is valuable enough, but which may be used, and is used, indifferently both for good and for evil. Some men have a turn for going through life like the fretful porcupine, with every single quill bristling and on end. There is a sort of snuffy Scotch way of looking at things, which shows itself in saying the wrong thing, upon principle, at the wrong time and to the wrong people. From this point of view tact would probably be considered as a species of moral and social crime; and some persons go so far as to consider it a religious duty to have no tact, and are inclined to think that the text which tells us that the Apostle was all things to all men must be erroneously translated, and must have meant something entirely different in the original Greek. Tact does not lead many men to heaven, and it leads a good many men to a place which may, for the sake of euphony, be called the antipodes of heaven. In endeavoring to avoid offence to their fellow-creatures, they sacrifice a principle or a duty, and end by insensibly sliding down the soft and smooth decline down which those descend who are always for making all things pleasant. Familiarity with such a spectacle induces preachers and essayists to undervalue tact, just as men of the world are disposed to overrate it. The truth is, as we began by saying, that it is not a virtue, nor, on the other hand, is it a vice. Like many other faculties, it takes its moral hue from the circumstances of each case; but it does not from necessity imply any state of moral character at all. It is solely and purely a capacity of getting easily along, and of managing the idosyncrasies and peculiarities of those among whom our lot is cast—a power of making the most of the stream when it is with us, and the least of the stream when it is against us. There is a male tact and a female tact, and the two are independent of one another. It is impossible to possess tact without possessing an insight into the character and feelings of one's fellow-men; but this insight may be either of an intellectual or a sympathetic sort.

One can see by experience how entirely a clever man's tact differs often from the tact of a refined woman. A woman's is made up chiefly of keen and sensitive feeling with which shrewdness and mental grasp have nothing to do. Some kind of natural instinct enables her to sympathize with the passing sensations of those about her, and, in virtue of an internal sense, which is just as real a sense for her as her sense of touch or sight, she can throw herself into the mood and frame of mind of those whom she is near. This capacity a woman acquires partly from the ordinary training of women, which quickens their sensibility, and partly from the habit of observing and studying small matters which is a necessity of their social and domestic life. They gain by long practice the power of catching looks, gestures, and shades of expression in the face or in the eye, which less experienced observers never would notice; and their womanly feelings eke out the powers of observation.

There is another kind of tact, which may be called male tact in opposition to female, which springs not from the heart so much as from the head. Female tact helps those who have it to be pleasant companions, to shine in society, to mould and animate conversation, and to avoid everything of the nature of a personal *contretemps*. Male tact depends on the power of reading character. This latter and more thorough insight into character requires a real knowledge of the world, and an acquaintance with the ordinary habits and actions of men, which women cannot and ought not to desire to possess. The tact that is of advantage in the daily conduct of the affairs of men is based on intellectual rather than on moral qualities. It is a sort of fine intellectual sense, which may be made finer every day, like other senses, by use. The ideal diplomatist, the ideal orator, and the ideal man of the world may be taken as its type and representative. Their touch is sometimes as soft and velvety as a woman's, and there is something of a woman's sensibility about it, only that it depends less on a reluctance to give pain than on a clear perception of what will move, and persuade, and attract. It is not easy to draw the line severely between these two species of tact. They approximate towards and run into one another. But that there is a real and tangible difference between the two becomes apparent if we only consider for a moment the various and dissimilar characters to which tact is seen united. If tact were made up entirely of sympathy, one would expect to find it joined invariably to a warm and philanthropic heart. No expectation could be more belied by fact. People who have tact, as often as not, are cold, calculating, and heartless. Like consummate actors, they are so accustomed to fling themselves into the position of the hour that every situation passes equally lightly over them, and they are everything by turns and nothing long. They have utterly forgotten to-morrow the person whom they have taken such pains to conciliate to-day. Their life is a long course of hypocrisy, though the hypocrisy loses half its ugliness when one considers that it is unconscious and undesigned. Cruelty is by no means an unfrequent concomitant of tact. Even among women the ill-omened union of the two is sometimes seen. But among men, whose tact is rather intellectual than moral, the conjunction of the two seemingly incongruous qualities is very common. The art of managing men continually goes hand in hand with great and remarkable insensibility to the pain caused by it, and diplomatists accordingly figure as the embodiment of cruelty quite as much as they are the embodiment of tact.

It is to be noticed that tact is one of the very few characteristics that are almost entirely independent of age. Children often have a far greater share of tact than grown-up men and women. As men advance in life they acquire more and more experience of character, but they become more and more engrossed in themselves and in their own pursuits, and have less leisure or inclination to devote to the observation of others. Middle age blunts the sensibilities. When the blossom of life is over, and when one has enjoyed the first flavor of romance and the novelty of social intercourse, men grow careless about restraining themselves; personal crotchets and unsociable habits fix themselves on them, and they become more careless about pleasing those they meet. As the use of the sense lessens, the sense itself decays. Tact, as its name implies, is only a fine touch, and the fineness of the touch diminishes as it ceases to be refined by constant employment and occupation. All the knowledge of character and of the world which one adds to one's store as one increases in age does not make up for the declension of sensibility. Nobody can be a master of the science of tact without being able to be, or to seem, enthusiastic. Nor can anybody be a master of it without devoting his thoughts to the observation of his friends and acquaintances. As their years advance, men and women show themselves more and more disinclined to study either the peculiarities or the faults of others. For this reason the tact of young men is often equal, if not superior, to the tact of their elders. They blunder constantly from ignorance of the world, but they do not blunder so often from carelessness as to the feelings of others. Tact with women lasts longer into the afternoon of life. The reason probably is that women have more to gain by cultivating and preserving it. A vast portion of a woman's happiness depends upon her social powers. If she has not the faculty of making and of keeping together a circle of friends and of acquaintances, it is her lot to be subjected to incessant mortifications, and for the sake of her ambition she remains attentive up to the last to the art of pleasing. Her ambition and her success depend on it, and when she ceases to care to attract, it is always at a time when she ceases to have any interests on this side of the grave. Masculine ambition is of a differennt sort, and its realization is not so dependent on the social qualities of its possessor. Men succeed in life by being powerful and rich and clever, or by having those who are powerful and rich to back them, not by making themselves agreeable companions; and the polish they put on when they enter society imperceptibly and gradually wears off. Selfishness comes over them; and though men who are selfish may have tact if they make it a study and a profession, selfish men cannot have tact naturally, unless their selfishness is made up of an excessive sensibility and self-consciousness. Professional tacticians accordingly may be of any age; but tact, the natural and spontaneous article which is the product of refinement and sensibility, belongs to an earlier and ante-middle-age period.

THE PEARL HARVEST.

AT the commencement of the fishery a signal gun is fired at midnight, when the fleet immediately sets sail—the ardanapanaars, or headmen, of the fisher caste leading the way with a light shining, as a guide to those who follow; a light is also shown at intervals by the Government guard-ship. Starting at so early an hour, the boats reach the vessel long before daylight, and they are required to anchor till they can see to fish. Soon after sunrise a signal gun directs the fleet to proceed to the fishing-ground, and at half-past six the hoisting of a flag permits the divers to begin their labor. Immediately five or six hundred swarthy, naked figures plunge into the tranquil waters. Active operations are usually carried on for six hours, the divers descending into and rising from the water with great regularity.

Each boat is furnished with five diving-stones, with a complement of two divers to each stone. The divers belonging to each stone go down time about; while one is down the other is breathing and resting.

Divers are generally of the Parawa caste, from the coasts of Madura, Jaffna and Manaar, and the pearl-fishery is, in a sense, a recreation for them.

The shark-charmer, a cunning person, who is considered so indispensable to the fishery that he is paid by Government, is constantly in attendance at the fishing-bank. At one time, the charmer used to be allowed a percentage of one oyster per day from each diver, but this has been commuted into a money payment. Accidents have never been known to occur on the pearl-banks from sharks, which is of course attributed by the superstitious natives to the wise charming of the charmer; but it is quite easy to suppose that the noise made by so many divers frightens away these ferocious monstess. Exaggerated stories have been told of the time that a pearl-diver can remain under water; two minutes and even three having been mentioned as the common time; but fifty seconds is the usual period when the men are regularly at work; instances have, however, been frequent of an immersion lasting for eighty and even eighty-seven seconds.

The divers enter strenuously into their work, and a good hand will, when the mussels are plentiful, send us as many as three thousand in the course of the six hours he is on the pearl-ground. At a given signal the fishery ceases for the day; then the crews which have been lucky shout for joy, and others, who have obtained but a scant supply, linger on the bank till driven away by the guards. If the breeze be not strong enough to carry the boats to the shore, the men have to take the oars and row them home.

Meantime the boat-owner has been in utter anxiety to know what luck his boat has had, and the moment the little vessel reaches the shore he springs forward to ascertain the result of the day's diving, and to look over and fondle the wealth-giving shells. Others, who are speculating in the fishery, are quite as anxious about the day's take; and the fact is, that the thousands of people who gather on the coast—and they are so numerous that it looks as if a large town had suddenly been set down by the sea-side—are more or less speculators in the fishery; it is one great lottery.

All kinds of people are assembled, and they are from all countries, and are of all colors, of many castes, and of very different occupations; they erect with great rapidity huts, tents, bazaars, and shops; there are sutler's jewellers, and merchants of all kinds on the scene, the grand idea being, there as everywhere else, to make money. Everybody speculates, from the wealthy Hindoo merchant, who buys the right of fishing, down to the humblest outcast—for there are questionable characters of all kinds to be seen around, monks, fakirs, beggars, and the like.

Strokes of luck are constantly being announced; a poor man may buy a fanani's worth of shells, and find himself in consequence of his purchase in possession of a little fortune. One person, at a recent fishery, bought three shells for a sum which could be represented by two-pence of our money, and in one of the shells he found the largest pearl of that year's fisbing. A pearl-fishery is as exciting to the natives of the East, as the Derby or Leger to a Londoner.

When the fleet arrives with the mussels, they are all carried ashore and are divided into four heaps three of which are selected by Government when the fishery is carried on by the executive, the other being the property of the boat owners, to be divided amongst the divers, rowers, and others.

The shells are exposed in heaps or in pits, so that the pearls may be rotted out of them—the flesh of the fish never being eaten except by very low-caste natives; they are kept till the end of the fishery, and then placed in canoes to be washed. Poor buyers, however, cannot afford to wait, but seek out the pearls at once, at a considerable loss. Every individual shell is carefully washed and examined, and the pearls picked out, and afterwards the canoe itself is submitted to a series of washings, in order to find out such pearls as may have escaped observation. These are usually found among the sand, children being employed to give a last look over the *debris*, in order that their young eyes may pick out the small seed-pearls which are sure to escape the eyes of the older people.

The pearls are assorted into ten or twelve sizes by being riddled through a series of perforated brass saucers or colanders, fitting closely into each other, the first of which has twenty holes in it, and those pearls which do not escape from it are called the twentieth basket. The other baskets have each an increasing number of holes, thirty, eighty, one hundred, and progressing to a thousand perforations; each basket, of course, giving its name to the gem it contains, as pearls of the fiftieth basket, and so on.

The price of the pearls is fixed per "chow," a local term which gathers into one word size, form, color and weight, thus enabling the quality to be appraised. As to the yield of pearls, it may be stated that it is most uncertain; as many as one hundred pearls of various sizes have been found in one shell, and oftentimes a hundred and fifty shells may be opened and not one pearl be seen.

CHILDHOOD has little retrospection; its heart and soul are in the future, a glorified dream. Memory, with all its pleasures and pains, is for the old, and chiefly for the prematurely old; but youth, is a vision of the islands of the blest; it tells its own fairy tale to itself, and is at once the inventor and the hero.

A STORY is related of an enterprising editor in an interior town, who, finding the body of a man hanging to a lamp-post one night, after his own paper had gone to press, cut it down and carried it home, to prevent his rival from publishing the news—and was himself indicted for the murder.

NOTHING keeps a young man back so much, when he is attempting to get on, as a corn.

WHAT a wheel is without grease, so is a man without money, and a traveler without temper.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

White & Bauer, *News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for* The Californian *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN, } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

Black Sheep.—A story by Edmund Yates, from Charles Dickens' Magazine, with summary of portions already published, is continued in to-day's Californian.

A SENSATIONAL VIEW OF FENIANISM.

TOO many it has seemed no easy thing to believe that the real inspirers and leading spirits of the Fenian movement could be so wanting in practical sagacity as seriously to contemplate an invasion of Ireland from the United States. Though the ignorant and passionate spirits who constitute the great bulk of the rank and file of the destined "army of invasion" may be unable to appreciate the magnitude of the difficulties that lie in the way of such a project, and that render the attempt to execute it little short of madness, it seems scarcely reasonable to attribute the same degree of fatuity to the men who have been able to preside over and direct so considerable an organization, and who have raised it to its present really formidable proportions. However untempered by discretion the zeal of the Fenian masses may be, there are unquestionably cooler and clearer heads among the real leaders (who are not necessarily the ostensible ones) capable of calculating the adequacy of means to ends, and of viewing such an enterprise as the invasion of Ireland from the United States in a practical light.

But, if such an invasion is not really contemplated, what is the object of the great Fenian military organization in this country? This organization is very powerful. According to recent statements, it is far more numerous than the entire regular army of the United States. It possesses arsenals, and arms in abundance, and its members are about to be supplied with uniforms indicating their nationality and completing their conformity to the character of regular troops. One of the leaders in Ohio, telegraphs to headquarters in New York that he can "put 100,000 men into the field at short notice." In every large city, from New York to Chicago, the organization is complete. Its real numerical strength was not revealed or even indicated in the recent invasion of Canada, which is regarded by some suspicious observers of events as having been no more than a feint. Those who take this view of the matter argue, that after so much threatening talk, it became necessary to make a demonstration of some kind in order to keep up the enthusiasm of the masses of the order, and the influx of contributions to the treasury, and that "the movement on Canada was the result of the same popular impatience that produced the cry of "On to Richmond"—with this difference, that in the former case, there was no hope or expectation of success on the part of those who permitted the attempt.

But if the invasion of Ireland or the conquest of Canada is not the real object of the Fenians, it becomes an interesting investigation to inquire what that object is. On this subject some very startling and very absurd surmises have been hazarded by a certain class of alarmists who smell conspiracies and revolutions, gun powder plots and St. Bartholomew massacres, in whatever is clothed with the garb of mystery. But without adopting any of these sensational theories, it is quite obvious that in certain political contingencies which cannot be pronounced altogether out of the range of probability, it would be in the power of a great military body thoroughly organized, officered and equipped, spread all over the North, and bound together by the ties of nationality, discipline, and *esprit du corps*, to control the destinies of the country.

One week from Monday next, Congress will assemble. We do not yet know what attitude the President will assume toward it. The rumors on the subject are conflicting. Some of the matters which will come up for discussion are of the most exciting character; and should the threat of an impeachment be actually carried out, it is certain that partizan and sectional passions will be inflamed to such an extent as to render it impossible to forecast the results. Now if in this position of parties an open rupture between Congress and its supporters on the one side, and the President and his adherents on the other is to be taken into consideration as one of the possibilities of the political situation, it is easy to see how formidable is the power which such an organization as that of the Fenian Brotherhood could wield, if thrown as a unit into either scale. In fact, it is scarcely going too far to say, that in the present divided state of opinion at the North, and its unanimity at the South, the Fenians would, in the contingency suggested, be able, if controlled by a single will, to become the arbiters of the crisis.

AN ELECTIVE JUDICIARY.

WHEN the New York Constitutional Convention, some twenty years ago, introduced the system of an elective judiciary, chosen for comparatively short terms, the innovation was regarded with melancholy forebodings by many of the more thoughtful friends of free institutions. The reasons in favor of a permanent judiciary, and the objections to the elective system, were so strong and so obvious as to cause serious alarm in the minds of men of conservative ideas, and even to unsettle the faith of many in the durability of popular government. In the debates in the Convention, all the evils that have resulted from making the tenure of judicial position dependent upon a popular vote, repeated at brief intervals, were distinctly predicted. Furthermore, the belief was general that the change once made, it would be found impossible to take any backward step, or to retrieve the error, even should experience clearly demonstrate it to be such. It was supposed that the people would never consent to relinquish the power of choosing their judges, after having become accustomed to exercise it, no matter how cogent might be the reasons for returning to the old system. Now, however, the mischievous consequences of choosing judges for terms of four or six years, by a strictly partizan vote, and of making their official position dependent upon the fortunes of the party by which they were chosen, have become so apparent that a strong public feeling in favor of abandoning the existing system, and choosing judges for life, or during good behaviour, seems to be rapidly developing itself throughout the country. In the city of New York the plan of electing judges by a party vote for short terms has resulted in causing a position upon the bench to be regarded as a prize to be won by efficient party service, irrespective of qualification, and in clothing such demagogues as McCunn, Barnard and Cardozo, with a judicial authority which they have disgraced. If in San Francisco, we have hitherto escaped similar consequences, it is owing to peculiar local causes quite independent of the intrinsic merits of the system. The fact that the Press is beginning to speak out boldly on this subject, and to point out the evils and abuses that result from making a position on the bench a reward for party services, is a most encouraging sign of the times. If it shall be found that it is possible in a popular government to retrace a false step of this kind when experience has clearly proved it to be false—if the people shall show themselves capable of surrendering a power which they have become accustomed to exercise, in obedience to the dictates of reason, one of the most specious arguments against liberal institutions, and in favor of the monarchical or the aristocratic systems will have received a satisfactory and conclusive answer.

Hutching's Yo-Semite Almanac for 1867.—We have received from Mr. J. W. Hutchings, proprietor of the hotel in Yo-Semite Valley, a copy of this excellently illustrated and very handsomely printed pamphlet of sixty pages. It contains an outline map of the valley, with the positions of the waterfalls, and famous mountains surrounding it correctly located; and also some fifteen views, mostly of the scenery of the valley, and much interesting reading and statistical matter appertaining to California. It is for sale by all the news dealers throughout the State.

We have received from A. Roman & Co. a number of new publications which will receive due notice in our next issue. Among these, are Bulfinch's *Oregon and El Dorado, or The Romance of the Rivers*; Holmes' *Authorship of Shakspeare*, alluded to in "Literary Gleanings" on another page of to-day's Californian, and Donald G. Mitchell's novel of *Doctor Johns*, the publication of which, as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has just been completed.

The London *Saturday Review* says that the two great "morals" of Mr. Bowles' *Across the Continent* are: first, that the Pacific Railway is of the utmost importance to bind the Pacific to the Eastern States; second, that anybody who thinks of buying shares in a mining company in California had better think twice about it, and carefully meditate Gen. Freemont's saying—"When I came to California I was worth nothing, and now I owe two millions of dollars."

We ought no more to dispise a man for the misfortune of the mind, than for that of the body, when it is such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked than for having his head broken.

The Anatomical Museum of this city, modeled after the similar institutions of New York, Paris and London, constitutes one of the greatest collection of scientific wonders in the world.

No enjoyment can be transitory; the impression which it leaves is permanent; and what is done with diligence and effort communicates a hidden force, of which we cannot say how far its influence may reach.

A contemporary classes South Carolina among the extinct volcanos.

The Homeless Vicar.—The great head of the Catholic Church must leave Rome. All the kingdoms of the earth are exercised to decide upon what place is the most fitting to be the home of the descendant of St. Peter, and the keeper of the keys. A dispatch from Berlin, dated November 21st, states that there is a rumor that the King of Prussia has offered the Pope of Rome protection. Prussia would not prove a comfortable home for the Holy Father. Some persons are in favor of offering His Holiness an asylum in Ireland; the British Government might be persuaded to agree to this arrangement on condition that the Pope made the Irishmen all loyal to the temporal rule of England, and confined himself to filling the duties of a spiritual ruler. Enthusiastic Catholics in this country indulge in the wild dream of inviting the head of the Church to the United States. They revel in the fancy that the hierarchy, which during many centuries controlled the kingdoms of the Old World, may in the New World rise to equal greatness. These enthusiasts maintain that the world moves in a circle; that history repeats itself; that what has been will be again, and still will recur. The Catholic Church in America is striving to establish itself firmly in the Southern States, and hopes that some day the Pope may reign there a temporal and spiritual ruler. In the mean time each of the nations of Europe is offering the Pope of Rome an asylum. The Holy Catholic Church, which has for centuries exercised such a tremendous influence over the destiny of nations, is now supposed to be moribund—the Sultan of Turkey and the Pope of Rome are pronounced to be the two sick men of Europe.

It is by no means probable that the Pope of Rome—who is, by rabid Protestants, believed to be the veritable Anti-Christ—will fall this year, or that the magnificent structure known as the Church will fade away in a moment. In the event, however, of the necessity of establishing an "Asylum for Deposed Popes" arising, we would suggest that it be built in the City of Jerusalem. This is a city of no political importance; it was the birthplace of Christianity: it is out of the way; therefore let the Pope, if he must leave Rome, go to Jerusalem.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editors of The Californian cannot engage to furnish answers to interrogatories propounded in this department. They will be glad, however, to publish replies supplied by correspondents.]

WAS BUCKLE A MATERIALIST?

To the Editor of the Californian:

GENT: In an article in one of the daily papers last week, (I do not remember whether it was the *Alta* or the *Times*.) the author of the *History of Civilization* was alluded to as a materialist. Now I have been an earnest and enthusiastic student of his writings, and I have never seen any evidence in them to justify this classification of their author. He certainly believed in the existence of mind as distinct from matter, and also in the immortality of the soul, as he declares in an eloquent passage in one of his lectures. Can a man who holds these doctrines be properly characterized as a materialist? Upland.

Buckle's philosophical generalizations were of the materialistic stamp, and in one sense it would seem proper enough to class his principal writings as "materialistic," though some of his avowed opinions were inconsistent with materialism.

THE DARWINIAN THEORY AND THE AUTHOR OF "THE VESTIGES."

Messrs. Editors of the Californian:

Some weeks since, in reply to an inquiry from a correspondent as to the author of the *Vestiges of Creation* which produced such a sensation some twenty years ago, you stated that Richard Vivian was the author of that work. I should like to be informed of the grounds upon which you attribute the authorship of the book to the individual named. I am not aware that its authorship has ever been acknowledged by any one, or that the question had ever been settled. The book itself was the beginning of Darwinism, and the *Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*, is little more than a development of the ideas set forth in the *Vestiges*. This being the case, why is it not the most reasonable conjecture to attribute the book to Darwin himself? He has never disclaimed it, so far as I am aware; nor has any one else ever acknowledged it. M. M.

To the Editor of the Californian:

Sir: I shall be much obliged if some one of your correspondents would be so kind as to supply me with the names and States of some of the attorneys who, on the breaking out of the late rebellion, left California and entered the Federal army, and rose to rank, and having survived the perils of campaign life, when this war ended returned to their profession of the bar, and entered and pleaded in the Law Courts of their several States as before, without any remarks or objection from the Judge, but as compliment on their prowress and successful surviving of perils and dangers they had encountered.

San Francisco, Nov. 19, 1866. F. H.

With the present issue The Californian commences the publication of its sixth volume.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

California Husbands.

WE do not believe that in any community on the face of the planet which we inhabit husbands are kept more thoroughly in hand by their wives than they are in the city of San Francisco. In the English papers we read horrible accounts of quarrels between husbands and wives eventuating in wives appearing with swollen noses, discolored eyes and fractured foreheads, to seek redress at the hands of the magistrates of the police courts. The English husband of the lower classes is too apt to use coercive measures with a disobedient and provoking wife. These coercive measures are sometimes repeated blows of the fist planted between the eyes, and occasionally a flat iron is brought to bear with considerable violence on the scull of the offending better half. Wife-whipping in California is now an unknown offense since the death of Reese Jenkins, who was a Welchman—and California husbands are, as a rule, the most docile and long suffering of the mules of the human species. Perhaps the facilities for obtaining a divorce afforded the Californian wife may enable her in a great measure to subjugate her husband. When a man has had a wife for a few years he hardly knows how to do without one. He has learned to be contented with beefsteak for dinner in place of the artistically cooked grouse, quail, snipe, and wonderfully prepared entrees with which he was accustomed to stimulate his appetite at Gumba's. He has a home. He has sacrificed his independence, but he has placed himself beyond the reach of many temptations attended with expense and bodily suffering. The wife may threaten the husband with an action for divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty—he having neglected to provide her with a new bonnet when the one which she had was quite out of fashion—but he will not willingly get divorced from his wife—save for one cause, and will be very unwilling to prove such cause. After a husband has gone to all the expense and trouble of breaking in a wife he will put up with a great deal, and when he sees that his neighbors are docile and obey their wives, he will very soon forget that St. Paul said "Wives obey your husbands," or else think that St. Paul, being a bachelor—by all accounts—knew nothing at all about the matter, and think it better to submit to his wife in everything than to make a fuss about the matter and live in a continual state of discord. Whatever causes may conduce to this result, we maintain that there are more "model husbands" in California than in any other part of the world. The California husband walks in the dead of night with the baby in his arms when it is in the agonies of teething; he performs for his baby offices which an European husband would shrink from; he tastes his baby's pap before introducing the spoon between its infantile gums. More than all this, he will often, while his wife goes off to a ball with a particular friend of hers—and his, of course—stay at home and take care of the baby during the long hours that his wife mingles in the mazy etc. On Monday night we saw a beautiful specimen of the model California husband at Maguire's Opera House. His wife wished to see *Hamlet*; the baby had to be taken care of; the husband did not, we presume, fancy staying at home to take care of the baby, and consequently, relying on the aforesaid baby behaving itself well, accompanied his wife to the Opera House. Alas! his hopes of witnessing *Hamlet* were blighted. Just as "Hamlet" referred to "Polonius" as a "big baby scarce out of his swaddling clothes," the model husband's baby yelled, the audience roared with laughter, and the model husband was requested to take the baby outside. In the vestibule, painfully pacing too and fro, did that model husband nurse that fractious baby during four acts of *Hamlet*, while his wife sat in the dress circle enjoying the performance. He was the admired of all beholders. He was the type of a numerous class in California. He was a mild looking man with a face like a sheep, long and sad looking; his better half was a full muscular woman; when we saw her we wondered not at the submission of the husband she could easily have whipped him. We maintain, however, that, *as a rule*, California husbands are very submissive, and many, to avoid quarrelling with their wives, submit to a great deal too much.

Literary Men in California.

California is a very young country. It has, by the aid of the energy of its inhabitants, drawn from all the countries of the old world, pushed itself forward, and now claims an equal rank with the old States. The first settlers of this State were forced as a matter of course to cut down trees, build houses, dig gold, and perform other labors in which but little intellect was required. Muscle was more valued than brains. It is not comfortable to think that even now, when San Francisco has among her inhabitants men possessing millions, but little is being done for the encouragement of the literature of the State. The man who works with his brain is too often looked upon as a useless cumberer of the earth. A carpenter is a respectable man, a blacksmith is generally acknowledged to be useful, but "a man who writes for the papers"—"a Bohemian"—is looked upon as a rather disreputable character. If a man, even by cheating, lying, and stealing, obtains enough money to enable him to become "a newspaper proprietor," San Francisco society will acknowledge him as a worthy member. Often this smart person may build up a paper entirely on the brains of "Bohemians," being himself ignorant, coarse, and utterly uneducated. Even in this case the proprietor of the paper without brains is too apt to be thought more of than the men with brains who are the soul of the paper, the editing of which he imagines he superintends. Brains are too cheap in California, not because the market is glutted with the article, but for the reason that the demand is very slow. In California almost any one can write. Any person who has had the advantages of a common public school education, thinks, if he fails in book-keeping, he can at least write for the papers. Uneducated musicians, who fail in managing concerts, take advantage of the fact that they are aware that a minim is equal to two crotchets, and impose themselves on ignorant newspaper proprietors as "musical critics." The profession of literature in California is a disreputable one. A man who deals a fair game of Faro is more highly estimated than the finest poet, the most talented journalist, or the most witty writer in our midst. California is young at present, and has, perhaps, done as much for the encouragement of literature within its borders as any other State, but still it is not enough.

A Distinguished Lawyer in a Fix; or, the Navy vs. the Bar.

MR. EDITOR: There is a dainty morsel of gossip floating about in private circles, which, as it cannot be long kept from the public, I have concluded to dish up for the "Lion's Mouth," feeling sure that it will hugely tickle the beast's palate. It is a queer story, and has several morals to it, one of which seems to be that when the Navy and the Bar come into diplomatic collision, the latter can't, notwithstanding its acuteness, always reckon with confidence upon coming out ahead.

You will probably remember that among the applications for the editorial chair of THE CALIFORNIAN, published some month or two since, there was one from a rising and ambitious young lawyer and politician, who stated that the Athenian Pericles was the model upon which he was endeavoring to "form himself," and illustrated his ardor in the pursuit of popularity by declaring that he had become "a Mason and an Odd Fellow; a Sunday School Teacher and a 'Man of Society;' Grand Commander of the Temperance Legion and a Director of the Liquor Dealers' Association; President of the Mercantile Library, of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, the Protestant Orphan Asylum, and the Jockey Club, besides being Vice President, Director, or Trustee in seventeen other corporate bodies, including the Spring Valley Water Association, the Metropolitan Gas Company, the Nicholson Pavement Association, the New Idria Mining Company, together with seven Life and Fire Insurance Companies." Well, it is this aspiring and all-accomplished genius who is the hero, or rather *one* of the heroes of my story; Rear-Admiral H. K. Thatcher, in command of the Pacific Squadron, is the other.

But my preface has grown portentous; let me hasten to the *res gesta* as the lawyers say. Not long since, there was a great failure at Honolulu; among the principal creditors was a banking firm at San Francisco whose legal advisers were a firm of which our Pericles is a member. The Bankers were naturally anxious to take prompt measures to secure themselves as far as practicable, and to hurry off their attorney to the scene of action in advance of the representatives of other creditors. But some time must elapse before the sailing of any vessel for Honolulu, except the U. S. steamer *Vanderbilt*, carrying the flag of Admiral Thatcher, and she of course could not carry passengers. Nevertheless an attempt was made to obtain a passage on her for our Pericles, but in vain. Meantime a gentleman interested in the firm that had failed, and interested adversely to the Bankers, had proved more successful, through the influence of an officer of the *Vanderbilt* whose relative he was, and managed to secure permission to make the trip in the *Vanderbilt*. Our young hero, accidentally learned this move, and saw that it must be frustrated. He accordingly penned a smooth and highly diplomatic epistle to the honest Admiral, setting forth the facts relating to the business to be settled at the Islands, and the motives of the "other gentleman" in wishing to secure a passage on the *Vanderbilt*, and closing with a remonstrance against permitting a U. S. ship-of-war to be "used" for the purpose of enabling one of the parties to a business contest involving litigation to secure an advantage over the adverse party. The Admiral was convinced, and the result was that the gentleman who flattered himself that he was going down to the Islands in the "adverse interest" found himself disappointed. So far, the diplomacy of our astute Athenian was a brilliant success; but this did not suffice. His audacious genius planned a *coup* worthy of Louis Napoleon. He had effectually prevented the enemy from securing a berth on the *Vanderbilt*, and now be set to work to obtain a passage for himself. Representations were accordingly made to the captain of the flag-ship that a young man in delicate health was anxious to make the trip. The reply was, that the thing was impossible; no "passengers" could be taken. This had been anticipated; and then came the inquiry whether there was not some "position" which the "invalid" could take, by virtue of which he could be counted as one of the officers or *attaches* of the ship. The matter was urgently pressed, and at length it was arranged that the young man could go as "Captain's Clerk." The *Vanderbilt* sailed, and our accomplished Athenian sailed with her, in his "official capacity," his name appearing in the list of officers. Arrived at Honolulu, the "invalid" landed, and no sooner set foot on Hawaiian soil, than he was at once transformed from "Captain's clerk of the *Vanderbilt*," into an attorney and counseller at law, representing the interests of his San Francisco clients, the creditors of the insolvent Honolulu firm. By this time the bluff old Admiral had had his eyes opened to the fine diplomacy of the ambitious member of all the Associations, and his wrath was kindled. For five consecutive minutes he is said to have done some of the most original and picturesque swearing to be found on any log. Then another aspect of the case seemed to present itself to his mind, and he laughed long and heartily, declaring that "the young rascal would be sure to take the odd trick if he shuffled the cards with the devil himself. Then he got mad again, and swore that he would teach the impudent youngster that it wasn't so easy for a land-shark to get ahead of an old sea dog as he imagined. Then he smoked a pipe and cogitated. Then he retired to his cabin, had a brief interview with his Captain, the result of which was that the latter penned a brief note addressed to his "clerk." The note was immediately dispatched ashore, and found the "clerk" up to his eyes in law papers. Imagine his astonishment when he read as follows:

"SIR:—You will please report yourself at once on board the *Vanderbilt*, your official services being pressingly required.

Yours respectfully, ——

P. S.—The Admiral will not permit me to accept your resignation as Captain's clerk, *until the cruise is completed*. We sail for Panama and Valparaiso in a few days, and I think you will have to accompany us. The Admiral is quite resolved about this, and I do not know what measure he will not resort to in order to compel you to fulfil the implied contract which you entered into when you assumed the position of Captain's clerk. I am not sure that you could not be treated as a deserter in case you should fail to report on board. The matter is much more serious than you may be aware, and you should not let any considerations of mere convenience control your action."

How our American Pericles replied to this communication, and whether he obeyed the summons, or took the risk of incurring the penalties of desertion, remains to be ascertained. My own opinion, however, is, that he is by this time on his way to Valparaiso, and that his San Francisco clients need not expect to see him again for six months or a year to come. CAPTAIN JAGGERS.

A Lunar (Lunatic) Lyric.

One Lewis Gridley is said to have translated Poe's "Raven" into Latin, in a measure which is agreeably described as being "a five line stanza of trochaic tetrameter, with a trochaic dimiter-hypercatalectic." That version of "the Raven," may be imposing, but we doubt if it is more so than the following by Festus Bailey's spirit, delivered at a recent seance through Ada Hoyt Foio as a medium:

THE MOON-WORLD.

How evanescent and marine
Are thy chaotic uplands seen;
O, ever sublapsarian moon,
A thousand caravans of light
Were not so spherically bright,
Nor ventilated half so soon.
Metho't I stood upon a cone
Of solid Allopathic stone,
And gazed athwart the dreamy skies,
When lo! from yonder plani-sphere
A rapid atrobilions tear
Was dropped by pantommic eyes.
"Adieu, miasma!" cries a voice
In which a gorgon might rejoice,
So perifocal were its tones.
"Adieu, miasma! think of me
When on the antimonial sea,
Which covers my pellucid bones."
Again! again! my bark is tossed
Upon the raging holocaust
Of that acidulated sea.
And diapasons pouring down,
And lunar caustic joined to drown
My trauscendental epopee!

Mr. Jefferson Snort on Fenianism.

MESSRS. EDITORS—GENTS. I am amazed at the apathy of my countrymen in regard to the danger with which they are threatened by that great Irish organization known as the Fenian Brotherhood. I am still more amazed at their dullness—their incredible stupidity and blindness, in not suspecting the real aims of this formidable organization. Can any intelligent man be so infatuated as to imagine that the men who are at the bottom of Fenianism, and in its secrets, seriously contemplate the invasion of Ireland or the conquest of Canada? I solemnly assure you that they contemplate nothing of the kind, though they may amuse their thoughtless dupes with that illusory idea. No, gentlemen! Their object is to make themselves masters of the political situation in the United States. Already they number half a million of men armed and equipped. Already the men who control the movement consider that their object is within their grasp. Gentlemen, I am not an alarmist, nor a visionary, but I tell you that the real Fenian leaders care far more for the United States than for Ireland; that the pretended opposition of the church dignitaries to Fenianism is all a blind; that the object of the true founders of the order is to secure Catholic ascendancy in these United States; and that unless Americans begin to bestir themselves they will, in less than *two years*, see the Pope occupying the White House, and Romanism the established religion of the country. Yours Solemnly, JEFFERSON SNORT.

Aerial Navigation.

The "paid poet" of the "Aerial Steam Navigation Company," intimates in his last "lyric" that the "launch of the Avitor" is to come off early in December next, from the top of Rincon Hill. The official bard thus commences his prophetic description of the great event:

"The morning is all sunshine, the wind is blowing fair,
The *Avitor's* about to start, and all thy town is there;
A moment and you'll see her launched—nay, doubt it an ye will,
Scarce ten have faith of all the crowd that covers Rincon Hill."

The "unbelievers," however, are soon destined to be brought under conviction:"

"And now the signal gun is heard, and the stout engineer
Touches a valve, and turns a crank, and the steam it whistles cleur.
O the morning is all sunshine, and the wind is blowing fair,
And like an arrow from a bow, shoots into the air!

"The women shriek; loud shout the men; the boys sing out hi! hi!
And some turn pale, and some grow faint, as they gaze up to the sky,
'Tis true! 'tis real! 'tis no dream! Ye gods, how can it be?
And yet a man can't but believe the things his eyes do see!"

The following is quite graphic, though certainly the stanzas alluding to Bishop Kip and Doctor Scudder are not in unexceptionable taste, and indeed savor of irreverence:

"They crowd the windows, and the roofs, and balconies to gaze
At this astounding spectacle in wonder and amaze,
And yonder on his portico, to view the airy trip,
Behold, the tall and lordly form of courtly Bishop Kip.

"He stands and waves his handkerchief—a Duchess gift, I ween,
And taps a jeweled snuff-box thrice—the gift of England's Queen,
And says: 'They've naught in Europe like yonder strange machine—
In all my travels never yet its equal have I seen.'

"And yonder, spectacles on nose, the solemn Scudder stands,
With rolling eyes and gaping mouth and high uplifted hands;
'Heaven's fiery chariot!' he exclaims, 'that did Elijah bear!
Brethren, 'tis an amazing sight! let us unite in prayer.'

"Whiz, fiz, puff, snort! the engine goes; and like an aerolite,
Swift shooting through the arch of heaven, the car is out of sight.
Whiz, fiz puff, snort, o'er field and flood, and ere the set of sun,
Her screaming whistle echoes through the streets of Washington."

We don't know but that an apology is due our readers for quoting the last but one, of these stanzas; but the fact is, our Lion is especially voracious this week, and therefore less fastidious than usual in regard to his provender. Meantime, the 2nd of December will be impatiently awaited by Mr. Center and the other capitalists who have taken stock in the *Avitor*.

The "Times" Imbroglio.

It is currently reported that there has been intestine trouble in the *Times* establishment, and that Mr. McClatchey has been removed from the position of managing editor. The *Dramatic Chronicle* thus comments upon the circumstance:

"By getting rid of the most competent man connected with the concern, the Trustees have proved their own incompetency. They knew enough to know that *something* was wrong about the concern, but not enough to know *what*; and so acted upon the example of a stupified and bewildered cabinet, that thinks the only thing to be done after a defeat, is to remove the Commanding General."

The fact is, that a newspaper, like an army, needs *a head*; and we don't believe that any journalistic institution managed by a "Board of Directors" ever did succeed, or ever will succeed.

WITHOUT grand words, how many persons would say little things.

S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
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They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

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AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere two bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., New York.

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LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert, 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Genuine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

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ELOCUTION.—Miss Jane Gray has returned to this city and is prepared to give instruction in Elocution. Miss Gray will give instruction to classes, or private lessons to individuals, at their own residences, if desired. Apply at the California Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies (Miss Lamond's), 64 Silver.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

COME AND SEE ME!
Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,

Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street.)

Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.

Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Set, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $3. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents.

☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.

N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

PIANOS!

PIANOS!
AT
AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

GRAND OPENING
OF
Millinery Goods!
EX STEAMER "SACRAMENTO."
M'LLE PICOT,
22 Montgomery street,
Up Stairs, opposite the Lick House.

Will open on TUESDAY, October 16th, her recent importation of the latest styles and richest PARISIAN MILLINERY, carefully selected by her resident agent in Paris, and will continue to receive by every steamer additions to her stock, consisting of the very latest styles of BONNETS, a fine assortment of rich qualities and rare colors, VELVETS, SILKS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, ORNAMENTS, etc.

M'LLE PICOT will be pleased to see her numerous patrons, and guarantees to exhibit only the choicest and latest styles of goods.

CHICKERING & SON'S CELEBRATED

PIANOS,
A. KOHLER,
AGENT,
No. 424 Sansome street.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

A LIVELY SUBJECT.

THERE used to be a story current of a perplexing incident in the life of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, which has a certain grim drollery about it. One night on receiving from Jack Ketch a "subject, who had been hanged that morning at Newgate—such hangings and such sellings were common in those days—he perceived that somehow or other the vital spark was not quite extinct. His professional zeal was instantly aroused; he applied all his skill to the task and in a short time succeeded, to his scientific satisfaction, in restoring the law's victim to his full faculties again. But his satisfaction was somewhat short-lived, for the resuscitated felon insisted upon looking to his benefactor for his future subsistence! He argued that, as he had striven to bring him, as it were, a second time into the world, he must be regarded in *loco parentis!* Hunter, always a nervous man, and, by no means convinced that he had not offended grievously against the laws in his little experiment, had no alternatives but to comply with the demands, of his ungrateful patient, who was by no means modest in his visits. After a time, however, they ceased; but even that brought no comfort to poor Hunter, who lived in perpetual terror of his tormentor unexpectedly popping upon him. At last he reappeared before him again. One fine evening another Newgate importatiou was brought to the private door of the dissecting-room, and to his intense satisfaction, he once more recognized the well-remembered features! Hunter used to say, with a grim smile, that he took speedy care not to give him a second chance.

THE SAGACITY OF ANTS.—Having a mind to try the sagacity of these little animals, I stopped the holes through which they went for provisions in a neighboring granary, and thereby obliged them to long and tedious journeys in order to supply their stores. At last I spread several handsful of wheat in a room which adjoined their abode; but I still found the ants continued going over several gardens and other large tracts of ground to find out provisions, and constantly brought them home to the same place, which plainly showed they had not yet discovered the supply I had intended for them. At last I caught one of the ants, and threw her on the wheat I had spread; the insect having been frightened, and finding herself at liberty, ran away without laying hold of that opportunity to eurich herself; but, about, three, or four minutes afterwards, I was agreeably surprised to see five or six hundred of those little animals marching towards the heap of wheat, who all took their loading and then returned home.

FLOWERS FOR WINTER.—Now is the time to provide for that greatest ornament for your sitting-room—a bouquet of flowers; this when all is bleak and wintry without. Take the latest buds, just as they are about to open; cut them, leaving the stems about three inches long; cover each end of each stem with melted sealing-wax, when the buds begin to wither, wrap them separately in paper, and place them in a dry box. In the dead of the winter, when you wish to have the buds blossom, you need only to cut off their sealed ends, and put them into water, in which a little saltpetre has been dissolved.

"ONE OF THE BOYS."—A youngster came home after having a glorious time in the puddles, his face all aglow, and his rubber boots full of water. The punishment of staying in the house for the remainder of the day did not seem very hard at first; but as his little heart warmed up with the recollection of the triumph of the morning, when he had waded deeper than any of his playmates dared to, he could bear the restraint no longer, and went to his mother, saying: "Please mother, whip me and let me go out again!"

COUNT D'ORSAY, Eugene Sue, and most of their associates composing the roll of the "young men of 1830," in France, have all been mowed down in the meridian of their intellectual fame, by coffee, wine, and licentiousness.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY.

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON

SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The

IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

HENRY HILLS & CO.,

MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.

Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

WILSON & EVANS,

No. 513 Clay street,

Importers and Dealers in

FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

WILSON & EVANS.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. - - - Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

Splendid Presents

TO SEND ABROAD!

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS

.....OF.....

California Scenery!

A SERIES OF OVER

ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!

ILLUSTRATING

The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NATURE,

And Published by

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

317 & 319 Montgomery Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

N. B.—CATALOGUES containing a complete LIST OF VIEWS, sent to any part of the world, FREE of POSTAGE.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.'S

Piano Warerooms,

685 MARKET STREET,

Corner of Third,

SOLE AGENTS FOR

J. B. DUNHAM'S,

F. C. LIGHTE & CO.'S,

GEO. STECK & CO.'S, and

ERNEST GABLER'S

CELEBRATED PIANOS.

We will be in constant receipt of the above fine Pianos, which we warrant equal to any imported, and ask our friends and the public to call and examine for themselves. au25-3m

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,

AT

GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S

NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

(Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunsebeidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc

CHILION BEACH,

Bookseller and Stationer,

NO. 34 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Opposite the Lick House,

Paper Stamped with Initials, plain and colored, to border. All the New Books received by every steamer from New York.

BOYD'S NOVEL EXCHANGE

Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.

10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.

S. E. Corner Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. P. COLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

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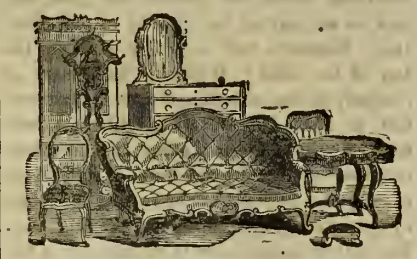


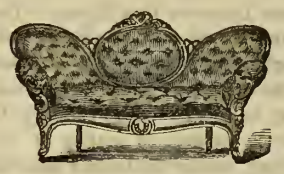
No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

FURNITURE *BEDDING!*



LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

SAN FRANCISCO.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

Cor Sansome & Commercial streets.

Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA AND YELLOW DOCK IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

TIME & LABOR SAVED BY USING

Standard Soap Company's

CELEBRATED

WASHING POWDER.

This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.

It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.

Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S.

MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET, San Francisco.

☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Palo, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

How Shall we Wear Our Hair?—Something must be done, and that quickly, or we shall have all our ladyships scudding under bare poles. The mandates of fashion have been over severe for three or four years, and now we are paying the penelty of our devotion. Eugenie's hair is getting thin on the top of her head! Well, she has plenty of company in that affliction, if that is any comfort to her. The waterfalls, cataracts, rats, mice and the thousand other diabolical contrivances of hair dresses, have all tended to one object—to strain at the roots of the hair by tying and twisting in every possible way. The natural consequence is the downfall of the glory of woman. What shall we do? Go back to the fashions of shepherd simplicity, and wear our own ringlets over our shoulders? Alas! for us who have locks like unto the needless of the pine tree, and whose tresses have as much spiral tendency as the most rigid of pokers! Who will come to our relief, for the waterfall oppresseth the brain, and headaches are prevalent among us? Let some hair-dresser arise who will free us from this bondage, and great will be his reward.

Ladies Learning Bad Habits.—The fairer and better portion of humanity are quite manly enough in their style of dress, without imitating the vile habits of the sterner sex. We are sorry to see in a foreign exchange that the practice of smoking is getting to be quite "the thing" among the leading London ladies. The *Court Journal* says:—"Smoke seems to be increasing in the metropolis, not from coal but tobacco. We have lately seen several very flagrant uses of the weed in London by females. A lady, whose name was known to us, and for whom we would vouch in all things, save the smoke, we espied, recently, through the draw blinds of her carriage, having a few whiffs from her *cigarette* on the sly. A long draw, and down went the *cigarète* by the side, while the smoker leaned back and revelled in the smoke slowly emitted. But the worst fact remains to be told; that the *cigarette* frequently contains a strongly opium-steeped tobacco, and hence, rather than from the love of the pure weed, arises the gratification of *ces games* who take to smoking."

A Simple Antidote for Poisons.—A plain farmer says: "It is now more than twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing it would cure other kinds of poison of any kind, both on man and beast, The patient must take a spoonful of it internally, and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it requires eight times as much as it does for a man. Here let me tell of one of the most extreme cases of snake bites; eleven years ago this summer, where the case had been thirty days standing, and the patient had been given up by his physicians, I heard of it, carried the oil and gave him one spoonful, which effected a cure. It is an antidote for arsenic and strychnine, it will cure the sting of bees, spiders or other insects, and will cure persons who have been poisoned by a low running vine, growing in the meadows, called ivy."

A FAST STORY.

An ENGLISHMAN was bragging of the speed of English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman; "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound, the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee. "Why, we've got one firm in San Francisco that has alone imported this season a half a million dollars' worth of Toys and Fancy Goods. They have Talking and Kicking Dolls, born with a full-grown head of hair and teeth in their mouths, saying 'Papa' and 'Mamma', also, Mechanical Toys, that run by themselves, and lots of other Toy wonders too numerous to mention."

"Indeed! is that so? Who is the firm that have the Dolls saying 'Mamma'?" exclaimed the Englishman, very much excited.

"Why, have you never heard in all your travels of FELDBUSH & CO., Wholesale Store, 307 California street, and Retail Store, 207 Montgomery street, San Francisco, where you can save 25 per cent. in purchasing? Fact, I can assure you, as all the goods in their store, 307 California street, and all that is to arrive, must be sold on or before Christmas, on account of some changes in their business. I know it is true, and, if you doubt my word, you call at FELDBUSH & CO.'S, and see for yourself."

TOWNE & BACON

Book and Job Printers,
Book Binders,
Blank Book Makers,
Paper Rulers,
536 Clay St., opp. Leidesdorff,
San Francisco, Cal.

This Firm are large importers of Paper, Printers' Materials, Ink, &c.; and with the largest Printing Office in the State, are able to do good work with dispatch, at very low prices.

Parties sending orders from the Interior will be served as faithfully as though personally present.

Samples and price lists furnished if desired, and work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Agents for H. D. Wade's Inks.

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT!

By purchasing perfect SPECTACLES, exactly suited to your eyes, from

C. MULLER, Optician,

205 MONTGOMERY STREET—RUSS HOUSE BLOCK.

SPECTACLES

MY OWN SPECIALTY!

From constant observation of the Humnn Eye, I have obtained a thorough knowledge of this most valuable organ. I am enabled to discern, in the majority of cases, from a mere inspection of the pupil, whether or not Glasses can he of any benefit for the Eye, or the exact locns reqnired to enable the wearer to pursne the most minnte employment with an ordinary amount of light, without causing that weakness or fatigue to the organ usually complained of.

C. MULLER, Optician,
No. 205 Montgomery street, Russ House Block.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine)
Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (incipient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OAK POISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain* cure,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"

NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Fifteenth Year (1866,) *in SAN FRANCISCO.*

Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

Apply for Baths from Seven o'clock, morning, until Seven o'clock evening. Sundays 7 to 9 A. M. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid day repast. *As a bath for the healthy, perfectly luxurious! and to* PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED. 822 3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

MME. ROLLA,

HAVING JUST ARRIVED FROM NEW YORK, HAS opened, at her Show Room, No. 216 Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, the latest style of BONNETS, DRESS CAPS and MILLINERY GOODS, direct from Paris and New York.

MME. ROLLA would be pleased to see all her old friends and patrons at her new place of business.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warrantod to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., IMPORTING

Wholesale Druggists,

J STREET, SACRAMENTO,

AND

CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally, that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, DENTAL GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES AND COMBS, SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES. LADIES' BANDAGES AND SUPPORTERS, GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, PAINTS AND OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS, BREWERS' AND SODA STOCK, CORKS, (large variety,) ASSAYERS' MATERIAL, BURNING OILS AND FLUIDS, PLASTER PARIS, MARBLE DUST,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all Goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

J street, Sacramento, and corner Pine and Sansome sts., San Francisco,

Importers of DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,

TEETH, GOLD FOIL, FORCEPS of all kinds, DENTAL CHAIRS, Hand and Foot LATHES, Brush, Cotton, and Corundum WHEELS, Pluggers, Scalers, Files, Rosewood DENTAL CASES, brass bound, best quality, with full sets Instruments, Mirrors, etc., price from $75 to $175 each. VULCANITE MATERIAL, Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE TEETH, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite Work. DENTAL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on Dentistry. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner

R. H. McDONALD & CO.

Sacramento: J street; San Francisco: corner Pine and Sansome streets.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

November 30th—GOLDEN CITY, Captain J. T. Watkins, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Captain Howes.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch the favorite Steamship

AMERICA,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,

From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1866,

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship

SANTIAGO,

(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The MOSES TAYLOR will sail on December 25th.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

Is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer and Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.

Second—Will not Color the Skin.

Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.

Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.

Fifth—Will remove Dauuruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.

Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.

Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.

Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON & CO.'S

Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

A DISINFECTANT.

AN eastern editor was presented, during the hot weather, with a sample of a "deodorizer and cholera disinfectant," with a request to notice it. He says he noticed it as soon as he smelt it, and thus relates the sequel:

Didn't wish to terrify the family by the ostentatious display of cholera precautions of an extraordinary nature, so we took our patent deodorizer home secretly, concealed under our coat. Terrible commotion in the street-car. The windows were thrown up hastily, handkerchiefs applied furiously to noses, and a general application of camphor gum, of which each one had a supply in his pocket. Profane fellows swore at the Board of Health for not cleaning the streets. One was sure it was in the gutters: another thought it was in the air; a toper, half drunk, said he was satisfied "it was in the (hic) water."

"I'll tell you what it's in," said a gloomy man, eyeing us suspiciously.

"What?" the passengers shrieked, with one voice:

"It's *in the car!*"

With a wide yell, they jumped up at once and tumbled out, leaving us all alone, and monarch of all we deodorized.

Got into the house unperceived, and deposited the disinfectant in the cellar, and then hurried back to the office. There was a good deal of it about our clothes, so much so that one or two men who owed us borrowed money avoided us altogether. Felt emotions in the region of the stomach, that were disagreeably suggestive. Got a little alarmed, and concluded to deodorize the disinfectant, which we did with a glass of brandy. Felt a little better ourself, but began to feel alarmed about the effect of that disinfecting compound upon the family. Hurried home—found the house shut up, and nobody in. Terrible smell about the house—neighbors all terrified. Asked one of them where my family was, and he said they had gone down to the bone-boiling district, to get out of the smell!

Opened the door, but had to close it again, the smell was so bad. Went around to the back yard, and saw the rats leaving in great precipitation. A neighbor suggested that a candle be lowered down the chimney, to test the foulness of the air before the house was opened. Saloons in the neighborhood doing an immense business in the sale of brandy and whisky. Flaunel belts in demand. A country-woman with a load of watermelons mobbed and driven back. Arrival of a police officer, who arrested us for keeping a nuisance on our premises. Explanations made, and we are paroled until the house can be opened. Burnt some pitch on the front doorstep, and were then enabled to get to throw up the windows. Whew! neighbors said they preferred cholera. The disiufectant is nearly abolished now, and family back again, enjoing their usual health. They say they don't wish to be disinfected any more.

In one building in Pittsburg a democratic newspaper occupies the third-story, and a republican paper the fourth. On the occasion of the grand procession there, the Johnson paper hung from its window a strip of canvas labelled "Johnson and Clymer." The Union paper immediately had another strip printed in the same style with the words, "Brave men detest." and hung the inscription from the window just above; and the sentence formed by the combination of the two was highly edifying to spectators of both parties.

THE HEIGHT OF LAZINESS.—Various instances have been cited to prove how lazy a man can be and live, but it remains for a Michigander to cap the climax. One hot day during the heated term last summer, one Mr. F—, of Jackson county, was observed to throw himself down on the grass under the spreading branches of a shade tree, and exclaim, emphatically, to himself, "There, breathe if you want to—I shan't!"

If young men peep into a milliner's shop it is a clear proof that they are troubling themselves about things that do not concern them.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hohart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whiteomh, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
Shepardson & Gates, (sneeessors to R. Hall & Co.,) cor ner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 Sontb Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott, (wholesalo and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitabfe Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery. corner California.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morsbead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's, Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM.

FIRST PREPIUM FOR 1864, 1865 and 1866.

538 Washington street, below Montgomery.

ROBERT LIDDLE & CO.,

GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS, and IMPORTERS OF GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS. Also, Agents for HENRY'S PATENT RIFLE, and WM. GREENER'S celebrated DOUBLE GUNS.

FISHING TACKLE, and all the appurtenances required by Sportsmen, to be found here.

PIANOS RENTED

FROM $5 TO $10 PER MONTH
at
A. KOHLER'S,
No. 424 Sansome street.
I 3m

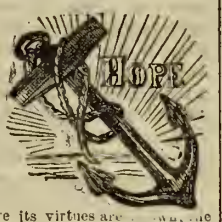
PACIFIC
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
751 MARKET STREET,
(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)
SAN FRANCISCO

AN INSTITUTION designed to prepare boys, young and middle-aged men for the active duties of business in the shortest time possible and at the least expense. For "COLLEGE REVIEW," giving information, call at the College, or address E. P. HEALD, President.

AYER'S
CHERRY. PECTORAL.

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, AND FOR THE RELIEF OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE.



SO wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other Expectorant is too apparent to escape observation and where its virtues are [illegible], the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this having gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

We can only assure the public, that its quality is carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.

Great numbers of clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our remedies, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the complaints they cure.

Those who require an *alterative medicine* to purify the blood will find AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA the remedy to use. Try it once, and you will know its value.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND
IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

Ward's Perfect S. F. Fitting Shirts

FINE WHITE SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

MERINO UNDERSHIRTS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

SHAKER FLANNEL DRAWERS!

At Ward's.

DRIVING GLOVES!

At 323 Montgomery street.

TRAVELING SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

COTTON AND MERINO SOCKS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

NEW STYLES ALWAYS

At Ward's,

323 MONTGOMERY STREET.

MY RATTER—NIP.

I WAS so fortunate as to secure, from a boy in the market, a fine old-line, bob-tailed rat, whose furious efforts to chaw everything within reach gave promise of glorious sport for Nip. Took the rat home, called my dog, and told my wife that if she wanted to see the way terriers did rats, to come down in the basement. She came down and shut the door—just in time, too; for as soon as Nip saw the rat, he, Nip, my ratter, for which I paid the sporting gent five dollars, made most unmistaklably cowardly movements toward the door. Wife on a chair, said the dog did not appear to see the rat. Told wife to keep her breath, she knew nothing about terriers. Tho't I would not give Nip any reason for not seeing the rat again, so I tied the string that held the rat to the dog's hind leg. He saw the rat that time, and jumped ou the chair by my wife. Wife laughed and shoved him off. Tried the stove next. Got off the stove without being shoved. The rat, however, being an old stager, and not being used to such treatment, made a demonstration on Nip's rear; and I don't believe little "Flora Temple" ever made better time in the same limits than that dog and rat made around the room.

First heat, dog had the lead, closely followed by rat, who, on striking the half-mile (footstool in the corner,) broke badly—in fact, nearly broke his back; and before he could be brought down (he was sliding on his back,) dog led him in by whole length of string. On the second heat, got off well to-gether (tied,) and went finely around, neck and tail, until they reached the judge's stand (wife standing on a chair,) against which dog brought up solid, bringing the judge down iu a style pre-eminently sudden, if not dignified. The heat was decidedly against the dog, you bet, and it was only after much persuasion that the judge would again take the stand.

The third heat may be termed dead heat. They got off as well apart as the dog conveniently could, and traveled lively until just as they struck the last quarter, when the rat, which ran about as well on his back as his legs, shied the track and got rather queerly around a table leg. Dog went on as far as the string and the length of the hind leg would let him. On raising the rat, he was found to be *non compos*—totally defunct—in fact, dead. Nip was not much better off.

Wife said the dog wouldn't kill rats. Told her that he had certainly killed that rat. But on viewing the feat in a scientific light, didn't feel satisfied with the performance; and the next morning gave him away to a milk-man, who wanted a ratter, to free his stable from the depredations of the vermin. I have not beeu able to ascertain which left him first, the rats or the dog.

FORTITUDE.—Let man regard this world merely as a preparatory stage to a future and eternal state of existence. Let him consider his misfortunes, sufferings, aud miseries as intended to prepare him the better for a world of undying glory and happiness; let him persevere in a course of virtue and usefulness, in contempt of the malignity of his enemies and the storms of adversity that beat around him, and he will infallibly attain to that perfection and happiness hereafter, which should constitute the only true end and aim of all human exertion and pursuit.

"DEAR me," said Mrs. Spriggins, "I don't know what to do with John, he is so cross to me."

"O, treat him kindly," replied Mrs. Brown; "always say, 'How are you, John, to-night? Can I do anything for you?' and so forth, and it will subdue him—it will be like heaping coals of fire on his head."

"Well," said Mrs. Spriggins, "I don't believe 'twill answer; I've tried boiling water, and that did no good,"

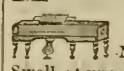
"WHO made the world?" asked a teacher of a little boy who had not been long in school. The boy shook his head and said nothing. The teacher threatened to whip him unless he answered. The boy, feeling impelled to a confession of some sort, broke forth, "Well, master, I made it, but I'll never do it again!"

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, Pr sident

MASON & HAMLIN'S



CELEBRATED CABINET ORGANS.
New styles, with Automatic Bellows Swell, at warerooms of agent.
A. KOHLER,
No. 424 Sansome street.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility* and Nervousness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 28	cures *Seminal Emissions* and Debility.	1 00
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book	$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book	8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book	6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 Battery street, corner of Clay, San Francisco

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:
In the matter of the Estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.

It appearing to the Court, by the petition presented and filed by Thomas Courtis, the Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order to sell Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the debt outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of the administration,

It is therefore ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M. of the said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the whole of the Real Estate of deceased, as prayed for in said petition; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated October 23d, A. D. 1866.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1866.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND FIVE-CENT STAMP, CANCELED.]
F. A. FABENS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. oc27-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF GEORGE HASTINGS, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE HASTINGS, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated November 15th, 1866.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of George Hastings, deceased.
no17 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM O. NEIL, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of William O. Neil, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
Dated November 15th, 1866.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of William O. Neil, deceased.
no17-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of SAMUEL P. GOODALE, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid: and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A.M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, according to law.
It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
M C BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated November 16th, 1866.
Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.
Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this sixteenth day of November, A. D. 1866.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Seal and stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J F FINN, Esq., Attorney for Administrator. no17-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.
Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. oc6 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
DANIEL O'NEIL, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN CHAPMAN ET AL., Defendants.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to JOHN CHAPMAN, M. LAUFENBERGER, and MARGARET BAUSCH, Defendants.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, a copy of which accompanies this Summons, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; if served out of this county, but within this Judicial district, within twenty days or if served out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage, described in the complaint, and executed by the said John Chapman on the first day of May, A. D. 1866, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note of even date therewith, made and executed by the said Defendant Chapman, whereby he promised to pay to the Plaintiff the sum of two thousand dollars in gold coin of the United States, three years from the date of the said note, with interest thereon at the rate of one per cent. per month, payable quarterly in gold coin, that is to say, at the end of every three months: and in case default be made in the payment of the said interest, or any part thereof, when the same becomes due, then the whole of the said principal and interest shall be due; that the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment, in United States gold coin, of said sum of $2,000, with interest thereon according to the terms of said note, and the costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said John Chapman for the balance remaining due, and also that the said Defendant, and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.
And if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the Plaintiff will take default against you, and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District, this second day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL AND STAMP CANCELED.]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office, No. 605 Clay street, in the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated at San Francisco, October 25th, 1866.
JOHN S. BUGBEE,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased. oc27-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA:
In the matter of the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of EDWARD F. STONE, the Administrator of the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the Estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said Estate remains to be distributed to the heirs of said deceased; and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said Estate among the persons entitled,
It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on Thursday, the 29th day of November, 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate to the heirs of said EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, according to law.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before said 29th day of November, 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.
Dated October 24th, A. D. 1866.
oc27-5t M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY KEENAN, THOMAS KEENAN, and JOHN PETER KEENAN, minors.
Order to show cause on application of Guardian for order of sale of Real Estate.
It appearing to this Court, from the petition this day presented and filed by THOMAS BREEZE, the Guardian of MARY KEENAN, THOMAS KEENAN, and JOHN PETER KEENAN, minors, praying for an order of sale of certain Real Estate belonging to his said wards, that it is necessary and for the benefit of said minors that such Real Estate should be sold,
It is hereby ordered, That the next of kin of the said wards, and all persons interested in the said Estate, appear before this Court on MONDAY, the third day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A.M., at the Court-room of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such Estate.
And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks, before the said day of hearing, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.
Dated November 1st, 1866.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Guardian. no3 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M PRINCE, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.
And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.
WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED]
D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court
In the matter of the Estate of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.
Order of publication on application for order of sale.
On reading and filing the petition of John S. Bugbee, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the said Estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts;
It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the tenth day of December, 1866, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such expenses of administration.
And it is further ordered, That a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four successive weeks, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the City and County aforesaid.
Dated November 9th, A. D. 1866.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco, I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.
Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this ninth day of November, A. D. 1866.
Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
no10 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, Elizabeth A. Waller, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No 6 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
Dated November 3d, 1866.
ELIZABETH A. WALLER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Royal H. Waller, deceased. no3-6t

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S RETURN

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,
San Francisco, July 1st, 1866.

To the HON. M. C. BLAKE, *Probate Judge of the City and County of San Francisco:*

Herewith I submit a return of all the Estates of Deceased Persons which have come into my hands as Public Administrator during the six months ending on June 30th, 1866, with the Value of each, the Moneys paid thereon, and the Balances due said Estates; together with a return of all Estates administered on by me, and remaining unsettled.

Respectfully,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

ESTATES SETTLED AND DISTRIBUTED.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, have, since the rendering thereof, been settled and distributed:

John Gorman, Peter Reynolds, Thomas Jones, William R. O'Reilly, Peter Barcelona, James Morrow, John Wietz, J. H. Feldhus, M. A. Langdon, Sarah Mack, Charles Deady, Lloyd Mcgruder, Walter Pratt, James Willis, James McCready, Charles M. Nelson, Clara Clifford, William Hempsill, Edmond D. Hammond, Jeremiah Mead, Charles H. Raymond, Harry M. Oliver, C. J. Theis, G. T. Fouque, Mary B. Smith, John O Neil, Michael Boneher, H. R. Rowland, John Higgins.

UNSETTLED ESTATES.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, remain unsettled. The condition of each is as follows:

JAMES MCLAUGHLIN.—Money Received, $1,938 25; Money Disbursed, $251 98; Balance on hand, $1,686 27; Fees of Administrator, $77 53.

PATRICK HUGHES.—Balance Money on hand, $22 75; Fees of Administrator, $1 84. Ready for Distribution

ANDRE JOINNY.—Value of Estate, $102 00; Money Received, $102 00; Money Disbursed, $91 80; Balance on hand, $10 20; Fees of Administrator, $4 08. Ready for Distribution.

JOHN HAYES.—Value of Estate, $324 30; Money Received, $324 30, Money Disbursed, $192 06; Balance on hand, $132 24, Fees of Administrator, $12 96. Annual Account filed.

A. J. KING.—Partial Distribution of Estate made to heir. Balance on hand, $657 11. Estate ready for final Distribution.

G. A. MULLER.—Appraised Value of Estate, $990 00; Money Received, $240 00; Money Disbursed, $135 00; Balance on hand, $105 00; Fees of Administrator, $39 60.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 2.—Balance of Money on hand, $143 90; Fees of Administrator, $20 00. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN DAVIS.—Money Received, $175 35; Money Disbursed, $83 00; Balance on hand, $92 35; Fees of Administrator, $7 00. Estate ready for Distribution.

THOMAS FLANAGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $2,597 00. Money Received, $463 50; Money Disbursed, $571 00; Advanced to the Estate by the Administrator, $107 50. Fees of Administrator, $104 00. Accounts filed and proceedings pending to sell Real Estate, to pay creditors and close Estate.

THOMAS MOORE.—Value of Estate, $43 17; Money Received, $43 17. Money Disbursed, $2 12 Balance on hand, $41 05; Fees of Administrator, $1 72. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

BARTHOLOMEW W. LYNCH.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,500 00; Money Received, $276 00; Money Disbursed, $207 71; Balance on hand, $68 29; Fees of Administrator, $60 00.

CAROLINE M. ROBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,244 06; Money Received, $337 24; Money Disbursed, $439 02; Advanced by Administrator, $101 78; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors.

JOHN LOGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,055 15; Money Received, $965 12; Money Disbursed, $588 35; Balance on hand, $376 80; Fees of Administrator, $38 60. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM LOBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $975 20; Money Received, $975 20; Money Disbursed, $222 50; Balance on hand, $752 70; Fees of Administrator, $39 00. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $32 00; Money Disbursed, $7 00; Balance on hand, $25 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

WILLIAM O'OWEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $40 00; Money Received, $40 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $38 00; Fees of Administrator, $1 60. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JAMES PEARSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,924 65; Money Received, $1,168 08; Money Disbursed, $1,312 79; Advanced to Estate by Administrator, $144 71; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. Estate in litigation. Real Property claimed adversely to Estate.

ALEXANDER THOMPSON.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $50 00; Money Disbursed, $3 00; Balance on hand, $47 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN BERRY.—Value of Estate, $80 00; Money Received, $80 00; Money Disbursed, $4 20; Balance on hand, $75 80; Fees of Administrator, $3 20. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

ANDRE SOULIER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,462 25; Money Received, $1,462 25; Money Disbursed, $269 74; Balance on hand, $1,192 51; Fees of Administrator, $68 49. Proceedings pending for Distribution to heirs.

NICHOLAS H. WYSE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $4,474 00; Money Received, $473 00; Money Disbursed, $504 65; Advanced by Administrator, $31 65; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. The property of the Estate consists of Real Estate, on which nothing has been realized.

MARY A. GREENWOOD.—Value of Estate, $2,847 69; Money Received, $347 69; Money Disbursed, $392 18; Advanced by Administrator, $44 49; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

JOHN HERON.—Value of Estate, $182 50; Money Received, $182 50; Money Disbursed, $46 00; Balance on hand, $86 50; Fees of Administrator, $7 28.

JAMES IRWIN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $5,893 85; Money Received, $3,945 01; Money Disbursed, $1,849 66; Balance on hand, $2,095 35; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

MORGAN O'ROURKE.—Value of the Estate, $173 10; Money Received, $173 10; Money Disbursed, $78 50; Balance on hand, $94 60; Fees of Administrator, $6 92. Estate ready for Distribution.

DIETRICH NARHWOLD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,721 40; Money Received, $1,748 40; Money Disbursed, $159 75; Balance on hand, $1,588 65; Fees of Administrator, $63 52. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

JOHN S. TIGHE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,493 05; Money Received, $2,492 00; Money Disbursed, $657 53; Balance on hand, $1,834 47; Fees of Administrator, $99 68. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

ESTATES ADMINISTERED UPON AT REQUEST OF WIDOWS, HEIRS, AND OTHERS HAVING THE PRIOR RIGHT TO ADMINISTER.

In the following named Estates, the widows, heirs, and others having the prior right to administer, have specially requested me to administer in their place and stead:

ALEXANDER L. BARNES.—Appraised Value of Estate, $54,373 23; Real Estate, $10,000 00; Personal Property, $44,373 23; Money Received, $40,882 35; Money Disbursed, $39,589 44; Balance on hand, $1,392 91. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

PETER LECARIE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,000 00. No Money or other Property received. Property of Estate claimed by parties adversely to Estate.

GEORGE PECK.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $46,465 13; Real Estate, $34,000 00; Personal Property, $12,465 13; Money Received, $29,383 34; Money Disbursed, $25,859 91; Balance on hand, $3,523 43. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

ELLEN NERAC.—Appraised Value of Estate, $3,256 15; Money Received, $3,256 15; Money Disbursed, $1,710 73; Fees of Administrator, $130 24.

ROSA CALLAGHAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, Personalty, $609 65; Money Received, $609 65; Money Disbursed, $208 00; Balance on hand, $401 65; Fees of Administrator, $24 00. Heirs of Deceased all in this city.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 1.—Appraised Value of Estate, $14,951 03; Money Received, $3,951 65; Money Disbursed, $3,881 22; Balance on hand, $70 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

FRANCIS ESFELD.—No Money received. The Property of Estate consists of a Judgment against the Estate of F. P. Schafer, deceased, for $9,460 28. Nothing has been realized on said Judgment, the Schafer Estate being insolvent, and no payments having been yet made to creditors.

MAURICE HARTNET.—Appraised Value of Estate, $620 00; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, $600 00; Money Received, $34 00; Money Disbursed, $20 50; Balance on hand, $13 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—one year not expired. Son of Deceased in this city.

SAMUEL HINCHCLIFFE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $251 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $251 00; Money Disbursed, $189 50; Balance on hand, $61 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired.

CHRISTIAN RASMOSSIN.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $710 00; Money Disbursed, $562 50; Balance on hand, $147 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Widow residing in this city.

EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $965 87; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $503 00; Money Disbursed, $175 10; Balance on hand, $327 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPHINE M. DUVAL.—Special Administration. Value of Estate, $300 00; Personal Property, all. Special Administration closed and settled. No charge made for Fees of Administrator. Brother of Deceased residing in this city.

STELLA WALLS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $700 00; Money Disbursed, $388 25; Balance on hand, $311 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Sister of Deceased residing in this city.

BERNARD O'CONNELL.—Appraised Value of Estate, $152 99; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $152 99; Money Disbursed, $152 99. No charge for Fees made. Estate closed, and Money paid to widow in this city.

GABRIEL MALDONADO.—Appraised Value of Estate, $12,000 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $8,496 00; Money Disbursed, $8,291 45; Balance on hand, $203 56; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed and settled. Widow of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPH BUTLER.—Special Administration. General Administration petitioned for. Money Received, $340 50; Money Disbursed, $244 00; Balance on hand, 96 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

GEORGE F. WOODWARD.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $956 91; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $35 23; Money Disbursed, $585 34; Balance on hand, $349 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Letters, with Will annexed, issued. Ten months unexpired. Estate unsettled.

AMELIA MOSS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,448 15; Money Received, $2,250 61; Money Disbursed, $1,616 18; Balance on hand, $634 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Annual Account filed.

S. P. GOODALE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,145 00; Money Received, $4,500 00; Money Disbursed, $3,954 00; Balance on hand, $545 17; Fees of Administrator, $180 00. Accounts filed and Estate ready for Distribution. Heirs represented in this city by Messrs. Falkner, Bell & Co.

JAMES C. GARNER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,600 00; Money Received, $200 00; Money Disbursed, $197 00; Balance on hand, $3 00. Fees of Administrator commuted by agreement with widow in this city. Proceedings pending to close Estate.

GEORGE E. PATTERSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,038 60; Money Received, $1,038 60; Money Disbursed, $68 37; Balance on hand, $970 23; Fees of Administrator, $41 32.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION ISSUED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following named Estates, since the rendering of my last report:

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS RICKTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $297 15; Personal Property, $277 15; Real Property, $20 00; Money Received, $194 15; Money Disbursed, $150 26; Balance on hand, $43 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, MARY TROY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, none; Money Received, $20 00; Money Dishursed, $18 00; Balance on hand, $2 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown. Remarks: No other Property received.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD M. DEVANY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $310 00; Real Property, all; Money Received, none; Money Disbursed, $34 00; Advanced by Administrator, $34 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CONSTANT HUBERT.—Nativity of Deceased, France; Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,853 90; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,972 45; Money Disbursed, $601 70; Balance on hand, $1,370 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM FELL.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Personal Property, $317 10; Real Property, none; Money Received, $317 10; Money Disbursed, $317 10; Fees of Administrator, $25 00. Condition of the Estate, closed. Special Administration only had. Estate passed over to G. O'Hara Taaffe, Attorney for heirs.

Name of the Estate, JOHN F. QUAILEY.—Nativity of Deceased, Vermont; Appraised Value of Estate, $577 50; Personal Property, $77 50; Real Property, $500 00; Money Received, $93 50; Money Disbursed, $137 45; Advanced by Administrator, $44 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, OTTO W. BECKMAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $510 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $510 80; Money Disbursed, $179 75; Balance on hand, $331 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES DEGAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $225 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $225 00; Money Disbursed, $187 25; Balance on hand, $37 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS DESMOND.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $454 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $454 60; Money Dishursed, $155 00; Balance on hand, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $299 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Ireland.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES C. FOSTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Maine; Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,620 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $2,620 00; Money Disbursed, $548 90; Balance on hand, $2,071 10; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Maine.

Name of the Estate, F. L. FEHREN.—Nativity of Deceased, Illinois; Appraised Value of Estate, $2,055 97; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $1,165 00; Money Disbursed, $316 96; Balance on hand, $848 04; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Partial Distribution made to widow in Illinois. Residence of heirs, Illinois.

Name of the Estate, ROBERT ADLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of Estate, $609 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $609 60; Money Disbursed, $421 10; Balance on hand, $188 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, L. MULLEN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $26 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $26 75; Balance on hand, $26 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, H. MCFADDEN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $12 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $12 00; Money Dishursed, $12 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed, and Money paid over for funeral expenses.

Name of the Estate, HENRY FAGAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $58 25; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $58 25; Money Dishursed, $15 00; Balance on hand, $43 25; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD FITZ MAURICE.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $41 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $41 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $39 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, ANN C. RICHARDSON.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Personal Property, $80 00; Real Property, consisting of a house and lot on Stockton street; Money Received, $80 00, Money Disbursed, $13 50; Balance on hand, $66 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, Special Letters only issued. Application for General Administration contested; case still pending. Residence of heirs, Australia.

Name of the Estate, JOHN MCLEAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $19 85; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $19 85; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $19 85; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, GEORGE W. CARPENTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Connecticut; Appraised Value of the Estate, $300 00; Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $72 00; Advanced by Administrator, $72 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, JOHN J. DURGIN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $296 95; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $295 95; Money Dishursed, $52 50; Balance on hand, $243 45; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Massachusetts.

Name of the Estate, THERESA POOLER.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $537 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $537 80; Money Disbursed, $265 03; Balance on hand, $272 77; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, California.

Name of the Estate, THOMAS MERCER.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $4,572 00; Real Property, $4,250 00; Personal Property, $322 00; Money Received, $314 00; Money Disbursed, $304 00. Balance on hand, $10 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, NELSON P. WARLING.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Appraised Value of the Estate, $779 70; Personal Property, all. Money Received, $779 70; Money Disbursed, $263 16 Balance on hand, $516 54; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Denmark.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM BYATT.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Appraised Value of Estate, $475 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $255 50 Money Disbursed, $219 60 Balance on hand, $35 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, HENRY TORREY.—Nativity of Deceased, New York; Appraised Value of the Estate, $519 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $128 75; Money Disbursed, $115 00; Balance on hand, $313 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, M. HORTON.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of Estate, $1,237 65; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,237 65; Money Disbursed, $65 00. Balance on hand, $1,162 65; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, PATRICK RYAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $500 00 Personal Property, all; Money Received, $500 00; Money Disbursed, $404 50. Balance on hand, $95 50. Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, FREDERICK MAHLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany. Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,200 00; Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $83 68; Advanced by Administrator, $83 68; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, DANIEL SULLIVAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $173 50; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $173 50; Money Dishursed, none; Balance on hand, $173 50, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs—brother in this city.

Name of the Estate, GEORGIANA MATHEWS.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $900 00; Personal Property, $93 00; Real Property, $900 00; Money Received, $93 00; Money Dishursed, $120 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs—daughter in this city.

Name of the Estate, G. B. WOOD.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of Estate, $78 75. Personal Property, all; Money Received, $75 00; Money Disbursed, $75 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed. Amount of Estate paid over for funeral and other expenses.

ESTATES UPON WHICH LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION HAVE BEEN ISSUED, BUT NO PROPERTY RECEIVED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following Estates, but no Money or other Property has come into the possession of the Administrator, nor any Fees received thereon. The Property of several Estates consists of claims to land not yet determined:

Robert Dyson, T. B. McManus, John J. Coombs, C. E Trask, Wm. F. Hamilton, Charles S. Norris, Huling Major, Horace Cole, James E. Calhoun, J. W. Phipps, Julia W. Burns.

The foregoing report includes all the Estates administered upon by me during the year ending June 30th, 1866.

As a number of the Estates are still unsettled, the amount of Fees cannot be stated, but the same will, on final settlement, be 4 per cent. upon the amount administered in each Estate.

All of which is respectfully submitted,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

J. W. Brumagim, Public Administrator, being duly sworn, says, that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, directly or indirectly, in expenditures of any kind made on account of any Estates of Deceased Persons; and that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, in business or otherwise, with any person so interested.

J. W. BRUMAGIM.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 19th day of October, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

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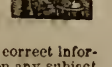

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THURSDAY—*FANCHON.*
FRIDAY—Benefit Miss KINGSBURY—*ROMEO & JULIET.*

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A CARD.

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MY DEAR MRS. JACKSON:—As my engagement is drawing to a close, I wish, before its conclusion, to offer you one of my nights for the purpose of a complimentary Benefit for yourself.

Accept this service as a mark of my esteem, and recognition of the aid you have rendered my pieces by filling parts in most of them entirely out of your line of business as a Leading Lady.

Mr. Maguire most liberally and cheerfully accords with this proposition; so it is only for you to choose your own night. Trusting that you may have a crowded house, I remain your friend, ALICE KINGSBURY.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE, November 21, 1866.

MY DEAR MISS KINGSBURY.—I thank you most heartily for your generous offer, which is doubly prized by me for the kind expression of feeling whereby it is accompanied.

I also return Mr. Maguire my most greatful acknowledgements for his liberal and prompt co-operation with you, and with your and his permission, I will name Monday the 26th instant, for my benefit. Believe me, dear Miss Kingsbury, very faithfully yours, ANNIE JACKSON.

To Miss Alice Kingsbury.

RE-APPEARANCE
OF
Harry Jackson,
'INGOMAR' AND 'THE HOUSEHOLD FAIRY,'
FOR
MRS. JACKSON'S
COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT,
Monday Evening, - - November 26.
BOX-SHEET NOW OPEN.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

BENEFIT OF
Miss Alice Kingsbury,
FRIDAY EVENING.....NOVEMBER 30.
ROMEO AND JULIET.
Juliet, - - - - - - Miss Alice Kingsbury,
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Notices to Creditors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JAMES PRATT, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of James Pratt, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of James Pratt, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB COON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Coon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Coon, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF DANIEL BUTLER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Daniel Butler, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Butler, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN McQUADE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John McQuade, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of John McQuade, deceased.
November 20th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF OSCAR E. EHLE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Oscar E. Ehle, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 30 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Oscar E. Ehle, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB LOURENS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Lourens, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Lourens, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY CASSIDY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary Cassidy, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Cassidy, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:
In the matter of the Estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.

It appearing to the Court, by the petition presented and filed, October 23d, A. D. 1866, by Thomas Courtis, the Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order to sell Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the debt outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 24th day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M. of the said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the whole of the Real Estate of deceased, as prayed for in said petition; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated November 23d, A. D. 1866.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND FIVE-CENT STAMP, CANCELED.]
F. A. FARNUM, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. nc27 5t

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"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI, No 2. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 1, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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The Fisherman—By ****

[For the Californian.]

THE FISHERMAN.

A FISHERMAN went out on the sea,
And toiled for his harvest there;
And he sang gay songs on the throbbing main,
All free from pain or care.

But the winds are fickle and the seas are false,
And fish that are swift and free
Were watching the fisherman there above
That was waiting on the sea.

And his boat went down with nets and lines,
For a mighty storm came out,
And the fisherman like a floating weed
Went floating slow about.

The fish took his flesh, the sea his bones,
The Lord his spirit away,
But the winds and waves and earthly things
Went heedless upon their way.

For the life of man is a transcient thing,
And his flesh is changing dust;
But his soul shall mount on immortal wings,
And hath a heavenly trust.

And the dead man's wife on the briny sands,
Went weeping to and fro,
But the heart of woman is soon appeased
As the sea or winds that blow.

The fisherman's bones went drifting round,
And the fish still swift and free,
Awaited there to catch, or be caught
By a fisherman on the sea. ****

CORRESPONDENCE.

[THE EDITORS of THE CALIFORNIAN cannot engage to furnish answers to interrogatories propounded in this department. They will be glad, however, to publish replies supplied by correspondents.]

THE "VESTIGES" AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Californian:

DEAR SIR:—In reply to one of your correspondents who inquires "upon what grounds" the authorship of the "Vestiges of Creation" is attributed to Richard Vivian, and suggests that Mr. Darwin, himself, is more probably the author, permit me to say that it has long been the unquestioned belief among literary men, curious in this matter, that Mr. Vivian was the real author of the work. It has been over and over again attributed to him in the English papers and periodicals, and he has never denied it. As to Mr. Darwin's being the author of the "Vestiges," the suggestion is a very wild one.

No two styles can well be more unlike than those of the "Vestiges" and "The Origin of Species." Mr. Darwin's style is simple and unornamented almost to boldness, while that of the author of the "Vestiges" has a certain rhetorical stateliness, and often rises into eloquence. Besides, since Mr. Darwin avows himself the author of the "Origin of Species," which is a development of the doctrine of the "Vestiges," why should he not also avow the latter work if it is his? He would thus be entitled to the credit of originating the idea he has ably elaborated, and avoid the imputation of having built upon another man's foundation. The time is past, and probably forever, when a writer on scientific subjects has any odium to encounter for pursuing investigations like those referred to, or for announcing any conclusions which facts and sound reasoning may seem to justify. In this respect there has been an amazing and happy change since the time when the "Vestiges" was published. It is scarcely twenty years, yet the progress of enlarged ideas has been such that no philosopher need at this day shrink from avowing himself the author of such books as either of the two in question.

Very respectfully, S. A. LUCAS.

THE BACON THEORY.

To the Editor of the Californian:

I see that some of the papers attribute to Miss Delia Bacon of Connecticut, the origination of the theory that Francis Bacon was the author of the plays ordinarily supposed to have been written by William Shakspeare. Indeed, I understand you to intimate as much in the following sentence from the "Literary Gleanings and Gossip," in the last number of THE CALIFORNIAN:

"It is said that Mr. Holmes' attention was first drawn to the subject of the present volume by an article in *Putnam's Magazine*, by Miss Delia Bacon, published many years ago. Miss Bacon not only maintained that the plays were written by Lord Bacon, but, also, that they had an esoteric political significance, to which she afterwards undertook to furnish a key in a bulky volume, the title of which we cannot at this moment recall."

What I wish to ask is, was not this idea long ago suggested by Schlegel, or Lessing, or some other German critic?

Respectfully, H. H.

We did not mean to intimate that the theory in question was originated by Miss Bacon, and our language as quoted, admits of no such interpretation. The idea is an old one, first suggested we think by some French or German critic, but certainly not by either the Schlegels or Lessing.

IS STORY, THE SCULPTOR, AN ENGLISHMAN?

To the Editor of the Californian:

Is there any foundation for the statement that W. W. Story, the sculptor, and the author of the very remarkable poem published in your last number, is an Englishma? I had always supposed him to be the son of the celebrated Chief Justice Story of Massachusetts, but within a few days past I have heard it asserted, with the utmost positiveness at one of the clubs in this city, that W. W. Story, the artist, *is an Englishman.* Respectfully, T. W. F.

Mr. W. W. Story is an American by birth, and, as our correspondent supposed, the son of the great American jurist; but he has renounced his allegiance to his native country, and become a subject of her Majesty, Queen Victoria. The reasons which induced him to take this step are not known—at least to us.

NEW STYLE OF BUILDING IN PARIS.—La Partrie has the following: "There is at this time in course of construction, as an experiment and possible model, in the Quartier de Roule, a house having nine stories above the ground floor, and with basement and cellars, altogether eleven stories. As land in the centre of Paris is of great value, and consequently rents very high, the object of the building is to obtain increased space by means of increased elevation. The house will have this peculiarity; it will have no staircase, but it will be provided with an hydraulic apparatus similar to that in use by builders to raise their materials to upper scaffolds. This apparatus consists of two large flat forms, ascending every minute, without making any noise. Upon these platforms will be placed seats, so that the lodgers in the house will be enabled to reach the highest stories without any fatigue. From this arrangement it would follow that the upper stories, being the most airy, commanding the best views, and being free from all risk of inconvenience from lodgers above, will probably obtain higher rent than the other apartments. Thus an entire revolution in house arrangements will be effected."

PROFUNDITY.—Profundity of thought is generally purchased at the expense of versatility. To be very profound, it is necessary that the intellectual eye be fixed, for a long time, on one continuous series of operations; to be versatile, the mind must glance from subject to subject, and brood over none. Profundity plunges to the depth, while versatility skims the surface of the sea of speculation; while the former is going down, the latter is sporting onward on easy wing.

DANGERS OF THE SEA.—Over one hundred vessels of various descriptions have been wrecked and disabled by the recent storms on the Atlantic, and at least five hundred people who were in them have found a watery grave. Even in these days of maritime skill and of powerful vessels, the elements sometimes gain the mastery.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES,

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

SUMMARY OF PUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "BLACK SHEEP."—George Dallas, the black sheep of the family, an only son and spendthrift, walks down from London to "Poynings,"—the Carruthers' country seat—to seek an interview with his mother—now Mrs. Carruthers, "wife of the rich, respectable old Carruthers," who had forbidden him the house—to obtain money from her to meet pressing difficulties. He arrives on the night of a party; climbs up into the room of his old nurse, Mrs Brookes, and obtains there a stolen interview with his mother, which results in his obtaining a ten-pound note, and a promise that she will forward him, within one month, a hundred and forty pounds, to meet a note of indebtedness to one Routh, a friend and associate. After an interview of half an hour he leaves for the adjacent village of Amherst, where he passes the night. In the morning he changes the note, which bears a date and the post-mark of Amherst, to purchase an overcoat, and departs for London. In London, at the house of Stewart Routh, a gentlemanly gambler and adventurer of good accomplishments and address, the reader is introduced to his wife Harriet, commonly addressed by Routh as "Harry,"—a woman of rare mental qualifications and quick appreciation, thoroughly devoted to her husband, his counselor in all his schemes, and a most efficient aid in his precarious mode of living.

One Deane, an American, a cool, sharp, "posted" man, with abundant means, is also introduced, whose cleverness is even too much for the designs of Routh and his wife. George Dallas receives a letter from his mother, who writes him that the one hundred and forty pounds, obtained by a great risk and almost criminal sacrifice, will be given to him by her in person at Amherst. He informs Routh of the import of his mother's letter. Routh, meanwhile, is organizing a company for working some newly discovered silver mines in Brazil, which promises to be "a big thing," but is badly in want of funds to successfully launch his scheme; when he learns from Deane that he is to receive for some stock transaction three thousand pounds, which sum Deane proposes to keep in his desk for a few days until wanted; and, in celebration of the event, he invites Routh and Dallas to dine with him at a fashionable restaurant on the same evening. Routh tells his wife that he must have Deane's money "one way or another." The dinner comes off, but Routh is not present.

George Dallas again visits Amherst under his author-name of "Paul Ward," to receive from his mother the money she promised him; when he learns from her lips that she has secretly sent her diamonds to Paris to be imitated, with the object of pledging the genuine ones as the only available means of obtaining the amount. The jewelry failing to arrive, his mother requests him to stop at Amherst for a few days to await its arrival. While sketching a private park, "The Sycamores," a chance acquaintance is brought about—which rapidly ripens into mutual though unavowed feelings of affection between Miss Clare Carruthers, a beautiful young lady of nineteen, the favorite niece and heir of the rich Capel Carruthers—Dallas' father-in-law—and our hero; known only to Miss Carruthers as "Paul Ward," the author.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

AMONG THE BEECHES.

IN the afternoon of the day which had witnessed her second interview with the young man whom she knew as Paul Ward, and with whom her girlish fancy was delightfully busy, Clare Carruthers arrived at Poynings. She received an affectionate greeting from Mrs. Carruthers, inquired for her uncle, learned that no communication had been received from him that day, and therefore his wife concluded that his original arrangement to return on the following Tuesday morning remained unaltered; and then went off to see that "Sir Lancelot," who had been brought home from the Sycamores by a groom, was well cared for. Somehow, the beautiful animal had a deeper interest than ever for his young mistress. She touched his silken mane with a lighter, more lingering touch; she talked to him with a softer voice.

"He did not forget to mention you," she whispered to the intelligent creature, as she held his small muzzle in one hand and stroked his face with the other. "I wonder, I wonder, shall we ever see him again."

When the two ladies were together in the drawing room that evening, and the lamps were lighted, cheerful fires burning brightly in the two grates, which were none too many for the proportions of the noble room, the scene presented was one which would have suggested a confidential, cozy chat to the uninitiated male observer. But there was no chat and no confidence there that evening. Ordinarily, Mrs. Carruthers

and Clare "got on" together very nicely, and were as thorough friends as the difference in their respective ages and the trouble in the elder lady's life, hidden from the younger, would permit. But each was a woman of naturally independent mind, and their companionship did not constrain either. Therefore the one sat down at a writing-table, and the other at the piano, without either feeling that the other expected to be talked to. Had not Mrs. Carruthers' preoccupation, her absorption in the hopes and fears which were all inspired by her son, so engrossed her attention, that she could not have observed anything not specially impressed upon her notice, she would have seen that Clare was more silent than usual, that her manner was absent, and that she had a little the air of making music an excuse for thought. The leaves of her music-book were not turned, and her fingers strayed over the keys, in old melodies played almost unconsciously, or paused for many minutes of unbroken silence. She had not mentioned the incidents of the last two days to Carruthers, not that she intended to leave them finally unspoken of, but that some undefined feeling prompted her to think them over first—so she explained her reticence to herself.

While Clare played, Mrs. Carruthers wrote, and the girl, glancing towards her sometimes, saw that her face wore an expression of painful and intense thought. She wrote rapidly, and evidently at great length, covering sheet after sheet of foreign letter-paper with bold firm characters, and once Clare remarked that she took a memorandum-book, out of her pocket and consulted it. As she replaced the book, a slip of paper fluttered from between the leaves and fell to the ground, unobserved either by herself or Clare. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Carruthers rose, collected her papers into a loose heap upon the table, and left the room, still with the same preoccupied expression on her face. Clare went on playing for a few moments, then, finding Mrs. Carruthers did not return, she yielded to the sense of freedom inspired by finding herself alone, and, leaving the piano, went over to one of the fireplaces and stood by the low mantelpiece, lost in thought. Several minutes passed away as she stood thus, then she roused herself, and was about to return to the piano, when her attention was attracted to a small slip of paper which lay on the floor near the writing-table. She picked it up, and saw written upon it two words only, but words which caused her an indescribable thrill of surprise. They were PAUL WARD.

"Mrs. Carruthers dropped this paper," said Clare to herself, "and *he* wrote the name. I know his hand, I saw it in the book he took the sketch in. Who is he? How does she know him? I wish she would return. I must ask her." But then, in the midst of her eagerness, Clare remembered a certain air of mystery about her chance acquaintance; she recalled the tone in which he had said, "That is my secret," the hints he had let fall that there existed something which time must clear up. She remembered, too, that he had not betrayed any acquaintance with Mrs Carruthers, had not even *looked* like it when she had mentioned Poynings and her uncle (and Clare had a curiously distinct recollection of Mr. Paul Ward's looks;) finally she thought how—surely she might be said *to know*, so strongly and reasonably did she suspect—that there were trials and experiences in Mrs. Carruthers' life to which she held no clue, and perhaps this strange circumstance might be connected with them.

"It is *his* secret and *hers*, if she knows him," the girl thought, "and I shall best be true and loyal to them both by asking nothing, by seeking to know nothing, until I am told." And here a sudden thrill of joy, joy so pure and vivid that it should have made her understand her own feelings without further investigation, shot through the girl's heart as she thought:

"If she knows him, my chance of seeing him again is much greater. In time I must come to understand it all."

So Clare allowed the paper to fall from her hands upon the carpet whence she had taken it, and when Mrs. Carruthers reentered the room bringing a packet of letters which she had gone to seek, Clare had resumed her place at the piano.

CHAPTER IX.

TIDED OVER.

IT was the fourth morning after George Dallas' arrival in Amherst, the day on which his mother had appointed by letter for him to go over to Poynings and there receive that which was to set him free from the incubus of debt and difficulty which had so long oppressed him. On going to the window and looking out, he found that nature and he were once again in accord. Spring was ripening into summer. Into the clean and comely little town, came wafted delicious odors from outlying gardens and uplands, where the tossing grass went waving to and fro like the undulations of a restless sea, and in the midst of which the sturdy old farm-houses, dotted here and there, stood out like red-faced islands.

The sunshine and the general brightness of the day had its due effect on George Dallas, who was young, for a nineteenth-century man, almost romantic, and certainly impressible. His spirits rose within him, as, his breakfast finished, he started off to walk to Poynings. Drinking in the loveliness of the broad sun-steeped landscape, the sweet odors coming towards him on the soft breeze, the pleasant sound, were it chink of blacksmith's hammer, or hum of bees, or voice of cuckoo hidden deep in distant bright-leaved woods, the young man for a time forgot his baser associations and seemed to rise, in the surroundings of the moment, to a better and purer frame of mind than he had known for many years. Natural, under such circumstances, was the first turning of his thoughts to his mother, to whose deep love and self sacrifice he was indebted for the freedom which at length was about to be his. In his worst times there had been one bright spot of her in all the black folly of his life, and now the recollection of her disinterestedness and long suffering on his behalf made her as purely dear to him as when, in the old days that seemed so long ago, he had said his prayers at her knee. He recollected walking with her in their garden on mornings like these, when they were all in all to each other, soon after his father's death, when that chastening memory was on them both, and before there was any thought of Mr. Carruthers or his niece—or his niece!—and straightway off went his thoughts into a different channel. What a pretty girl! so soft and quiet, so fresh withal, and frank, and guileless, so different to—Well, he didn't know; with similar advantages Harriet might have been very much the same. But Miss Carruthers was certainly specially charming.

Busy with these thoughts, and ever and anon pausing to look round him at the fair scenes through which he was passing, George Dallas pursued his way along the high road until he gained the summit of the little hill whence is obtained the first view of Poynings and its grounds. There he stopped suddenly at seeing a carriage driving through the open lodge gates, and in the carriage reclining at his ease no less a person than Mr. Cadel Carruthers. It was he, not a doubt about it, in the respectability of his glossy broad-brimmed hat, in his white whiskers, in his close-fitting dog-skin gloves, in the very double-gold eyegluss with which he was looking at nature in a very patronizing manner. Even if he had not been short-sighted, Mr. Carruthers was at such a distance as would have utterly prevented him from recognizing any one on the top of the hill; but George Dallas no sooner saw him than instinctively he crouched down by the hedge-side and waited until the carriage was rolling down the avenue; then he slowly raised himself muttering:

"What the deuce has brought him back just now? confound him! What on earth will she do? It's most provoking, just at this very nick of time; he might have kept off a few hours longer. She won't come to the shrubbery now; she's frightened out of her life at that old ruffian, and, by George, I shall be put off again! After all I've said to Routh, after all the castles in the air which I've been building on the chance of getting free, I shall have to slink back to town empty-handed!" He was leaning over a gate in the hedge, and as he spoke he shook his fist at the unconscious country magistrate, visible in the distance now but by the crown of his hat. "Except," continued George, "knowing how deeply I'm involved, she'll risk all hazards and come to the shrubbery. Perhaps she's started now, not expecting him, and when he reaches the house and doesn't find her there—he's always hanging on her trail, curse him!—he will make inquiries and follow her. That would be worst of all, for not only should I miss what she promised me, but she would come to grief herself, poor darling. Well, I must chance it, whatever happens."

He turned down a by-lane which ran at right angles to the avenue, pursuing which he came upon a low park paling enclosing the shrubbery. Carefully looking round him, and finding no one within sight, he climbed the paling and dropped noiselessly upon the primrose-decked bank on the other side. All quiet; nothing moving but the birds darting in and out among the bright green trees, and the grasshoppers in myriads round his feet. The walk had tired him, and he lay down on the mossy turf and awaited his mother's coming. Twelve o'clock rings sharply out from the turret clock in Poynings stables. Twelve o'clock, the time appointed in his mother's letter for him to meet her in that very spot. He rose up from the turf, and sheltering himself behind the broad trunk of an old tree, looked anxiously in the direction of the house. No human being was to be seen. He left his vantage ground and strode listlessly to and fro; the quarter chime rung out from the turret, then the half hour, and still no one came.

Some one coming at last! George Dallas' quick eyes made out a female figure in the far distance, not his mother, though. This woman's back is bowed, her step slow and hesitating, unlike Mrs. Carruthers, on whose matronly beauty Time has as yet laid his gentlest touch. He must stand aside, he thought, amongst the trees until the new comer had passed by; but as the woman approached, her gait and figure seemed familiar to him, and when she raised her head and looked round her as though expecting some one, he recognized Nurse Brookes. The old woman gave a suppressed scream as George Dallas stepped out from among the trees and stood before her.

"I could not help it, George," said she, "I could not help it, though I was looking for and expecting you at that moment, and that's more than you were doing for me, isn't it? You were expecting some one else, my boy?"

"Is anything the matter? Is she ill? Has her husband found out?"

"Nothing! She's—well, as well may be, poor dear, and—"

"Then she hasn't been able to do what she promised?"

"O George, George, did you ever know her fail in doing what she promised, from the days when you were a baby until now? Better for her, poor thing, as I've often told her, if she hadn't—"

"Yes, yes, nurse, I know all about that, of course; but why isn't she here now?"

"She daren't come, George. Master's come home unexpected, and he and Miss Clare are with her, and there is no chance for her to make an excuse to get away. So she just runs into her dressing-room for a minute and sends to me—she always sends to me in her troubles, as you've seen many a time and oft, Master George—and tells me, she says, 'Take this and go into the shrubbery, and tell George,' she says, 'why I couldn't come, and that I sent it to him with my heart's love, and God bless him,' she says."

As the old woman spoke, she produced from her pocket a round flat parcel wrapped in writing-paper, which she handed to Dallas. He took it with a very weak attempt at unconcern (he did not know with how much of their secret his mother might have intrusted the old nurse), and thrust it into his breast pocket, saying at the same time, "Thanks, nurse. That's all right. Did she say anything else?"

"Nothing, I think. O yes—that of course now you would not remain in the neighborhood, and that you were to be sure to write to her, and send your address."

"She need not be afraid—I'm off at once! Good by, nurse. Tell my mother I'll hold to all I promised her. Thank her a thousand times, bless her! Good by, dear old woman; perhaps the next time we meet I shan't have to skulk in a wood when I want to see my mother!"

He pressed a hasty kiss on the old woman's upturned face, and hurried away. The last sound he had uttered seemed to have rekindled the old vindictive feeling in his mind, for as he strode away he muttered to himself: "Skulking in a wood, hiding behind trees—a pretty way for a son to seek his mother, and she never to come after all! Prevented by her fear of that pompous idiot, her husband. To think of her, as I recollect her, being afraid of an empty-headed dotard. And yet he is kind to her. She said so herself,—that's nothing; but Nurse Brookes said so too—that's something—that's everything. If he were not—if he treated her badly—he should rue it. But he is fond of her, and proud of her, as well he may be; and Clare, that charming girl, is his niece. Charming, indeed! Ah, Chapel Carruthers, you have a wholesome horror of me, but you little know that two guardian angels plead for you!"

The sight of the park paling over which he had climbed into the shrubbery, and over which lay his only way out of it, seemed to change the tenor of his thoughts. He stopped at once, and, looking cautiously round, stepped in among the trees, and drew from his breast the packet which Nurse Brookes had given him. He tore off the outer covering of writing-paper, and carefully placed it in his pocket, then he came to a purple morocco case, which he opened, and there before him, set off by the velvet on which it lay, was the bracelet, a band of dead gold, set with splendid wreaths of forget-me-nots in diamonds and turquoises. George Dallas took it up and examined it attentively, weighed it in his hand, looked closely at the stones in various lights, then replaced it in its case, as a smile of satisfaction spread over his face.

"No mistake about that!" said he. "Even I, all unaccustomed to such luxuries, know that this must be the right thing. She has sent it as she received it, in the very box, with the swell Bond street jeweler's name and all! Not a bad notion of a present, Mr. Carruthers, by any means. You've money, sir; but, it must be owned, you've taste also. It's only to be hoped that you've not very sharp eyesight, or that you'll ever be tempted to make a very close inspection of the Palais Royal bijouterie which is doing duty for this in the jewel box! These will set me clear with Routh, and leave me with a few pounds in my pocket besides, to begin life anew with. If it does that, and I can stick to my employment on *The Mercury*, and get a little more work somewhere else, and give up that infernal card-playing—that's the worst of it—I may yet make our friend C. C. believe I am not such a miserable scoundrel as he now imagines me!"

He replaced the case carefully in his breast-pocket, climbed the palings, and was once more on the high road, striding in the direction of Amherst. Ah, the castle-building, only occasionally interrupted by a return to the realities of life in squeezing the packet in his breast-pocket, which he indulged in during that walk! Free, with the chance and the power of making a name for himself in the world! free from all the debasing associations, free from Routh, from Harriet—from Harriet? Was that idea quite so congenial to his feelings? to be separated from Harriet, the only woman whom, in his idle, dissipated days, he had ever regarded with anything like affection, the only woman who—and then the bright laughing face and the golden hair of Clare Carruthers rose before his mind. How lovely she was, how graceful and bred-looking, above all, how fresh and youthful, how unsullied by any contact with the world, with all the native instincts pure and original, with no taught captivations or society charms, nothing but—

"Yoho! Yoho!"

George Dallas started from his revery at the repeated cry, and only just in time sprang from the middle of the road along which, immersed in thought, he had been plodding, as the mail-cart, with its red-faced driver, came charging full upon him. Awakened from his revery, he proceeded on his way to the inn, whence, having paid his bill, he returned to London by the first train.

During the whole of the journey up to town the young man's thoughts were filled with his intentions for the future, and no sooner had the train stopped at London Bridge than he determined to go at once to *The Mercury* office and announce his readiness to undertake any amount of work. Accordingly he struck away across the Borough, and, crossing Blackfriars Bridge, dived among a mass of streets running at right angles with Fleet street, until he arrived at a large, solemn, squat old building, over the door of which glimmered a lamp with the words *Mercury Office* in half-effaced characters. A smart pull at a sharp, round, big bell brought a preternaturally sharp boy to the door, who at once recognized the visitor and admitted him within the sacred precincts. Up a dark passage, up a steep and regular flight of stairs, George Dallas proceeded, until on the first floor he rapped at the door facing him, and, being bidden to come in, entered the editorial sanctum.

A large cheerless room, its floor covered with a ragged old Turkey carpet, on its walls two or three bookshelves crammed with books of reference, two or three maps, an old clock gravely ticking, and a begrimed bust, with its hair dust-powdered, and with layers of dust on its highly developed cheek-bones. In the middle of the room a battered old desk covered with blue books, letters opened and unopened, piles of manuscript under paper-weights, baskets with cards of invitation for all sorts of soirées, entertainments and performances, and snake-like india-rubber tubes for communication with distant printing offices or reporters' rooms, a big leaden inkstand like a bath, and a sheaf of pens more or less dislocated. At this desk sat a tall man of about fifty, bald-headed, large-bearded, with sharp gray eyes, well-cut features, and good presence. This was Mr. Leigh, editor of *The Mercury;* a man who had been affiliated to the press from the time of his leaving college, who had been connected with nearly all the morning journals in one capacity or another, correspondent here, manager there, descriptive writer, leader-writer, critic, and scrub, and who, always rising, had been recommended by the Jupiter Tonans of the press, the editor of *The Statesman*, to fill the vacant editorial chair at *The Mercury*. A long-headed, far-seeing man, Grafton Leigh, bright as a diamond, and about as hard, keen as a sword in the hands of a fine fencer, and as difficult to turn aside, earnest, energetic, devoted to his work, and caring for nothing else in comparison—not even for his wife, then sound asleep in his little house in Brompton, or his boy working for his exhibition from Westminster. He looked up as George entered, and his features, tightly set, relaxed as he recognized the young man.

"You, Ward!" said he. "We didn't look for you till to-morrow night. What rush of industry, what sudden desire to distinguish yourself, has brought you here to night, my boy?"

Before George could answer, a young man came forward from an inner room, and caught him by the hand.

"What Paul, old fellow, this is delicious! He must be

brimming over with ideas, Chief, and has come down here to ventilate them."

"Not I," said George. "My dear Chief," addressing Leigh, "both you and Cunningham give me credit for more virture than I possess. I merely looked in as I passed from the railway, to see how things were going on."

"This is a sell," said Mr. Cunningham. "I thought I had booked you. You see that confounded Shimmer has failed us again. He was to have done us a sensation leader on the murder—"

"The murder! What murder?"

"O, ah, I lor forgot; happened since you went away. Wapping or Rotherhithe—some water-side place—body found, and all that kind of thing! Shimmer was to have done us one of his stirrers, full of adjectives, denouncing the supineness of the police, and that kind of thing, and he's never turned up, and the Chief has kept me here to fill his place. Confounded nuisance! I'm obliged to fall back on my old subject—Regulation of the City Traffic!"

"I'm very sorry for you, Cunningham," said George, laughing; "but I can't help you to-night. I'm seedy and tired, and I know nothing about the murder, and want to get to bed. However, I came to tell the Chief that I'm his now and forever, ready to do double task of work from to-morrow out."

"All right, Ward. So long as you don't overdo it, I shall always be delighted to have you with us," said Mr. Leigh. "Now get home to bed, for you look dog tired." And George Dallas shook hands with each and went away.

"Glad to hear we're going to have a good deal of work out of Ward, Chief." said Cunningham, when he and his editor were alone again. "He's deuced smart when he likes—as smart as Shimmer, and a great deal more polished and gentlemanly."

"Yes," said Grafton Leigh, "he's a decided catch for the paper. I don't think his health will last, though. Did you notice his manner to-night?—nerves agitated and twitching, like a man who had gone through some great excitement!"

CHAPTER X.

DISPOSED OF.

It was very late when George Dallas arrived at Routh's lodgings in South Moulton street, so that he felt it necessary to announce his presence by a peculiar knock, knowu only to the initiated. He made the accustomed signal, but the door was not opened for so abnormally long an interval that he began to think he should have to go away and defer telling of the good news until the morning. He had knocked three times and was about to turn away from the door when it was noiselessly opened by Harriet herself. She held a shaded candle in her hand, which gave so imperfect a light that Dallas could hardly see her distinctly enough to feel certain that his first impression, that she was looking very pale and ill was not an imagination induced by the dim light. She asked him to come into the sitting-room, and said she had just turned the gas out and was going to bed.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," he said, when she had set down the candle on a table, without re lighting the gas; "but I want to see Routh particularly. Is he in?"

"No," said Harriet, "he is not. Did you get his letter?"

"What letter? I have not heard from him. I have only just come up from Amherst. But you look ill, Mrs. Routh. Does anything ail you? Is anything wrong?"

"No," she said, hurriedly, "nothing, nothing. Routh has been worried, that's all, and I am very tired."

She pushed the candle further away as she spoke, and, placing her elbow on the table, rested her head on her hand. George looked at her with concern. He had a kind heart and great tenderness for women and children, and he could forget, or, at all events, lay aside his own anxieties in a moment at the sight of suffering in a woman's face. His look of anxious sympathy irritated Harriet; she moved uneasily and impatiently, and said, almost harshly:

"Never mind my looks, Mr. Dallas; they don't matter. Tell me how you have sped on your errand at Poynings. Has your mother kept her promise? Have you got the money? I hope so, for I am sorry to say Stewart wants it badly, and has been reckoning on it eagerly. I can't imagine how it happened you did not get his letter."

"I have succeeded," said George. "My mother has kept her word, God bless her, and I came at once to tell Routh he can have the money."

He stopped in the full tide of his animated speech, and looked curiously at Harriet. Something in her manner struck him as being unusual. She was evidently anxious about the money, glad to see him, and yet oddly absent. She did not look at him, and while he spoke she had turned her head sharply once or twice, while her upraised eyelids and parted lips gave her face a fleeting expression of intense listening. She instantly noticed his observation of her, and said, sharply:

"Well, pray go on; I am longing to hear your story."

"I thought you were listening to something; you looked as if you heard something," said George.

"So I am listened—to you," Harriet replied, with a smile. "So I do hear your adventures. There's nobody up in the house but myself. Pray go on."

So George went on, and told her all that had befallen him at Amherst, with one important reservation—he said nothing of Clare Carruthers or his two meetings with the heiress at the Sycamores; but he told her all about his interview with his mother, and the expedient to which she had resorted to supply his wants. Harriet Routh listened to his story intently; but when she heard that he had received from Mrs. Carruthers, not money, but jewels, she was, evidently, disconcerted.

"Here is the bracelet," said George, as he took the little packet from the breast-pocket of his coat and handed it to her. "I don't know much about such things, Mrs. Routh, but perhaps you do. Are the diamonds very valuable?

Harriet had opened the morocco case containing the bracelet while he was speaking, and now she lifted the beautiful ornament from its satin bed and held it on her open palm.

"I am not a very capable judge," she said; "but I think these are very fine and valuable diamonds. They are extremely beautiful." And a gleam of color came into her white face as she looked at the gems with a woman's irresistible admiration of such things.

"I can't tell you how much I feel at taking them from her," said George. "It's like a robbery, isn't it?" And he looked full and earnestly at Harriet.

She started, let the bracelet fall, stooped to pick it up, and as she raised her face again, it was whiter than before.

"How can you talk such nonsense?" she said, with a sudden resumption of her usual captivating manner. "Of course it isn't. Do you suppose your mother ever had as much pleasure in these gewgaws in her life as she had in giving them to you? Besides you know you're going to reform and be steady, and take good advice, are you not?" She watched him very keenly, though her tone was gay and trifling. George reddened, laughed awkwardly, and replied:

"Well, I hope so; and the first step, you know, is to pay my debts. So I must get Routh to put me in the way of selling this bracelet at once. I suppose there's no difficulty about it. I'm sure I have heard it said that diamonds are the same as ready money, and the sooner the tin is in Routh's pocket the better pleased I'll be. None the less obliged to him, though, Mrs. Routh; remember that, both for getting me out of the scrape and for waiting so long and good-humoredly for his money."

For all the cordiality of his tone, for all the gratitude he expressed, Harriet felt in her inmost heart, and told herself she felt that he was a changed man; that he felt his freedom, rejoiced in it, and did not mean again to relinquish or endanger it.

"The thing he feared has happened," she thought, while her small white fingers were busy with the jewels. "The very thing he feared. This man must bo got away—how am I to do it?"

The solitary candle was burning dimly; the room was dull, cold and gloomy. George looked round, and was apparently thinkiug of taking his leave, when Harriet said:

"I have not told you how opportune your getting this money—for I count it as money—is. Stay; let me light the gas. Sit down there opposite to me and you shall hear how things have gone with us since you went away." She had thrown off the abstraction of her manner, and in a moment she lighted the gas, put the extinguished candle out of sight, set wine upon the table, and pulled a comfortable arm-chair forward, in which she begged George to seat himself. "Take off your coat," she said; and he obeyed her, telling her, with a laugh, as he flung it upon a chair, that there was a small parcel of soiled linen in the pocket.

[To be continued.]

CONCERNING STORIES.

THE bewildering number of new magazines and the amount of material, such as it is, which goes to fill them, is not the least wonder of our time. Besides the leading tale, the piece of poetry, the column of jokes, or the solid article, which nearly all contain, there is usually a short sketch or story, and it is with this branch of periodical catering that we have to deal. If examined closely, these stories indicate a great deal more than would appear on their own showing. First on the score of antiquity, they can claim priority over the big novel itself, which precedes them in order of place, and is being slowly conducted upon an illustrated career under the direction of a popular author. Before the novel came the novelette,—*homunculus* before *homo*. Stories are probably as old as speech but your novel (we use the word in its ordinary acceptatiou) always from its length, required to be booked. The Greeks told stories, and very good ones. Antonius Diogenes went in for a regular romance,—the loves of Dinias and Dyreyilis; but it possesses nothing in common with our works of fiction, except, of course, the element of tender passions, without, which nothing of the kind could move. But the Greek tales were excellent. Even in the Greek Christian times, when Pan was dead, capital adventures were struck out, which, if they dealt rather freely with sacred subjects, one is inclined to condone for their offences on the ground of no harm done.

In the Middle Ages these tales were re echoed along with others, and enriched, too, with marvels brought from the East, monsters from the North, and plenty of devils from the monastic legends. Then there were the jongleurs, minnesingers, and troubadours, who traveled on the strength of a popular taste for verse stories; but if report speaks true concerning the jongleurs, they added to their *repertoires* an attraction similar to that which brings nightly crowds to the ballet music halls of London. Italy is regarded as the direct source of our novels and novelists. Baccaccio's tales were known under the latter title, and to some Italian stories we are said to be indebted for "The Merchant of Venice." The Middle Age narratives were all pretty nearly of one color, and of rather a high flavor for our generation. but many of them were both clever or caustic. Longfellow gives an excellent imitation or adaption of one in his "Martin Franc, or the Monk of St. Anthony." Our English tales of the Elizabethan age are singularly dull and pointless. After the Restoration they were livelier, when, to parphase a hackneyed quotation.

"The taste became more Galic and less nice;" but in the days of Queen Anne, under the direction of Mr. Addison, the stories were mere galvanized abstractions, thinly disguised allegories, in which Greeks and full-bottomed wig of the "Spectator's" Romans imparted elegant precepts in the period. Nor was the great lexicogropher a good story teller. In the "Rambler," men and women are made to speak language as fine and improbable as the speeches which the worthy doctor prescribed for his tory favorites in the House of Commons. Goldsmith, however, was a delightful narrator; the "History of the Philosophic Vagabond" is a gem in this way. Fielding had a heavy manner of going about a story; but Smollet was a master in the craft. When the Della Cruscan gushing spoiled our poetry, stories in that strange tongue appeared in "Amulets" and "Souvenirs." The plates in those books used to be Della Cruscan too—finical, nerveless, and emasculate. A great improvement took place in the palmy days of "Blackwood," "Fraser," and "Bentley." A sort of Hogarthian humor pervaded the shorter tales,—a humor of which the contemporaneous artists caught a fair share of the spirit. Maginn, Thackeray, Barham, and Lockhart were seldom better than when confined to chapters instead of volumes. It is remarkable, indeed, that as stories fast gave rise to novels, we may notice that every romantic writer of original power sends up a few pilot balloons fashioned in his own peculiar style, before venturing the grand ascent. Mr. Dickens felt his ground with Boz; and the author of "Vanity Fair" intrusted Michael Angelo Titmarsh with samples of his ware, previous to making his own proper appearance. Here we claim an argument for our plea, that stories precede books. In the late Professor Aytoun's hands the art of story-telling did not degenerate; but for occasional blots of "wut" they would be perfect of their kind. There is real fun in his tales, and fun is the prime charcteristic of them.

To add another feather to the story cap. it is said that Poe's wild inventions contain the germs of more than one sensation novel, and that a very clever author who works the sensation department made the discovery at an early period of his literary career. There is some truth, we believe, in this, but not at all enough to make out the least pretext for a charge of plagiarism.

It is not easy to meet with a good story now; such a one as Tom Hood or Jerrold could write—such a one as was wont to light up the pages of magazines which erst were disagreeably tinged with political war paint. Every week tons of periodicals are carried from the news agents, and sown broadcast over the land, and nearly all contains something in the shape of a novelette. It is well for the makers of those literary confections that our literary society, with its complicated wants and new passions, supplies them with an inexhaustible quantity of raw material. They have fifty plans for serving the crumbled rose leaf which interferes with the sybapitism attributed in cheap literature to the upper classes. They can pile the delicious agony on a foundation as slight as the gossamer trouble which shades the brow of the lovely countess when dear Lord Ernest Adolphus Fitz Howard has missed bringing her down to dinner, or, as we ought to say, led her to the scene of festivity. They can be cynical at times, but with that air of killing Don Juanism which reminds us of, "O Mr. Snoobs! how can you be so sarcastic?" In the sentimeutal vein they have almost come round to see Miss Seward again. We have recently seen both pictures and letterpress in a popular monthly, fragrant of the "Forget-me-not" and "Bijou" of our grandmothers. As for stories of the genuine story kind, they are as hard to find as real Madera. The editors, we suppose, are compelled to accept the rubbish which is shot out on us through dearth of better; the most hopeless thing about these inventions would seem to be, that they show nowhere that "genius in the making," as it were, which years ago resulted in "Pendennis," and "David Copperfield."

Mystery.—In the beauty of form, or of moral character, or of the material creation, it is that *which is most veiled* which is most beautiful. The mysteries of the heart and of nature are the delight of the intellect, the soul, and the eyes. It seems as if the Creator had drawn a shadow over whatever he has made most delicate and most divine to highten our aspirations after it by its secrecy and to soften its luster from our gaze, as he has placed lids over our eyes to temper the impression of light upon them, and night over the stars to incite us to follow and seek them in their airy ocean and measure his power and greatness by those studs of fire which his fingers, as they touch the vault of heaven, have stamped on the firmament. Valleys are the mysteries of landscapes. The more we long to penetrate them, the more they try to wind, bury, and hide themselves. Mist is to Mountains what illusion is to love—it elevates them. Mystery hovers over everything here below and solemnizes all things to the eyes and heart.—*Lamartine.*

Women are a great mystery. According to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow older and never bald; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions, (on the contrary, they will run after lions;) and according to Gunter, they can talk a few!

Of the durability of timber in a wet state, the piles of the bridge built by the Emperor Tragau over the Danube afford a striking example. One of these piles was taken up and found to be petrified to the depth of three-quarters of an inch, but the rest of the wood was perfect.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

THE NOVELISTS AND THE CLERGY.

THE September number of the *North British* contains the most complete and thoroughly *critical* article on George Eliot's novels that we have yet met with. Indeed, it is the only "criticism" of them in the strict sense of that much abused word that we remember to have seen. Speaking of the author in the character of a teacher and moral instructor—which character the reviewer accords to her—he says:

"This knowledge of the various forms of religious feeling to be found in the heart of man, and this sympathy with them all, enhance greatly the power of George Eliot's writings. *It would be well if such knowledge and sympathy were possessed in the same measure by our professed religious teachers.* This present age is in no real sense of the word sceptical, yet we suspect there has seldom been a time in which there was a greater gulf fixed between the clergy and the educated laity. Our clerical dignitaries are startled now and again by some outspoken heresy; they would be a good deal more startled were they made aware how much of what they call heresy is unspoken, merely because it has become an ordinary habit of thought. They are absorbed in their noisy contests—believing sincerely that matters of vital import are at stake; unconscious that the great bulk of the laity looks on with indifference, nay with contempt, save when indignation is roused by some act of clerical intolerance more heinous than common, yet also with a feeling of sorrowful regret, that between them and their teachers there is no sympathy, that to their teachers they can look for no guidance. *It is full time the clergy should look to it, when laymen find more that is akin to their modes of thought on religious subjects in the writings of novelists like Thackeray or George Eliot, than in all the teaching of all the churches.* In this particular, George Eliot's subtlety, liberality, sympathy with mankind, and fervor of feeling, deserve the heartiest recognition. Few can hope to rival her powers; but all might seek to imitate the spirit in which she approaches these themes.

"When any question of morality arises, George Eliot's tone is not less lofty than in treating of matters more peculiarly religious. Her point of view is always pure and high-minded. Her comments and criticisms, either upon the actual transactions of the tale, or upon life generally, are penetrated with a striking nobility of sentiment."

An example of George Eliot's mode of dealing with religious themes, and of the knowledge, experience, and thorough fidelity with which she handles such subjects the reviewer makes some quotations:

"I don't understand these new sort o' doctrines. When Mr. Barton comes to see me, he talks about nothing but my sins and my need o' marcy. Now, Mr. Hackit, I've never been a sinner. From the fust beginning, when I went into service, I al'ys did my duty by my employers I was as good a wife as any's in the county—never aggravated my husband. The cheese-factor used to say my cheese was al'ys to be depended on. I've known women, as their cheeses swelled a shame to be seen, when their husbands had counted on the cheese-money to make up their rent; and yet they'd three gowns to my one. If I'm not to be saved, I know a many as are in a bad way. But it's well for me as I can't go to church any longer, for if th' old singers are to be done away with, there'll be nothing left as it was in Mr. Patten's time; and what's more, I hear you've settled to pull the church down and build it up new?"

Equally natural, yet entirely different in feeling, is this:

"Mrs. Raynor had been reading about the lost sheep, and the joy there is in heaven over the sinner that repenteth. Surely the eternal love she believed in through all the sadness of her lot would not leave her child to wander farther and farther into the wilderness till there was no turning—the child so lovely, so pitiful to others, so good, till she was goaded into sin by woman's bitterest sorrows! Mrs. Raynor had her faith and her spiritual comforts, though she was not in the least evangelical, and knew nothing of doctrinal zeal. I fear most of Mr. Tryan's hearers would have considered her destitute of saving knowledge, and I am quite sure she had no well-defined views on justification. Nevertheless, she read her Bible a great deal, and thought she found divine lessons there—how to bear the cross meekly, and be merciful. Let us hope that there is a saving ignorance, and that Mrs. Raynor was justified without knowing exactly how."

In quite another and loftier vein is the following, which contains more pith and substance than a score of even the better class of modern sermons:

"His mind was destitute of that dread which has been erroneously decried as if it were nothing higher than a man's animal care for his own skin: that awe of the Divine Nemesis which was felt by religious pagans, and, though it took a more positive form under Christianity, is still felt by the mass of mankind simply as a vague fear at anything which is called wrong-doing. Such terror of the unseen is so far above mere sensual cowardice that it will annihilate that cowardice: it is the initial recognition of a moral law restraining desire, *and checks the hard bold scrutiny of imperfect thought into obligations which can never be proved to have any sanctity in the absence of feeling.*"

* * * * * * *

"Nevertheless, Evangelicalism had brought into palpable existence and operation in Milby society that idea of duty, that recognition of something to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self, which is to the moral life what the addition of a great central ganglion is to animal life. No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or an idea without rising to a higher order of experience: a principle of subordination, of self mastery, has been introduced into his nature; he is no longer a mere bundle of impressions, desires, and impulses. Whatever might be the weaknesses of the ladies who pruned the luxuriance of their lace and ribbons, cut out garments for the poor, distributed tracts, quoted Scripture, and defined the true gospel, they had learned this—that there was a divine work to be done in life, a rule of goodness higher than the opinion of their neighbors; and if the notion of a heaven in reserve for themselves was a little too prominent, yet the theory of fitness for that heaven consisted in purity of heart, in Christlike compassion, in the subduing of selfish desires. They might give the name of piety to much that was only puritanic egoism; they might call many things sin that were not sin; but they had at least the feeling that sin was to be avoided and resisted and color-blindness, which may mistake drab for scarlet, is better than total blindness which sees no distinction of color at all.

A FORGOTTEN POET.

To the great majority of readers of this generation the name of "Peacock," as an author, will sound most unfamiliar, yet fifty years ago he had no mean reputation both as a poet and a novelist. Shelley praised his "genius and power;" Byron declared that he should not himself have had the slightest objection to father Peacock's poem, "Rhododaphne;" and his novels. "Headlong Hall," and "Nightmare Abbey," were quite as much admired in their day as Mr. Reade's are now. Such is the durability of literary reputation. His songs, most of which occur in his novels, are among the best in the language, of the jovial, rollicking kind; and his more serious efforts in the poetical line, are distinguished for directness and simplicity, which qualities Peacock thought upon principle to be essential to the best poetry. Hence, he hated all artificial elaboration, and never was a believer in Tennyson, whose earlier poems he lived to criticise. The following verses, which occur in one of his novels, will furnish an idea of his poetical style:

LOVE AND AGE.

"I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

"You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you, very dearly—
How dearly, words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago

"Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking—
But that was forty years ago.

"And I lived on, to wed another;
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row;
My joy in them was past expression—
But that was thirty years ago.

"You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely;
But I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glistened
Around the hearth stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christened—
But that was twenty years ago.

"Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire grey;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild flowered meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure—
And that is not ten years ago.

"But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago."

A RISING AMERICAN POET.

Perhaps some of our readers will remember a literary weekly, called *The Century*, which was started in New York some eight years since by Mr. McElrath, Greeley's former partner in the *Tribune*; and if so, they are quite likely to remember certain contributions in verse that appeared in it from time to time with the name of "Dorgan" affixed to them as author. They were quite noticeable productions, being marked by much beauty and decided originality. After the decease of the *Century* this writer appeared to have discontinued contributing to the literary periodicals, and we heard no more of him until 1864, when he published a little book of verses entitled *Studies*, which, though evincing poetic talent of a very high order, failed for some reason to find much favor at the hands either of the critics or of the public. Recently, however, a new edition of the volume has been issued at Philadelphia, and as we see from the notices of it in the Eastern papers, the poet is now in a fair way of winning the recognition he deserves. The pieces are mainly the same included in the former edition, but the manufacturer's of fame are in a more appreciative mood, and in various journals—the N. Y. *Tribune* among the number—Mr. Dorgan is hailed as "the coming man." The N. Y. *Home Journal* speaks of him as follows:

"He has more imagination and more freedom of rhythmical sweep than any poet who has yet arisen in America. Moreover, his imagination, instead of being of that physical order which marks the imagery of Swinburne, is often nobly august and sublimely spiritual. As the title of the volume *(Studies)* imports, we are not to look for completeness or sustained effort in the poems before us, but rather for indications of the poetic excellence which may be within the possibility of Mr. Dorgan's compassing; and, viewing his present publication *in ea luce*, we confess that we know of no poet who is capable of attaining weirder and more ethereal poetic summits than the author of this little volume. That this is high and enthusiastic praise we are aware; but we set it down deliberately, nevertheless. Mr. Dorgan should, having gained the point of getting a publisher, write a nobly-sustained and ideal poem, (of which he is capable,) and take his place in the first rank of American poets."

SWINBURNE AND HIS CRITICS.

The new volume of Swinburne's poems, entitled "*Laus Veneris*, and other Poems and Ballads," which has been announced to be issued by Carleton, in New York, during the present month, has been about as effectually advertised by means of the fastidious criticism it has provoked, as was Reade's *Griffith Gaunt*, and the same result—an enormous sale—may be anticipated for the "naughty" poems. The London *Examiner*, speaking of the withdrawal of the volume by Moxon, characterizes it as "an act of weakness of which any publisher, who does not give himself up to the keeping of a milk-walk for the use of babes, has reason to be heartily ashamed." Among the other rumors afloat on the subject, is one to the effect that the poet is about to publish a reply to his critics, more particularly to those of the *Saturday Review*—not a very wise step generally, nor one in which the author often gets the best of the encounter, Byron's case being the exception to the rule. It is at any rate to be hoped that Mr. Swinburne will not model his "reply" upon that of Reade.

A NEW BOOK BY W. W. STORY.

The Proportions of the Human Form, according to a New Canon, is the title of a new book by William W. Story, the Sculptor, which has recently been issued at London. The N. Y. *Home Journal*, from which our account of it is derived, says that it opens with a "scholastic investigation of the ancient Cabala of the old Egyptian and Greek philosophers, showing the wonderful and mysterious influence of figures and certain numbers as referring to philosophy, mathematics, religion, and the proportions of the human form."

The critic then delivers himself after the following astounding fashion: "We can say that the book is greatly superior *to any other ancient or modern of which we have any account.*" The italics are ours. Probably the author of this portentous and sweeping criticism meant to say that Mr. Story's *system* was "superior," etc.

One of the New York weeklies announces that the Harper's are about to issue "a posthumous prose tale by Edgar A. Poe." If Poe left any such tale it is not a little singular that nothing has been heard of it before. Poe was not in the habit of keeping available manuscript in his possession after it was completed. Whatever he could find a sale for, was generally disposed of before the ink was dry.

A new and elegantly illustrated edition of Drake's *Culprit Fay* is to be issued for the holidays. It is to contain one hundred original illustrations, printed in the best manner upon the finest tinted paper, and, it is said, will compare favorably with any illustrated books of foreign manufacture. It is a curious illustration of the progress of critical taste in the United States, that this fantastic poem, once so universally praised and admired, and which N. P. Willis pronounced one of the finest poems of fancy in the language, is now seldom mentioned in any of the Eastern literary journals without a sneer.

It is stated that James Wood Davidson, of Columbia, South Carolina, is writing a book, entitled *The Litterateurs of the South*.

Ticknor & Fields have issued a new volume of critical essays by E. P. Whipple, who acquired considerable celebrity twelve or fifteen years ago by an elaborate criticism of Macaulay. A paper on Hawthorne is spoken of as the most interesting article in the present volume.

THE SIMPLICITY OF THE LAW.—Tom strikes Dick over the shoulders with a rattan as big as your little finger. The lawyer, in his indictment, will tell you the story as follows:

"And that whereas the said Thomas, at the said place, on the day and year aforesaid, in and upon the body of the said Richard, against the peace and dignity of the State, did make a most violent assault, and inflict a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, bumps, and contusions, gashes, hurts, wounds, damages, and injuries, in and upon the head and neck," etc., etc., for pages.

[For the Californian.]

VIRTUE.

O WOMAN! what a wretch thou art,
If virtue reigns not in thy heart;
By some kind Providence designed,
To comfort and to bless mankind;
Like some sweet angel from above,
To cheer the fireside with thy love,
And make thy home a home of peace,
Where joys connubial never cease;
Where looks and honied words are kind,
And tender ties affections bind;—
Who dare invade such hallowed ground,
Where no dark passions lurk around?

Oft beauty Virtue's claims neglect,
Who courts not but commands respect;
Cased in an armor that's divine,
She, sleepless, guards her sacred shrine,
And shuns the gilded halls of vice,
Where bastard virtue hath its price;
Despising Mammon's purse-proud slaves,
She spurns the proffered gold of knaves;
Her heart from all deceit is free,
And looks for strength, O God, to thee!
She may be poor but still her name,
Untarnished is by deeds of shame;
She may be clothed in rags and need
In touching tones with pity plead,
Yet, conscious that she's pure and just,
She keeps secure her priceless trust.

While others quaff libations up,
She spurns the dangers of the cup,
And proudly with imperious frown,
She casts the tempting goblet down;
Her sober reason strong and pure,
Knows reeling thrones are insecure,
So sparkling wine may fire the brain,
And lead to years of bitter pain;
The scornful flashing of her eye,
All crafty snares of art defy;
From her one keen, indignant glance,
Forbids a villain to advance;
Confused he seeks a swift retreat,
Or kneels a craven at her feet;
She towers above all vice and shame,
And glories in her stainless name.

When Honor comes with motive pure,
The welcome is made sweetly sure;
Her modest and her simple air,
And blushes on her cheeks so fair;
The music of her guileless tongue,
That never worth and merit stung;
The curtains that so mildly rise
And graceful hang o'er wistful eyes;
The gentle heaving of the breast,
Where all the passions calmly rest,
Present a bride so true and warm,
That shafts of envy fail to harm;
Her loving heart when fairly won,
The brightest jewel 'neath the sun,
Confiding in her chosen spouse,
Keeps sacred all her bridal vows.

San Francisco, November 1866. JAMES LINEN.

THE GOSPEL OF NATURE.

IF the undevout astronomer is mad, as has been alleged, so also is the undevout naturalist. No theory which does not admit that Infinite Intelligence, operating through a system of fixed laws, controls all the operations of nature, can rationally explain the order and regularity by which they are characterized.

The periodic movements and changes which take place in the animal and vegetable kingdoms are palpably the results of immutable laws. They never vary, either in time or manner. Precisely at the same seasons, year after year, the birds of passage perform their pilgrimage, and the migrants of the sea are equally punctual. The swallows are always true to time; the shad, herring, and mackerel never disappoint us. The hibernating mouse could not "turn in" and "turn out" with greater regularity if it consulted the almanac, nor the ermine and the sable put on and put off their cold-weather coats with a stricter regard to dates, if they were subject to army regulations. Insects appear and disappear without fail, rain or shine. Trees, buds, plants, flowers, seeds, ripen, leaves fall, as if by the calendar, and it has been said that if an observant naturalist, who had long been shut out from the light of day and the society of men, without any means of measuring time, were suddenly brought blindfolded into the fields and woods, he would be able, from the notes of the birds and the odors of the flowers, to discover the exact period of the year.

Athesists, or men professing to be atheists, tell us that this fair world of ours, and all this order and regularity, were and are the offspring of chance. When chance shall have made a watch, but not till then, it may be worth while for those of us who read with reverent eyes the gospel of nature, and look up through it to its holy Author, to chop logic with atheists, pantheists, and materialists.

Music.

THE man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections are dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—*Shakspeare.*

AMUSEMENTS.

AT MAGUIRES OPERA HOUSE the engagement of Miss Kingsbury, after running through eight weeks of the most profitable business ever played in that theatre, will terminate with this afternoon and evening's performances. Miss Kingsbury will make a trip inland during the present month accompanied by most of the present Opera House company.

Lady Don, the popular actress and vocalists, will commence her farewell engagement on Monday evening, supported by Mr. Harry Edwards, the Misses Corcoran, and an entire new stock company, consisting of George Pardey, S. W. Leach. Michael Feeny, Thompson, and others. Mr. Edwards and the Misses Corcoran—new comers, lately from Australia—have rendered very efficient support to Lady Don in her up country trip, and have been most favorably received. The company have been selected with a view to the requirements of the peculiar musical and burlesque pieces of Lady Don's *repertoire*, and we can safely predict a profitable as well as a pleasant season.

The Benefits of the week—Mrs. Jacksons on Monday; W. A. Kendall's ("Comet Quirls") on Wednesday; and Miss Kingsbury's last evening, were all successful ones.

This afternoon *The Marble Heart*. This evening *Othello*, Miss Kingsbury as "Desdemonia."—her last appearance; Mr. McCullough as "Iago;" Mr Harry Edwards as "Othello;" and Mrs. Jackson as "Emelia,"—a strong cast. Monday evening, Lady Don and the new company in the *Child of the Regiment*, to conclude with Brough's new burlesque of *Conrad and Medora*.

THE MARTINETTI TROUPE at the Metropolitan have drawn several good audiences—which they could not fail of doing from having their names allied with the old Ravel troupe, though that troupe retired from the stage a dozen years ago. This much will reputation do. But San Francisco audiences are proverbially critical, and are not apt to be influenced long by the dead reputations of those who appear before them; *vide* Matilda Heron, Vestvali, and Madame Celeste. If the Martinetti's would win popularity here let them shake off the dead lion's skin, and produce something that will gain a name for themselves. Their success in San Francisco must depend upon their own merits and capabilities, and we trust soon to have something better from the *repertoire* of the troupe. For fear our remarks may be misconstrued undkindly we add the verdict of some of our contemporaries. The *Golden Era* says: "The *Green Monster* is a pleasing but not remarkable pantomime. The stage tricks and transformations were simple compared with other pieces of the same class as presented in this city." The *Call* warns them "that if they would enjoy a prosperous season, they must exert themselves in the production of novelty—*The Contrabandists* and *The Green Monster* being worn threadbare years ago." And the *Dramatic Chronicle* says of the *Green Monster* that "tricks introduced by the Ravels are omitted in the representation of this piece." And naively adds that "members of the ballet will no doubt show excellence on some future occassion."—we hope so.

LINCOLN SCHOOL EXHIBITION AT LINCOLN HALL.—The time of holding this exhibition has been changed so as to take place on Thursday and Friday evenings December 6th and 7th instead of the 13th and 14th as at first announced. This exhibition will be given for the purpose of raising a permanent *Medal* fund for the school—the interest of which is to be expended in procuring medals for pupils who distinguish themselves in deportment and scholarship. The exhibition is to consist principally of music, declamations, and recitations by the pupils of Lincoln school, and its object is a most worthy one.

"THE MISSION OF THE DRAMA."—Mrs. Laura Cuppy is to deliver a free lecture on this theme at Maguire's Opera House to-morrow (Sunday) evening at half-past seven. We are requested to state that this lecture will be strictly confined to the subject announced, and will not—as many may suppose—be made a medium for the advocacy of the doctrines of Spiritualism.

CHARACTER.—There is a glare about worldly success which is very apt to dazzle men's eyes. When we see a man rising in the world, thriving in business, successful in his speculations, if he be a man out of our own line, who does not come into competition with us, so as to make us jealous of him, we are too apt to form a foolishly high opinion of his merits. We are apt to say within ourselves, "What a wonderful man this must be, to rise so rapidly!" forgetting that dust, and straw, and feathers—things with neither weight nor value in them—rise the soonest and the easiest. In like manner, it is not the truly good and great man, generally speaking, who rises the most rapidly into wealth and notice. A man may be sharp, active, quick, dexterous, cunning; he may be ever on the watch for opportunities to push his fortunes; a man of this kind hardly fail of getting on in the world; yet, with all this, he may not have a grain of real sense about him. He may be all we have described, and yet have no greatness of mind, no greatness of soul. He may be utterly without sympathy and fellow-feeling for others; he may be utterly devoid of all true wisdom; he may be without piety and without charity; without love, that is, either for God or man.

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No 8.

"MEDICINE CHESTS always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

MAGENDIE ON MEDICINE.—An American medical student, writing from Paris to the American *Medical Gazette* for June, asserts that he once heard Magendie—one of the most eminent French physicians and physiologists—commence a lecture somewhat in the following words:

Gentlemen—Medicine is a great humbug. I know it is called a science—science, indeed! It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics, when they are not charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you frankly now, in the beginning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody who does know anything about it. Don't think for a moment that I haven't read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the Medical School; I know that this man teaches anatomy, that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such a one therapeutics, and another materia medica—*Eh bien! El apres?* What's known all about that? Why, gentlemen, at the school of Montpelier, (God knows it was famous enough in its day,) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary; and the doctors educated there knew just as much, and were quite as successful as any others. I repeat it, nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting a certain substance into the veins of a dog—that's something; we alleviate diabetes, and I see distinctly we are fast approaching the day when phthisis can be be cured as easily as any disease. We are collecting facts in the right spirit, and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our successors to form a medical science; but I repeat it to you, there is no such thing now as a medical science. Who can tell me how to cure the headache? or the gout? or disease of the heart? Nobody. Oh! you tell me doctors cure people. I grant you, people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen, nature does a great deal. Imagination does a great deal. Doctors do—devilish little—when they don't do harm. Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I was the head physician at the Hotel Dieu. Some 3,000 or 4,000 patients passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes; with one, I followed the dispensary and gave them the usual medicines without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other, I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it—and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would fret a good deal, they would feel they were neglected, (sick people always feel they are neglected, unless they are well drugged—the fools!) and they would irritate themselves until they really got sick, but nature invariably came to the rescue, and all the persons in this third class got well. There was little mortality among those who received but bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary.

THE time to truly enjoy and appreciate one of "Dr. Bourne's Baths" is upon a cold or rainy day, when you feel chilly and "bad." The change in your feelings is remarkable, and in fact quite surprising to those who have not experienced it. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

COLDS, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, incipient consumption pleurisy, and in fact all diseases of the throat and chest, cured, (not patched up,) and cures guaranteed, by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

DR. BOURE guarantees cures because he understands his art, and has the means within his control for accomplishing his undertakings.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.—From the extensive business and business resources of this firm, aided by their liberal system of advertising, the firm-name at the head of this article must be very familiar with the public. A recent visit to their large retail store surprised us as to the extent and variety of their business.

Innumerable shelves extend through the whole length of the store crowded with the choicest dress fabrics—silks that will almost stand alone; merinos, poplins, rich laces and embroideries—cloaks and shawls, hosiery and furnishing goods. All divided into departments, and each presided over by a competent corps of salesmen proficient in their particular line of goods.

Great pyramids of house-keeping and domestic goods—linens, flannels blankets, sheetings and shirtings—as well as of dress goods, stand in the middle of the floor and on the ends of spare counters. Everything betokens the immense business and resources of the firm who established their retail store only about two years ago, although their business now far excels that of any of their competitors.

The great success of MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO., is simply that they have invested a sufficient capital to import direct, buying their staple articles from the manufacturer at the lowest cash rates, and are always ready with the cash, both in New York and in San Francisco, to take advantage of the large invoice cash auction sales, and purchase largely at the lowest rates under the hammer of the auctioneer. Goods so sold are of course disposed of greatly under prices. They are immediately sent to their retail store, and soon retailed over the counter at a slight advance—to be followed again by other auction purchases. It is these purchases that are advertised in the city papers every few weeks, and it is by this system of business that this house has acquired its tremendous patronage. The female portion of the community, ever alive to the procuring of bargains, know they can find them at MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.'s, and there they will go to make their purchases.

THE "HAYDEE" MURDERERS.—It is seldom that any case of capital crime is attended by circumstances of greater atrocity, than marked the dreadful murder perpetrated on the *Haydee* by Carlos Magne and Francisco Lazarini, recently executed at Mazatlan. These men belonged to no ordinary class of murderers, and are entitled to a horrible pre eminence among modern criminals. An hour before their execution they were singing and laughing, apparently in excellent spirits and on the way to the place where they were to suffer the penalty of their crime, both were tranquil and undaunted. Magne smoked a cigar all the way to the spot, and, on arriving, the two leaped lightly from the cart with every appearance of cheerful alacrity. The men were sentenced to be shot, and just before the word was given to "fire!" Magne shouted "Vive la France!" in a loud, clear voice. Neither of the criminals was despatched at the first fire, another being necessary to complete the work. The heads of these extraordinary malefactors have been sent to this city embalmed. The heads look as natural as life, with hair, whiskers and teeth, and may be seen by those who are curious in such matters, at DR. JORDAN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.

THE DREAMY SUMMER-TIME.

THE leaves are stilled, the breezes hushed,
Or sing a drowsy number,
And all throughout the silent day
The golden hours slumber.
The ripples idly lapse along
Beneath the noon-tide's gleaming;
Oh, sure the drowsy Summer-time
Was made alone for dreaming.

Within my open window floats
A slumbrous breath of roses,
And in the softly shaded room
Silence itself reposes;
And liquid lustres on the wall
Cool, rippling waves resemble,
As to and fro, with motion slow,
The leafy shadows tremble.

A sense of silence and repose—
Of slow and tranquil motion,
A murmur as of sleeping winds
Upon a sleeping ocean;
And softly o'er my senses steals
A luxury Elysian,
And all delights of drowsy thought
Are mingled in my vision.

Oh, chiding voices, wake me not,
Nor turn my rhyme to reason—
For life is mingled work and play,
And each may have its season.
The Winter-time for study's toil,
The Spring for pleasure's scheming,
Autumn for the poet's thought,
And Summer-time for dreaming!

—*Susan Archer Talley.*

THE MAN WHO OWNED HE WAS A FOOL.

DR. THEVENET, a distinguished surgeon at Calais, one day received a note without signature, requesting him to repair to a hotel not far off, with such instruments as were necessary for an amputation. Thevenet was somewhat surprised at the manner of the invitation, but concluding that it was the work of some wag, paid no regard to it. Three days after he received a second invitation still more pressing, and containing the information that the next day at nine o'clock a carriage would stop before his house in order to convey him. Thevenet resolved to let the affair take its course, and when, on the following day, at the striking of the clock, an elegant carriage stopped before the door, he seated himself in it, and asked the driver to whom he was to carry him?

The driver replied in English—"What I do not know I cannot tell."

At length the carriage stopped before the door of the hotel. A handsome young man, of about twenty-eight years of age, received the surgeon at the door, and conducted him up stairs into a large chamber, where the following conversation took place:

"You have sent for me?"

"I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to visit me. Here is coffee, chocolate, or wine, if you would take anything before the operation."

"Show me the patient, sir; I must first ascertain whether the injury is such as to render an amputation necessary."

"It *is* necessary. Doctor, seat yourself; I have perfect confidence in you—listen to me. Here is a purse of one hundred guineas; this is the pay you will receive for the operation. If done successfully, it is yours. Should you refuse to comply with my wishes, see, here is a loaded pistol. You are in my power; I will shoot you."

"Sir, I am not afraid of your pistols. But what is your particular desire? Tell me without preamble."

"You must cut off my right leg."

"With all my heart; and, if you please, your head too. But the leg is sound. You sprang up stairs just now with the agility of a dancing-master. What ails your leg?"

"Nothing. I only want it off."

"Sir, you are a fool."

"Why does that trouble you, Thevenet?"

"What sin has the leg committed?"

"None; but are you ready to take it off?"

"Sir, I do not know. Bring me evidence that you are sound of mind."

"Will you comply with my request?"

"Yes, sir, so soon as you give me sufficient reasons for such mutilation of yourself."

"I cannot tell you the truth, perhaps, for some years; but I will lay a wager that after a certain time you shall understand that my reasons are most noble—that my happiness, my very existence, depend upon my being freed from this leg."

"Sir, I lay no wagers. Tell me your name, residence, family, and occupation."

"You shall know all that hereafter. Do you take me for an honorable man?"

"I cannot. A man of honor does not threaten his physician with pistols. I have duties toward you as a stranger. I will not mutilate you. If you wish to be the murderer of a guiltless father of a family, then shoot."

"Well, Mr. Thevenet, I will not shoot you; but I will force you to take off my leg. What you will not for the love of money, nor the fear of a bullet, you shall do for compassion."

"And how so?"

"I will break my leg by discharging my pistols, and here before your eyes."

The Englishman seated himself, and placed the mouth of the pistol close to his knee. Thevenet was on the point of springing to prevent him, but he exclaimed—

"Stir not, or I fire! Now," said he, "will you increase and lengthen out my pains for nothing?"

"You are a fool," says Thevenet, "but it shall be done. I will take off the unfortunate leg."

The Englishman calmly laid by the pistol, and all was made ready for the operation. As soon as the surgeon began to cut, the Englishman lighted his pipe, and swore it should not go out. He kept his word. The leg lay upon the floor, and the Englishman was still smoking. Thevenet did his work like a master; the wound, by his skill, and the patient's own good nature, was healed at a fixed time. He rewarded the surgeon like a king, and thanked him with tears of joy for the loss of his leg, and sallied over the streets with a wooden one. About eight weeks after his departure, Thevenet received a letter from England with the following contents:

"You will receive enclosed, as a proof of my most heartfelt gratitude, an order for two hundred and fifty guineas upon Mons. Panchard in Paris. You have made me the happiest mortal on earth in depriving me of my leg, for it was the only hindrance to my earthly felicity. Brave man, you may now know the cause of my foolish humor as you called it.

"You concluded, at the time, that there could be no reasonable ground for such self mutilation. I offered to lay a wager; you did well in not accepting it. After my second return from the East Indies, I became acquainted with Emilie Harley, the most perfect of women. I loved her most passionately. Her wealth, her family connections, influenced my friends in her favor; but I was influenced only by her beauty and her noble heart. I joined the number of her admirers. Ah! excellent Thevenet, I was so fortunate as to gain her affections. She loved me above all—made no secret of it—but she still rejected me. I sought her hand in vain; in vain I implored her parents and her friends to intercede for me. She was still immovable. For a long time I was unable to conjecture the cause of her refusing me; since, as she confessed herself, she loved me almost to distraction. One of her visitors at length betrayed to me the secret. Miss Harley was a wonder of beauty, but she had only one leg; and, on account of this imperfection, she feared to become my wife, lest I should esteem her the less for it. My resolution was taken. I resolved to become like her; thanks to you I became so. I came with my wooden leg to London, and in the first place visited Miss Harley. It had been reported, and I myself had written to England, that by a fall from a horse I had broken my leg, which was consequently taken off. It was much regretted. Emilie fell into a swoon the first time she saw me. She was for a long time inconsolable, but now she is my wife. The first day after our marriage I intrusted to her the secret of what a sacrifice I had made in consequence of my wish to obtain her hand. She loves me now the more affectionately. Oh, my brave Thevenet! had I ten legs to lose, I would, without a single contortion of feature, part with them all for my Emilie. So long as I live I will be grateful to you. Come to London—visit us—become acquainted with my wife, and then say I was a fool. "CHARLES TEMPLE, BART."

ANSWER OF DR. THEVENET.

"SIR—I thank you for your valuable present; for so I must call it, because I cannot consider it as reward for the little trouble I was at. I congratulate you on your marriage with a woman so worthy of your affections. It is true a leg is much to lose, even for a beautiful, virtuous, and affectionate wife—but not too much. To gain possession of Eve, Adam was obliged to part with a rib; and beautiful women have cost some men their heads. But, after all, permit me to adhere to my former judgment. Truly, for the moment you were correct, but with this difference; the correctness of my judgment was founded on long experience, as every truth should be, which we are not disposed to acknowledge. Sir, mind me, I lay a wager, that after two years you repent that your leg was taken off above the knee. You will find that below the knee had been enough. After three years you will be convinced that the loss of the foot had been sufficient. After four years, you conclude that the sacrifice of the great toe, and after five years, of the little toe, had been too much. After six years, you will agree with me that the paring of a nail had been enough. But I do not say this in prejudice of the merits of your charming wife. In my youth I devoted myself to love, but I have never parted with a leg. Had I done so, I should, at this day, have said, 'Thevenet, thou wast a fool.'

I have the honor to be, yours, etc., "LEWIS THEVENET."

Eleven years after, during the horrors of the Revolution, Thevenet, whom a person that envied his reputation caused to be suspected of aristocracy, fled to London to save himself from the guillotine. He inquired after Sir Charles Temple, and was shown his house. He made himself known, and was received. In an arm-chair by the fire, surrounded by twenty newspapers, sat a corpulent man, who could hardly stand up, he was so unwieldy.

"Ah, welcome, doctor," cried the corpulent man, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple; "excuse me if I do not rise. This cursed leg is a hindrance to me in everything You have come to see if your judgment was correct."

"I come as a fugitive, and seek your protection."

"You shall have it with pleasure. You must live with me from this day, for truly you are a wise man. You must console me. Surely, Thevenet, probably I had been an admiral of the blue, had not my wooden leg disqualified me from the service of my country. When I read the gazettes, the brown and the blue make me angry, because I can have nothing to do with them. Come, console me."

"Your wife can do that better than I."

"Say nothing of her. Her wooden leg prevented her dancing, so she betook herself to cards and to fashion. There is no such thing as living peaceably with her."

"What! was my judgment correct, then?"

"Oh, welcome, beloved Thevenet; but be silent on the point. It was a silly adventure. Had I my leg again, I would not now give the paring of a nail. Between you and me, I was a fool, but keep this to yourself."

AN ACROBATIC ROBBER.

A FEW nights ago a robbery occurred at the St. Nicholas hotel, New York, which, for boldness and daring, quite outdoes anything since the days of Jack Sheppard, Esq. As I have seen no mention of it in the papers, I will recount it to you as I heard it from one of the hotel guests. A person applied for a room and was shown into a small chamber in the fifth story. Late at night, when all the guests were supposed to be asleep, he clambered out of his window and stood with his feet on the stone coping of the window directly below his own. From this coping he stepped to that of the window adjoining, and carefully opening the window of the room on a line with his own, softly lifted himself into the apartment. Here he robbed the occupant of his watch and pocket-book. From this room he proceeded to the next, and so on until he had entered six rooms. The seventh room was occupied by a lady who was awake, and seeing the figure of a man about entering her window she gave a cry of terror. At that he hastily retreated. The lady sprang from her bed, opened her door and gave an alarm. The night watchmen were soon on the spot, who proceeded to arouse the guests in the adjoining chambers. This required some moments, and when at last the rooms were successively entered no clue to the whereabouts of the robber could be discovered. But the occupants of several of the rooms found they had been robbed. One man found his pocket-book emptied of money, but with a check in one of the departments which did not belong to him. This check was claimed by another of the victims, the robber having deliberately carried the check from the pocket-book of one gentleman to that of another, possibly with the idea of exciting suspicion toward the wrong person. The watchmen in arousing the guests were delayed exceedingly long at one room, and, when at last admitted into the apartment, they found the bed untouched and the occupant partly dressed, who explained that he had taken a pillow and lain upon the floor. This circumstance excited suspicion, and it was determined to watch him closely until morning, when the affair would be thoroughly investigated. But when the morning came, notwithstanding the fact that every egress from the hotel had been closely watched, it was found that the suspected person had disappeared. The nerve and reckless daring of a man who could at night walk along the narrow coping of windows five stories high is certainly quite unparalleled.—*N. Y. Correspondent Boston Gazette.*

THE LATE COUNT BACCIOCHI.

"SPIRIDION," in a recent letter from Paris to the *Boston Gazette*, mentions the cause of the death of the Count Bacciochi. "He was born in Ajaccio in 1803. After the fall of the empire and the ruin of his kindred he lived in Italy, leading the life of a wealthy gentleman. When Prince Louis Napoleon was elected president of the republic, Count Bacciochi came to France. When the empire was proclaimed he was appointed grand chamberlain and superintendent of the imperial theatres. He was attacked in 1856 by a nervous disease which affected the organs of motion. His tortures these last ten years have been indescribable. He could only sleep when thoroughly exhausted. He could never sit down, nor could he stand still, as he himself used to say: 'I am like the Wandering Jew. On, on, on! is the cry disease constantly whispers in my ears!' He had become so accustomed to walking, it at last became almost impossible for him to superinduce the fatigues required to overcome pain by sleep. It was rare, indeed, he could sleep before three or four o'clock in the morning, and when sleep did at last come it never lingered long. He walked constantly; even at the opera his box was latticed and thick carpets were spread on the floor that he might walk while listening to the music, and kill the hours which lay between dinner and midnight. When he returned home he was obliged to begin again his walk. The emperor had one of the longest galleries of the palace of the Tuileries covered with thick carpets that his wretched chamberlain might incessantly walk up and down it. During one crisis he walked thirty-six hours without stopping once, and when he did halt to be borne exhausted to bed the soles of his feet were injected with blood which seemed to issue from every pore! He died from the exhaustion brought on by want of sleep, which our doctors were unable to superinduce, for he had at last taken narcotics in such quantities that the most potent of them had no effect whatever on him.

GLIMPSES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

JEAN INGELOW.

"WILL you come and call on Jean Ingelow?" said my hostess, one fine day.

Of course I would; so away we went along a shady lane, with the old oaks of Holland Park on one side and the ivy-covered walls of Aubury House on the other; for, though a part of London, Notting Hill is rich in gardens, lawns, and parks, such as one sees only in England. Our way led us by Kensington Palace, the residences of Addison, the Duke of Argyle, Macaulay, and, better than all the rest to me, the house of Thackeray. A low, long brick house, covered with ivy to the chimney-top; a sunny bit of lawn in front, trees and flowers all about; and, though no longer haunted by the genial presence of its former master, this unpretending place is to many eyes more attractive than any palace in the land. I looked long and lovingly at it, feeling a strong desire to enter its hospitably open door, recalling with ever fresh delight the evening spent in listening to the lecture on Swift, long ago in America, and experiencing again the sense of heavy loss which came to me with the tidings that the novelist whom I most loved and admired would never write again. Leaving my tribute of affection and respect in a look, a smile, and a sigh, I gathered a leaf of ivy as a relic, and went on my way.

Coming at last to a quiet street, where all the houses were gay with window-boxes full of flowers, we reached Miss Ingelow's. In the drawing-room we found the mother of the poetess, a truly beautiful old lady, in widow's cap and gown with the sweetest, serenest face I ever saw. Two daughters sat with her, both older than I had fancied them to be, but both very attractive women. Eliza looked as if she wrote the poetry, Jean the prose—for the former wore curls, had a delicate face, fine eyes, and that indescribable something which suggests genius; the latter was plain, rather stout, hair touched with gray, shy, yet cordial manners, and a clear, straightforward glance, which I liked so much that I forgave her on the spot for writing those dull stories.

Gerald Massey was with them, a dapper little man, with a large, fine head, and very un-English manners. Being oppressed with "the mountainous me," he rather bored the company with "my poems, my plans, and my publishers," till Miss Eliza politely devoted herself to him, leaving my friend to chat with the lovely old lady, and myself with Jean. Both being bashful, and both laboring under the delusion that it was proper to allude to each other's works, we tried to exchange a few compliments, blushed, hesitated, laughed, and wisely took refuge in a safer subject. Jean had been abroad; so we pleasantly compared notes, and I enjoyed the sound of her peculiarly musical voice, in which I seemed to hear the breezy rythm of some of her charming songs. The ice which surrounds every English man and woman was beginning to melt, when Massey disturbed me to ask what was thought of his books in America. As I really had not the remotest idea, I said so; whereat he looked blank, and fell upon Longfellow, who seems to be the only one of our poets whom the English know or care much about. The conversation became general, and soon it was necessary to leave, lest the safety of the nation should be endangered by overstepping the fixed limits of a morning call.

Later, I learned that Miss Ingelow was extremely conservative, and was very indignant when a petition for women's right to vote was offered for her signature. A rampant radical told this, and shook her handsome head pathetically over Jean's narrowness; but when I heard that once a week several poor souls dined comfortably in the pleasant home of the poetess, I forgave her conservatism, and regretted that an unconquerable aversion to dinner-parties made me decline her invitation.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Having an intense desire to see the author of "Adam Bede," we drove to the Priory one Sunday, hoping that a peep might be vouchsafed me. To my great disappointment, however, Mrs. Lewes was too feeble to see a stranger; so, while my friend went in for a moment, I was forced to content myself with admiring the laburnums and wisterias that fringed the garden-walls with plumes of violet and gold, and wonder in which of the pleasant looking rooms the last book had been written, for "Felix Holt" was just finished, and its author preparing to seek rest and health at the German baths. When Mrs. T—— returned, Mr. Lewes accompanied her, and, while he lingered a moment, I took a woman's look at him under cover of my veil. A small, plain man, with keen blue eyes, marks of suffering in his face, and charmingly courteous manners.

As we drove home I asserted my Yankee privilege of asking questions; and, as the facts I then learned are no secret, I repeat them here. Mr. Lewes, having forgiven and received back an unfaithful wife, cannot, according to English law, obtain a divorce, although the wife has twice deserted him. Miss Evans is considered his wife, and called Mrs. Lewes by their friends, in spite of gossip and scandal. Owing to her peculiar position, Mrs. Lewes seldom goes into general society or sees strangers, though every one is anxious to meet her, and many of her warmest friends are among the wise and good. All whom I saw loved, respected, and defended her; some upon the plea that, if genius, like charity, covers a multitude of sins in men, why not in women? Others, that outsiders know so little of the sorrowful story that they cannot judge the ease; and, though they may condemn the act, they can pity the actors, and heartily admire all that is admirable in the life and labor of either.

MISS COBBE.

As I sat pouring over Gustave Dore's illustrations of Dante one morning, the door suddenly flew open, and in rolled an immensely stout lady, with skirts kilted up, a cane in her hand, a fly-away green bonnet on her head, and a loud laugh issuing from her lips, as she cast herself upon a sofa, exclaiming breathlessly:

"Me dear creature, if ye love me, a glass of sherry!"

The wine being ordered, I was called from my nook, and introduced to Miss Cobbe. I had imagined the author of Intuitive Morals to be a serious, severe lady, of the "Cornelia Blimber" school, and was much surprised to see this merry, witty, Falstaffian personage. For half an hour she entertained us with all manner of droll sayings, as full of sense as of humor, one minute talking earnestly and gravely on the suffrage question, which just then absorbed the circle in which I found myself, the next criticising an amateur poem in a way that convulsed her hearers, and in the middle of it jumping up to admire a picture, or trot about the room, enthusiastically applauding some welcome bit of news about "our petition." Cheery, sensible, kindly, and keen she seemed; and when she went away, talking hard till out of the gate, and vanishing with a hearty laugh, it was as if a great sunbeam had left the room, so genial and friendly was the impression she made. I saw her several times afterward, and always found her the same. Wherever she was, people gathered about her, as if she was a social fire, and every one seemed to find warmth and pleasure in the attractive circle which surrounded her. It was truly delightful to see a woman so useful, happy wise, and beloved; and it confirmed still more my belief that single women are a valuable and honorable portion of the human race, in spite of the sneers at "old maids" and lamentations over their unhappy lot.

MISS GARRETT.

Another interesting spinster whom it was my good fortune to meet was the female doctor who is conquering prejudices as successfully in London as Drs. Blackwell and Zakrreuska are in New York and Boston. Hearing Miss Garrett announced at an evening party, I looked up, expecting to see an elderly person, but was agreeably disappointed when down the long drawing-room advanced a slender, golden-haired young lady, dressed with a taste which few English women possess. She could only stay a few minutes, as a patient was waiting for her; and it was curious to hear this girlish little creature in white silk talk of her practice, her office, and the daily work she did. Very simply and naturally she spoke of these things to her friend, and expressed such hearty love for her work, such confidence in its success, and such satisfaction in her daily increasing power to help and comfort, that, though I never met her again, I shall always remember with real pleasure this little glimpse of a woman who bravely took her life into her own hands, and, in spite of ridicule and opposition, dared to shape it as she would, and, so far, make of it a beautiful success.

MATILDA BLIND.

Under the blooming apple-boughs at Wimbledon I met the sister of Ferdinand Blind. A handsome, brilliant, Bettine-like girl, full of talent, energy, and enthusiasm. The pet of Mazzini, the friend of Browning, an ardent admirer of Gœthe, and a hearty hater of Bismarck. She approved of her brother's deed, considered him a martyr, and gloried in him as a hero, refusing to lament his death as others did, but taking pride in it with a stern sort of satisfaction, such as a Roman girl might have felt at some brave act of friend or lover. To me she was very charming on account of the many peculiarities to which others objected. Simple and frank as a child in manner, the wit and wisdom of her conversation struck one all the more strongly by the force of contrast, for she talked fluently and well on many subjects which few girls care even to hear of. Entirely unconscious of herself, she sat in the grass, idly pulling daisies, as she discussed Emerson, Carlyle, Kant, Gœthe, English politics, and German wars, with a sense and spirit that amazed me and made other girls seem like pretty dolls beside an earnest woman, with heart and soul all alive to the great questions of the world.

On another occasion I met her in London, and enjoyed a lively argument between herself and three or four young barristers on the subject of poetry. They were sensible fellows, well read, in good training for argument, and as enthusiastic as it was possible for Englishmen to be on any purely ideal subject; yet Matilda Blind not only astonished, charmed, and out-argued them, but convinced them that there was something finer in poetry than they had ever suspected before, and unconsciously gave them a sample of a kind which can never be put into words. We were at dinner when she came in, but long after the dessert was over we still sat on, too astonished to care for lights, though summer twilight soon hid the faces of the disputants from one another. One by one the young men fell silent; and we sat in the dusk, listening to the girl's eloquent voice, as she repeated fine lines from Shakspeare, Milton, Gœthe, Coleridge, and Schiller, with a dramatic power that charmed us all. Whenever she paused, some one eagerly said, "Please go on;" and she did go on, illustrating her theme with marvelous skill and beauty, holding us till late into the evening, and causing the whole party to volunteer as an escort when she left.

It was a moonlight night, and I walked with her a part of the way home, answering her questions about America, and hearing some of her pranks, which were decidedly of the Bettine order. She liked the freedom of her own country better than England, and said she was continually shocking some excellent person by doing what she liked, regardless of the strict rules set down for the guidance of young ladies.

"I desired to visit Switzerland when more young than now," she said in her prettily broken English. "I took a friend to protect me, but we soon wearied of each other; I sent her home, and then I was greatly content. Ah, such adventures, all alone in a strange country; a girl, and so little! I spent my money, I lost my luggage, people thought me mad at home, and everything was so droll. Then I had a little fear, and was suddenly wise; I sent for money, and redeemed my luggage; went home, and asked pardon for my prank. But it was fine, I liked it well, and I shall go again. My life often becomes heavy to me; but I make freedom for myself, and so endure it. Wait a little, it may yet come to some good; for I have gifts, if I can only learn to use them."

As she pressed my hand at parting with a strong, warm grasp, I could not doubt that the life of this richly-gifted girl, *would* come to some good, and I hopefully wait to hear of Matilda Blind.—*Louisa M. Alcott in the N. Y. Independent.*

SAW THE ELEPHANT DOUBLE.

JOSEPH GREEN was brought in for having been inebriated and asleep in the highway. He had been having an evening's amusement, in the course of which he had been to the circus, and afterward to a bowling alley and shooting gallery, with a friend whom he had picked up. By the kind permission of the judge he was allowed to tell his story in his own way, which he did in a very disjointed style, and with a great deal of earnestness and volubility, somewhat after the fashion of the well-known Alfred Jingle.

"My name is Green, Mr. Judge; live in the country; come to town for the first time to see the city; stop at Mr. Aster's tavern in Broadway street; fine place; good bar-tender, big whiskers, does things with a kind of flourishing jerk peculiar to himself; didn't know anybody in the city; perfect stranger; got my supper; went out on the steps, man came along—good looking man; shiny hat, big chains, stand up collar, cane with a jack-knife in, introduced himself; said he was a perfect stranger too; wanted me to go with him and pass a pleasant evening; agreed to go; took something to drink before we started; got a little ways and he said hadn't we better take a nip; took a nip; he said shouldn't we go to the circus; told him wasn't acquainted with the circus, but trot it out; he said hadn't we better have something first; had something; got to the door; my friend had left his pocket-book at home; borrowed ten dollars and paid for two; gave me the change, a one dollar bill, three pewter dimes, and a smooth cent; didn't understand York currency, but thought it all right; got inside; place near the door with bottles in, also glasses and pumps—large assortment of pumps with mahogony handles; friend said, "should we smile?" we smiled; stepped along and looked at the performance; men with nothing on but a crown and a pair of tight breeches covered over with sixpences, and woman with pettieoats about as long as a turnover collar, all standing on one leg on horseback, except when they were rolling head over heels in sawdust, trying to catch the tips of their toes in their teeth; remarkable fact, all the horses had two tails, and all the men were double-headers; friend said it was the effect of the last smile, and proposed that we should take something to get the dust out of our eyes—friend said if I'd seen enough we'd go—took a last look—the men with the sixpenny breeches were dancing with the ladies in short shirts, which seemed all upside down, like a bowl—man with a whip—was cracking it at everybody, especially a fellow with three cornered patches all over him, who was standing on his head on a pewter platter, on top of a pair of stilts—stopped at the place with the bottles in—friend said should we imbibe—we imbibed—went outside, started to go across the street, brought up against an oyster cart, tried to kick over an oyster cart, got my leg between the wheels—new hat fell off—couldn't get up, concluded to sit down—did sit down in my hat—friend helped me up and tied my hat on with a string—friend said shouldn't we take a snifter—took a snifter—went to a shooting-place—tried to kill the cast-iron man with a pipe in his mouth—don't think I did—fired seven times, and all the balls lodged in the ceiling overhead, except one, which went through the toe of my boot and stuck in the floor; friend said hadn't we better horn—horned; started for bowling saloon; got part way; friend proposed that we should stop at milk punch place and take a suck—took a suck; got to rolling place; thought I'd roll the first ball; didn't stay on the alley; the second I let slip behind me, and it smashed a bird-cage and demolished a canary; while the last one hit the pin boy and knocked him through the side of the house; friend said shouldn't we go to the bar and 'Let 'em up,' and kept doing so till the floor looked like a river, and tried to drink the coal hod under the impression that it was a glass of brandy and sugar, hot; friend said shouldn't we julep—juleped; he then proposed that we should cocktail—cocktailed; friend borrowed my pocket-book and coat, officer came, and here I am."

Mr. Green was reprimanded and discharged, further punishment being considered unnecessary, in consideration of his loss while seeing the elephant.—*New York Paper.*

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. P. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866.

BLACK SHEEP.—A story by Edmund Yates, from Charles Dickens' Magazine, with summary of portions already published, is continued in to-day's CALIFORNIAN.

RESTING ON AUTHORITY — M. GUIZOT ON FREEDOM OF DISCUSSION.

WHEN a layman, distinguished for learning and ability, comes forward as the champion of Christianity, his unprofessional testimony naturally carries with it a greater weight than that of the theologian who is committed, or retained in the case, and whose duty and business it is supposed to be to act on a particular side just as it is the business and duty of an advocate who has accepted a brief. And indeed, it is not to be denied that a large proportion of the "reasoning" to be found in sermons, and treatises written by professional theologians partakes of the nature of special pleading, and that a style of argument seems to be admissible in theology which could not pass muster in any severe legal tribunal, or in scientific or philosophical discussion. Hence, when learned laymen of the intellectual calibre and lofty personal character of Mr. Gladstone, or Chevalier Bunsen, or M. Guizot, enter the field of religious discussion, they are sure to obtain a wider audience and a more respectful attention from men of the world, and from all students and thinkers outside of the church, than any clergyman though equally gifted and equally able, could hope to command. And even among those who are within the pale, such names carry the weight of a disinterested and unprofessional authority, and their adhesion is hailed with enthusiasm. Accordingly, M. Guizot's recent volume on "The Present State of the Christian Religion," has been more widely reviewed in the French and English periodicals, and more copiously quoted by them, than any unsensational book on a similar subject that has appeared for years: for whatever may be the value of the reasoning it contains, it is in itself a conclusive argument in proof of the fact that notwithstanding all the boasted triumphs of modern science, and modern philosophical speculation, there are minds of the first order trained in the atmosphere of secular pursuits that still adhere with the deepest and most unshaken conviction to the doctrines of Revealed Religion.

Notwithstanding the venerable sneer about pinning one's faith to some one else's sleeve, the vast majority of men do and must believe many things simply upon authority. Indeed we may safely go further, and affirm the same thing of men universally, excepting only those who are so defective intellectually, as to believe nothing. How many, for example, of those who implicitly accept the ordinary statements concerning the period in which the earth traverses its orbit, the distances from our planet of the Sun, the Moon and the other planets respectively, the rate at which light and sound respectively travel, are capable of verifying these statements for themselves, or even of comprehending the reasonings and the processes by which their accuracy is established? When the geographers assure us that Killimandjaro is twenty thousand feet high, and that one of the peaks of the Himmelayas is seven or eight thousand feet higher, we do not refuse our assent on the ground that we have not ourselves measured the base lines, and taken the angles and worked out all the trigonometrical calculations necessary to arrive at the result; and when a passenger at sea, who does not understand logorithms and cannot take an observation, relies upon the captain's calculations for the latitude and longitude, what does he do, but pin his faith to the navigator's sleeve?

Such cases are not, it is true, strictly analogous to that of religious belief; but so far as the impracticability of each individual's verifying every dogma he accepts by independent investigation, and declining to accept anything upon authority—so far as this, it is complete. For it is, to say the least, quite as much out of the question for the masses of mankind to make any really thorough and independent examination of the fundamental questions of philosophy and religion, as it is for them to measure the heights and distances of inaccessible objects or to make abstruse astronomical calculations.

If we take for instance such critical questions as those debated by the learned Renan on the one side, and the at least equally learned Dr. Dollinger and M. de Pressense on the other; such philosophico religious questions as are presented in the examinations of Auguste Compte's system by Martineau and Guizot, where intellects equally powerful trained and furnished are brought to the encounter; or such scientific-philosophical questions going to the very foundation of all religious belief, as arise between Dr. Buchner, the great champion of modern Materialism, and M. Janet his most formidable and searching critic—if we come to such questions as these, there is not one layman in a thousand, nor one professional theologian in a hundred, who is competent to investigate and pronounce upon them independently.

Hence the instinctive respect for authority which is a part of our nature is not to be regarded as a weakness; on the other hand the blustering assertion of the right of individual judgment, except so far as it is accompanied by individual fitness and capacity to examine the grounds of judgment, is merely the bravado of thoughtlessness and folly.

To those whose instincts incline to belief, but who, looking abroad upon the raging sea of modern speculation, feel with dismay that the old foundations are threatened, it is a perfectly legitimate source of comfort and confidence to see that the boast of learned and scientific skeptics that all the learning and science and secular ability of the age is outside of the Church, and openly or secretly rejects her teachings, is a vain and false one.

But the time has now manifestly come, when believers must be content to meet their opponents on the open field of intellectual combat. The thinker who assails Belief in a purely philosophic spirit cannot be put down by the cry of "infidel," or "atheist." Investigation, critical, scientific, speculative, however freely and boldly conducted, should subject no man to the *odium theologicum*. Such is evidently M. Guizot's opinion. While he says that impatience of an old yoke, the spirit of reaction, a thirst for innovation, together with many frivolous instincts and evil passions, have a large part in the attacks made in our day against Christianity, he at the same time feels constrained to admit that "a sentiment much more serious, *the love of truth for herself alone*, whatever may be the perils and whatever the results," has inspired some of those who are among the most formidable enemies of Belief.*

M. Guizot does not shrink from placing the cause of Christianity upon an intellectual basis. He thinks that in an age like this, there is but one way in which the champions of religion can successfully encounter its enemies, and that is not by denouncing them for their unbelief, but by convicting them of false philosophy. The mass of believers cannot enter into such conflicts, but their great leaders must not shrink from them. Let human science, says M. Guizot in substance, its labors and its systems be subjected to the same critical tests, and handled with the same freedom with which the foundations of the Christian faith have been examined by its opponents, and Christianity can fairly demand no more; nor need it dread the result of such a trial, provided it fearlessly accepts the conditions, and in its turn imposes them rigidly upon its adversaries.†

*L'impatience d'un ancien joug, l'esprit de reaction, le goût de l'innovation, beaucoup d'instincts frivoles et de mauvaises passions ont, à coup sûr, leur part, et une large part, dans les attaques dont le christianisme est aujourd'hui l'objet; mais un sentiment plus serieux que ceux-lá, un sentiment qui a fait des heros et des martyrs, l'amour de la verite, pour elleméme et pour elle seule, quels que soient ses perils et ses resultats, c'est lá le fait qui donne á ces attaques leur plus redoutable caractere.

†L'armee chretienne sera obligee aussi, en combattant, de satisfaire aux exigences de la verite et aux conditions de la liberte. De ces exigences et de ces conditions le christianisme n'a rien á redouter pourvu qu'il les accepte hardiment et qu'á son tour il les impose severement á ses adversaires. Que la science humaine, ses travaux et ses systemes soient soumis aux mémes epreuves et traites avec la meme liberte que les fondements et les doctrines de la foi chretienne, c'est lá tout ce que les chretiens ont droit et besoin de reclamer.

HOW FAR ARE "CELEBRITIES" PUBLIC PROPERTY?

IF there is any treason in that species of gossip in print about the appearance, conversation, and personal peculiarities of literary or social celebrities, in which N. P. Willis indulged so freely some twenty years ago after his return from England, it is at least certain that the proportion of those who "love the treason," is far greater than that of those who "despise the traitor." The taste for "crayons of distinguished persons" seems to be general and ineradicable; it is therefore natural, and within certain bounds innocent. It is only where it contracts a morbid taint, a relish for prying into secrets, for invading a guarded and sacred privacy, for gloating over dark surmises and whispered scandals, that it becomes despicable and vile. Yet it is no easy task to draw a distinct line which shall indicate with precision the boundary between the legitimate and the illegitimate in this popular species of literature. It may be said in general terms that public men are fair subjects of this kind of personal gossip; and this will not probably be questioned so far as their public acts and characters are concerned. The correspondent or the author who goes into the gallery of the House of Commons, and sketches Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, even to the cut of the garments and the mole on the left cheek, transgresses no canon of propriety; but should he meet those distinguished men at a private dinner party, or obtain an interview in the ordinary routine of society, and then use them as so much literary capital by publishing their conversation, he would be guilty of a gross offence against the spirit of the social code. The sins charged against Mr. Willis, were of this latter description, and by his English censors they were held to be wholly unpardonable. A broader charge, and one which is not we fear altogether without foundation, has been made, to the effect that American travelers in general have a strong proclivity to offend in this respect.

Certain it is that the American public has evinced a peculiar relish for that species of literature the staple of which consists of gossipping personalities, and as a natural consequence, the demand produces the supply. Americans traveling abroad and corresponding for journals at home know very well that letters containing no elements but information and judicious comment, would not be considered as constituting a particularly attractive feature, while personal sketches, of the description of those furnished by Miss Alcott to the New York *Independent*, of which some specimens will be found on another page of our present issue, are sure to be eagerly devoured. Though Miss Alcott certainly belongs to the better class of lion-sketching correspondents, she does not hesitate, as will be seen, to retail conversations which she heard while making private visits, or to hold up to ridicule old and intimate friends of families into which she was admitted for the first time, such ridicule being predicated upon the remarks and deportment of said old and intimate friends as witnessed by the American stranger during her visit. When we read Miss Alcott's account of her morning call upon Jean Ingelow, and of what took place there, and how she snubbed Gerald Massey, the friend of the family, and see with what naive conceit she put herself upon a level of perfect literary equality with the celebrated poetess, we cannot but think that George Eliot acted very prudently in declining to receive her American visitor, nor can we feel the least surprise that American travelers of literary proclivities encounter so much reserve in the better circles of English society.

LOCAL ART ITEMS.

ANOTHER water color drawing, by William Keith, has made its appearance in the window of Snow & Roos' establishment. It represents Tamalpais as seen from near the Mission of San Rafael on a warm autumnal day—

> "When all the winds are still,
> And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill."

The large redwood trees in the foreground are well executed, and the general effect of the masses of foliage is very good. A warm haze enshrouds the forest at the foot hills, and imparts an additional wildness to the dim forms of the withered pines that stand like sentries watching the valley below. The mountain itself is robed in the same misty covering, through which, however, some lights and shadows are perceptible.

The picture on the whole is a very pleasing one and highly creditable to the young artist, who will, we hope, be induced to bring more of his productions before the public.

Denny exhibits a large sea view with a lengthy title in the window of one of our clothing establishments. The painting is decidedly inferior to many of his former pictures, and possesses too little either in design or execution, distinguishing it from hundreds of similar marine views with which our counting-rooms are hung, to render it especially worthy of notice. A dull sky, a dull sea, and a dull vessel, are all indifferently painted; and the utter lack of animation in drawing and of brilliancy in coloring, conveys to the beholder a feeling of relief to know that the ship is "inward" rather than "outward bound."

A few portraits, by McClellan, are exhibited at Snow & Roos' gallery. They are fairly painted and quite well drawn; but still the drawing is very conventional, and the flesh tints untrue. In these days of beautiful photography, oil portraits need, more than formerly, something of the ideal to render them attractive or desirable; and the artist who draws most upon his imagination will meet with the best success. The camera has rendered portrait painting too mechanical, however, to satisfy the artist, and we shall hardly look for another Reynolds or Stuart in our day.

ASTRÆA.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS — To J. Stratman, news agent, for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for* 1867—he being the "special agent" for the Pacific Coast edition—the pamphlet numbers sixty-four pages and is handsomely and profusely illustrated. And to Messrs. Frisbee & Scott, music's publishers, 3 Montgomery street, for copies of *Marche d' Armie Amerique*, for the piano, composed by Gustav A. Scott. Can not Mr. Scott give his *Marche* a public hearing at some of our musical festivals?

POSTPONEMENT OF THE OPPOSITION STEAMER.—The *America*, which was advertised to sail on Wednesday next, will not leave until December 15th instant, in consequence of the steamer on the Atlantic side having met with an accident which will prevent her forming the proper connecting link at Greytown.

A NUMBER of reviews and book notices, prepared for the present number of THE CALIFORNIAN, have been crowded out. They will appear in our next issue.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me"
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

More Moonshine Wanted.

It is useless to beg the Board of Supervisors to make arrangements for the lighting of the streets of San Francisco. They insist that when the moon rises it illuminates the city. The honorable Board maintain that if the moon is bidden by clouds, and consequently the city is wrapped in thick darkness, it is not their fault. In order to save the money of the city, they made a contract with a gas company for a supply of light at such times as the almanac stated that the moon would be otherwise engaged, and consequently be unable to attend to its special duty of lighting San Francisco. Had the Board of Supervisors, at the time they granted this contract, remembered that a shower of stars was calculated to take place on the thirteenth of November they would have given the gas company instructions to extinguish all the street lamps on that night, and have insisted on a proportionate reduction being made in the terms of the contract. At present the gas company who have contracted to light the streets of this city, are by the terms of their contract, as we understand it, allowed to extinguish their lamps at the hour the moon rises. The gas company care not how thick the clouds may be which hide the moon from sight; the eye of faith can pierce those clouds; they know there is a moon. The moon has risen. These worshipers of the great eternal light will not insult bright Luna with their shabby attempts at illumination. The gas is put out and during many dark hours before dawn the city is left unilluming. Now the printers who have worked all night plod homeward through darkened streets, splashing through sloughs of mud, and stepping, over ancle-deep, in many a pool which no ray of light points out to their view. The morning newspaper carrier, proceeding to his work, which must commence before daylight, is in as sad a plight. Now the burglar attempts to effect an entrance into a house; let others make hay while the sun shines, he must make money when the moon does not shine, and the economical city of San Francisco cannot afford artificial light to supply the lack of moonshine Should he be observed by a policeman, escape is easy, he can plunge into the surrouning darkness, and if he gains a few feet in advance of his pursuer, he becomes invisible.

Yesterday morning the lamps were extinguished shortly after 1 o'clock in most parts of the city. The darkness was so thick that it was impossible for the eye to pierce it more than four or five feet. It is terrible to contemplate the state San Francisco will be in during the early hours of the morning, unless kind Heaven supplies us more liberally with moonshine. If we can but have the moon during the Winter we can dispense with the summer moon, but with mud beneath, rain above, and darkness surrounding all, San Francisco is a terrible place for early risers, and those who consume the midnight oil.

Capital vs. Labor.

The laboring classes of California would probably not generally realize how terribly they are ground down, oppressed and crushed by the tyranny of wealth unless they were constantly reminded of the fact by public speakers. Mrs. Laura Cuppy, last Sunday evening, sent home many a working man with his heart filled with bitter hatred of his employers, who were, simply because they were rich, so much better off than he was. It is very sad that every one cannot be rich. Of course every one deserves to be. Mrs. Cuppy drew a sad picture of the degraded position occupied by the working man in California. She said: "In view of the steady continuation of such a life of drudgery, it was even a wonder that he was aware of the existence of his soul. They were but the tools and instruments used by the wealthy in securing luxuries and superfluities. At present wealth seemed to secure the monopoly of all the benefits arising to humanity from modern discoveries in art and science."

Some one asked Mrs. Cuppy how it was that wealth tyrannized over the poor so terribly when the latter class constituted a large majority. The lecturess replied, that while she had been in this city she had heard it intimated that wealth could *buy votes*; that with necessities of a family bearing upon him, many a needy laborer was compelled to cringe to the golden rod, in the hands of his wealthy employer.

Oh! this is an awful state of things. After Mrs. Laura Cuppy has made a few more speeches the condition of the working man will be wonderfully improved. It is not, however, only hard fisted laborers and greasy mechanics who are oppressed by the moneyed men. The literary men of the city are in the same terrible condition of poverty and degradation, according to Mrs. Cuppy. She said: "Even certain influential journals, known as highly conservative, opposed to the cause she advocated, and in the hands of capitalists, while luring the mentality by which their sheets were kept alive, kept those same brains in a state of miserable subjection, and threatening them with the deprivation of their bread and butter, should they dare to give utterance to the brilliant and noble ideas with which their brains teemed."

Unhappy wretches! Miserable slaves! We expect that Fitz Smythe is daily threatened with the deprivation of his bread and butter by the proprietors of the *Alta* if he gives utterance to many of the brilliant and noble ideas with which his brain teems. Perhaps that is the reason that so few editors give utterance to brilliant and noble ideas. Poor subjected brains! Wretchedly enslaved mentality! Happy Mrs. Cuppy, who makes her bread and butter by giving utterance to ideas which would, if written by these hapless slaves of the quill, subject them to the deprivation of theirs.

A Model Department.

The Paid Fire Department is to be a very different affair from the old rowdy affair.

Rule 27 declares that "no cards, dice, or other articles used for gaming shall be brought into or suffered to remain in any building used by any company of the Paid Fire Department; nor shall any spirituous liquors be used therein or used while working at fires or returning from the same."

The new Department is to be a kind of a branch of the Temperance Legion, and is at the same time, as far as possible, to run an opposition to the Young Men's Christian Association.

Rule 29 says: "No officer or member shall use profane, immoral or indecent language in or about the engine, hose, or book and ladder houses, or while going to or returning from a fire."

The new firemen are to be models of propriety, and an odor of sanctity will hang round an engine house. In future, when a young man is required by the proprietor of a genteel private boarding house to give references, it will be sufficient for him to state that he is a member of the Fire Department. We shall see advertisements setting forth that "a young man of strictly temperate, quiet habits, wishes to obtain rooms and board in a religious family. The advertiser is a foreman and a member of the Methodist Church." There will, we fear, be a few black sheep among this flock of lambs. These will, however, be forced to wait until the engine is housed before they can drink spirits, and must wait until they are away from the engine house before they can discharge the load of profanity which has accumulated in their breasts during the time they were engaged in putting out the fire. These rules are very good, and we trust that they will be carried out. It would be rather a good plan if the rule about swearing and using indecent language were adopted and carried out by the Police Department. Policemen should not be allowed to swear, while on duty, any more than firemen, and yet it would be hard to find one member of the police force who has ever arrested an obstreperous drunk without pouring forth a volley of oaths. "Order and decorum" are to be the strong points of the Paid Fire Department; and even while extinguishing a rude boisterous fire, "decorum" must be observed. We hope that the new department, while it is decorous, will as effectually save property from fire as did the noisy, bold enthusiastic Volunteers.

Horse-racing in California.

Vast sums are spent annually in England, France, and other nations of Europe, on raising race-horses. Royalty encourages racing in England as instituted for "the purpose of improving the breed of horses." This is the fiction which the practical money making Englishman has invented for the purpose of excusing to himself the extravagant outlay attendant on this amusement. The fact of the matter is, that in England, speed in a horse cannot, to any very great degree, be made practically valuable. A race-horse is an article of luxery, and there are about as many in England as are wanted. The fox-hunter, of course, wants a hunter with a little racing blood in him, and the swell's riding-horse often comes of good racing stock.

In America, where the class that spend money are less numerous than in England, running horses are not bred to any great extent. A trotter is an animal that can be put to practical use instead of being run two or three times in a season, and then put in a stable to eat his head off in expenses attendant on his care. Let New York breed its trotting horses, not because a trotting race is as beautiful a sight as a running race, but because it cannot afford to indulge in the extravagance of such useless animals as running horses.

We in California are situated differently. This is the country of all others in the world where horse-racing should be encouraged. We can raise thousands of race horses, and turn them all to practical account. Trotting is slow compared to running. Running races with jockeys in bright caps and jackets, astride splendid horses with no complicated arrangement of bars, straps, and buckles to hide their fine forms, would please the eye of the ladies far better than the trotting race which they nearly all pronounce "dull." When we have reared running-horses by hundreds, then we can send them into the cow counties where they will be found none too fast for the use of the *vaquero*.

New York has lately established a club for the purpose of encouraging horse-racing and elevating it to a respectable position in that city. Let San Francisco have her club for the purpose of giving running races every season; she can, for the reason above stated, afford to do this better than New York can to raise trotters.

The China Mail and Flying Dragon.

F. Marriott announces that he will, on the 1st of January next, publish the first number of a paper entitled the *California China Mail and Flying Dragon*, printed both in English and Chinese. The most important announcement in the prospectus published, is the following:

"*The California China Mail* is designed to be a great Commercial and Industrial medium between America and Asia, to open the avenue of business intercommunication between California on the one hand, and China, Cochin China, Japan, New Zealand, Australia, Burmah, Siam, Malacca, the Philippine Islands, the Dutch Colonies, Singapore, and the Indian Empire, on the other. Thus, opening the way for an interchange of commodities and of business information and ideas between the Eastern and Western Worlds, it will aid in the great work of bringing an Oriental population of not less than 350,000,000 into direct commercial relations with the American Continent."

As Mr. Marriott's *Avitor*, or steam flying machine will, if all goes well, be in successful operation by the 1st of January, we do not understand why he should advertise that the *China Mail and Flying Dragon* will be "ready for the steamer *Colorado*." He will find the *Avitor* very useful in distributing copies of his paper. It can start on the morning of publication and drop a few *China Dragons* in China, then steam off to Cochin China, Japan, New Zealand, and the other places, and return to Clay street in the evening. If the *Avitor* is completed to-morrow and takes its first flight on Monday, the *Colorado* will, of course, be immediately withdrawn, and the *California China Mail and Chinese Dragon* will be conveyed by the air line of *Avitors*.

Reply to Mr. Snort.

Misther Editer:

SIR:—In yer paper of last wake me attintion was called to a lether from a ruffinly blackguard who signed himself "Jefferson Snort," and it is to the same that I desoire with yer kind permission to reply. Yer corrispondent exprisses the opinion that the thrue object of the Fayuians is to subjugate Americu and establish the Catholic religion in the United States, and that the liberation of Ireland is nothing but a blind. The foolish lether to which I refer, was written before the arrival of the late glorious news of the uprising in Ireland, and possibly the poor blind prejudiced crayture who wrote it has by this time opened his benoighted eyes to the thruth. If he has not I would suggest to him to indiver to obtain some informashun concerning the subjects upon which he undertakes to discoorse before vinturing into print. The iday that the Faynians is fightin' the battles of the Church that has refused thim whan living admission to the same on St. Patherick's day, and burial in consicrated ground whan dead, is supramely ridiculus. As to the rights of furriners in Ameriky, I howld them aquil to the rights of the native born. For was not Christhopher Columbus himself the discover of the continent—was not he a furriner himself?

Yours respectfully, MICHAEL O'WHACKERTY.

Cruelty to Animals.

The *Flag* recently published a thrilling item, worked up in regular old-fashioned melo-dramatic, ultra-sensational style, recounting a pathetic, moving, monstrous and horrible case of cruelty to animals that occurred at the Potrero, where the work upon a new section of railway is going forward. The *Flag's* informant is said to be a benevolent and tender-hearted old lady who resides in the vicinity and keeps a sharp look-out (with an opera glass) on the teamsters in the employ of the contractor. This venerable female is a firm believer in moral suasion, not only in dealing with biped, but also with quadrupeds. She is shocked at the idea of using whips as an assistant or stimulating motive power for accelerating the speed of horses. Her theory is that if a horse won't 'pull,' the only legitimate mode of overcoming the difficulty is to allure him onward by a bundle of hay held a foot or two before him. Meantime she maintains a vigilant watch upon the proceedings of the Contractor and his men, and sends a daily *bulletin* to the *Flag* embracing all her more important discoveries.

An Apology.

The progress of civilization in Oregon is an interesting topic. The editors of that State, long celebrated for their habit of exchanging complimentary epithets that evinced a rare and unique genius for vituperation, have now become sufficiently civilized to adopt the practice of apologizing for offensive expressions inadvertently used in the hurry of daily journalism. Recently, the Oregon *Statesman* having indulged in the mild insinuation that the editor of a paper of hostile politics, published at Eugene City, (which paper he playfully, or metaphorically designates as the *Pig Skin*) was "a contraband," and having reflected in a sober moment upon the injustice of the allegation, thus apologized;

"Some time since we intimated the belief that the editor of the Eugene *Pig Skin* was a 'nigger.' Having perused a recent issue of his paper, we are now fully satisfied that he is only an 'injun.' Lie, Lo, and keep dark—the darker the better—for while a negro might merit some attention, an Indian cannot possibly. Go after your 'canvas,' and don't bother us—we're talking 'nigger' now."

We have hopes of Oregon yet.

Johnson Clubs.

If political clubs were included in the market quotations, Johnson Clubs would probably be cited as a good way below par. Some months since Johnson Clubs were decidedly lively; now they are slack—very slack. Says the *Dramatic Chronicle*:

"Not long ago it was stated in the daily papers that General Miller, our Collector, was zealously engaged in organizing Johnson Clubs, and that his subordinates in the Custom House were aiding in the good work. Thereupon the *Examiner* waxed wroth, and accused the Collector of trying to bedge, to "steal Democratic thunder," etc. Of late we have heard no more of those clubs. What has become of them? Has the General's zeal cooled? Has he swung round the circle and deserted Andy? Have his sentiments undergone a change since the last elections? Is he *still* for the President against Congress? How about his subordinates? Are *they* as good Johnson men as they were two months ago? But above all, we should like to know what has become of those Johnson Clubs that the General was getting up."

The *Chronicle* is a pert, meddlesome, and impertinently curious little organ, inordinately addicted to asking troublesome questions. Why can't it let the poor Custom House clerks alone?

The Romance of the Telegraph.

The prestige of the telegraphic news will not long survive if it continues to be as contradictory and worthless as it has been of late. The dispatches in regard to Maximilian's flight, with all the details received for several days, seem to have been manufactured out of whole cloth. The "Fenian news" of Thursday night is, probably, an immense Roorbach. Besides the fabrications, there are the most absurd blunders, which occur in good faith. Recently the operator here telegraphed that an extensive sale of "Hawaiian sugars" had taken place, and when the dispatch appeared in print, in New York, it read "Havanua cigars!"

Exalted Tribute.

It is not one of the lessons taught us by history that Boards of Aldermen, Supervisors, or other municipal bodies have been particularly sensible to the attractions of literature. As an ordinary thing they have a much keener and livelier appreciation of green turtle and crusty Port, than of crisp wit and oleoginous humor. The Supervisors of Oakland, however, are an exception. The evening fixed for "Mark Twain's" recent lecture at the Cow County metropolis happened to be also the evening for the regular session of the Board. That body, however, met, and immediately adjourned for the purpose of attending the lecture. This is, it seems to us, the most striking tribute that has yet been paid to "Mark's" genius.

A Definition.

A correspondent signing himself "Trebor," sends the following morsel for the "Lion's Mouth:"

A gentleman, who in his own estimation, bore proportions of "huge preponderosity and immense magnitude," and held the position of professor in a certain college, separated from San Francisco by a body of water somewhat less vast than the Atlantic Ocean, was called upon at a social gathering, by a lady, to define the word "periphrasis." Assuming a dignified air, he replied, "with pleasure, Madam: It is a circumrotary cycle of oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in a verbal profundity." "Yes, sir," said she, "think you," and she became profoundly meditative. The Professor, like Sam Weller at the Pickwick and Bardolph trial, was relieved from further questioning.

A Piteous Appeal.

It seems they are having bitter weather up in Calaveras County. Furthermore, wood is dear, coal is unknown, and the people who take newspapers are very backward in coming forward to pay up (or down) their subscriptions. Under these melancholy circumstances the Calaveras *Chronicle* makes plaint thus:

"We are shivering with cold. Would that some of our delinquent subscribers would bring us some wood. They certainly would if they only knew that we are entirely out of wood; wouldn't they? No questions asked, and the wood shall not be re-measured."

The heart that could resist such an appeal must be harder than the nether millstone.

Sharp.

The Quincy *Union* says:

"We are pleased to see that the circulation of the S. F. *Examiner* in this county is rapidly increasing."

Whereupon the Marysville *Appeal* remarks:

"We fear the *Union* would puff the cholera if it should break out in Plumas—provided it was thought a Conservative or Copperhead disease."

These country papers are getting altogether too bright for the provinces. They will have to come down to labor in a Metropolitan field, in San Francisco—or Oakland.

S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost unmediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere two bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

MAYER'S BAZAAR is one of the features of San Francisco. Here can be found the greatest variety of watches, jewelry, silver-plated ware, guitars, music-boxes, concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, and articles of *bijouterie* for presents or mementos for both ladies and gentlemen. Here, too, you can purchase at prices that defy competition. The present stock must be reduced, and the proprietors are determined to sell so low that the prices asked cannot be objected to. Those heavy cased silver watches from the American Watch company, so celebrated for their correct time and superior workmanship, can be bought at Mayer's Bazaar at the company's prices. Superior French opera-glasses of great magnifying power for sale or hire Family clocks, musical instruments, and every description of fancy goods at reduced rates at *MAYER'S BAZAAR*, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert, 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Genuine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

N. B.—Cloaks, Basques, Zouaves and Dresses of every description made to order in the latest style. Prices as cheap as possible.

Real Point Collars,.....worth $7 00 for $3 50
Real Cluny Collars.....worth $5 00 for $1 50
Real Chantilla Veils.....worth $5 00 for $2 50
Alexandre's Kid Gloves.....worth $1 50 for $1 25
French Corsets.....$1 00
Nursing Corsets.....$2 50
Nottingham and French Lace Curtains at Reduced Prices! S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery street,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

ELOCUTION.—Miss Jane Gray has returned to this city and is prepared to give instruction in Elocution. Miss Gray will give instruction to classes, or private lessons to individuals, at their own residences, if desired. Apply at the California Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies (Miss Lamond's), 64 Silver.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with

24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,

giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee. Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to hear

"THE OTHER SIDE,"

and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.

Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Adddress

F. E. SHEAR, General Agent,
No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

PETTIT & CO.,
INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,
613 Kearny St., between Sacramento and Commercial, San Francisco.

Black and Fancy Cloaks.....worth $16 for $10
Fancy Cloth Cloaks.....worth $25 for $15
Long Broche Shawls.....worth $30 for $20
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $50 for $30
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $100 for $60
Square Cashmere Shawls.....worth $60 for $30

All my other goods are reduced in the same proportions. S. ROSENBLATT'S,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel.

MEYER & JONASSON'S,
THE LARGEST
CLOAK HOUSE
ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

We have constantly on hand a large and well-selected stock of

Silk, Cloth, & Velvet
CLOAKS!

Which we are selling at prices to suit all.

MEYER & JONASSON,
No. 10 Montgomery street.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

VAN VLECK & KEITH,
Designers and Engravers
ON WOOD,
No. 611 Clay street, San Francisco.
WM. KEITH. D. VAN VLECK.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.... CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

MISS WOODS,
Dress and Cloak Maker,
CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Over Hinckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which renderen an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

MASON & HAMLIN'S
CELEBRATED
CABINET ORGANS.
New styles, with Automatic Bellows Swell, at wareroom of agent.
A. KOHLER,
No. 424 Sansome street.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY of STOCKHOLDERS

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ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN

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MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
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Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both
Fire and Marine Risks,
AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
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CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

COME AND SEE ME!
Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,
Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street,)

Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.

Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Sets, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents

☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.

N B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

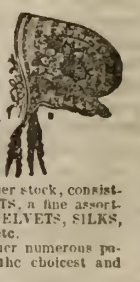
PIANOS!

PIANOS!
AT
AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

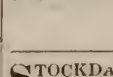
GRAND OPENING
OF
Millinery Goods!
EX STEAMER "GOLDEN CITY."
M'LLE PICOT,
22 Montgomery street,
Up Stairs, opposite the Lick House.



Will open on TUESDAY, October 16th, her recent importation of the latest styles and richest PARISIAN MILLINERY, carefully selected by her resident agent in Paris, and will continue to receive by every steamer additions to her stock, consisting of the very latest styles of BONNETS, a fine assortment of rich qualities and rare colors, VELVETS, SILKS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, ORNAMENTS, etc.

M'LLE PICOT will be pleased to see her numerous patrons, and guarantees to exhibit only the choicest and latest styles of goods.

CHICKERING & SON'S CELEBRATED



PIANOS,
A KOHLER,
AGENT,
No. 424 Sansome street.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

CURE FOR A COLD (WRITTEN IN 1430.)

PUTTE your fette in hot water,
As high as your thighes;
Wrappe your head up in flannelle,
As low as your eyes;
Take a quart of runm'd gruelle,
When in bedde, as a dose;
With a number four dippe
Well tallowe your noise.

LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

LIKE an argosy deep laden
With the wealth of Indian sands,
Sailing down a summer ocean
To the far-off Northern lands—

Like a golden-visioned story—
Like the heetic's bright decay,
Dying in the painted glory
Of the autumn sere and hoary,
Fade the summer days away.

—*J. W. Leeds.*

VEGETABLE INSTINCTS.

A TREE which is fond of water, when planted near some brook, will set off all its principal roots in that direction. How does it know the water to be there? And how does it know that it will be able to reach the border of it! To say, in popular phrase, that the water attracts the roots in that direction, is to invent a new and very remarkable sort of attraction, that pulls at roots in the ground, and turns them out at the point of starting—is a something created to account for the fact in question, which is even more difficult than the fact itself. A friend for example, had an acqueduct of logs, which, in reaching his house, passed by a tree especially fond of water, at a considerable distance from it. Abreast of the tree there was an auger-hole in the log, that had been filled with plug of soft wood. Exactly thitherward the tree sent off a long stretch of roots, which forced their way through the plug, choking up the passage, and were found there drinking like so many thirsty animals. Was it, then, the soft wood plug that attracted these roots? It certainly should be, on the attraction principle; for the water was just as near at other points as here.

It is said that a strawberry planted in sand, with good earth a little way off, will turn its runners in the latter direction, and if the good earth is too far off to be reached, the plant will make no effort, on that side more than on the other—which is equivalent to saying that the plant has, in its life-principle, an instinct of measurement. It does not measure the ground and then itself, and then compare the two; but it has an adaptive power by which, without comparison, it graduates its actions by its possibilities.

TAXATION.—A grumbler explains the present system of raising revenue as follows:—

"Now you see, in the first place, they get the amount of a feller's business. That is taxed. Then they find out how much he earns every month, and that's taxed. Then they find out all about his profits, and on that they lay their tax. Then they manage to get some tax on what he owes. Next comes what they call the income, and that's taxed. Then, if anything is left, the preacher calls around, and gets it to sustain the church and convert the heathen."

WHEN kindly feelings are reflected—when the heart warms and expands towards others, going out to them with feelings of kindness and sympathy, the same emotions are elicited, quickened into life, and reflected back on ourselves.

SO NICE.—One of the very latest styles of ladies' hats now worn is called the "butter-dish." They are a cross between a turtle-shell and a wash-pan. "They are so nice."

HOW TO TREAT PEOPLE.—If you are looking at a picture, you try to give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow-beings as you are to a picture.

TOO TRUE.—He who pokes his nose everywhere will sometimes poke it between a thumb and fore finger.

WHY should young ladies make good rifle volunteers? Because they are accustomed to bare arms.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON

SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The

IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

HENRY HILLS & CO.,

MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE. REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.

Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

WILSON & EVANS,

No. 513 Clay street,
Importers and Dealers in
FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Reels, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.
WILSON & EVANS.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

Splendid Presents
TO SEND ABROAD!
STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS
.....OF.....
California Scenery!
A SERIES OF OVER
ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!
ILLUSTRATING
The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NATURE,
And Published by
LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
317 & 319 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
N. B.—CATALOGUES containing a complete LIST OF VIEWS, sent to any part of the world, FREE of POSTAGE.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufactnre Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,
Shoulder Braces, etc.,
FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,
AT
GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S
NEW YORK BRANCH
Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,
(Opposite the Russ' House,)
J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electre Machines, etc

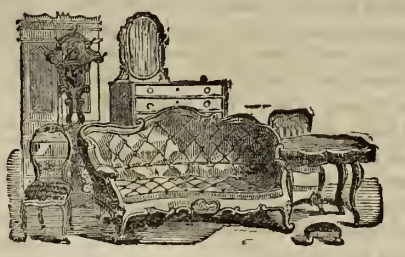
W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

BOYD'S NOVEL EXCHANGE

Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.
10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.
S. E. Corner Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,



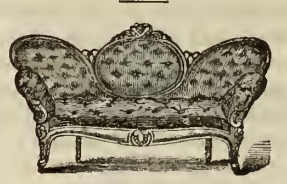
No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

FURNITURE *BEDDING!*



LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
SAN FRANCISCO.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.

PRICE 50 CENTS.
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
Cor Sansome & Commercial streets.

Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA
YELLOW DOCK
AND
IODIDE OF POTASS.
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla"

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial streets.

TIME & LABOR SAVED
BY USING
Standard Soap Company's
CELEBRATED
WASHING POWDER.

This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.

It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Salt Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.

Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S.

MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET,
San Francisco.

☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Pale, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

THE Pyramids of Egypt are justly reckoned among the "wonders of the world." When, why, and by whom they were erected are among the secret things that have puzzled antiquaries for above 2,000 years, and are likely to be unravelled now. They are built upon a platform of rock, which rises above the level of the adjacent plain. The largest of them is 480 feet in height, and its base covers eleven acres of ground. The second in magnitude is 456 feet high, and the third 218 feet. These are all near the small town of Ghizeh, southwest of Cairo, and many smaller ones are in the same neighborhood.

Many descriptions of them have been given by enterprising travelers. The one we have selected is taken from the travels of Dr. E. D. Clarke:

"With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us when we arrived at this artificial mountain, which seemed to reach the clouds! Already some of our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth when they saw below.

"One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained, and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way toward the summit.

"The mode of ascent has been frequently described, and yet from the questions that are often proposed to travelers, it does not appear to be generally understood.

"The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast high, and the breadth of each step is equal to its height; consequently the footing is secure, and although a retrospect in going up be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required, and an Arab guide is always necessary to avoid a total interruption; but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such that almost every one may accomplish it.

"Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, thermometer, a telescope, etc., these could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant.

"At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a tun, although they were much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid. Travelers of all ages have here inscribed their names; some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors to leave a memoral of our arrival. It seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking, and presently every one of our party were seen busy in adding the inscription of his name."

A LUCID EXPLANATION.—Said Angelina to her Edwin, as they looked through an old gleebook, "Edwin, dearest, pray what is the meaning of the line—

'Unnumbered surges grace the foaming coast?'

Serge, you know, is woollen stuff, like my bathing dress, you know. But one don't spell it with a 'u,' you know."

Said Edwin, "'M sure I don't know. P'raps it's a misprint. Fellow very likely wrote it down at Ramsgate, Tried to count the bathers there, and found he couldn't do it."—*Punch.*

THE Egyptians must have been good sons, because they paid such respect to their *mummies.*

A SHARP TRICK.—Recently a number of colliers near Chesterfield, whose stock of the "indispensable" was exhausted, and who were, as the saying is "on the spree," resorted to the following ingenious expedient to replenish their bottle. The leader of the gang first putting into the bottle, which contains a gallon, half a gallon of water, went to the Horns public house, near Chesterfiild, and called for half a gallon of gin, stating that they had already half a gallon in the bottle. The unsuspecting landlord immediately measured out the desired quantum, but the men showing no inclination to pay, he desired his gin to be returned—a request they complied with most willingly, coolly walking off to enjoy the half gallon of "gin and water" they had so cleverly obtained.

A PERSEVERING HUNTER.—A series of recent French prints represent the adventures and mischances of Parisian sportsmen, one of whom, after exhausting his ammunition to no purpose, takes his dog into his lap, and kills the fleas which infest the animal. "It won't do to go home without killing something," is his consolatory remark, as he cracks the fleas with his fingers. In another caricature a peasant approaches the hunter, and tells him a large hare inhabits a neighboring copse, to which he points with his finger. "I know it,' says the hunter; "I've been shooting at him for the last four hours."

AN UNHEALTHY HOUSE.—A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula, rickets, etc., among children. People lose their health in an unhealthy house, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it. Three, out of many negligences and ignorances in managing the health of houses generally, I will here mention as specimens: First, that the female head in charge of any building does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. Second, that it is not considered essential to air, to sun, and to clean rooms when uninhabited. Third, one window is considered enough to air a room.

A FAST STORY.

AN ENGLISHMAN was bragging of the speed of English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman, "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound—the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee. "Why, we've got one firm in San Francisco that has alone imported this season a half a million dollars' worth of Toys and Fancy Goods. They have Talking and Kicking Dolls, born with a full-grown head of hair and teeth in their mouths, saying 'Papa' and 'Mamma', also, Mechanical Toys, that run by themselves, and lots of other Toy wonders too numerous to mention."

"Indeed! is that so? Who is the firm that have the Dolls saying 'Mamma'?" exclaimed the Englishman, very much excited.

"Why, have you never heard in all your travels of FELDBUSH & CO., Wholesale Store, 307 California street, and Retail Store, 207 Montgomery street, San Francisco, where you can save 25 per cent. in purchasing? Fact, I can assure you, as all the goods in their store, 307 California street, and all that is to arrive, must be sold on or before Christmas, on account of some changes in their business. I know it is true, and, if you doubt my word, you call at FELDBUSH & CO.'S, and see for yourself."

TOWNE & BACON

Book and Job Printers,
Book Binders,
Blank Book Makers,
Paper Rulers,
536 Clay St., opp. Leidesdorff,
San Francisco, Cal.

This Firm are large importers of Paper, Printers' Materials, Ink, &c.; and with the largest Printing Office in the State, are able to do good work with dispatch, at very low prices.

Parties sending orders from the Interior will be served as faithfully as though personally present.

Samples and price lists furnished if desired, and work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Agents for H. D. Wade's Inks.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyncker, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
D. N. & E. Walter & Co., 303 California street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Crannn & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
G. G. Barnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence Jones, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Hemburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine.
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 524 Market, opposite Second
C. Weilerhoil & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 221 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Smart & Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

Ward's Perfect Fitting Shirts

FINE WHITE SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

MERINO UNDERSHIRTS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

SHAKER FLANNEL DRAWERS!

At Ward's.

DRIVING GLOVES!

At 323 Montgomery street.

TRAVELING SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

COTTON AND MERINO SOCKS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

NEW STYLES ALWAYS

At Ward's,

323 MONTGOMERY STREET.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S YEARLY ACCOUNT.

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,
San Francisco, July 1st, 1866.

To HENRY M. HALE, Esq., COUNTY AUDITOR, City and County of San Francisco.

Herewith I submit an account of all the Estates of Deceased Persons which have come into my hands as Public Administrator during the year ending on June 30th, 1866, with the Value of each, the Moneys paid thereon, and the Balances due said Estates, together with a return of all Estates administered on by me, and remaining unsettled.

Respectfully,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

ESTATES SETTLED AND DISTRIBUTED.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, have, since the rendering thereof, been settled and distributed:

John Gorman, Peter Reynolds, Thomas Jones, William R. O'Reilly, Peter Barcelona, James Morrow, John Wietz, J. H. Feldhus, M. A. Langdon, Sarah Mack, Charles Deady, Lloyd Mcgruder, Walter Pratt, James Willis, James McCready, Charles M. Nelson, Clara Chilford, William Hempsill, Edmond D Hammond, Jeremiah Mead, Charles H. Raymond, Henry M. Oliver, C. J. Theis, G. T. Fouque, Mary B. Smith, John O Neil, Michael Boucher, H. R. Rowland, John Higgins.

UNSETTLED ESTATES.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, remain unsettled. The condition of each is as follows:

JAMES McLAUGHLIN.—Money Received, $1,938 25; Money Disbursed, $251 98; Balance on hand, $1,686 27; Fees of Administrator, $77 53.

PATRICK HUGHES.—Balance Money on hand, $22 75; Fees of Administrator, $1 84. Ready for Distribution.

ANDRE JOHNNY.—Value of Estate, $102 00; Money Received, $102 00; Money Disbursed, $91 80; Balance on hand, $10 20; Fees of Administrator, $4 08. Ready for Distribution.

JOHN HAYES.—Value of Estate, $324 30; Money Received, $324 30; Money Disbursed, $192 06; Balance on hand, $132 24, Fees of Administrator, $12 96. Annual Account filed.

A. J. KING.—Partial Distribution of Estate made to heir. Balance on hand, $657 11. Estate ready for final Distribution.

G. A. MULLER.—Appraised Value of Estate, $990 00; Money Received, $240 00; Money Disbursed, $135 00; Balance on hand, $105 00; Fees of Administrator, $39 60.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 2.—Balance of Money on hand, $143 90; Fees of Administrator, $20 00. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN DAVIS.—Money Received, $175 35; Money Disbursed, $83 00; Balance on hand, $92 35; Fees of Administrator, $7 00. Estate ready for Distribution.

THOMAS FLANAGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $2,597 00. Money Received, $463 50; Money Disbursed, $571 00; Advanced to the Estate by the Administrator, $107 50. Fees of Administrator, $104 00. Accounts filed and proceedings pending to sell Real Estate, to pay creditors and close Estate.

THOMAS MOORE.—Value of Estate, $43 17; Money Received, $43 17. Money Disbursed, $2 12. Balance on hand, $41 05; Fees of Administrator, $1 72. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

BARTHOLOMEW W. LYNCH.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,500 00; Money Received, $276 00; Money Disbursed, $207 71; Balance on hand, $68 29; Fees of Administrator, $60 00.

CAROLINE M. ROBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,244 00; Money Received, $337 24; Money Disbursed, $139 02; Advanced by Administrator, $101 78; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors.

JOHN LOGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,055 15; Money Received, $965 12; Money Disbursed, $588 35; Balance on hand, $376 80; Fees of Administrator, $38 60. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM LOBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $975 20; Money Received, $975 20; Money Disbursed, $222 50; Balance on hand, $752 70; Fees of Administrator, $39 00. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $32 00; Money Disbursed, $7 00; Balance on hand, $25 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

WILLIAM COWEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $40 00; Money Received, $40 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $38 00; Fees of Administrator, $1 60. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JAMES PEARSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,924 65; Money Received, $1,168 08; Money Disbursed, $1,312 79; Advanced to Estate by Administrator, $144 71; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. Estate in litigation. Real Property claimed adversely to Estate.

ALEXANDER THOMPSON.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $50 00; Money Disbursed, $3 00; Balance on hand, $47 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN BERRY.—Value of Estate, $80 00; Money Received, $80 00; Money Disbursed, $4 20; Balance on hand, $75 80; Fees of Administrator, $3 20. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

ANDRE SOULIER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,462 25; Money Received, $1,462 25; Money Disbursed, $269 74; Balance on hand, $1,192 51; Fees of Administrator, $68 49. Proceedings pending for Distribution to heirs.

NICHOLAS H. WYSE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $4,474 00; Money Received, $473 00; Money Disbursed, $504 65; Advanced by Administrator, $31 65; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. The property of the Estate consists of Real Estate, on which nothing has been realized.

MARY A. GREENWOOD.—Value of Estate, $2,847 69; Money Received, $347 69; Money Disbursed, $392 18; Advanced by Administrator, $44 49; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

JOHN HERON.—Value of Estate, $182 50; Money Received, $132 50; Money Disbursed, $46 00; Balance on hand, $86 50; Fees of Administrator, $7 28.

JAMES IRWIN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $5,893 85; Money Received, $3,945 01; Money Dishursed, $1,849 66; Balance on hand, $2,095 35; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

MORGAN O'ROURKE.—Value of the Estate, $173 10; Money Received, $173 10; Money Disbursed, $78 50; Balance on hand, $94 60; Fees of Administrator, $6 92. Estate ready for Distribution.

DIETRICH NARHWOLD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,721 40; Money Received, $1,748 40; Money Disbursed, $159 75; Balance on hand, $1,588 65; Fees of Administrator, $63 52. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

JOHN S. TIGHE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,493 05; Money Received, $2,492 00; Money Dishursed, $657 53; Balance on hand, $1,834 47; Fees of Administrator, $99 68. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

ESTATES ADMINISTERED UPON AT REQUEST OF WIDOWS, HEIRS, AND OTHERS HAVING THE PRIOR RIGHT TO ADMINISTER.

In the following named Estates, the widows, heirs, and others having the prior right to administer, have specially requested me to administer in their place and stead:

ALEXANDER L. BARNES.—Appraised Value of Estate, $54,373 23; Real Estate, $10,000 00; Personal Property, $44,373 23; Money Received, $40,882 35; Money Disbursed, $39,539 44; Balance on hand, $1,392 91. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

PETER LECARIE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,000 00. No Money or other Property received. Property of Estate claimed by parties adversely to Estate.

GEORGE PECK.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $46,465 13; Real Estate, $34,000 00; Personal Property, $12,465 13; Money Received, $29,383 34; Money Disbursed, $25,859 91; Balance on hand, $3,523 43. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

ELLEN NERAC.—Appraised Value of Estate, $3,256 15; Money Received, $3,256 15; Money Disbursed, $1,710 73; Fees of Administrator, $130 24.

ROSA CALLAGHAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, Personalty, $609 65; Money Received, $609 65; Money Disbursed, $208 00; Balance on hand, $401 65; Fees of Administrator, $24 00. Heirs of Deceased all in this city.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 1.—Appraised Value of Estate, $14,951 03; Money Received, $3,951 65; Money Dishursed, $3,881 22; Balance on hand, $70 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

FRANCIS ESFELD.—No Money received. The Property of Estate consists of a Judgment against the Estate of F. P. Schafer, deceased, for $9,460 28. Nothing has been realized on said Judgment, the Schafer Estate being insolvent, and no payments having been yet made to creditors.

MAURICE HARTNET.—Appraised Value of Estate, $620 00; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, $600 00; Money Received, $34 00; Money Dishursed, $20 50; Balance on hand, $13 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—one year not expired. Son of Deceased in this city.

SAMUEL HINCHCLIFFE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $251 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $251 00; Money Dishursed, $189 50; Balance on hand, $61 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired.

CHRISTIAN RASMOSSIN.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $710 00; Money Disbursed, $562 50; Balance on hand, $147 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Widow residing in this city.

EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $965 87; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $503 00; Money Disbursed, $175 10; Balance on hand, $327 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPHINE M. DUVAL.—Special Administration. Value of Estate, $300 00; Personal Property, all. Special Administration closed and settled. No charge made for Fees of Administrator. Brother of Deceased residing in this city.

STELLA WALLS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $700 00; Money Disbursed, $388 25; Balance on hand, $311 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Sister of Deceased residing in this city.

BERNARD O'CONNELL.—Appraised Value of Estate, $152 99; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $152 99; Money Disbursed, $152 99. No charge for Fees made. Estate closed, and Money paid to widow in this city.

GABRIEL MALDONADO.—Appraised Value of Estate, $12,000 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $8,495 00; Money Dishursed, $8,291 45; Balance on hand, $203 55; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed and settled. Widow of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPH BUTLER.—Special Administration. General Administration petitioned for. Money Received, $340 50; Money Disbursed, $244 00; Balance on hand, $96 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

GEORGE F. WOODWARD.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $956 91; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $35 23; Money Disbursed, $585 34; Balance on hand, $349 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Letters, with Will annexed, issued. Ten months unexpired. Estate unsettled.

AMELIA MOSS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,418 15; Money Received, $2,250 61; Money Disbursed, $1,616 18; Balance on hand, $634 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Annual Account filed.

S. P. GOODALE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,145 00; Money Received, $4,500 00; Money Disbursed, $3,954 00; Balance on hand, $545 17; Fees of Administrator, $180 00. Accounts filed and Estate ready for Distribution. Heirs represented in this city by Messrs. Falkner, Bell & Co.

JAMES C. GARNER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,600 00; Money Received, $200 00; Money Dishursed, $197 00; Balance on hand, $3 00. Fees of Administrator commuted by agreement with widow in this city. Proceedings pending to close Estate.

GEORGE E. PATTERSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,038 60; Money Received, $1,038 60; Money Disbursed, $68 37; Balance on hand, $970 23; Fees of Administrator, $41 32.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION ISSUED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following named Estates, since the rendering of my last report:

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS RICKTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $297 15; Personal Property, $277 15; Real Property, 20 00; Money Received, $194 15; Money Disbursed, $150 26; Balance on hand, $43 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, MARY TROY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, none; Money Received, 20 00; Money Disbursed, $18 00; Balance on hand, $2 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown. Remarks: No other Property received.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD M. DEVANY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $310 00; Real Property, all; Money Received, none; Money Disbursed, $34 00; Advanced by Administrator, $34 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CONSTANT HUBERT.—Nativity of Deceased, France; Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,853 90; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,972 45; Money Disbursed, $601 70; Balance on hand, $1,370 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM FELL.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Personal Property, $317 10; Real Property, none; Money Received, $317 10; Money Disbursed, $317 10; Fees of Administrator, $25 00. Condition of the Estate, closed. Special Administration only had. Estate passed over to G. O'Hara Taaffe, Attorney for heirs.

Name of the Estate, JOHN F. QUAILEY.—Nativity of Deceased, Vermont; Appraised Value of Estate, $577 50; Personal Property, $77 50; Real Property, $500 00; Money Received, $93 50; Money Disbursed, $137 45; Advanced by Administrator, $44 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, OTTO W. BECKMAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $510 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $510 80; Money Disbursed, $179 75; Balance on hand, $331 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES DEGAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $225 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $225 00; Money Disbursed, $187 25; Balance on hand, $37 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS DESMOND.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $454 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $454 60; Money Disbursed, $155 00; Balance on hand, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $299 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Ireland.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES C. FOSTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Maine; Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,620 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $2,620 00; Money Disbursed, $548 90; Balance on hand, $2,071 10; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Maine.

Name of the Estate, F. L. FEHREN.—Nativity of Deceased, Illinois; Appraised Value of Estate, $2,055 97; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $1,165 00; Money Disbursed, $316 96; Balance on hand, $848 04; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Partial Distribution made to widow in Illinois. Residence of heirs, Illinois.

Name of the Estate, ROBERT ADLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of Estate, $609 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $609 60; Money Disbursed, $421 10; Balance on hand, $188 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, L. MULLEN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $26 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $26 75; Balance on hand, $26 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, H. McFADDEN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $12 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $12 00; Money Disbursed, $12 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed, and Money paid over for funeral expenses.

Name of the Estate, HENRY FAGAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $58 25; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $58 25; Money Disbursed, $15 00; Balance on hand, $43 25; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD FITZ MAURICE.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $41 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $41 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $39 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, ANN C. RICHARDSON.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Personal Property, $80 00; Real Property, consisting of a house and lot on Stockton street; Money Received, $80 00, Money Disbursed, $13 50; Balance on hand, $66 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, Special Letters only issued. Application for General Administration contested; case still pending. Residence of heirs, Australia.

Name of the Estate, JOHN McLEAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $19 85; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $19 85; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $19 85; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, GEORGE W. CARPENTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Connecticut; Appraised Value of the Estate, $300 00; Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $72 00; Advanced by Administrator, $72 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, JOHN J. DURGIN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $295 95; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $295 95; Money Disbursed, $52 50; Balance on hand, $243 45; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Massachusetts.

Name of the Estate, THERESA POOLER.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $537 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $537 80; Money Disbursed, $265 03; Balance on hand, $272 77; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, California.

Name of the Estate, THOMAS MERCER.—Nativity of De ceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $4,572 00; Real Property, $4,250 00; Personal Property, $322 00; Money Received, $314 00; Money Disbursed, $304 00. Balance on hand, $10 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, NELSON P. WARLING.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Appraised Value of the Estate, $779 70; Personal Property, all. Money Received, $779 70, Money Disbursed, $263 16. Balance on hand, $516 54; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Denmark.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM BYATT.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Appraised Value of Estate, $475 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $255 50. Money Disbursed, $219 60 Balance on hand, $35 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, HENRY TORREY.—Nativity of Deceased, New York; Appraised Value of the Estate, $510 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $428 75; Money Disbursed, $115 00; Balance on hand, $313 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, M. HORTON.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of Estate, $1,237 65; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,237 65; Money Disbursed, $65 00, Balance on hand, $1,162 65; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, PATRICK RYAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $500 00 Personal Property, all; Money Received, $500 00; Money Disbursed, $404 50. Balance on hand, $95 50, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, FREDERICK MAHLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,200 00, Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $83 68; Advanced by Administrator, $83 68; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, DANIEL SULLIVAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $173 50; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $173 50; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $173 50, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs—brother in this city.

Name of the Estate, GEORGIANA MATHEWS.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $900 00; Personal Property, $93 00; Real Property, $900 00; Money Received, $93 00; Money Disbursed, $120 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs—daughter in this city.

Name of the Estate, G. B. WOOD.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of Estate, $78 75, Personal Property, all; Money Received, $75 00; Money Disbursed, $75 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed. Amount of Estate paid over for funeral and other expenses.

ESTATES UPON WHICH LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION HAVE BEEN ISSUED, BUT NO PROPERTY RECEIVED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following Estates, but no Money or other Property has come into the possession of the Administrator, nor any Fees received thereon. The Property of several Estates consists of claims to land not yet determined:

Robert Dyson, T. B. McManus, John J. Coombs, C. E Trask, Wm. F. Hamilton, Charles S. Norris, Huling Major, Horace Cole, James E. Calhoun, J. W. Phipps, Julia W. Burns.

The foregoing report includes all the Estates administered upon by me during the year ending June 30th, 1866.

As a number of the Estates are still unsettled, the amount of Fees cannot be stated, but the same will, on final settlement, be 4 per cent. upon the amount administered in each Estate.

All of which is respectfully submitted,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
d1 1t Public Administrator.

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Prof. Cohen, * * * *
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CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!
Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.
On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.
Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.
Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.
Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.
The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:
December 31—GOLDEN CITY, Captain J. T. Watkins, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Captain Howes.
Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.
An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.
For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.
☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.
Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.
For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.
OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
EVERY TWENTY DAYS!
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THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch the favorite Steamship
AMERICA.
FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,
From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
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Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship
SANTIAGO,
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.
The MOSES TAYLOR will sail on December 25th.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
NOW IS THE TIME
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.
Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.
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Main street, Petaluma.

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MORN.

PEEPING through her purple bars,
Down an endless street of stars,
Melting all the ingots up,
As her eyes more brightly shine,
Morning, in a crystal cup,
Floats the bubble earth in wine.

From the red lips of the sea,
Out into immensity,
Steals a tongue of green and gold;
Soon to swarm with giddy flies,
When the mighty landscape's rolled
Further to the western skies

Splendor now by splendor quaffed,
Deeper grows at every draught,
Till the monogram of fire—
The round, red halo of the sun—
Fills with flame the heavens entire,
And sweeps all glories into one.

JOSH BILLINGS ON MOSQUITOES.—Mr. Billings thus expresses himself on the mosquitoes. "We are told that thare wa'nt anything made in vain; this is sum so, but I have thought the time spent in manufaktring musketoze wa'nt. How they were put together I never could tell; and there is one commershall peculiarity about the musketer trade, and yet the producshun is not diminished. I kan't understand this, nohow. They are born of poor but industrious parents, and are brought up with great care, under the auspices of some of our best families. They also have consummate courage. I have known a single musketeer to fite a man and his wife awl nite loug, and draw the first blood. It is very easy to kill musketoze, when you can; but in striking them you are very apt tu hit the exact place where they recently was. They are cheerful little cusses, singing as they toil."

PUNCH slanderously says: "The sun is called masculine, from its supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her the wherewithal to shine always as she does of a night, and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars. The moon is called feminine, because she is constantly changing, just like a ship blown about by every wind. The church is feminine, because she is married to the State; and Time is masculine, because he trifles with the ladies."

TOY NOVELTIES.—Several new scientific toys, in Paris, have taken the place of Pharoah's serpents. One is a "rainbow-bubble"—a bubble inside a common soap-bubble. "Japanese fireworks" and "crocodile tears," or "carmes de diable" (devil's tears) are also in the list. The latter blaze when thrown into water.

NATURALISTS have remarked that the squirrel is continually chattiug to his fellow-squirrels in the woods. This, we have every reason to suppose, arises from that animal's love of gossip, as he is notoriously one of the greatest *tail* bearers among his tribe.

A HEROINE.

WHY, they are maidens of heroic toueh,
And yet they seem like things of gossamer
You pinch the life out of, as out of motbs.
O! it is not loud tones and mouthingness,
'Tis not the arms akimbo and large strides,
That makes a woioan's force. The tiniest birds,
With softest downy breasts, have passions in them,
And are brave with love.

THE BEST THINGS.—The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend your heart; to your child, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

SOMEBODY says a baby laughing in its dreams is conversing with angels. Perhaps so—but we have seen them crying in their walking hours as though they were having a spat with the devil.

THE useful encourages itself, for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it; the beautiful must be encouraged, for few can set it forth, and many need it.

WHAT is the difference between an auctiou and sea-sickness? One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansomo street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President

SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM.

FIRST PREPIUM FOR 1864, 1865 and 1866.

538 Washington street, below Montgomery.

ROBERT LIDDLE & CO.,

GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS, and IMPORTERS OF GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS. ☞ Also, Agents for HENRY'S PATENT RIFLE, and WM. GREENER'S celebrated DOUBLE GUNS.

FISHING TACKLE, and all the appurtenances required by Sportsmen, to be found here.

MR. AND MRS. COGILL
AND SONS,

Teachers of Dancing,

CONGRESS HALL,

On Bush-st., adjoinin Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soriees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent.

T. BUCKLEY,
LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,

No. 117 Kearny street, between Sutter and Post,
SAN FRANCISCO.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
For Sale, Trade, or on Let.
Horses taken on Livery by the day, week or month.
STALLS TO LET.

A. KOHLER
HAS NOT SOLD OUT,

But is now opening ont his rich and elegant stock of
MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS,
FANCY GOODS,
TOYS, &c.,
Which he is constantly receiving from Europe and the Atlantic States by every steamer. Now is the time to make selections of
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GOODS.

Traders, Dealers and others, call at the largest and only place on this coast where your orders can be completely filled.

A. KOHLER, Sansome street,
(Extending from Clay to Commercial street,
San Francisco, Cal.

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, AND FOR THE RELIEF OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE.

SO wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other Expectorant is too apparent to escape observation and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this having gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

We can only assure the public, that its quality is carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.

Great numbers of clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our remedies, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the complaints they cure.

Those who require an *alterative medicine* to purify the blood will find AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA the remedy to use. Try it once, and you will know its value.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure, but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S
Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MARTHA WASHINGTON
HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.
REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON & CO.'S
Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND
IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.
2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.
3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.
4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.
5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.
6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.
7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.
9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.
10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

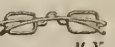
SAN FRANCISCO.

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT!

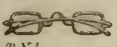
By purchasing perfect SPECTACLES, exactly suited to your eyes, from

C. MULLER, Optician,

205 MONTGOMERY STREET—RUSS HOUSE BLOCK.



SPECTACLES



MY OWN SPECIALTY!

From constant observation of the Human Eye, I have obtained a thorough knowledge of this most valuable organ. I am enabled to discern, in the majority of cases, from a mere inspection of the pupil, whether or not Glasses can be of any benefit for the Eye, or the exact focus required to enable the wearer to pursue the most minute employment with an ordinary amount of light, without causing that weakness or fatigue to the organ usually complained of.

C. MULLER, OPTICIAN,
No. 205 Montgomery street, Russ House Block.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch the favorite Steamship

AMERICA,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,
From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1866,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship
SANTIAGO,
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The MOSES TAYLOR will sail on December 25th.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

Lundborg, Dentist, 519 Montgomery St.

MME. ROLLA,

HAVING JUST ARRIVED FROM NEW YORK, HAS opened, at her Show Room, No. 216 Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, the latest style of BONNETS, DRESS CAPS and MILLINERY GOODS, direct from Paris and New York.

MME. ROLLA would be pleased to see all her old friends and patrons at her new place of business.

TRUMP & BRADY,

No. 615 Market street,

In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,

STEAM AND GAS FITTING,

PLUMBING, Etc.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine) Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (inepient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Dropsy, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OAKTOISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain* cure,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"

NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Fifteenth Year (1866,) *in SAN FRANCISCO.*

Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

Apply for Baths from SEVEN o'clock, morning, until SEVEN o'clock evening. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid day repast. *As a bath for the healthy perfectly luxurious!* and to PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED. a22 3m

PIANOS RENTED

FROM $5 TO $10 PER MONTH at A. KOHLER'S, No. 424 Sansome street. s1 3m

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations	25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility* and Nervousness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 28	cures *Seminal Emissions* and Debility	1 00
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book	$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book	8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book	6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 Battery street, corner of Clay, San Francisco

Notices to Creditors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF JAMES PRATT, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of James Pratt, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of James Pratt, deceased.
Novembo. 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB COON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Coon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Coon, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF DANIEL BUTLER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Daniel Butler, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Butler, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN McQUADE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John McQuade, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of John McQuade, deceased.
November 20th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF OSCAR E. EHLE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Oscar E. Ehle, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Oscar E. Ehle, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB LOURENS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Lourens, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Lourens, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY CASSIDY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary Cassidy, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Cassidy, deceased.
November 19th 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM O. NEIL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of William O. Neil, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of William O. Neil, deceased.
Dated November 15th, 1866.
no17-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF GEORGE HASTINGS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE HASTINGS, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of George Hastings, deceased.
Dated November 15th, 1866.
no17 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the Estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.

It appearing to the Court, by the petition presented and filed, October 23d, A. D. 1866, by Thomas Courtis, the Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order to sell Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the debt outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 24th day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M. of the said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the whole of the Real Estate of deceased, as prayed for in said petition; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated November 23d, A. D. 1866.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco,

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND FIVE-CENT STAMP, CANCELED.]
F. A. FABENS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. n24-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of SAMUEL P. GOODALE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid: and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A.M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 16th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this sixteenth day of November, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Seal and stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. F FINN, Esq., Attorney for Administrator. no17-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, *vs.* PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LEICHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

DANIEL O'NEIL, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN CHAPMAN ET AL, Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOHN CHAPMAN, M. LAUFENBERGER, and MARGARET BAUSCH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, a copy of which accompanies this Summons, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; if served out of this county, but within this Judicial district, within twenty days or if served out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage, described in the complaint, and executed by the said John Chapman on the first day of May, A. D. 1866, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note of even date therewith, made and executed by the said Defendant Chapman, whereby he promised to pay to the Plaintiff the sum of two thousand dollars in gold coin of the United States, three years from the date of the said note, with interest thereon at the rate of one per cent. per month, payable quarterly in gold coin, that is to say, at the end of every three months: and in case default be made in the payment of the said interest, or any part thereof, when the same becomes due, then the whole of the said principal and interest shall be due; that the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment, in United States gold coin, of said sum of $2,000, with interest thereon according to the terms of said note, and the costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said John Chapman for the balance remaining due, and also that the said Defendant, and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.

And if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the Plaintiff will take default against you, and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District, this second day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk

By G. C. LEICHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL AND STAMP CANCELED.] n10 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, Elizabeth A. Waller, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated November 3d, 1866.

ELIZABETH A. WALLER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Royal H. Waller, deceased. no3 6t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY KEENAN, THOMAS KEENAN, and JOHN PETER KEENAN, minors.

Order to show cause on application of Guardian for order of sale of Real Estate.

It appearing to this Court, from the petition this day presented and filed by THOMAS BREEZE, the Guardian of MARY KEENAN, THOMAS KEENAN, and JOHN PETER KEENAN, minors, praying for an order of sale of certain Real Estate belonging to his said wards, that it is necessary and for the benefit of said minors that such Real Estate should be sold,

It is hereby ordered, That the next of kin of the said wards, and all persons interested in the said Estate, appear before this Court on MONDAY, the third day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the Court-room of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such Estate.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks, before the said day of hearing, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated November 1st, 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Guardian. no3 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M PRINCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LEICHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELLED.]
D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco —In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.

Order of publication on application for order of sale.

On reading and filing the petition of John S. Bughee, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the said Estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts;

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the tenth day of December, 1866, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such expenses of administration.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four successive weeks, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the City and County aforesaid.

Dated November 9th, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco. I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this ninth day of November, A. D. 1866.

Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
n 10 5t

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Miss Alice Kingsbury's

LAST MATINEE,

THE MARBLE HEART.

SATURDAY EVENING—

LAST APPEARANCE OF MISS KINGSBURY.

Othello.

Desdemonia, - - - - - -	Alice Kingsbury
Othello, - - - - - - -	Mr. Henry Edwards
Iago, - - - - - - - -	Mr. McCullough
Emelia, - - - - - - -	Mrs. Jackson

MONDAY EVENING—

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Supported by Mr. Henry Edwards, the Misses Corcoran, and an ENTIRELY NEW STOCK COMPANY.

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Parquet, - - - - - - - - -	50
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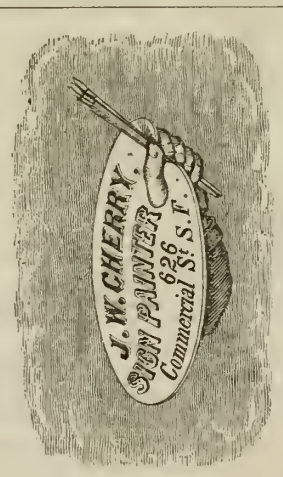

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

NOTICE.

MRS. LAURA CUPPY, having concluded her engagement with the Trustees of the Friends of Progress, will, during the coming winter, deliver her SUNDAY LECTURES at MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE, commencing NEXT SUNDAY EVENING, at 7 1-2 P. M., her subject being "The Mission of the Drama" The public are respectfully invited to attend. ADMISSION FREE.

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Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

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LIST OF LATE PUBLICATIONS

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Treasures of Milton's Prose.
Doctor Austin's Guests. By Wm. Gilbert. 2 vols.
Tytler's History of Scotland. 4 vols.
Wells' New Physiognomy.
Men of History. By Eminent Writers.
Prince's Orthopedics. 8vo, clot'.
A Yankee in Canada. By Henry D. Thoreau.
Bound to the Wheel. A Novel. By John Saunders.
Memorial Discourses. By Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D.
The Awakening of Italy and the Crisis of Rome. By Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL. D.
Bontwell's Tax-Payer's Manual. 8vo, cloth.
Cotton Cultivation. Madras vs. America. By J. T. Wheeler.
Master and Scholar, etc. etc. By E. H. Plumptre, M. A.
Becker's Gallus. New Edition. 12mo.
Becker's Charicles. New Edition. 12mo.
Discipline. A Novel. By Mary Brunton.
Vox Ecclesia. 12mo, cloth.
The Poems of Thomas Kibble Hervey. Blue and gold
Epidemic Cholera. By J. G. Webster, M. D.
Days of Yore. By Sarah Tytler. 2 vols.
Discourses of Redemption. By Rev. Stuart Robinson.
The Prophet Jonah. By Rev. H. Martin.
Vignettes. Twelve Biographical Sketches. By B. R. Parkes.
Mount Calvary. By Mathew Hale Smith.
Helen Courtenay's Promise. By the Author of "Vernon Grove."
Pastimes with My Little Friends. By M. H. B. Bennett.
Four Years of Fighting. By C. C. Coffin.
History of Julius Cæsar. Vol. 2. In French.
Taxation. By Sir G. Morton Peto. Bart.
Battle Pieces and Aspects of the War. By H. Melville.
The Home Life. By James Brown, B. A.
The Contemporary Review. Vol. 1, January to April, 1866.
Elements of International Law. By Major-General Halleck.
In Vinculis; or, The Prisoner of War. By A. M. Keiley.
Felix Holt, the Radical. By George Eliot, Author of "Adam Bede," etc.
Royal Truths. By Henry Ward Beecher.
Kennedy's Works. New Edition. Complete, 6 vols.
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The Magic Mirror. By Wm. Gilbert.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY A. WALSH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of Crane & Boyd, attorney at law, in the city and county of San Francisco.

ADELAIDE WALSH,
Administratrix of Estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased.
San Francisco, November 27th, 1866
CRANE & BOYD, Attorneys, S. W. corner Clay and Montgomery streets.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM F. HAMILTON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of William F. Hamilton, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of Estate of William F. Hamilton, deceased.
December 1st, 1866. d1 6t

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Russ House Block,

San Francisco.

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ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866,

AT 12 O'CLOCK,

—BY—

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POMPEIAN MUSEUM,

CONSERVATORIES, AND

ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,

On Mission and Valencia streets.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.

☞ An addition of TWENTY FIVE WILD ANIMALS has just been made to the Zoological department.☜

NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.

The TREES AND SHRUBBERY are classified and named.

ADMISSION TO ALL PARTS OF THE GARDEN,.....25 CENTS.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars. Also, by Montgomery and Mission Omnibuses.

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S. ROSENBLATT'S, opposite the Occidental Hotel, is the only Store where GENUINE FRENCH CASHMERE BROCHE SHAWLS are sold. Beware of self-styled manufacturers.
Broche Shawls at $25, as good as sold elsewhere at $50
Broche Shawls at $40, as good as sold elsewhere at $80.
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All my other goods reduced in price.

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1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

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With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

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Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....	$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866.....	154,824 57
Total Assets.....	$654,824 57

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Up Stairs, opposite the Lick House.

Will open on TUESDAY, October 16th, her recent importation of the latest styles and richest PARISIAN MILLINERY, carefully selected by her resident agent in Paris, and will continue to receive by every steamer additions to her stock, consisting of the very latest styles of BONNETS, a fine assortment of rich qualities and rare colors, VELVETS, SILKS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, ORNAMENTS, etc

M'LLE PICOT will be pleased to see her numerous patrons, and guarantees to exhibit only the choicest and latest styles of goods.

MEYER & JONASSON'S,

THE LARGEST

CLOAK HOUSE

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

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Silk, Cloth, & Velvet

CLOAKS!

☞Which we are selling at prices to suit all.☜

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PIANOS!

AT

AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

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New styles, with Automatic Bellows Swell, at warerooms of agent.

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No. 424 Sansome street.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 3.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

A Bunch of Quays, by Charles Dickens; A Fireside Story—Told by the Poker; On the Trail. "Black Sheep;" The Virtue of Luxury; An Unfortunate City; "Lion's Mouth." Mrs. Woxeackle; A Very Quiet Joke; A Ferocious Assault on Captain Jaggers; Local Literature; The Supervisors vs. The Dogs; The "Wonder of the Century;" Local Art Items; Correspondence; Amusements, Etc.

LOCAL ART ITEMS.

THE name of Thomas Nast is one well known to all readers of the New York illustrated papers published during the last five or six years; and among them he has acquired the reputation of being the best of the many delineators of the stirring and effective scenes of the camp, the march and the battle. It had never before been our pleasure to view a painting from the brush of this young artist, and although an admirer of his spirited drawings—poorly engraved and hastily printed as many of them were—we were rather unprepared for the pleasure we had in viewing his late work of "Sherman's march through Georgia," now on exhibition at Snow and Roos' Gallery.

The painting, although not one destined to take a very high rank as a work of art, is possessed of much merit. For a display of the artist's peculiar powers the subject could not have been more happily chosen. It represents an incident merely of the triumphal march to the sea: the halting of a portion of the army on the plantation of some Southern lord, who is evidently at the wars, while the haughty dames of his family are left alone to do the honors of the house. The disdain and contempt shown in their reception of our brave "boys in blue;" the dignified manliness exhibited by the officers in communication with them; the reckless independence and utter disregard of the open but ineffective treason manifested by the privates; the grateful devotion, amusing obsequiousness and eager curiosity displayed by the emancipated slaves; and the prevailing enthusiasm and excitement of a patriotic soldiery, are faithfully and effectively rendered.

The chief merit of the picture lies, however, in the admirable grouping. Indeed, the painting is made up of many striking groups, either of which is complete in itself. Several of the figures, particularly those in the foreground, are drawn with spirit and fidelity. The accessories are tolerably well managed, and the general effect is pleasing. An element of comicality, not too sparingly introduced, pervades the whole, keeping out with interest what the picture lacks in imagination. Altogether, the work is one of which the artist may feel proud, and in which the public will find much profit and satisfaction. As the initiatory movement toward the display in this city of paintings that have received just praise in the East, and as tending to the gratification of the desire of the community, we earnestly hope for the success of the exhibition.

In connection with this picture are to be seen, with the advantage of an improved light, many excellent works that have long lain neglected in the darkness of the inner gallery.

ASTRÆA.

A "GREAT" PICTURE.—Bierstadt is said to be engaged upon a picture of such dimensions that he is obliged to use a ladder and scaffolding while working on it, like a man painting the side of a house. The subject is Yo-Semite, being a view up the valley looking through a stupendous gorge toward pale blue mountains in the far distance. The perspective is spoken of as something quite wonderful, and the picture, as conveying "an idea of grandeur and sublimity which has rarely been attained in color." A New York paper further says in regard to what Bierstadt is doing: "He also has a striking little picture in his studio of the Hudson River, as seen from the windows of his house, with no traces of cultivation to mar the beauty of the scene as the artist imagines it to have appeared a century ago. His new house is a curious affair, built of blue stone and surmounted by a wooden cupola. The whole north side appears to be intended for the studio, which is a grand hall, thirty feet high."

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES,

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

SUMMARY OF PUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "BLACK SHEEP."—George Dallas, the black sheep of the family, an only son and spendthrift, walks down from London to "Poynings,"—the Carruthers' country seat—to seek an interview with his mother—now Mrs. Carruthers, "wife of the rich, respectable old Carruthers," who had forbidden him the house—to obtain money from her to meet pressing difficulties. He arrives on the night of a party; climbs up into the room of his old nurse, Mrs. Brookes, and obtains there a stolen interview with his mother, which results in his obtaining a ten-pound note, and a promise that she will forward him, within one month, a hundred and forty pounds, to meet a note of indebtedness to one Routh, a friend and associate. After an interview of half an hour he leaves for the adjacent village of Amherst, where he passes the night. In the morning he changes the note, which bears a date and the post-mark of Amherst, to purchase an overcoat, and departs for London. In London, at the house of Stewart Routh, a gentlemanly gambler and adventurer of good accomplishments and address, the reader is introduced to his wife Harriet, commonly addressed by Routh as "Harry,"—a woman of rare mental qualifications and quick appreciation, thoroughly devoted to her husband, his counselor in all his schemes, and a most efficient aid in his precarious mode of living.

One Deane, an American, a cool, sharp, "posted" man, with abundant means, is also introduced, whose cleverness is even too much for the designs of Routh and his wife. George Dallas receives a letter from his mother, who writes him that the one hundred and forty pounds, obtained by a great risk and almost criminal sacrifice, will be given to him by her in person at Amherst. He informs Routh of the import of his mother's letter. Routh, meanwhile, is organizing a company for working some newly discovered silver mines in Brazil, which promises to be "a big thing," but is badly in want of funds to successfully launch his scheme; when he learns from Deane that he is to receive for some stock transaction three thousand pounds, which sum Deane proposes to keep in his desk for a few days until wanted; and, in celebration of the event, he invites Routh and Dallas to dine with him at a fashionable restaurant on the same evening. Routh tells his wife that he must have Deane's money "one way or another." The dinner comes off, but Routh is not present.

George Dallas again visits Amherst under his author-name of "Paul Ward," to receive from his mother the money she promised him; when he learns from her lips that she has secretly sent her diamonds to Paris to be imitated, with the object of pledging the genuine ones as the only available means of obtaining the amount. The jewelry failing to arrive, his mother requests him to stop at Amherst for a few days to await its arrival. While sketching a private park, "The Sycamores," a chance acquaintance is brought about—which rapidly ripens into mutual though unavowed feelings of affection between Miss Clare Carruthers, a beautiful young lady of nineteen, the favorite niece and heir of the rich Capel Carruthers—Dallas' father-in-law—and our hero; known only to Miss Carruthers as "Paul Ward," the author. After receiving the bracelet from his mother, George Dallas returns to London, arriving late in the evening. He immediately goes to visit Routh at his residence, and not finding him in shows Harriet the bracelet, proposing to dispose of it the next morning, and pay his indebtedness to Routh.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

DISPOSED OF.

"I DID not expect to have to stay at Amherst, so I took no clothes with me," he explained, "and had to buy a shirt and a pair of stockings for Sunday, so as not to scandalise the natives. Rather an odd place to replenish one's wardrobe, by-the-by."

Harriet looked sharply at the coat, and, passing the chair on which it lay on her way to her own, felt its texture with a furtive touch. Then she sat down, gave Dallas wine, and once more fell to examining the bracelet. It might have occurred to any other man in George's position that it was rather an odd proceeding on the part of Mrs. Routh to keep him there at so late an hour with no apparent purpose, and without any expressed expectation of Routh's return; but George seldom troubled himself with reflections upon anybody's conduct, and invariably followed Harriet's lead without thinking about it at all. Recent events had shaken Routh's influence, and changed the young man's views and tastes; but Harriet still occupied her former place in his regard and in his habit of life, which in such cases as his signifies much. With a confidential air she now talked to him, her busy fingers twisting the bracelet as she spoke, her pale face turned to him, but her eyes somewhat averted. She told him that Routh had been surprised and annoyed at his (Dallas) being so long away from town, and had written to him to tell him that he had been so pressed for money, so worried by duns, and so hampered by the slow proceedings of the company connected with the new speculation, that he had been obliged to go away, and must keep away, until Dallas could let him have one hundred and forty pounds. George was concerned to hear all this, and found it hard to reconcile with the good spirits in which Routh had been when he had seen him last; but he really knew so little of the man's affairs beyond having a general notion that they were hopelessly complicated, and subject to volcanic action of an utterly disconcerting nature, that he regarded his own surprise as unreasonable, and forbore to express it.

"It is of the utmost importance to Stewart to have the money at once," Harriet continued. "You see that yourself; he told you all in his letter."

"Very extraordinary it should have been lost! Directed to P. O., Amherst, of course? I wish I had got it, Mrs. Routh; I'd have gone at once and sold the bracelet before I came to you at all, and brought the money. But I can do it early in the morning, can't I? I can take it to some good jeweller and get cash for it, and be here by twelve o'clock, so as not to keep Routh a moment longer than I need in suspense. Will a hundred and forty square him for the present, Mrs. Routh? I'm sure to get more for the bracelet—don't you think so?—and of course he can have it all, if he wants it."

The young man spoke in an eager tone, and the woman listened with a swelling heart. Her full red lip trembled for a passing instant—consideration for—kindness for the only human creature she loved touched Harriet as nothing besides had power to touch her.

"I am sure the bracelet is worth more than that sum," she said; "it is worth more than two hundred pounds, I dare say. But you forget, Mr. Dallas, that you must not be too precipitate in this matter. It is of immense importance to Stewart to have this money, but there are precautions to be taken."

"Precautions, Mrs. Routh! what precautions? The bracelet's my own, isn't it, and principally valuable because there's no bother about selling a thing of the kind?"

She looked at him keenly; she was calculating to what extent she might manage him, how far he would implicitly believe her statements, and rely upon her judgment. His countenance was eminently re-assuring, so she went on:

"Certainly the bracelet is your own, and it could be easily sold, were you only to consider yourself, but you have your mother to consider."

"My mother! How? when she parted with the bracelet on purpose."

"True," said Harriet; "but perhaps you are not aware that diamonds, of anything like the value of these, are as well known, their owners, buyers, and whereabouts, as blood horses, their pedigrees, and purchasers. I think it would be unsafe for you to sell this bracelet in London; you may be sure that the diamonds would be known by any jeweller on whose respectability you could sufficiently rely to sell the jewels to him. It would be very unpleasant, and of course very dangerous to your mother, if the diamonds were known to be those purchased by Mr. Carruthers, and a cautious jeweller thought proper to ask him any questions."

George looked grave and troubled as Harriet put these objections to his doing as he had proposed, for the immediate relief of Routh, clearly before him. He never for a moment doubted the accuracy of her information and the soundness of her fears.

"I understand," he said; "but what can I do? I must sell the bracelet to get the money, and sooner or later will make no difference in the risk you speak of; but it may make all the difference to Routh. I can't, I won't delay in this matter;

don't ask me, Mrs. Routh. It is very generous of you to think of my risk, but——"

"It is not you risk," she interrupted him by saying—"it is your mother's. If it were your own I might let you take it, for Stewart's sake"—an indefinable compassion was in the woman's face, an unwonted softness in her blue eyes—"but your mother has done and suffered much for you, and she must be protected even if Stewart has to lie hidden a day or two longer. You must not do anything rash. I think I know what would be the best thing for you to do."

"Tell me, Mrs. Routh," said George, who highly appreciated the delicate consideration for his mother which inspired Harriet's misgivings. "Tell me, and whatever it is I will do it."

"It is this," said Harriet: "I know there is a large trade in diamonds at Amsterdam, and that the merchants there, chiefly Jews, deal in the loose stones, and are not, in our sense, jewelers. You could dispose of the diamonds there without suspicion or difficulty; it is the common resort of people who have diamonds to sell—London is not. If you would go there at once you might sell the diamonds and send the money to Stewart, or rather to me, to an address we would decide upon, without more than the delay of a couple of days. Is there anything to keep you in town?"

"No," said George, "nothing. I could start this minute, as far as any business I've got to do is concerned."

Harriet drew a long breath, and her color rose.

"I wish you would, Mr. Dallas," she said, earnestly. "I hardly like to urge you, it seems so selfish; and Stewart, if he were here, would make so much lighter of the difficulty he is in than I can bring myself to do, but you don't know how grateful I should be if you would."

The pleading earnestness of her tone, the eager entreaty in her eyes, impressed George painfully; he hastened to assure her that he would accede to any request of hers.

"I am so wretched when he is away from me, Mr. Dallas," said Harriet; "I am so lonely and full of dread. Anything not involving you or your mother in risk, which would shorten the time of his absence, would be an unspeakable boon to me."

"Then of course I will go at one, Mrs Routh," said George. "I will go to-morrow. I am sure you are quite right, and Amsterdam's the place to do the trick at. I wish I could have seen Routh first, for a moment; but as I can't, I can't. Let me see. Amsterdam. There's a boat for Rotterdam by the river, and—oh, by Jove! here's a Bradshaw—let's see when the next goes."

He walked to the little sideboard, and selected the above-named compendium of useful knowledge from a mass of periodicals, circulars, bills, and prospectuses of companies immediately to be brought out, and offering unheard-of advantages to the inventors.

The moment his eyes were turned away from her a fierce impatience betrayed itself in Harriet's face, and as he sat slowly turning over the sibylline leaves, and consulting the incomprehensible and maddening index, she pressed her clasped hands against her knees, as though it were almost impossible to resist the impulse which prompted her to tear the book from his dilatory fingers.

"Here it is," said George at length, "and uncommonly cheap, too. The *Argus* for Rotterdam, seven A. M. That's rather early, though, isn't it? To-morrow morning, too, or rather this morning, for it's close upon one now. Let's see when the *Argus*, or some other boat, goes next. H'm; not till Thursday at the same hour. That's rather far off."

Harriet was breathing quickly, and her face was quite white, but she sat still and controlled her agony of anxiety. "I have urged him as strongly as I dare," she thought; "fate must do the rest."

Fate did the rest.

"After all, I may as well go at seven in the morning, Mrs. Routh. All my things are packed up already, and it will give me a good start. I might get my business done before Wednesday night, almost, if I'm quick about it; at all events, early the following day."

"You might, indeed," said Harriet, in a faint voice.

"There's one little drawback, though, to that scheme," said Dallas. "I haven't the money. They owe me a trifle at the *Mercury*, and I shall have to wait till to-morrow and get it, and go by Ostend, the swell route. I can't go without it, that's clear."

Harriet looked at him with a wan blank face, in which there was something of weariness, and under it something of menace, but her tone was quite amiable and obliging as she said:

"I think it is a pity to incur both delay and expense by waiting. I have always a little ready money by me, in case of our having to make a move suddenly, or of an illness, or one of the many contingencies which men never think of, and women never forget. You can have it with pleasure. You can return it to me," she said, with a forced smile, "when you send Routh the hundred and forty."

"Thank you," said Dallas. "I shan't mind taking it from you for a day or two, as it is to send help to Routh the sooner. Then I'll go, that's settled, and I had better leave you, for you were tired when I came in, and you must be still more tired now. I shall get back from Amsterdam as quickly as I can, tell Routh, but I see my way to making a few pounds out of the place. They want padding at the *Mercury*, and I shan't come back by return of post." He had risen now, and had extended his hand towards the bracelet, which lay in its open case on the table.

A sudden thought struck Harriet.

"Stop," she said; "I don't think it would do to offer this bracelet in its present shape, anywhere. The form and the setting are too remarkable. It would probably be re-sold entire, and it is impossible to say what harm might come of its being recognized. It must be taken to pieces, and you must offer the diamonds separately for sale. It will make no appreciable difference in the money you will receive, for such work as this is like book-binding—dear to buy, but never counted in the price when you want to sell."

"What am I to do, then?" asked George, in a dismayed tone. "I could not take out the diamonds, you know: they are firmly set—see here." He turned the gold band inside out, and showed her the plain flat surface at the back of the diamonds and turquoises.

"Wait a moment," said Harriet. "I think I can assist you in this respect. Do you study the bracelet a bit until I come to you."

She left the room, and remained away for a little time. Dallas stood close by the table, having lowered the gas-burners, and by their light he closely inspected the rivets, the fastenings, and the general form of the splendid ornament he was so anxious to get rid of, idly thinking how well it must have looked on his mother's still beautiful arm, and wondering whether she was likely soon to be obliged to wear the counterfeit. His back was turned to the door by which Harriet had left the room, so that, when she came softly to the aperture again, he did not perceive her. She carefully noted his attitude, and glided softly in, carrying several small implements in her right hand, and in her left held cautiously behind her back a coat, which she dexterously dropped upon the floor quite unperceived by Dallas, behind the chair on which he had thrown his. She then went up to the table, and showed him a small pair of nippers, a pair of scissors of peculiar form, and a little implement, with which she told him workers in jewelry loosened stones in their setting, and punched them out. Dallas looked with some surprise at the collection, regarding them as unusual items of a lady's paraphernalia, and said, gaily:

"You are truly a woman of resources, Mrs. Routh. Who would ever have thought of your having all those things ready at a moment's notice?"

Harriet made no reply, but she could not quite conceal the disconcerting effect of his words.

"If I have made a blunder in this," she thought, "it is a serious one, but I have more to do, and must not think yet."

She sat down, cleared a space on the table, placed the bracelet and the little tools before her, and set to work at once at her task of demolition. It was a long one, and the sight was pitiful as she placed jewel after jewel carefully in a small box before her, and proceeded to loosen one after another. Sometimes George took the bracelet from her and aided her, but the greater part of the work was done by her. The face bent over the disfigured gold and maltreated gems was a remarkable one in its mingled expression of intentness and absence; her will was animating her fingers in their task, but her mind, her fancy, her memory, were away, and, to judge by the rigidity of the cheeks and lips, the unrelaxed tension of the low white brow, on no pleasing excursion. The pair worked on in silence, only broken occasionally by a word from George, expressive of admiration for her dexterity and the celerity with which she detached the jewels from the gold setting. At length all was done—the golden band, limp and scratched, was a mere commonplace piece of goldsmith's work—the diamonds lay in their box in a shining heap, the discarded turquoises on the table; all was done.

"What shall we do with these things?" asked George. "They are not worth selling—at least not now—but I think the blue things might make up pretty with the gold again. Will you keep them, Mrs. Routh? and some day, when I am better off, I'll have them set for you, in remembrance of this night in particular, and of all your goodness to me in general."

He was looking at the broken gold and the turquoises, thinking how trumpery they looked now—not at her. Fortunately not at her, for if he had seen her face he must have known—even he, unsuspicious as he was—that she was shaken by some inexplicably powerful feeling. The dark blood rushed into her face, dispersed itself over her fair throat in blotches, and made a sudden dreadful tingling in her ears For a minute she did not reply, and then Dallas did look at her, but the agony had passed over her.

"No—no," she said; "the gold is valuable, and the turquoises as much so as they can be for their size. You must keep them for a rainy day."

"I'm likely to see many," said George, with half a smile and half a sigh, "but I don't think I'll ever use these things to keep me from the pelting of the pitiless shower. If you won't keep them for yourself, Mrs. Routh, perhaps you'll keep them for me until I return."

"Oh yes," said Harriet, "I will keep them. I will lock them up in my desk; you will know where to find them."

She drew the desk towards her as she spoke, took out of it a piece of paper, without seeing that one side had some writing upon it, swept the scattered turquoises into the sheet, then folded a gold band in a second, placed both in a large blue envelope, with the device of Routh's last new company scheme upon it, and sealed the parcel over the wafer.

"Write your name on it," she said to George, who took up a pen and obeyed her. She opened a drawer at the side of the desk, and put away the little parcel quite at the back. Then she took from the same drawer seven sovereigns, which George said would be as much as he would require for the present, and which he carefully stowed away in his pocket-book. Then he sat down at the desk, and playfully wrote an I O U for the amount.

"That's business-like," said George, smiling, but the smile by which she replied was so wan and weary, that George again commented on her fatigue, and began to take leave of her.

"I'm off, then" he said, "and you won't forget to tell Routh how much I wanted to see him. Among other things to tell him—However, I suppose he has seen Deane since I have been away?"

Harriet was occupied in turning down the gasburner by which she had just lighted the candle again. She now said:

"How stupid I am! as if I couldn't have lighted you to the door first, and put the gas out afterwards! The truth is, I am so tired; I'm quite stupefied. What did you say, Mr. Dallas? There, I've knocked your coat off the chair; here it is, however. You asked me something, I think?"

George took the coat she held from her, hung it over his arm, felt for his hat (the room being lighted only by the feeble candle) and repeated his words:

"Routh has seen Deane, of course, since I've been away?"

"No," Harriet replied, with distinctness, "he has not—he has not."

"Indeed," said George. "I am surprised at that. But Deane was huffed, I remember, on Thursday, when Routh broke his engagement to dine with him, and said it must depend on whether he was in the humor to meet him the next day, as Routh asked him to do. So I suppose he wasn't in the humor, eh? And now he'll be huffed with me, but I can't help it."

"Why?" asked Harriet; and she spoke the single word with a strange effort, and a painful dryness of the throat.

"Because I promised to give him his revenge at billiards. I won ten pounds from him that night, and uncommonly lucky it was for me; it enabled me to get away from my horrible old shrew of a landlady, and, indeed, indirectly it enables me to start in this business to-morrow."

"How?" said Harriet. Again she spoke but one word, and again with difficulty and a dryness in the throat. She set down the candle, and leaned against the table, while George stood between her and the door, his coat over his arm.

"You didn't notice that I told you I was all packed up and ready to go. It happened luckily, didn't it?" And then George told his listener how he had paid his landlady, and removed his modest belongings on the previous Friday morning to a coffee-house, close to the river, too. "By Jove! I'm in luck's way, it seems," he said; "so I shall merely go and sleep there, and take my traps on board the *Argus*. I have only such clothes as I shall want, no matter where I am," he said. "They'll keep the trunk with my books until I come back, and Deane must wait for his revenge with the balls and cues for the same auspicious occasion. Let's hope he'll be in a better temper, and have forgiven Routh. He was awfully riled at his note on thursday evening."

"Did—did you see it?" asked Harriet; and, as she spoke, she leaned still more heavily against the the table.

"No," replied Dallas, "I did not; but Deane told me Routh asked him to meet him the next day. He didn't, it seems."

"No," said Harriet; "and Stewart is very much annoyed about it. Mr. Deane owed him money, and he asked him for some in that note."

"Indeed," said George; "he could have paid him, then. I happen to know. He had a lot of gold and notes with him. The tenner he lost to me he paid in a note, and he changed a fiver to pay for our dinner, and he was bragging and bouncing the whole time about the money he had about him, and what he would, and what he would not, do with it. So it was sheer spite made him neglect to pay Routh, and I hope he'll dun him again. The idea of Routh being in the hole he's in, and a fellow like that owing him money. How much is it, Mrs. Routh?"

"I—I don't know," said Harriet.

"There, I'm keeping you talking still. I am the most thoughtless fellow." It never occurred to George that she had kept him until she had learned what she wanted to know. "Good-by, Mrs. Routh, good-by."

She had passed him, the candle in her hand, and this farewell was uttered in the hall. He held out his hand; she hesi

tated for a moment, and then gave him hers. He pressed it fervently; it was deadly cold.

"Don't stay in the chill air," he said; "you are shivering now."

Then he went away with a light cheerful step.

Harriet Routh stood quite still, as he had left her, for one full minute; then she hurried into the sitting-room, shut the door, dropped on her knees before a chair, and ground her face fiercely against her arms. There she knelt, not sobbing, not weeping, but shuddering—shuddering with the quick terrible iteration of mortal agony of spirit, acting on an exhausted frame. After a while she rose, and then her face was dreadful to look upon, in its white fixed despair.

"If I have saved him," she said, as she sat wearily down by the table again, and once more leaned her face upon her hands—"if I have saved him! It may be there is a chance; at all events, there is a chance. How wonderful, how inconceivably wonderful that he should not have heard of it! The very stones of the street seem to cry it out, and he knows nothing. If anything should prevent his going? But no; nothing will, nothing *can*. This was the awful danger—this was the certain, the inevitable risk; if I have averted it, if I have saved him, for the time!"

The chill of coming dawn struck cold to her limbs, the sickness of long watching, of fear, and of sleeplessness was at her heart, but Harriet Routh did not lie down on her bed all that dreadful night. Terrible fatigue weighed down her eyelids, and made her flesh tremble and quiver over the aching bones.

"I must not sleep—I should not wake in time," she said, as she forced herself to rise from her chair, and paced the narrow room, when the sudden numbness of sleep threatened to fall upon her. "I have something to do."

Dawn came, then sunrise, then the sounds, the stir of morning. Then Harriet bathed her face in cold water, and looked in her toilet-glass at her haggard features. The image was not reassuring; but she only smiled a bitter smile, and made a mocking gesture with her hand.

"Never any more," she murmured—"never any more."

The morning was cold and raw, but Harriet heeded it not. She glanced out of the window of her bedroom before she left it, wearing her bonnet and shawl, and closely veiled. Then she closed the shutters, locked the door, withdrew the key, and came into the sitting-room. She went to a chair and took up a coat which lay at the back of it; then she looked round for a moment as if in search of something. Her eye lighted on a small but heavy square of black marble which lay on the writing-table, and served as a paper-press. She then spread the coat on the table, placed the square of marble on it, and rolled it tightly round the heavy centre, folding and pressing the parcel into the smallest possible dimensions. This done, she tied it tightly with a strong cord, and, concealing it under her shawl, went swiftly out of the house. No one saw her issue from the grim, gloomy door—the neighboring housemaids had not commenced their matutinal task of door-step cleaning, alleviated by gossip—and she went away down the street, completely unobserved. Went away, with her head down, her face hidden, with a quick, steady step, and an unfaltering purpose. There were not many wayfarers abroad in the street, and of those she saw none, and was remarked by only one.

Harriet Routh took her way towards the river, and reached Westminster bridge as the clock in the great tour of the new palace marked half-past six. All was quiet. A few of the laggards of the working classes were straggling across the bridge to their daily toil, a few barges were moving sluggishly upon the muddy water; but there was no stir, no business yet. Harriet lingered when she had reached the centre of the bridge; a figure was just vanishing at the southern end, the northern was clear of people. She leaned over the parapet and looked down—no boat, no barge was near. Then she dropped the parcel she had carried into the river, and the water closed over it. Without the delay of an instant, she turned and retraced her steps towards home. As she neared South Molton street she found several of the shops open, and, entering one, she purchased a black marble letter press. It was not precisely similar to that with which she had weighted the parcel which now lay in the bed of the river; but the difference was trifling, and not to be perceived by the eye of a stranger.

Near the house in which the Rouths occupied apartments there was an archway which formed the entrance to some mews. As she passed this open space Harriet's glance fell upon the inquisitive countenance of a keen-looking, ragged street boy, who was lying contentedly on his back under the archway, with his arms under his head and propped upon the curbstone. A sudden impulse arrested her steps. "Have you no other place to lie than here?" she asked the boy, who jumped up with great alacrity, and stood before her in an attitude almost respectful.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "I have, but I'm here, waiting for an early job."

She gave him a shilling and a smile—not such a smile as she once had to give, but the best that was left her—and went on to the door of the house she lived in. She opened it with a key and went in.

The boy remained where she had left him, apparently ruminating, and wagging his tousled head sagely.

"Whatever is *she* up to?" he asked of himself, in perplexity. "It's a rum start, as far as I knows on it, and I means to know more. But how is *she* in it? I shan't say nothing till I knows more about that." And then Mr. Jim Swain went away to a more likely quarter for early jobs.

Fortune favored Mrs. Routh on that morning. She gained her bedroom unseen and unheard, and, having hastily undressed, lay down to rest, if rest would come to her—at least to await in quiet the ordinary hour at which the servant was accustomed to call her. It came and passed; but Harriet did not rise.

She slept a little when all the world was up and busy—slept until the second delivery of letters brought one for her, which the servant took at once to her room.

The letter was from George Dallas, and contained merely a few lines, written when he was on the point of starting, and posted at the riverside. He apologised to Harriet for a mistake which he had made on the previous night. He had taken Routh's coat instead of his own, and had not discovered the error until he was on his way to the steamer, and it was too late to repair it. He hoped it would not matter, as he had left his own coat at South Molton street, and no doubt Routh could wear it on an occasion.

When Harriet had read this note she lay back upon her pillow and fell into a deep sleep, which was broken by Routh's coming into her room early in the afternoon. He looked pale and haggard, and he stood by the bedside in silence. But she—she sat up, and flung her arms round him with a wonderfully good imitation of her former manner, and when she told him all that had passed her husband caught her to his breast with passionate fondness and gratitude, and declared over and over again that her ready wit and wonderful fortitude had saved him.

Saved him? How, and from what?

[To be continued.]

ON THE TRAIL.

I AM a police superintendent in a large iron-making town, and for upwards of twenty years have had the care of a populous colliery district. Many a strange incident has come under my notice in the course of so long a service. One in particular I remember well, as practically illustrating a remark made in the *Times* on the conviction of Muller, that crimes of a conspicuous character are generally committed by the class that is least suspected. I was called one evening to quell a disturbance between several colliers and a party of Irishmen. The colliers, it appears, maddened with drink, had assailed the latter, driven them into a dwelling and would speedily have killed one or more, but for the opportune arrival of the police. The night afterwards, I received a note from the railway authorities that a coal-train had been thrown off the line by some miscreant or other, who had placed sleepers along the rails. Knowing that colliers working at a distance invariably returned by these trains, and remembering the struggle of the night before, I at once concluded this to be an attempt at Irish revenge, and pursued my investigation accordingly.

A few nights after, another coal-train was thrown off the rails, as, in the former case, however, without harm to the men; but this second attempt spurred me on, so that certain suspected persons were speedily in custody. But I soon found that these were not "my men." It is useless for me to expatiate on the unerring signs by which innocence invariably asserts itself. The Irishmen were violent in their cups, but most certainly incapable of the atrocious act of which they were accused.

Scarcely had a week passed when the whole neighborhood was thrilled by an attempt to destroy a passenger train. At, a distance of twelve miles from the town where I live there was another town, to which our tradesmen resorted in numbers every Wednesday to market. In the evening, the last train, as usual, bore its numerous passengers to their homes. It was summer-time, and merrily they dashed along the rugged bank of a mountain-river, winding in amongst the hills. But soon the picture was changed; turning a curve in full career, the engine left the rails, and cutting deeply into the embankment, rolled on its side, fortunately having continued just a sufficient time in progress to break the shock of the carriages. There was an awful cry of lamentation, a wild medley, a hurried scene; men and women seeking to clamber through the opening above the locked doors, too intent on personal safety to think of anything else. Most were bruised, and all were frightened. While messengers were dispatched to the nearest station, others searched along the route for the cause of the mishap. The scene of the accident was a curve, and a *rail had been forcibly removed*. The miscreant—for it was soon seen that a villain's hand had been there—had fortunately been ignorant of mechanics. He had taken up the rail by the ravine—for I have omitted to mention that there was a steep precipice at this point—and naturally thought that the train, with its load of human life, would have tumbled over. The rail next to the river was the "safe" one, and so the engine simply ploughed along towards the scarp of the mountain.

When the details of this lucky escape reached me, I felt that my reputation was at stake. This was evidently number *Three* of the diabolical attempts of the same hand. The first inquiry made was, who drove the train? and one or two questions of a similar character put me in possession of the fact, that the driver of the train and the driver of the coal-engine trains at the time the trucks were thrown off was one and the same person. "Now, then, for the driver," said I, and marched to his lodgings. I found him a quiet, inoffensive sort of young fellow, not a likely man to have a malignant enemy. He was unmarried, and somewhat fresh to his duties on the line, not having been in the position very long. We at once touched on the subject of the accident, but I found he was quite at sea as to the cause.

"Have you an enemy," said I, "or any one who entertains any malice against you?"

No; he thought not.

"You are unmarried, I believe?"

Yes; he was.

"Courting, perhaps?" I suggested.

He confessed to the soft impeachment.

"Have you any objection to tell me who the lady is?" inquired I, for we police officers are sometimes obliged to override delicate scruples. He mentioned the name of a young woman residing at a farm-house six miles down the valley, and within half a mile of the scene of the accident.

"O, so the damsel lives there, does she? Now, has she any other sweethearts besides yourself?"

He thought there had been one, a carpenter; but, quoth the driver, complacently smoothing an incipient beard, "She has no lover now but me."

"Where does this carpenter live?"

"About half a mile from the farm," he answered. I said nothing but kept my own counsel.

The morning after, and at the scene of the accident, I had found a large thick stake, cut evidently from the adjoining wood. This had been used to prize up the rail from the sleeper. Examining it minutely, I saw that it had been cut recently, and that with a *notched knife*. Here was something that might aid me on the trail.

So, with this idea uppermost, I started on the mission, and after a pleasant drive reached the little hamlet where the carpenter lived. The district was very mountainous and rugged; and as I mounted the winding road toward the house, I could hear the monotone of the river near which so narrow an escape had taken place. The door was soon opened to my knock, and by the carpenter himself, a cool, self-possessed young man, whose inquiring eyes seemed to read my errand in a moment, yet he asked me what I wanted, without the change of a muscle. I entered into his little room, and told him I had a suspicion he could enlighten me on the cause of the railroad accident.

No, he couldn't; he had heard of it, like the rest.

Would he allow me to search him?

Certainly; and forthwith various articles were in my hand. On his person I found two pocket-knives, each of which would have served to cut the stake. As I paused a moment, and held them in my hand, he heedlessly observed: "That knife" (pointing to one) "I only put into my pocket this morning, as I generally keep it at home." I opened the knife; the blade was *notched;* and looking up from the article to the carpenter, caught his eye. We knew one another's thought in an instant. He accompanied me tranquilly to town. At the trial, the knife figured in evidence; and various corroborating matters satisfied the jury of his guilt. It turned out that he loved the farm-girl, and was incited by jealousy toward the driver of the train to do the act which so nearly caused so frightful an accident. He was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.—Over the beauty of the plum and apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever, for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew—arrayed with jewels—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell slightly upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, and trees, blended in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessings of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effect cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

THE SHAKSPEARE AND BACON QUESTION.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, better known perhaps as a Shakspearian scholar than any other American, seems inclined to treat Mr. Holmes and his new attempt to show that Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakspeare, in the most cavalier style. In alluding to the book in the "Nebulae" of the *Galaxy* of Nov. 15th, he undertakes to ridicule Mr. Holmes' theory as being too preposterous to call for any attempt at refutation, though acknowledging at the same time that he has not read the volume. We think that Mr. White will discover that he has not been discreet or sufficiently careful of his reputation as a Shakspearian in assuming to deal in so rash and flippant a style with a work of the calibre of the one in question, which it is a very serious mistake to place (as Mr. White seems disposed to do) in the same category with Miss Bacon's "ponderous octavo." We also can say, with Mr. White, though we should have preferred a less ambiguous and slovenly form of expression for the statement, "the present writer is probably one of the exceedingly few people in the world who have read every word of that tremendous tome;" and having also read Mr. Holmes' still more "tremendous tome;" we warn all who are interested in the subject, against falling into the error of imagining that the two books have anything in common except the subject. But some of our readers may like to hear Mr. White speak for himself:

"A New England woman, Miss Delia Bacon, was the first to broach this preposterous notion some years ago in *Putnam's Magazine*. It would be cruel as well as unreasonable to attribute the speedy demise of that excellent periodical and the subsequent sad fate of the lady to the depressing effect of the utter failure of the first of a series of articles which were expected to make such a stir in the literary world, and to take the greatest reputation in literature from one man and give it to another; but the events were strikingly associated. The article failed even to provoke a reply, and was not followed up by its intended successors. Miss Bacon went to England and there elaborated her whole theory, publishing it in a ponderous octavo volume which, in the words of her best if not her only apologist, Mr. Hawthorne, 'fell with a dead thump at the feet of the public, and has never been picked up.' Mr. Hawthorne wrote this in January of 1863. The present writer is probably one of the exceedingly few people in the world who have read every word of this tremendous tome. He can advise no other ever to attempt the task. Tougher intellectual work can hardly be imagined. It left a sensation as of beating one's head for a corresponding time against a wall. Yet it was filled with traces of an erratic mind of unusual subtlety and grasp. Briefly, it was the work of a gifted monomanic. But the book was picked up by a few others: and now comes one of them, Mr. Justice Holmes, of the Supreme Court of Missouri, and with another big book, also learned, also able, we are willing to believe, he tries to convince himself and the rest of the world that Mr. William Shakspeare's comedies, histories, and tragedies, published by the said Shakspeare's fellow-actors and business partners, were written by—somebody else, it makes no matter whom. We are willing to believe, as we have said, that Judge Holmes has shown ability and learning in this effort; but we take them on trust; for life is too short to be spent in reading such a book. There is no sadder intellectual spectacle than the one not unfrequently seen—the skilful, earnest, and even honest attempt to prove that that cannot be which is. The starting point of this controversy—if that can be called controversy which provokes no reply—is that William Shakspeare, Stratford yeoman's son and player, could not have had the knowledge and the wisdom necessary to the writing of the plays which bear his name. And to take that as a starting point is at once to beg the whole essential part of the question. Briefly, the evidence—evidence that will stand the most stringent tests—that Shakspeare wrote the plays in question, is better than any that could be produced fifty years hence that Horace Greeley wrote any *Tribune* leading articles which might be published in a volume after his death by his fellow editors. The question is not one to be entertained, much less refuted. Shakspeare's plays written by Bacon! Better leave out the smoke; and say at once that they were written by Hogg.

When Mr. White comes to read the book for himself, as he will assuredly be obliged to do, he will feel not a little mortified at the recollection of having dealt with it in this dogmatizing strain. Mr. Holmes' theory may be untenable, and the proofs that he submits in its support may be insufficient; but his argument is not a mere exercise of ingenuity. It is *prima facie*, not only respectable, but formidable, and it will have to be answered by serious reasoning, not by peremptory assertions or careless sneers.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVERS.

Oregon and El Dorado; or, *The Romance of the Rivers*, is the somewhat fanciful title of a new book by Thomas Bulfinch, author of several very entertaining works which, though commonly alluded to as "Juveniles," do not properly belong to that category. The present volume is eminently readable, not the less so perhaps for the fact that the thread of connection by which its various topics are united, is of the slenderest character. The Columbia, the Missouri, the Yellowstone, and the Amazon, are among the rivers that principally figure in the volume, and the adventures and explorations of Lewis and Clarke, of Orellana, Raleigh, Madame Godin, Herndon, and others in connection with them, supply the "romance." Many of the vegetable and animal wonders of the valley of the Amazon are incidentally described in an interesting manner. As a specimen, we quote the following in regard to

THE BIRD-CATCHING SPIDER:

"At Cametá, I chanced to verify a fact relating to the habits of a large, hairy spider of the genus Mygale, in a manner worth recording. The individual was nearly two inches in length of body: but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse gray and reddish hairs. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree-trunk: it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken; and two small birds, finches, were entangled in the pieces. They were about the size of the English siskin; and I judged the two to be male and female. One of them was quite dead: the other lay under the body of the spider, not quite dead, and was smeared with the filthy liquor, or saliva, exuded by the monster. I drove away the spider, and took the birds; but the second one soon died. The fact of a species of mygale sallying forth at night, mounting trees, and sucking the eggs and young of humming-birds, has been recorded long ago by Madame Merian and Palisot de Beauvois; but, in the absence of any confirmation, it has come to be discredited. From the way the fact has been related, it would appear that it had been derived from the report of natives, and had not been witnessed by the narrators I found the circumstance to be quite a novelty to the residents hereabouts.

"The mygales are quite common insects. Some species make their cells under stones; others form artificial tunnels in the earth; and some build their dens in the thatch of houses. The natives call them crab-spiders. The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation. The first specimen that I killed and prepared was handled incautiously; and I suffered terribly for three days afterward. I think this is not owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the fine creases of the skin. Some mygales are of immense size. One day, I saw the children belonging to an Indian family who collected for me with one of these monsters, secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog."

The book is published by Tilden & Co. Boston, and is for sale by A. Roman & Co. San Francisco.

A BATCH OF NEW NOVELS.

Far the most charming, to our taste, of all the recent novels, is Mr. Mitchell's *Doctor Johns*, just republished in book form after its appearance by installments in the *Atlantic*. No living writer of English that we know of, possesses so much of the charm of Irving's style as Mr. Mitchell, and the few pages of introduction might, so far both as sentiment and expression are concerned, have been written by the author of the Sketch Book himself. *Doctor Johns* continually reminds us of *The Reveries of a Bachelor*, and other of Mr. Mitchell's earlier volumes, but it is more robust in tone, and though pervaded by sentiment, has no taint of mere sentimentality.

Novel readers who admire Miss Braddon, and who are chiefly interested by startling incident, and mystery of plot, for whom the graces of style and the vivid portrayal of the finer shades of sentiment, possess no charm, will not become absorbed over the pages of this delightful narrative; indeed we cannot think of a better test of the measure of taste and culture of a novel reader than would be furnished by the question "How do you like *Dr. Johns?*"

Helen Ford is one those mild and pleasant works of fiction which fastidious parents who entertain a prejudice against "novel reading" may place in the hands of their children with perfect safety. It contains nothing dangerous and nothing exciting. In short, it belongs to the same class of books with those which Mr. T. S. Arthur has for the last ten or fifteen years so regularly produced at brief intervals, though of a somewhat higher literary grade, and not quite so tame as those highly moral tales.

Of altogether a different quality is Mrs. Gore's new book, *The Hardships of an Heiress*, which, without being sensational, takes hold of the reader's interest in the opening chapter with a powerful grasp, which is not relaxed for an instant until the conclusion is reached. Mrs. Gore's pictures of English life and society impress us as being sketched by a person whose knowledge is derived at first hand, and not from books or from hearsay. In the present volume her cool hand style of character drawing reminds us of Anthony Throlloppe.

Who Breaks Pays, is a story evincing much talent and originality, being quite out of the ordinary conventional line. Those who are tired of the stereotyped sensational novel, or the "novel of society," will find in this curious tale at least the charm of freshness and novelty.

ROSS BROWNE'S NEW BOOK.

Among the most delightful of recent publications, is Ross Browne's new book, *An American Family in Germany*, with its most acceptable *addenda* "A Whirl through Algeria" and "A Visit to the Salt Mines of Wieliczka." The charm of the volume is greatly enhanced by the illustrations, which, instead of being furnished in the niggardly spirit that is ordinarily evinced in books advertised as "illustrated," are thrown in with a hand no less liberal than skilful. Mr. Browne is a genuine humorist, of the class whose affiinities are with the school of Irving and "Ik Marvel" rather than of "Doesticks" or "Artemus Ward." His humor has no savor of the negro minstrel variety; it is generally tinged with sentiment or pathos, or suggestive of thought. Where it partakes of the satirical element, it is kindly and catholic in its spirit, never picturing a foible as a crime, or a folly as a sin. At times he reminds you of Hood, and at times of Thackeray. His drollery is never farcical, and his fun is never coarse. In short he belongs to the school of classic humorists who have no relish for the flavor of sawdust.

We have received the following new novels from A. Roman & Co.

Doctor Johns: Being a Narrative of Certain Events in the Life of an Orthodox Minister of Connecticut. By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 2 vols.

Helen Ford. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: Loring.

The Hardships of an Heiress. By Mrs. Gore. New York: Frederick A. Brady.

Woman an Angel. By A. S. Roe. New York: Carleton.

Who Breaks, Pays. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

How the Esquimaux Build Their Houses.—In the winter season the Esquimaux live in huts built of snow; and we may imagine what must have been the necessity and distress that could have first suggested to a human being the idea of using such a material as a means of protecting himself from cold. Be that as it may, the snow *igloe* affords not only security from the inclemency of the weather, but more comfort than stone or wooden building without fire. The operation requires considerable tact and experience, and is always performed by the men, two being required for it, one out side and the other inside. Blocks of snow are first cut out with some sharp instrument from the spot that is intended to form the floor of the dwelling, and raised on edge, inclining a little inward around the cavity. These blocks are generally about two feet in length, two feet in breadth, and eight inches thick, and are joined close together. In this manner the edifice is erected, contracting at each successive tier until there only remains a small aperture at the top, which is filled by a slap of clear ice, that serves both as keystone to the arch, and a window to light the dwelling. An embankment of snow is raised around the wall, and covered with skins, which answers the double purpose of beds and seats. The inside of the hut presents the figure of an arch or dome; the usual dimensions are ten or twelve feet in diameter, and about eight feet in the centre. Sometimes two or three families congregate under the same roof, having separate apartments communicating with the main building that are used as bedrooms. The entrance to the igloe is effected through a winding covered passage, which stands open by day, but is closed at night by placing slabs of ice at the angle of each bend, and thus the inmates are perfectly secured against the severest cold.

The Royal gondola which Venice is preparing for the king, is to have a crew of eighteen oarsmen. She carries at her prow the Lion of St. Mark, bearing the shield of Savory, and, on the poop, Venice crowning Italy. The sides are covered with sculptures and gilding. In form she resembles the vessels of the ancients. At one end rises a conopy in crimson velvet, lined with azure and embroidered it gold, which constitutes a real throne. The hangings rest upon gilded pillars and are embroidered with gold. In bad weather the whole can be closed by glass doors. In the centre of the gondola rises the Royal ensign.

The iron crown of Lombardy is really a valuable crown—being composed of a broad circle of gold, set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue and gold enamel. But the most important part of the iron crown, from which it derives its name, is a narrow rim or band of iron three-eights of an inch broad and one-tenth of an inch in thickness, attached to the inner circumference of the circle. This inner band of sacred iron is believed to have been made of one of the nails used at the crucifixion, and accounts for the veneration in which it has been always held.

A Scientific way of lighting pipes and cigars has been recently introduced in Paris, under the name of *poudre de feu*. It consists of pyropherous, which is preserved in a small tin case with a narrow orifice. When a little of this black powder is poured out on the end of a cigar, or on the tobacco in a pipe stem, and then gently breathed upon, it becomes incandescent, and is in a condition to light the said pipe or cigar.

Lockets.—The favorite lockets at the present time for morning wear are those of quite plain, dull gold, of oval shape, and measuring about one and a half inches, by one inch. A torquoise or any other stone—onyx, for instance—may be placed in the centre of the locket, if desired, but the plain ones are at present in high favor. They are worn on a ribbon of velvet or sarsenet, simply tied tightly round the neck, with a small bow at the back, and very long ends.

The higher you rise the wider is your horizon; so, the more you know the more you will see to know.

AMUSEMENTS.

Maguire's Opera House.—Lady Don has been playing Brough's burlesque of *Conrad and Medora* all the week, ably supported by the new company, at this theatre. The *Daughter of the Regiment*, the *Married Rake* and *Simpson & Co.*, have been given as companion pieces. The new company have been favorably received. Mr. Edwards has proven to be an actor of decided ability in burlesque and excentric characters. The Misses Corcoran are very young and meritorious, and have already won enviable popularity. The elder sister, Miss Julia, is a graceful dancer, and a good singer. Both Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Pardey have shown themselves possessed of good burlesque and comic-acting qualifications. With the efficient aid of Mrs. Judah, and Mrs. Jackson, and Messrs. Leach and Thompson, the company presents a strong force for the representation of musical pieces, burlesques and farces. With Lady Don at its head, with her acknowledged ability and rare vocal qualities, one would think that the attractions were sufficient, but Manager Maguire will produce on Monday evening, in conjunction with the present company, an attraction which, in its line, has never been equalled here, or perhaps in Europe—we allude to the company of Japanese Jugglers that recently arrived here.

At a private rehearsal by the Japanese, given to the representatives of the press, yesterday afternoon, they certainly showed most remarkable ability in jugglery, and unequalled proficiency in gymnastic feats. For instance, the familiar *perche* feat, which is usually done by the pole being supported in a socket by a band at the waist, is done by a Japanese laying on his back, with his feet extended upright, from the soles of which a long bamboo pole is balanced and supported, up which a stout boy climbs and performs various feats of posturing and balancing. Another feat is performed by the acrobat while lying in the same position. A strong, narrow, circular tub, shaped like a cheese cover, weighing some fifty or sixty pounds, and about five feet in diameter, is balanced on the soles of his feet. The boy mounts this, and small square boxes are from time to time thrown to him, from which he successfully, box by box, erects himself a self sustaining pyramid that reaches, at last, nearly to the top of the theatre. After performing various balancing feats at this break-neck height, he carefully places himself on the very edge of his dangerous perch, and by a sudden movement of man and boy the boxes are tumbled down on the stage, while the boy falls and is caught, unharmed, on the extended feet of the prostrate gymnast. These feats are wonderful and must be seen to be fully appreciated. Ross and Carlo, and the Buislays, the best acrobats and gymnasts we ever had here, never done anything to compare with them.

For the Matinee to-day *Conrad and Medora*, at half prices to all parts of the house. This evening *Blue Jackets* and *Conrad and Medora*.

Metropolitan Theatre.—The ballet of the *Star of the Rhine*, and the pantomime of *The Magician's Gift*, were given last evening. The ballet have evinced decidely more talent than the pantomimic portion of the troupe during the last week. The Howson Troupe and Mr. Willie Edouin have presented some clever vaudevilles, well personated, as introductory peices.

Lincoln School Festival.—The Lincoln School Exhibition at Lincoln Hall, on Thursday and Friday evenings, for the purpose of establishing a medal fund, was a decided success, and could be repeated once more with advantage to "the fund." The "Patriotic Song," "Hizekiah Spewkins at the Opera," the "Tableau and Violin Solo," were particularly good. The "Double Ghost," a dialogue in five scenes by the first class, was admirably rendered. The following letter was read by Mr. Hoitt just before the conclusion of the programme of the evening:

Ira G. Hoitt, Esq., Principal of the Lincoln School—*Sir:* The Directors of the Builders' Insurance Company respond twenty-five dollars to your appeal on behalf of the "Medal Fund." I take the present opportunity to suggest to you, and to other trustees of the moral training of the growing generation, to fill their minds with one golden idea, viz: that it is at once their christian duty and political interest to be hospitable to strangers, especially those who come from Europe—to share with the stranger not only their food but their political privileges. Putting this rule into general practice will inevitably attract to the Pacific slope a great concourse of people, and lay the foundation of a future Republic worthy the attention of history.

Respectfully, Thomas Mooney, President.

San Francisco, Californiа st., Dec. 4th, 1866.

City College Reunion.—On Wednesday evening last the sixth social reunion of the members of the City College was celebrated at Platt's Hall. The affair was one of the most agreeable and *recherche* of the season.

"Mark Twain."—Our Pacific humorist, "Mark Twain," lectures at Congress Hall on Monday evening next, on which occasion he will repeat his first lecture. As the next steamer will take him East, this may be regarded as the "last chance" for those who wish to hear "Mark" speak his piece.

At Sacramento—Miss Kingsbury has awakened that quiet town into a really creditable state of excitement with her charming, life-like picture of "Fanchon," in *The Cricket*.

WAVES AND LEAVES.

Waves, waves, waves!
Graceful arches lit with night's pale gold,
Boom like thunder through the mountains rolled,
Hiss, and make their music manifold,
Sing and work for God along the strand.

Leaves, leaves, leaves!
Beautified by Autumn's scorching breath,
Ivory skeletons carven fair by death,
Float and drift at a sublime command.

Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts!
Rolling wave-like on the mind's strange shore,
Rustling leaf-like through it evermore,
Oh, that they might follow God's good hand.

—*Wm. Allingham.*

The "Trinity Church Property."—Fresh litigation is to be commenced over the property of Trinity Church, New York. The vast estates of this corporation are now estimated, by the New York *Commercial*, at sixty millions of dollars. The heirs of Anneke Jans Bogardus have repeatedly questioned the title of the Church during the last one hundred and fifty years.

The title of the heirs is derived from grants given by the government of Holland when the city was New Amsterdam and a portion of the Dutch colony of that name, one of which was a grant given Anneke Jans, widow of Dominie (Minister) Everadus Bogardus, who lost his life by the vessel in which he was a passenger, being wrecked on the coast of Wales while he was acting as special agent and bearer of dispatches from the colonial government to home government of Hollaud. In consideration of his services the government granted his widow and children a farm outside the city wall—now Wall street, New York. For when the war between England and Holland terminated New Amsterdam was ceded to England and become New York. Subsequently the property in question was taken possession of upon the plea of being church property of the Reformed or Protestant Church, and confiscated for the establishment of the Church of England—hence the title "Trinity Church Property."

The Davenport Brothers have given their name to a new figure in quadrilles. Before the last figure a box is brought among the dancers in which each cavalier ensconces himself in turn. The door is then closed, and each lady puts her hand through a hole in the door. If she prefer it she may make use of another hole at the bottom of the door, through which she may put her foot. As soon as a right guess is made by the shut-up cavalier he is released, and takes the lady whose name he has guessed for his partner in the next waltz. This is called an "inuocent game." Very!

Ladies' dresses, abroad, are to be unusually short, according to some authorities, who have looked into the future of 1867 as fashionable Zadkiels. The dresses are to be *sans* crinoline, and "leave off" sensationally, just below the knees, figured stockings and high boots to do the rest.

Artemus Ward says: "Some kind person has sent me Chawcer's Poems. Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a lit'rary man onless he knows how to spel. It is a pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus, was so unedicated. He is the wuss speller I know of."

The fashions in jewelry are more fantastic than ever. Earrings are composed of a succession of links or horse shoes, graduating in size, the largest at the top, and the lower one coming almost to a point, and touching the shoulder.

He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good council and examples, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad examples, builds with one hand and pulls down with another.

Dr. J. C. Ayer has presented to the city of Lowell a magnificent bronze statue of "Victory," which was prepared for the King of Bavaria, to stand at the entrance of his palace in Munich.

What good would centuries do the man who only knows how to waste his time?

Who appreciates the fact that there is any great importance attached to such a commodity as a Pill? It is generally supposed that anybody can make them, as all call can take them. But visit the laboratory of Dr. J. C. Ayer and you will be disabused of the idea, that it is a trifle to make any medicine and adapt it to the wants of millions of men to so adjust it to their needs, and so cure their complaints, as to make them its constant customers in all the zones. Physicians find it requires some skill to adapt their doses to a single patient: ask them if it is not an intricate problem to adjust a purgative pill to the necessities of untold numbers, so that it shall benefit them nearly all. Dr. Ayer's laboratory supplies 60,000 doses of his Pills per diem, or 19,000,000 a year. Think of that Esculapius! Well may it whiten the head of any man to administer to that amount of suffering, and especially when, as is here evident, everything is done with the most extreme nicety and care.—*Randolph (Vt.) Statesman.*

For the Sick there is nothing which affords such sure and enduring relief as Dr. Bourne's Baths and treatment, at No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No 9.

"Medicine Chests always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

Dr. Jamieson, of Edinburgh, affirms that "The present practice of medicine is a reproach to the name of science; while its professors give evidence of an almost total want of the true knowledge of the nature or proper treatment of disease. Nine times out of ten, our mis-called remedies are absolutely injurious to our patients suffering under diseases of whose real character and cause we are most culpably ignoraut."

Dr. Ramage, (Fellow Royal College Physician, London,) thus writes: "It cannot be denied that the present system of medicine is a burning reproach to its professors, if, indeed, a series of vague and uncertain incongruities deserve to be called by that name. How rarely do our medicines do good! How often do they make our patients really worse! I fearlessly assert that in most cases the sufferer would be safer without a physician [a "regular"—Dr. B.] than with one. I have seen enough of the mal-practice of my professional brethren, to warrant the strong language I employ."

Dr. Bourne's Baths and method of curing the sick give universal satisfaction, as the cures are quick, permanent, pleasant, and made without medicines. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

Said the eminent Lugol, of Paris, in a lecture delivered in 1841: "We follow an erroneous course in our investigations, and must resort to some new modes if we desire to be more successful."

Dr. Evans says "The medical practice of our day is at best a most uncertain and unsatisfactory system; it has neither philosophy nor common sense to commend it to confidence."

If You Feel "Bad" on a cold, stormy day, go to Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, and one of his Baths will make you feel "good." Stormy weather is the very time to truly enjoy them and get rid of your colds, cougbs, rheumatism, etc.

The *Dublin Medical Journal* of 1842 discourses on this wise: "As surely the uncertain and most unsatisfactory art that we call medical science, is no science at all, but a jumble of inconsistent opinions, of conclusions hastily and often incorrectly drawn, of facts misunderstood or perverted, of comparisons without analogy, of hypothesis without reason, and theories not only useless, but dangerous."

Magendie: "Let us no longer wonder at the lamentable want of success which marks our practice when there is scarcely a sound physiological principle among us."

John Mason Good: "The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon, and the effects of our medicines on the human system are in the highest degree uncertain, except that they have *already destroyed more lives than war, pestilence and famine combined!*"

Fever and Ague.—Persons who are suffering from this horrible disease, if they place themselves under Dr. Bourne's care, on the "well day," seldom or ever have another chill, and the disease is eradicated from the system in from ten to twenty days—not patched, to return again—without medicines, and in a manner altogether pleasant and agreeable. No other physician can make such statement truthfully. Apply at No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

California Macaroni.—Several years ago the manufacture of Macaroni on a small scale was commenced on Sansome street, between Jackson and Pacific, as an experiment. The advantages possessed by the fresh made Macaroni over the imported article, deteriorated by long sea voyages, were soon recognized, and the demand for the fresh local manufactured Macaroni since its first introduction has steadily increased. Recently the proprietors have been again compelled to enlarge their facilities for the manufacture of this wholesome food—recommended by the best physicians of Europe as the most healthy and beneficial of all farinaceous commodities, and especially adapted to the diet of the invalid and dyspeptic. The properties have ever been careful in procuring a certain kind of wheat, by which they are enabled to supply the trade with a fresher and finer quality of Macaroni than any imported, and at lower rates. Farina, from which all kinds of Macaroni is manufactured, made into soup, and the different Italian dishes, is not only a healthy food for adults, but is also the most healthy substitute for milk, used in nurseries. Where impure milk is so common as in our midst, it would be well for heads of families and physicians to introduce fresh manufactured Farina as the most strengthening of all kinds of nourishment for the healthy, the dyspeptic, or for mothers who are not able, physically, to nurse their young. It is a well known fact that the Italians very seldom become dyspeptic—Macaroni being their principal food. It would require more space than can be spared in a simple newspaper item, to sketch the history and growth of the extensive Macaroni manufacturing establishment of Messrs. Brignardelli, Macchiavello & Co. At some future time we intend to give detailed account of the extent, business and importance of this, the only Macaroni manufactory on the Pacific Coast. *

Great Reduction in Ladies' Dress and Dry Goods.—The telegraph has informed us of the recent fall of prices in dress and dry goods in the New York market; and we are authorized to announce that the retail house of Meagher, Taaffe & Co., of this city, in consequence of the dry goods tumble at the East, will open the coming week with a great reduction in the prices of their immense stock of goods; which will be marked down to lower rates than dry goods have ever been sold for for years back, as an especial bid for the great Holiday trade, and as the most effective means of reducing their large stock on hand.

The goods reduced in prices consist of ladies' dress goods—silks, empress cloths of every variety, poplins, cashmeres, merinos, alpacas, and prints—which will be reduced from twenty-five to forty per cent. Cloaks and shawls will also be marked down to remarkable low rates. Among the latter are some rich and beautiful real camel's-hair India shawls; and, also, all kinds of domestic and housekeeping goods. Nor will the class of ornamental goods escape the reduction. We are assured that real point laces by the set or yard, and rich chantilla flounces and laces, lace curtains, etc., will be offered at figures greatly lower than they can be purchased elsewhere.

Of course this event will create a commotion in the dry goods trade, and thronged counters and a rush of purchasers will be the effect of it. And the grand result will be that the ladies will be most happy in procuring new and fashionable goods at such bargains; and the enterprising house of Meagher, Taaffe & Co. will get most of the Holiday trade, make hundreds of new customers, and convert their immense stock of goods now on hand into cash. *

A FIRESIDE STORY—TOLD BY THE POKER.

THE hearthrug ought to tell this story, because she had much more to do with it than I had. But, spread out there before the fire from morning to night, she thinks only of making herself comfortable, and I daresay considers it a hardship to be shaken out of her drowsy self-sufficiency even once in the twenty-four hours. So if the story is never told till the hearthrug takes to story-telling, nobody, I fancy, is ever likely to be the better for listening to it. I tell this story simply for the benefit and warning of domineering wives in particular, and in the interests of husbands in general; and I adhere to my original opinion, that the hearthrug ought to have told it.

Should the observation I am going to make at starting happen to be repeated within hearing of any individual following the same calling as myself, he will, I am sure, understand in a moment my feelings when I say that my mistress' face, in fact her person altogether, is such a one as a drawing-room poker reflects with warm and invariable satisfaction. As to her other good qualities, I shall not express my own opinion, which might be open to the suspicion of partiality, but shall report rather that of Mr. John Thomas the footman in his own words, uttered one morning while he was in the act of putting coals on the fire, a moment after she had left the room: "By George! master's a lucky man to have such a wife! If I was sure Amelia Catharine" (upper housemaid, equally good-looking and well-conducted) "would make me such another, blow me if I wouldn't marry her without even asking to see her savings'-bank book!" Mr. John Thomas had lived in many other families, and was therefore qualified to speak knowingly on such a subject. My own impression is, that his admiration of his mistress, in her capacity of wife of his master, is abundantly justified. Of Mr. Silver, my master, I have only to say that, though he is a member of the Stock Exchange and any thing but a saint, he is certainly not at all a bad sort of gentleman. He uses me a little roughly at times; but if it were not that in doing so he makes his wife start unpleasantly on her chair, I should not object to be so treated—should rather like it, in fact. That they are a thoroughly happy pair is what any one would soon discover who had my opportunities for observing them together—a privilege I have used judiciously, and without a suspicion of impertinence, I hope I may safely say, for very little short of ten years: to be precise, from about the seventh day after their return from their honeymoon trip, when my mistress took formal possession of her home, and sent my rusty predecessor traveling on the way of all old iron.

Premising that from my recumbent position on the fender I saw and heard every thing I am about to relate, this is my story:

Fires had not yet been begun in the drawing-room, but, from the force of habit I suppose, Mrs. Silver, when there was no company, would sit reading or at work by the side of the fireplace while her husband went for a ride after dinner, which he did very often in the summer twilight. One evening while thus seated alone, I noticed that she paused reflectively, and presently I heard her say:

"No, no; I'll not remind him. To say to him, 'My love, for the first time in ten years you have forgotten the return of our wedding day,' might sound like a reproach. No; neither tears nor reproaches belong to a day from which date ten years of tranquil happiness. I am sure his forgetfulness arises from no want of love for me. Active and occupied as he is, I know how many other things he has to think of. If he *had* remembered—well, it would have been very delightful. However, since he has chanced to forget, let me reflect that his memory might be as retentive as that of the almanac, and yet he might not love me. No; if I avenge his forgetfulness, it shall be in my own way—by making the fireside of which he is so fond more than usually pleasant to him this evening."

Mrs. Silver smiled and resumed her work, which that evening was a handsome smoking cap she was embroidering for master; but I certainly saw the beginning of a tear in one of her eyes—the one nearest to me.

"The other day," she continued, meditatively, "he was regretting that the old custom of having hot suppers had passed away. I've a good mind to surprise him with one to-night! Yes, I will do it! But what shall it be?—what is he specially fond of?"

I beg here to be allowed to say that though I have never had any other mistress than the lady whose behavior I am now describing, a poker who for ten years has been in the very best middle-class society, and who has assisted at the reading aloud of all the fashionable novels and a few of the most interesting divorce cases, is able to understand the exact difference between the best and the worst of wives.

"Ah! I know what I will order!" cried my mistress, after a long pause; "a lobster *rissole*, a roasted chicken, and a lemon-pudding. That shall be my great revenge."

She was just about to ring the bell, when the drawing room door was suddenly opened, and a lady friend of hers, too much agitated to stand on ordinary ceremony, flounced into the room, exclaiming in tones which reminded me of the grating of a file—with which inharmonious noise I had been painfully familiar at an earlier part of my career—for even a poker can attest the truth of the French proverb, *il faut souffrir pour etre beau*

"My dear, I knew you *were* at home, so I came up—only for a moment. Don't disturb yourself. I've no time to sit down. I'm boiling over with indignation!"

"Dear me!" replied my mistress.

"Quite as much on your account as on my own, my love!" cried Mrs. Toovey, throwing herself on to the ottoman in the centre of the room, and untying her bonnet-strings almost fiercely.

"It's very good of you, I'm sure," said my mistress.

"You may smile, my love, but it's no smiling matter for all that, I can assure you," cried Mrs. Toovey.

"Not tragic, I hope?"

"I don't know that!" replied Mrs. Toovey, whisking her shawl out of the way, and plunging her hand into the pocket of her dress. "Do you know this handwriting?" Mrs. Toovey held out a letter to my mistress, as if it had been a cup of poison.

"I've no doubt it's my husband's," said my mistress, without taking it out of Mrs. Toovey's hand.

"Read it, my dear, read it!" cried that indignant lady.

"Pray excuse me; I see it is addressed to *Mr.* Toovey," my mistress said gently.

"O," cried Mrs. Toovey, "take my word for it, you'll some day repent of indulging in such silly scruples. A husband and wife are one, and the wife cannot too often or too emphatically remind her husband of the fact. At least you'll not refuse to listen to the contents of this atrocious document?"

I don't think any refusal would have induced Mrs. Toovey to defer the reading of the letter for a single moment. She read:

"My dear Job, the supper party of to-night, married and single, may count on me, even to the extent of an adjournment to Cremorne. I shall not say any thing about the affair to my wife, who would be fancying all sorts of dreadful consequences inevitable. SILVER.

"There, my dear! what do you say to *that?*" demanded Mrs. Toovey, refolding the letter with a spiteful jerkiness of action, and putting it back into her pocket, as if for further use.

"I say that I am much obliged to Mr. Silver for the thoughtful care he had taken to keep me in ignorance of what he fancied it might be unpleasant for me to know."

Mrs. Toovey gave herself so sharp a twist on the ottoman, that I wonder she did not lose her balance and tumble off.

"Really, my dear," she cried, "you—I must say—you make the blood curdle in my veins! You appear so wilfully blind that, positively, if I didn't know you have been married to the man for ten years, I should fancy you were still in love with your husband."

"Your imagination would not lead you in the least astray," answered my mistress, quietly smiling; "I daresay I ought to be very much ashamed to make such a confession. But don't for a moment suppose that my love for my husband is of the high romantic kind; it never was that. He did not run away with me in a midnight storm of thunder and lightning, and marry me in spite of all the world, his parents and mine included. Time, if it has made me acquainted with his faults, has also taught me to bear with them without disgust, impatience, or weariness. There is nothing to be surprised at in the continuance of such a love as mine—entirely unromantic, jog-trot, you see. Such as it, the sort of love I now feel for my husband, I hope to feel for him when my hair is gray, without blushing to confess it."

Mrs. Toovey tied her bonnet-strings as tightly as if her chin had been a package of hardware, and she had been cording it for exportation.

"My dear," she cried, "I can hardly trust myself to say what I think; but this I *will* say: if any wife ever went the way to spoil her husband, you are going exactly that way now. Patience with his faults, indeed! Mr. Toovey, I daresay, would be delighted to find me patient with his—and heaven knows he has enough of them! But that is not *my* nature. I know my duty as a woman of intellect a little better than *that!* Why, my love, I have just come from having a scene with him about this shocking letter of your husband's. I made him confess everything: that after supper the whole party are to go to Cremorne. *Are* they! 'Mr. Toovey,' I said, 'you dare to go, and I'll follow you!' What is the result? Mr. Toovey has learned that when I say a thing I mean it. He has promised me he will not think of going, after my prohibition. Do, my love, let me give you some advice on the way to manage your husband."

"O, certainly, if it will afford you any satisfaction to do so," replied my mistress, with a good-natured little laugh.

"You won't laugh, my dear," said Mrs. Toovey, "when you find out, some day, that another woman has carried off your husband's affections; and not only his affections, but his fortune—for that's what commonly happens now. However, I see plainly enough you are prepared to despise my advice, and to laugh at my solemn warning. So be it. But, take my word for it, you'll find too soon what cause you have for repentance."

"I hope not. Really, my dear, you seem determined to imagine my husband a second Lovelace. You forget that he is not a young man of twenty."

"Good heavens, Mrs. Silver!" exclaimed Mrs. Toovey; "what have their *ages* to do with it?"

"Well, even if that is so," replied my mistress, smiling; "my husband is as ungallant a man as you could name."

"To *you*, perhaps, my love," answered the amiable Toovey, with her sweetest smile. If it had been winter, and I had happened to be red-hot, I should have been strongly tempted to throw myself at the lady's feet, and set fire to her at this particular moment.

"To you also, dear; for, you remember, it is only a few days ago you were complaining of his 'shocking want of politeness.'"

"Very likely; but his rudeness to *me* is easily accounted for. It is because I give you what he considers ill advice; which means that he fears to lose the power he now enjoys of tyrannizing over you at his pleasure."

"My dear, have you ever written a sensation novel?" asked my mistress, with an arch smile playing about the corners of her mouth.

"What do you mean by that?"

"You have such a vivid imagination; the portrait you have drawn of my husband so much resembles that of a romance-hero," replied my mistress.

"Pray let us drop the subject," cried Mrs. Toovey. "Positively your notions are an outrage to common sense."

"I'm sure, my dear, I hope to be forgiven. You see the scope of my mind is so very prosaic; you'll think so, no doubt, when I tell you that at the moment you came I was busy planning a little unromantic hot supper for my Blue Beard—especially a lemon-pudding, of which I know he is particularly fond?"

"You'll find you have had your labor for your pains, for he will certainly not be at home to partake of it."

"My own impression is that he *will*," said my mistress gently. "Will you and your husband drop in at ten o'clock?"

"With pleasure, my dear; for I am sure you will be alone, and glad of sympathetic company. Do, my love, allow *me* to remonstrate with your husband, if you don't feel equal to the task yourself."

"No, no; pray don't do any thing of the sort!" cried my mistress hastily. "You are not so well acquainted with my husband as I am, and might do more harm than good."

"Just as you please, my dear," said Mrs. Toovey, starting to her feet, and pulling her shawl about her shoulders with a spasmodic action of the hands. "Just as you please, of course; though I did not think I was quite such a fool as *you* appear to consider me."

Saying which Mrs. Toovey flounced out of the room even more impetuously than she had flounced into it.

"The foolish creature!" said my mistress, after she was gone; "it is no fault of hers if she hasn't made me very uncomfortable; and all with the best intentions. Those best intentions! What would she not have said if she had known that to-day is my wedding-day? But I am sure my husband does not care to go to this supper-party. He has been drawn into it; and if he had declined to go, might have been rallied on being under petticoat dominion. I know I have only to say to him, 'I wish you would not go out to-night;' but I will not say it, for there is a tyranny of gentleness as well as of unkindness."

She paused for a moment or two; and then, as if an idea had come into her head, she rang the bell.

"I *should* like him to remain at home this evening," she continued; "but if he does so, it shall be from the prompting of his own feelings alone. John, bring your master's dressing-gown and cigar-case."

She said this to Mr. John Thomas as she passed out of the drawing-room. In the course of a few minutes her orders had been obeyed. Almost immediately afterwards my master returned; and Mrs. Toovey, calling again at the same time, they came into the room together.

"I can't help it, Mr. Silver," she said, "if what I say isn't pleasant for you to hear. I repeat that you are setting my husband a bad example; and I have told him that I will not allow him to have any thing to do with the supper-party to-night."

"Very well, my dear madam!" cried my master impatiently; "if Toovey likes you to lead him by the nose, that's his affair; it wouldn't suit me."

"Possibly; but you'll allow me to say that I don't believe there's another woman in the world who would put up with such behavior as your wife has borne with hitherto. Do not suppose, however, that she will submit to your tyranny for ever. You are greatly mistaken if you imagine she will let you go to this scandalous party to-night. Poor thing," she said aside; "I must defend her in spite of herself."

"Confound it, Mrs. Toovey!" cried my master; "I wish you'd mind your own business, and not drive me into saying disagreeable things to you."

"I have only one more remark to make, Mr. Silver," said Mrs. Toovey; "it is to request that you will not hold any further communication with my husband; I'll not have him corrupted by your bad example."

"Go to ——"

I don't think my master named any final destination for Mrs. Toovey, who sailed out of the room with more anger than dignity.

"Hang the woman!" exclaimed my master, ringing the bell, as if that were the order of execution; I can't imagine how Job Toovey manages to get along with her. What the deuce does she want here?—filling my wife's head with a lot of rubbish, I'll be bound."

Mr. John Thomas came in answer to the bell.

"See that my evening dress is all ready," said my master sharply.

"Evening dress, sir? mistress told me to bring your dressing-gown—"

"Who is master here? Go instantly and do as I tell you!" cried my master.

"Yes, sir—of course, sir," cried Mr. John Thomas in a bewildered state of mind, in which condition he hurried from the room.

"I see what has happened," said my master, as soon as he was left alone. "I'm to be put into leading-strings. Not yet. Laura ought by this time to know that I love her with all my heart, but that I am master of my own actions; and, egad, I intend to remain so!"

My mistress came back into the room, and saw at a glance that Mr. Silver had been put out of temper by something. But she said, as if quite unconscious of any thing being the matter:

"Have you enjoyed your ride, love?"

"Pretty well," answered my mistress, drily. "There is no objection to my going out for an hour's ride in the evening, I hope?"

"Objection?—expressly ordered by your doctor, dear."

"An intention of mine to go out to supper this evening appears to be not equally unobjectionable?"

"My love!"

"At any rate, Mrs. Toovey—"

"My dear Edward," said my mistress, interrupting him; Mrs. Toovey is—Mrs. Toovey; whom, I am sure you will allow, I do not in any way resemble."

"I am happy to say you don't," replied my master; "but why do you encourage her visits?"

"If you recollect, you yourself particularly requested me to cultivate her acquaintance, for the sake of her husband—one of your oldest and most intimate friends."

"I beg you pardon, dear; I was wrong," said my master, a little pettishly. "The fact is, the woman's a tittle-tattler, and may be a mischief-maker."

"She has done nothing but good in the present instance; since I owe to her the knowledge of the pains you had taken to keep from me a something which you thought it would be uncomfortable for me to learn."

My master was evidently embarrassed. "Then, my darling," he stammered, "my going to this supper does not vex you?"

"In one respect, a little bit; in another, not at all."

"Might I ask you to explain?" inquired my master, relapsing in the smallest degree into his recent ill-humor.

"O," cried my mistress, laughing pleasantly, "you don't expect me to declaim you a speech like a heroine in a melodrama? By the way, that reminds me of something I *can* do. Would you mind putting on your dressing-gown for a moment? I want to see how this cap, which I am embroidering for you, will go with it."

"Would I mind?" cried my master, taking off his walking-coat and slipping into his dressing-gown; "why it's a positive pleasure to find an excuse for putting it on. I should like never to wear any thing else."

"That will do, I think," said my mistress, after comparing the new cap with the old dressing-gown. "You may take it off now."

"There's no need for hurry," replied my master, throwing himself comfortably into a favorite chair; "I shall not start for this precious supper for an other hour. But you were saying that my going out vexed you in one way, though not in an other."

"I meant that I would rather have had you at home this evening, because I had planned a nice little hot supper for you—a lobster *rissole*, a roasted chicken, and a dainty lemon-pudding."

"A lemon-pudding!" cried my master.

"But now I'll tell you why I do not mind your going out to supper; it's because I know you will get no wine so good as that in your own cellar; no lemon-pudding so nice as the one I've had made for you, even if you get any at all; because you'll have to wear what you call 'a choker' instead of your dressing-gown—have your ears split with noisy conversation—be bored to death with frothy politics—and have no opportuty, however much you may wish for it, for saying to your wife, 'Laura, I love you better than any thing else in the world.'"

What my master did is what I really believe every man in his senses would have done under the circumstances. In other words, he put his arm round his wife's waist and kissed her.

"You see I *must* go, Laura," he said, not quite *apropos;* "I've promised 'em."

I fancied that I detected just the faintest shade of disappointment fall upon my mistress' face; but she said quite cheerfully:

"By all means, dear; and if you would like to oblige me, there is one particular neck-tie I should like you to wear to-night. I'll fetch it."

She left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a handsome white neck-tie, beautifully embroidered at the ends.

"Why," exclaimed my master, "this is the one I wore on my wedding-day! And you are really going to let me wear it when you will not even be present?"

"I think you'll own it's very magnanimous of me," answered my mistress, with a very significant twinkle in her eyes; "but quite in accordance with my ordinary heroism of character; and, of course, without a thought in my head of having the lemon-pudding all to myself. But what *are* you doing? I declare you've made a perfect rope of it round your neck!"

"By Jove! I've done worse—I've torn it!" cried my master.

"You have indeed," replied my mistress. "Ah, well, it's ten years old."

"Ten years old? Good heavens, Laura—what's the day of the month?" demanded my master; and then, without waiting to be answered, he threw himself at her feet, exclaiming: "Beat me, my darling! I deserve it; thoughtless, ungrateful brute that I am! A day that was the beginning of so much happiness entirely forgotten! Put away the dear old neck-tie; I shall sup with you, love. Let them wait for me if they like. Half an hour ago I was an ass, making myself and you uncomfortable for fear some people I don't care a pin for should think I preferred your society to theirs—ashamed of my own happiness, in fact. Let them think I am governed by my wife! You *do* govern me, Laura; I know it; and it shall always be my glory to own the influence of your goodness, kindness, and gentleness. You are the fountain-head of all my happiness; and if it is ridiculous for a man to confess that he loves his wife better than all else in the world, let me appear the most ridiculous of husbands. Laugh with me, Laura! Why, my darling, you are crying!"

Something at that moment affected my sight; but I have no doubt that what my master said was literally true. Some time later, Mr. John Thomas opened the door to announce the return of Mrs. Toovey, but the lady herself entered before he had time to pronounce her name. She appeared both surprised and disgusted to see that pretty little picture of domestic felicity.

"What!" she exclaimed; "are you not gone?"

"No; I am going to sup at home," replied my master.

"When all the rest are gone?" cried Mrs. Toovey. "Ridiculous!"

"Good heavens!" he cried, bursting into laughter; "there's no being in agreement with you, Mrs. Toovey. Half an hour ago you quarrelled with me for proposing to *go;* now you quarrel with me for *not* going."

"But *your* husband, dear?" inquired my mistress.

"Gone, my love! Gone, in spite of all I could do or say to prevent him, after flying into the most dreadful passion, and terrifying me almost to death. I can't understand it at all. It's as if he had suddenly become quite another man—a lion, my love."

And Mrs. Toovey threatened to go instantaneously into hysterics, in proof of the terrible change that had come over her hitherto submissive "lord and master." It required a great deal of persuasion on the part of my mistress to get her to give up the idea of the hysterics in the first place, and in the next, of going to Cremorne to confront her peccant husband, "in the shockingest hansom I can find," as she said.

As to my master's suggestion, that in dealing with the wild beasts called husbands, wives may, in some cases, find coaxing to do better than coercion, she emphatically pooh-poohed it, even after a second help of the lemon-pudding at supper—nay, even after more than one glass of cold punch.

I will only say in conclusion, that's my story. If the hearth-rug could have told it better, why didn't she tell it?—*Belgravia.*

THE LUNCH.

A GOTHIC window, where a damask curtain
Made the blank daylight shadowy and uncertain;
A slab of agate on four eagle talons,
Held trimly up, and neatly taught to balance;
A porcelain dish, o'er which in many a cluster
Plump grapes hung down, dead ripe, and without lustre;
A melon cut in thin, delicious slices;
A cake that seemed mosaic work in spices;
Two china cups, with golden tulips sunny,
And rich inside with chocolate like honey;
And she and I the banquet scene completing
With dreamy words, and very pleasant eating.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

CANDOR, in some people, may be compared to lemon drops, in which the acid predominates over the sweetness.

THE VIRTUE OF LUXURY.

THE publication in a respectable journal of an open defence of luxury, luxury in its vulgar meaning and including wastefulness, is an incident of the week worth recording, for it marks a point, it may be a turning-point, in the reaction against asceticism which has been carried on ever since 1852. From believing luxury an evil in itself we have come round to consider it a good. The one state of opinion is as unsound as the other, and likely to be far more injurious to society. No doubt many of the old arguments against luxury in dress, eating, housekeeping, and every form not involving directly moral considerations, were often erroneous or absurd. Self-denial which does no good to others or to the ascetic's own mind can only be made a virtue by a perversion or confusion of thought. A man may as well waste a guinea on a toy he does not want, as add it to a hoard he will not use, provided always the act of wasting does not injure his own mind more than the act of hoarding. To go without sugar when you want sugar and can afford sugar, simply because you like sugar, is as useless a proceeding as it would be to prick yourself sharply twice a day because the body would not like that. But that does not prove that unlimited indulgence in sugar up to the point of luxury is good. On the contrary, it may be bad for health and economy.

Expenditure on silk, say, does not necessarily injure a country, the manufacture of silk being as useful as any other; but that does not prove that luxurious expenditure on silk may not be economically wrong. Every outlay not directly reproductive is an outlay of so much power, and there must be and is a point at which needless outlay—and all luxury involves needless—must be as injurious as any other form of waste. There is no injury to the country in an expenditure on liquor, but there must be a point at which that expenditure unduly restricts the power of expending upon things more useful or beneficial than artificial stimulents. Take the commonest case of all, the consumption of tobacco, a thing nearly not absolutely needed. The country is not injured economically by that expenditure as long as the return in pleasure, or refreshment, or trade paid for by the planter is equal to the toil expended in buying the weed; but there must be a point at which the equality ceases, and the expenditure is then waste of so much toil which might be better directed.

The true moral objection to luxury is, we think, not its "enervating" effect, which is doubtful, or its effects in "loosening" the bonds of the mind, for it may strengthen some of them, but the disturbance it creates as to the true objects of life and living. Let many women in great places indulge in extravagance of dress, and instantly an expensive mode of dressing becomes each woman's object, is elevated to an unreal and absurd importance in the scale of her life. But what then? it is replied,—all objects are unimportant if viewed in one way, everything is comparative, and why should not a woman seek to excel in apparel as, say, in social influence? Simply because, though each end may be equally worthless,—and there are ends not worthless,—the effort towards one acts as a relaxation diminishing true strength, the strain to the other as a discipline increasing strength. It is not more worth while to jump further than anybody else than it is to sleep longer than anybody else, but to accomplish the jump the body must be trained in a way which strengthens it for all real work, and to acquire a habit of sleep must be trained in a way which weakens it for all real work.

The habit of luxury blinds the mind to true proportions, elevates things comparatively valueless into things of positive value. Whenever it does not, luxury ceases to be, and becomes mere grandeur, or splendour, or custome. A man may live like Sardanapalus, but if he does not want to live so, and simply accepts such living as an accident, or as the atmosphere around him, luxury will not hurt him. One man may eat off silver and another off delf, and the delf owner be tho more truly luxurious of the two, that is, spends more of himself in caring about what he eats off. The charge brought by sensible men against the luxuriousness of the hour is not that it enervates, for it does not, or that it costs money, for wastefulness is a question of comparison, but that it lowers the standard of life, confuses and perplexes the motive forces which impel mankind. Let the Marquise de la Folie dress in cloth of gold if she likes, and there is, if she can afford it, no harm done, unless the said cloth is opposed to good taste or diminishes her own beauty; but when life is sacrificed to gold cloth, when it becomes a paramount object to have gold cloth, and ambition means much gold cloth, and emulation the best gold cloth, and pride pleasure in her gold cloth, then life is lowered, in our own judgment greatly lowered, but by universal consent lowered in some degree Anything that increases that process is bad, and the surly moralists who protest against luxury are distinctly in the right. No doubt they overdo their case.

Luxury palls so very fast that it seldom endures as luxury, either sinks into its proper place in life, or produces a reaction towards asceticism as a relief. Let luxury in dress go as far as it will, some one is sure sooner or later to discover that it injures beauty or manliness, and discarding it, to change the current of ambition, or emulation, or taste towards simplicity.

At this present moment luxury in France, America, and even England has advanced till it is, we believe, in spite of our contemporary, becoming mischievous. Men, and still more women, make of outward luxury a passion, till they expend toil and mental force and life itself to gratify it, feel delight when their equipages are the finest, their plate the heaviest, their wines the most expensive, till in fact mere surroundings have become part of themselves, absorb and stifle all that is nobler in them. To "rise" is to have rich things, to "shine" to have their richest things, to "succeed" to have immensely rich things, and to "fail" to give up rich things or not to get them. There is no harm in the rich things, any more than there is in pigs' food, but to want them as pigs want swill is to be piggish without the excuse of a pig's nature, is to the individual degradation, to society an injury—*Spectator.*

NOTICE.

olication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday orrings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

Black Sheep.—A story by Edmund Yates, from Charles Dickens' Magazine, with summary of portions already published, is continued in to-day's Californian.

AN UNFORTUNATE CITY.

THERE seems to be no exaggeration at all in the statement that the city of New York is governed by an organized association of thieves and robbers. The abuses that prevail there, and in regard to the existence of which there is no dispute whatever, are more outrageous even than those under which San Francisco suffered in her darkest days. Not only the *Times*, the *Tribune*, and all the better class of the weeklies are loud and bitter in their denunciations of the "Corporation Ring," but the *Herald* is quite as severe in its accusations of wholesale and shameless corruption as any of its contemporaries. Says *Harper's Weekly:*

"On every side and in every detail the municipal Government is an organized system of plunder. In 1830 the city was governed for half a million of dollars. In 1865 the entire government cost more than *forty millions*. In 1830 the population was a little more than 200,000. It is now about 1,000,000. Thus while the population is five times larger, the cost of governing it is sixteen times greater."

As a neat specimen of municipal swindling, take the annual job of getting up the "Manual of the Common Council." This is an utterly unnecessary book. It does not fall at all within the legitimate province of a city government to get up such a book, and the only object for doing it is of course the profits arising out of the chances for jobbing and contracting connected with it. Yet for this useless book, adorned with the fac-simile autograph signatures of the Aldermen, the taxpayers of New York paid the sum of $57,000 in 1865!

But besides these enterprises on a large scale, the corporation robbers do not disdain petty spoliations upon all persons holding subordinate offices in the city government, and even upon female teachers in the Public Schools. Mr. Parton, who seems to have thoroughly investigated the subject, exposes the bald and undisguised iniquity of the New York municipal government in an elaborate article in the October number of the *North American Review*, supplying abundance of details, and showing specifically how the machinery of corruption and plunder is worked. Here are a few of the facts he furnishes:

"It was recently proved, in the presence of the Governor of the State, that the appointment to the office of Corporation Attorney was sold to one incumbent for the round sum of $10,000. This is bad enough, but worse remains to be told. Sworn testimony (from thirty-six witnesses) taken by a committee of investigation, establishes the appalling fact, that appointments to places in the public schools are systematically sold in some of the wards—the wards where the public schools are almost the sole civilizing power, and where it is of unspeakable importance that the schools should be in the hands of the best men and women. One young lady, who had just buried her father and had a helpless mother to support, applied for a situation as teacher, and was told, as usual, that she must pay for it. She replied that she could not raise the sum demanded, the funeral expenses having exhausted the family store. She was then informed that she could pay "the tax" in installments. Another poor girl came on the witness-stand on crutches, and testified that she had paid $75 for a situation of $300 a year. Another lady went to a member of the Ring, and told him, with tears, that she saw no way of procuring the sum required, nor even of saving it from the slender salary of the place. The man was moved by her anguish, took compassion upon her, and said he would remit *his share* of "the tax." It was shown, too, that the agent of all this foul iniquity was no other than the principal of one of the schools. It was he who received and paid over the money wrung from the terror and necessities of underpaid and overworked teachers. We learn from the report of the committee that the Ring in this ward was originally formed for the express purpose of giving the situations in a new and handsome school "to the highest bidder;" and, as the opening of the new school involved the discharge of a small number of teachers employed in the old schools, the Ring had both the fear and the ambition of the teachers to work upon. 'There was a perfect reign of terror in the ward,' says the report of the investigating committee. 'The agent performed his duty with alacrity and with a heartiness worthy of the employers. It appears that he not only summoned the teachers to come to him, but that he called on their parents and friends as to the amount they should pay for their appointments—the sums varying from $50 to $600, according to the position sought.'

"And who were the Ring who perpetrated this infamy? They were a majority of the Trustees elected by the people, and the School Commissioner elected by the people—six poor creatures, selected from the grog shop and the wharf, and intrusted with the most sacred interest of a republic, the education of its children. It was known before that in some of the wards the school trustees were drunkards; it was known before that little children were piled up, like flower pots in a green-house, in small, ill-ventilated rooms, but no one supposed, before this investigation in 1864, that men could be elected to office who were capable of such revolting meanness as this.

The New York *Nation*, the rival of the *Round Table* for the position of the leading Atlantic literary weekly, says, in referring to the subject, that the same causes that have led to this shameful condition of things in New York are producing similar effects in all the chief cities of the United States wherever "commerce and manufactures are creating great aggregations of people," and predicts that if some remedy is not applied, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and San Francisco will be governed by "bands of thieves" like those who now hold their sessions in the City Hall.

The source of the evil, according to the *Nation*, is to be found in the large number of ignorant foreign voters gathered together in our large cities, the existence of which political element has created a new class of politicians of the type of Fernando Wood—keen, cunning, unscrupulous Americans, "determined to live on the public, and ready to do anything that may be necessary for the purpose—men who have thoroughly trained themselves in the art of cajoling the Irish—have learned all their foibles and prejudices, and pander to them with unequalled dexterity, and are utterly indifferent to public opinion." Under the leadership of men of this class, the 77,000 foreign voters of New York (being nearly two-thirds of the entire number of voters, which is 129,000) have controlled municipal affairs for more than twenty years, making the officers and revenue of the city the spoil and patrimony of their favorites.

So far as the existence and magnitude of the evil are concerned, there seems to be no difference of opinion whatever among the respectable portion of the New York Press; but when it comes to the consideration of a remedy, all is embarrassment and confusion. Mr. Parton seems at one moment to incline to the suggestion of interference by the State Legislature, and at another to a restriction of the right of suffrage to those who can "read English composition of medium difficulty;" but he thinks that *present relief* by the interposition of the Legislature is a necessity. The *Evening Post* is of the opinion that a remedy could be found in abolishing the plan of choosing municipal officers by popular vote, with the single exception of the Mayor, who should have full power of appointment and dismissal so far as all the other offices are concerned, and be held responsible for all evils and abuses. The *Nation* has no faith in any changes of this kind, and thinks that no safety can be found for large American cities "in any other way than by raising the character of those who elect city officers;" it urges that the Constitutional Convention of the State should "impose a good and thorough educational test on all persons presenting themselves for registration, giving those who are now voters a year to prepare in; and, secondly, give householders, as householders, a share in the representation, with at least a veto on votes of money made by the representatives of mere numbers."

This last plan would at least have the good effect of making political influence in some measure proportionate to intelligence, and would also tend to induce those on whom the burdens of taxation chiefly fall, to take an active interest in city politics.

We have dwelt at unusual length upon this subject, because the evils and abuses in question are not peculiar to New York, but threaten every other great commercial city in the country, where similar causes are in operation. San Francisco has had experiences of her own, not altogether unlike those of her great sister on the Atlantic, and it would not be prudent to consider her yet beyond all peril of their recurrence.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editors of The Californian cannot engage to furnish answers to interrogatories propounded in this department. They will be glad, however, to publish replies supplied by correspondents.]

THE W. W. STORY QUESTION AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Californian:

SOME one in your last week's issue, using the same initials that I use, speaks of the late "Chief Justice" Story. Will some one please inform your readers when or where Judge Story was a Chief Justice?

In regard to W. W. Story's having denationalised himself, I have a theory, although I do not know the fact that he has been naturalised as an Englishman. In the first place, there has always been a snobbish admiration and imitation of England about Boston and Virginia, but the peculiar attraction of Mr. Story to England belongs especially to Puritan and Abolition New England.

England is the father of the "man and brother" idea, and boasts that no slave can breathe upon her soil, etc., etc.

Now, from many small circumstances, I am led to think that the Sculptor Story is a practical and instinctive believer in the equality or superiority of the African race, and this may have had something to do with his making himself an Englishman.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the whole *Atlantic Monthly* clique are all the time praising his instincts and his manhood; and it seems that he does possess that peculiar erotic and morbid state of mind or body which ignores or repudiates the normal, healthy and natural, and fastens upon the diseased—the result of a Northern temperament not naturally warm, acted upon by a strained and factitious imagination. So we hear of the beauties of amalgamation, of the warm tropical blood and the sensuous imagination of the dark-skinned and heated races as necessary to give warmth and coloring to the pale-faced and thin blooded races.

So Mr. Story is not satisfied with the old Greek type, with the pure outlines of delicate Caucasian form, but he throws all his skill and genius into a Nubian girl, emblem of the torrid Africa.

So, also, he writes that rich and powerful poem you published last week—but what is it? Ought one to unveil what lies beneath that charm of words, that syren song of genius?

The loves of Antony and Cleopatra, hitherto, by Shakspeare and the world, were thought to be as sensual as poetry or art could adopt or recognize. These loves are thrown aside as too tame, and what is substituted you must read the poem to find out.

T. W. F.

ANECDOTES OF COOLNESS AND COURAGE.

Messrs. Editors:

The Dublin *University Magazine*, in an interesting article on "courage and cowardice," has an anecdote of Lord Howe, the first half of which reminds me of an anecdote of General William Walker, the celebrated filibuster (our William Walker); and the second of an incident which occurred between the late gallant and veteran General E. P. Gaines and myself.

One night (says the narrator) when Lord Howe was in command of the Channel Fleet, he was suddenly awakened by an officer who, in great trepidation, told him the ship was on fire near the powder room; the Admiral coolly replied: "If it is so, sir, *we shall very soon know it.*"

The anecdote of Lord Howe continues:

"Some minutes afterwards the Lieutenant returned and told his lordship he had no occasion to be afraid, for the fire was extinguished. '*Afraid*,' replied Lord Howe, hastily, 'what do you mean by that, sir? I never was *afraid* in my life.'"

At the memorable seige of Rivas, when General Walker was hemmed in by three armies, each numbering many times more than his own little handful, his headquarters were in a solidly built adobe house, consisting mainly of one long room that had been used for a public office—the windows grated and (according to the fashion of the country) without glass. One day in the very extremity of the seige, he was standing in the midst of the room, and as his secretary was in the act of handing him a paper, a ball whistled through the window, passed directly between them and lodged in the opposite wall. The secretary instantly threw himself back; but the imperturbable Walker coolly inquired: "Why did you shrink, sir, *the ball was gone before you knew it was coming?*"

This anecdote is undoubtedly true. When in Rivas a few months afterward, I heard it from many different persons, native and foreign, and among the rest from an intelligent French officer who had served in the Costa Rica Crusade of the beseiging army. It was also current among the fillibusters themselves, who had escaped from the seige, of whom I met many at Punta Arenas, and at San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica.

In the winter of 1845-6, when the United States and Great Britain were at swords points on the "Oregon Question," General Gaines, in command of the Southwestern Division, had his headquarters at the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, where I also at that time resided, and was in daily social intercourse with him. One evening when some particularly exciting news had been received I made the unlucky inquiry: "General, do you apprehend a war with England?" The *preux chevalier* paused a moment and then turned to me with the air that might be supposed in a Bayard: "Mr. —— is *apprehend* exactly the word to use to a soldier? I think we shall have a war with England, *but I do not apprehend it.*"

I must, in this connection, pay a passing tribute to the admirable character of the illustrious friend of my early manhood. General Gaines was the most simple-hearted and guileless man I ever knew. His ability, as well as his gallantry and high spirit as a soldier, and in all the relations of life to which he was called, are mottoes of history. What I wish to say of him is, that if he was "without fear" it was literally because he was "without reproach."

W. C. J.

San Francisco, December 6th, 1866.

The Ruling Passion.—It is told of N. P. Willis that he always files away those little memoranda that his butcher sends in with the meat, recording how many pounds there are, under the endorsement of "Pencilings by the Weigh—Correct Edition."

Mr. Boucicault and M. Eugene Nus, entertained the artists of the Gaite, in Paris, on the occasion of the one hundredth representation of *Jean La Poste, (Arrah na Pogue.)*

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

A Ferocious Assault on Captain Jaggers.

MR. EDITOR: I have hitherto allowed the fulminations of your correspondent "Captain Jaggers" to pass unnoticed, but there is a time when forbearance ceases to he a virtue; that time hns come. Wheu Jaggers—I decline to call him "Captain Jaggers" until I form the acquaintance of some person who has been favored with a view of his commission—when this Jaggers wrote n communication which nppeared in the "Lion's Mouth" of your issue of Novemher 24th, I determined to wait the issue, and in the event of matters turning out as I *knew*, yes sir, as I *knew* they would, to brand Jaggers. This Jaggers in the issue aforesaid stated thnt a certain lawyer in this city had secured a passage to the Sandwich Islands in the *Vanderbilt* from the Captain of that vessel, hy represeuting himself as a sick young man who wished to travel for the benefit of his health, and who was not nverse to filling the easy position of Captain's clerk. The object of the lawyer was to transact business in connection with the failure of a certain firm ia Honolulu for a certaiu bnnking firm in this city, in advance of the arrival of the attorney of another firm also a large creditor of the firm which had failed. This was true: the eminent, talented aud strategetic young lawyer accomplished bis end and checkmated his adversary. Jaggers makes a further statement: He says that on the above meutioned lawyer's arrival in Honoluln he gave up his sitaation as Captain's clerk, and proceeded at once to fulfill his duties as attorney and couusellor at law. Here again Jnggers is correct. But Jaggers goes still further: He states that the Admiral, enraged at the trick which had heen practised on him, ordered the Captain to addrcss a note to "his clerk," recalling him to his dutics. The unscrupulous Jaggers closes his precious communication thus:

"How our Americnn Pericles replied to this communication, and whether he obeyed the summons, or took the risk of incurring the penalties of desertion, remains to he ascertained. My own opinion, however, is, that he is by this time on his way to Valparaiso, and that his San Francisco clieuts need not expect to see him again for six months or a year to come."

Now, sir, when I state of my own knowledge that the nforesaid emineat lawyer is at present in this city, the falsity of many of the statements and much of the speculation of Jaggers will become evident to yon. I have thus made a brief and necessarily imperfect revision of Jaggers' communicaton, whicb appeared in THE CALIFORIAN of Nov. 24th. It only remains for me to give my opiuion as to the motives which actuated Jaggers in penning that communication. Perhaps you do not know Jaggers. I *do*. Let him be avoided. The infamous Jaggers is a tall man with a lenn and hnngry look, who wears shoes. His hat is always *too* well brushed; his coat fits him as tightly as does the skiu of a snake to its body; his nnder lip protrudes slightly; his nose has a small pimple on the left side; he shaves all the hair off his face and hns no eyebrows; when talking on business of any kind he wears spectacles. As an evidence of his dispositiou heing utterly meau aud reprehensible I will mention the fact that he pointed out a small pet terrier, weight 6¼ pounds, for slaughter, to a murderous policemau. The reason of his enmity for the gifted lawyer above mentioned, is this: The gifted lawyer is an experienced political engineer. It was the gifted lawyer, who, hy nrranging for a satisfactory swapping of votes during the last municipal electioa, secured the defeat of Martin J. Burke and brought about the election of Pat Crowley—by a similar move he elected the present city attorney. Such a man must have enemies. Genius always has. I am proud to say he has many enemics. Enemies of more consequence thau the despicable Jaggers. To waste more than a few words on Juggers would he absurd. The eminent lawyer is not in Valparaiso, but in this city, and more's the pity, so is Jaggers. HOOKEY WALKER.

A Very Quiet Joke.

It is evident that the proprietors of the *Alta* have subjugated Fitz Smythe, and forced him to curb his exuberant wit. The following, which appeared in Thursday's issue of the *Alta*, proves this coaclusively:

"GAMBOLIERS.—Officers McCormick and Hess arrested Wm. N. Briggs and John Browu for dealing faro at a place on Montgomery street, the first on two charges, and the last on one. The complainant was a gentleman named Bowers from Missouri."

Fitz Smythe imparts a little humor to this item of news hy heading it "Gamboliers," but is forced, in consequence of the cruel restraint imposed upon him, to refrain from recouating it in the excruciatingly funny manner in which he was wont to impart to the public iatelligence of thefts, burglaries, arsons, murders, and other crimes. He has, however, smuggled in a joke which has escaped the vigilant eye of the editors and proprietors of the *Alta*, and we fear that it may possibly have been passed unnoticed by many readers of the *Alta*. The joke is contaiaed in the following seutence: "The complniuant was a gentleman named Bowers from Missouri." Fitz Smythe would, if he had dared, have made an exquisitely humorous allusion to "Joe Bowers" who had a brother Ike and came from Old Missouri, all the way from Pike, but he dared not. He would have speculated as to whether or not Wm. N. Briggs was known among the "sporting fraternity" hy the name of "Poker Bill," and would have quoted copiously from the poem in which the troubles which "Poker Bill" (whose other name might possibly have been Willinm N. Briggs) caused the originnl "gentleman named Bowers from Missouri." We sympathize with Fitz Smythe, and as nn assurance of our sympnthy give the above to the public as what Fitz *would* have said had he not been cruelly restrained.

First-Class Criticism.

San Francisco, we fear, is not sufficiently grateful for the hoon lately granted it. The *Times* is a newspaper perfect in every department. From the man who does the heavy editorial down to the local items, nll are perfect masters of their art. A musical and dramatic critic has, like the Japunese Jugglers at the Opera House, been engnged "at an enormous expense," and he speaks thus of Lady Don: "She is a fine representation of the classic school of actiug."

The parody of the "Rat Catcher's Daughter," in the opinion of the critic of the *Times*, belongs to tho "classic school." Singing chambermaid busiaess is the classic style of acting. Lady Don may have received insults from ignorant writers hefore, but she was never so infamously insulted before she came to San Francisco. However, she can, when the critic of the *Times* calls her "a classic actress," comfort herself as the drunken snilor did when the jackass brayed at him with the reflection that "he knew no better and he didn't mean any harm by it." For fear, however, that other dramatic critics may be misled by the young man who "does up the theatrical items for the *Times*," we must meution the fact that no actress can *be* "a representation;" and further, that hurlesque actresses do not claim to belong to the classic school of acting. This sort of thing may be good enough for a young adventurous paper like the *Times*, hut for papers which have attnined a reputation it would not do at all.

Mrs. Woxeackle on the Press and the Church.

MR. EDDYTER:—On Thanksgiving there was a Union servis in the Caythedral, in wich all the Episkerpal congregashuns partysipatid, tho' why it should be called n Union servis, now that the wnr is over and the Union saved, is unheknown to me, or why politiks should be hrort into the church at all equally so, wicb I have ever set my face against. The sermon was, I am sure, as elokwent as enny precched ou that day in San Francisco, yet the papers wich printed Mr. Stebhings's aud Mr. Scudder's, and Dr. Woodsworth's, and those of other dissenters, hardly so much as even allooded to the discourse of our Rektor, wich how to accouut for I know not, unless all the eddyters belong to the sekts and not to the church. I was mortifide and astonished, I confess, when I come to look at the *Alta* and *Bulletin* to find Prishyteerins, and Baptists, and Unitaryius (wich our paster considers no hetter than infidels) and snch, put before the Church, or rather the Caythedral, in both the grate principil commershull papers of the citty, to see Mr. Stebbings's sermon come first a collum and a half long, and then Mr. Woodswuth's another collum, and then all the rest of the sektary's, even to the Jews and the Romunists, and at the bottum of all, three insigniferkant lines sayin' a Union servis of all the Episkerpil churches was held at Grace Caythedril; it was well attendid, and the exercises were exceedingly interesting! When I expressed to Mrs. Van Slamm the disgust with wicb I was inspyerd by such slites upon the church, she only laffed in her breezy way, and sez she, "Well Maria, I suspect the church is like n ship at sea, it seems a grate deal bigger institooshun to them thnt's in it than to the outsiders." Such was her words, wich, for one, I am free to say I cannot see the sense or meaning of.

Yours respectfnl, MARIA WOXCACKLE.

P. S.—Mrs. Van Slamm, who always gits the earlyist noos of every think, wich is no wonder, seeing that she spends most of her time in going arouad hearing what peeple say, and telling it to other peeple, has jest dropped in and told me that Mr. Eagan has come out of the firy furniss like Shadrock and what's his name, ont of the den of lyings. He hns got his papers from Philadelfy, with a compleet carakter, and the Bishop has had to hack down; and he is to have a splendid church (tho' free) on Post street, and all the fashun of Grnce and Trinity nre going there, and it is to be the most aristokratic congregashun in the city; all of wich is inscrootabel to me. For how a free church, where there is nothink to pay, can he fashernahel is too much for my poor hed; and if so, all the mony that we have spent in tour hundred dollar pews, and subscripshuns, and cetery, in order to git into sosyity, is as good as wastid. M. W.

Local Literature.

California has not as yet added many volumes to the literature of the United States; she has produced, or developed, three or four poets and five thousnnd rhymesters, but the literature of the Stnte has yet to be formed. This being the case it is with pleasure that we notice the occasional gleams of genius which illumine the pnges of the daily press. We have hopes that more than one who is at present in the chrysalis coudition of local items will in time develope into the glorious shape of poet or novelist. Fitz Smythe may, after continuing in the aforesaid grub condition for years, at length become the humorist of America. The local of the *Call* has great descriptive powers. His account of the dedicatory services at the unveiling of the monument erected by Broderick Engine Company No. 1, in the hurial ground of the late Volunteer Fire Department is thrilling. He tells us that certain resolutioas were read and then continues:

"After the reading, and while the band breathed a softened and delicious harmony, the statue was unveiled by Chief Scannell and Mr. Michael McLaughlin. An involuntary murmur of admiration was heard from the spectators as its fair proportions came into view. It is a figure of a female in an attitude of profound grief, and realizes the old mythologic idea (if we may he pardoned for using it in this Christian age) of Niobe, who, in sorrow for the loss of her children, wept herself to stone. Elaborately chiselled out of pure Italian marble, the figure reflects credit upon the head that designed and the hand that executed it, and will be a conspicuous ornament to that portion of the cemetery."

We have seldom read n parargraph of the saine length as the above which contained so many beauties. "The band breathed a softened and delicious harmony," is a pretty expression, hut the description of the statue is positively sublime. The delicacy manifested by the local in apologizing for his allusion to Niobe—who was not a Christian—in this Christian age, cannot he sufficiently commended. It is just this sort of thing which makes heathens of people. Because a man is well read in the classics he is not therefore excusable when he drags in allusions to heathens: he should not fail to apologize for mentioning such people in this Christian age. There are many such gems as this in the local columns of our daily press, and it is to our essentially local literature that we must look for bright thoughts, brilliant descriptions and flashes of wit, for do we not find them in the works of Fitz Smythe and the local of the *Call*?

The "Wonder of the Century."

The "Wonder of the Century" is *not*, it seems, the Atlantic Cable, nor the *Aviator*, nor the six-legged calf, nor Commodore Nutt, nor the Big Trees of Calaverns, but Master Louis Schmidt. Of this astounding fact we are assured upon high classic authority. The programme of the "Lincoln School Exhibition"—and a very pleasant exhibition it was—emanating, as we are at liberty to presume, from the learned principal of the Institution and his able coadjutors, contains the following:

"To-morrow evening the Exhibition will close with an entirely new and very interesting programme. Willis' Band will be present, and aid in furnishing music. Master Louis Schmidt (the wonder of the nineteenth century) has kindly volunteered his services to assist us, and he will entertain the audience during a portion of the evening with his violin."

And thus we have at length, after much travail, the "ninth wonder of the world," in the persoa of the accomplished Master Louis Schmidt.

Spiritualism.

The *Flag* and the *Golden Era* are the only two papers published in this city which ever say a good word for Spiritualism. The *Flag*, after devoting nearly half a column of its valuable space to an account of the raps which were heard at Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye's seance on Thursday night at Eureka Hall, says:

"Altogether, the eveuing was a season of great interest, instruction, and rational amusement to all there, and if Mrs. Foye could have the justice and attention which she deserves of the public press, and which are so readily given to all public performers, other than spiritualists, her hall would he crowded every night. Perhaps the local newspapers will become a little more liberal and adventurous, nfter a while, and not afraid to refer to subjects which in other countries have been a theme of discussion some twenty years, and the subject of investigation by many of the strongest minds of the nation."

Generally speaking, public performers, whether conjurors, learned pigs, or three-legged calves, receive notices of their performnnces from those papers only in which said performances are advertised. If Spiritualism is a new religion, it must be expected that it will meet with the opposition which all religions have had to encouuter before they succeeded in gaining many adherents. The Rev. Mr. Crisis received very little encouragement from the press, and, more than this, was actnally fined for preaching what he considered the truth to the public, in the open streets, without charge. The *Flag* laments that—

"The pleasure of the occasion was somewhat marred by the clatter of a bowliug alley in the basement of the building."

This might interfere slightly with the accuracy of the sounds given in response to questions. A ten strike down stairs was liable to be mistaken for a great manifestation of spirits up stairs, and spirits could scarcely be expected to carry on a conversation very comfortably when they could, in consequence of the material ten-pin halls down stairs, with difficulty hear themselves rap. Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye should have calculated on the great risk the spirits ran of being bowled out before she chose a hall over a bowling saloon.

High-toned Journalism.

The Marysville *Appeal* has the following paragraph, which we think might appropriately find a place amoag the curiosities of journalism:

"A day or two ago a friend of the *Appeal* stepped iato a fruit store on D street, not far from Fourth, and enquired for the morning's *Appeal*. 'I don't take it,' says the apple vender, 'but here is the *Union*.' 'Don't take it, don't take it,' respouded our indignant friend, and turning ou his heel and looking back as he made his exit, he pertinently remarked 'perhaps you go to Sacramento to sell your apples.'"

So it would seem that no one is to be permitted to "sell apples" in Marysville—and we presume the principle would also extend to peanuts—unless he subscribes for the *Appeal*. This idea might advantageously he adopted by our metropolitan journals. We recommeud it to the serious consideration of the *Alta* and *Bulletin*. If they can enforce the principle that no one has a right to sell any commodity in San Francisco unless he is a subscriber to their papers, they will greatly extend their circulation.

Sewerage.

"Linn C. Doyle," the San Francisco correspondent of the Stockton *Herald*, is telling the country people the most terrible stories about San Francisco. He thinks that we are being *poisoned* hy our Board of Supervisors. Hear him:

"These sewers send out their vapor at every street corner. This vapor is made from the debris of the slaughter houses, the vegetable markets, the filth from hotels, the drunken brothels, the feces of the sick rooms of hospitals und dissecting tables, mire from the streets, breweries, tanneries, and refineries, the vaults nnd the kitchen which empty alike into the sewer. The wharves along the city have beneath their planking ten feet of garbage. It is a sea of fetid slime; the cat, the dog, the ox, the horse, the child, and man float in that gluttonous grave, and send out their sulphuric and carbonic gasses. 'The cloacæ of Rome,' says Leibig, 'absorbed all their well being.' True, the Roman sewers drained the world, nud our sewers are draining our lives. In the circumference of our city you cannot escape it; the graveyard to the West; the slaughter houses South, the night carts North, und the dead sea of every denomination East; filth-seeking Chinese in the Centre; stinking vapor, miasma; everywhere."

If this picture is not overdrawn, the swill-milk sensation must take a back seat.

The Supervisors vs. the Dogs.

There can he no doubt but that the sapient Board of Supervisors will on Monday revoke their infamous ordinance empowering policemen to endanger the lives of the citizens of San Francisco by shooting at little dogs who run about the streets unmuzzled. The Press at large has held up the Board of Supervisors to public reprehensiou and ridicule, and it may be supposed that they are now aware how grossly they have outraged public decency. The most charitable conclusiou at which we can arrive in order to explain the insane action of the Honorable Board of Supervisors of the City aud County of San Francisco is: that one of the honorable members must have been, some time ago, bitten by a mad dog, nud that he has, since that time, bitten the other honorable members composing the Board They have showa that they nro dangerously rabid, and should be each one of them muzzled by Blitz, hefore being allowed to enter the City Hall.

The "Fisherman."

The strikingly original poem entitled "The Fisherman," published in last week's CALIFORNIAN, has given rise to a great deal of comment. The *Chronicle* hints that the poem is "not originnl," and intimates thnt it has appeared in some "English periodical." The *Chronicle* is hereby invited to furnish its proofs Glittering generalities, nnd vague suggestions are not nt all satisfactory when literary plagiarism is hinted at. The "Fisherman" *is* n poem of decided originality—and yet not too original to bo produced in San Francisco.

No Joke.

We are assured (paradoxical as it may appear) thnt little George Gorhnm, former secretary of Gov. Low, and the author of divers pert nnd flippant "open letters" to Eugene Casserly nnd other eminent citizens, is *really* and *seriously* a candidate for the position of Governor of Californin. Ridiculous as this seems at the first blush, we are assured upon reliable authority that there is no joke nbout it, and that George is backed by able political managers, and is sanguine of success.

THE journeymen bakers of London held a meeting the other evening to consider how best they might be relieved from the exhausting night work which they now perform. Tho meeting was chiefly remarkable for the speech of a Mr. Wright, a master baker, who strongly counselled the men to strike. "Fancy London without bread for forty-eight hours," said he.

A BUNCH OF QUAYS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN my youth, being very fond of theatrical entertainments, and somewhat restricted in my means of indulging therein, I naturally held in great esteem that magic slips of paper bearing the legend, "Amit two. Boxes. Before seven," which are generously bestowed on the deserving by theatrical managers, by some actors, by a mysterious people in London who never give away anything but orders, but who always have orders to give away; though why *they* should be the dispensers of dramatic Open Sesames is more than I can for the life of me conceive. For example, there was Pilchard—I have known Pilchard to be without money, without credit, without a dinner, almost without a shirt, but I never knew him to be destitute of a private box. Stay! Once he confessed that he had given away three boxes that afternoon, and must beg me to be content with a couple of stalls. He calls orders "paper." "Do you want any paper?" asks Pilchard. It is his preparatory plea for holding you by the button, and borrowing, eventually, one pound three and sixpence. He never borrowed a sum without fractions in his life. The fractions float the loan, as a sail does a tide. "There's plenty of paper for the Lane going about," says Pilchard, grasping a handful of orders, gleefully. On paper wings this good fellow has skimmed lightly over poverty and insolvency, and that Isle of Dogs to which, without paper to break his fall, he must have gone irretrievably, years ago.

I ran, young, in a theatrical groove; but there were times when I could not procure orders, when I could not get any paper, and I had pocket-money, and paid. Many are the two shillings I have economised for a place in the gallery, to see Mr. Farren and Mrs. Glover in the *Love Chase*, or Mr. Macready and Miss Helen Faucit in *Virginius*. There are few boys but would cheerfully give up their dinner or their bed to be able to go to the play. Being poor, I was not, I fear, in those days exempt from the passion of envy. I envied Pilchard, with his perennial private boxes. Pilchard was then my patron, though he occasionally borrowed one pound three and sixpence from my mamma. I envied the ruddy children of the Duke of York's School and the Licensed Victualler's Asylum, who, at Christmas and Easter, were hospitably invited to witness the pantomimes and spectacles gratuitously, and were presented, in addition, with buns and seed-cake. I envied the critics of the newspapers who could walk in and out of every theatre in London, and could insist upon front rows, and be haughty to the boxkeepers without giving them sixpence. How, with cold glazed basilisk eyes those boxkeepers would freeze the hearts of little boys when they came in with orders for two, and brought their grown-up sister with them! There was such a Cerberus, with such eyes, but with a face like that of a petrified codfish, at the old Olympic. He never could find the key to open the door of the box, until I had found my last poor little sixpence, or had borrowed one from my sister. I was always afraid he would say that it was after seven, or that the house was full. Well do I remember his sepulchral "Like a bill, sir?" for latent in his speech I seemed to read, "I call you, sir, because I want your sixpence; but I know you to be a contemptible young cub, and, but for my greed of gain, I would chuck yer down them stairs." A horrible race, ghouls, in short, and vampires. They are always promising to die out, but the bloodsucking boxkeeper does *not* die.

The Being, however, whom I envied most was the renter. Surely, I thought, he must be the happiest man alive. The renter of Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theater in a golden age, like the poet, was born. So, at least, I thought. Was "paper" scarce, or was it a drug in the market, it mattered nothing to him. He was invulnerable both to the caprices of managers and the exigencies of that season of taboo when the free list was suspended, the public press excepted. He was the privileged one, the dweller on the threshold, the alumnus of the penetralia; the adept, the initiated grand and past master of dramatic illuminati; the fortunate one who could go to the play for nothing whenever he liked.

Are there any renters now-a-days? Is Pilchard alive, or has he retired to his last private box—the box that is made of elm, and covered with cloth, and studded with nails, and screwed down? Is there any "paper" going about beyond Overend and Gurney's, and the debentures of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway? Are there any little boys who yet take their sisters to the play, and tremble before boxkeepers, or who, when they are in funds, pay two shillings to see Ruy Blas or the Dead Heart? I doubt not but there are. "The earth is rich in man and maid," and ever will be, I hope. The old haunts, the old cheap pleasures, exists; but it is we who have fallen away from them, not they that have fallen away from us.

I may say, conscientiously, at this present writing, that I detest theatrical entertainments; that I am never taken to the play but by fierce entreaty, not unmingled with force; that I never sit down in the stalls without reluctance; nor endure the performance without agony; nor leave the horrible mephetic gas choked oven of a place, without delight. I do not know my way through any stage-doors now; a new generation of stage doorkeepers has arisen who know me not. I have not been to a rehearsal, or into a green room, for years, and, save when I am compelled by that same entreaty mingled with force, I never ask any theatrical authorities for orders. Quite divorced from the smell of the lamps, and the sawdust, and the sound of the prompter's whistle, and the slamming of the box doors, and the rustling of ladies' robes as they pass to their seats, all once so pleasant to hear, I still enjoy, to a certain extent, the privilege of going to the play for nothing.

Of one private box I am not only renter, but freeholder. I disdain the favours of the free list. My box belongs to me in free simple. I carry it about with me as Glamdalditch carried Grildrig, I set it down, and opened it, whensoever I list. Now in Europe, now in Africa, now in America. The settlement of the bill of the play depends entirely on my own will and caprice. I may change the performance every night. I may command Mose in Egitto to follow the Miller and his Men, and interpolate the ballet of Giselle between the fourth and fifth acts of Magbeth. I am free to patronise native talent, or to choose my plays and my performers exclusively from foreign sources. Without a farthing of extra expense I will get up a Christmas pantomime or an Easter burlesque. My corps de ballet is ten thousand strong. My "supers" are innumerable. I am not only freeholder of the proscenium box, but stage manager, prompter, and leader of the orchestra. I must own that I am likewise called upon to dress the leading lady, shift the scenes, and snuff the candles. Finally, I am not compelled, when I go to the play for nothing, to assume that most abhorrent of disfigurements, evening dress; on the contrary, when I have a mind to enter my private box, I usually divest myself of all superfluous attire' lie down with my head on a pillow, and on the softest bed attainable, and then ring for the fiddlers to strike up, and for the play to begin. Let me conclude by observing that two of the chief advantages of my theatre personal, are, that I can see the play with my eyes shut, and that my actors and actresses never come to the treasury on Saturday.

Ring up! What shall the play be to-night? I have a lurking liking for fantastic titiles to my dramas. A "Bunch of Quays?" Presto: I have a private box in an inn at Rotterdam. To every stage there must be a proscenium. The frame to my Dutch mirror, is a first-floor window looking out on the great quay of the Boompps. The scenery is very well painted; but the perspective is, perhaps, a little too flat: the light is too evenly diffused to afford any picturesque contrasts of chair'oscuro; and there are, certainly, in the middle distance too many squabby windmills for romantic effect. But you must take your Dutch decorations as you find them. They are all by Vandyke, and not exempt from a slight tinge of mannerism. There are plenty of ships, however, and their infinitely interlaced spars and rigging are very graceful and grateful to the eye. Yonder row of lime-trees, too, on the Boompps are cool and refreshing. Beyond these I do not see much to chronicle in the way of mise en scene, except rain. Bless us, how it has rained for four-and-twenty hours! It never rains but it pours, says the proverb; but it has rained, without pouring, since yesterday morning at Rotterdam. A fine impartial even-spreading rapid sleet; a rain that seems to come up as well as down; a cold vapour-bath.

There is no mud. Dutch cleanliness takes care of that. The stones of my quay cannot be wetter, but they cannot be cleaner. As the rain falls, alert men with birch brooms step forward and sweep it away, ere any particle of earthy matter can enter into solution with the moisture. Such an alert broomster has been at work since early this morning, and I doubt not that he only relieved a guard of other besomists. To paint the lily, or to gild refined gold, has hitherto been deemed a work of supererogation; but what of washing wet flagstones? This, however, is done at Rotterdam. When the man with the broom finds that the rain is getting the better of him, and that, his strennous sweeping notwithstanding, it is slowly forming into puddles into the interstices, he picks his way back to his hotel, and speedily reappears with a pail of water, the contents of which he carefully slushes over the soaking stones. In most continental cities that I have seen, the lazy people wait for the rain to come and wash their streets; and, as it ordinarily comes but once a year in hot climates, the streets are only washed during one month out of the twelve. The Dutch regard the rain as a kind of contaminator, and, with full buckets, hasten to wash it away. A very cleanly people are these Hollanders. They would reach perfection, could they only be persuaded to wash themselves.

Now, on a November morning, to look out on a wet quay, bordered by wet trees, with wet windmills in the middle distance, a wetter sea in the background, and the wettest sky overhead, distilling a persistent moisture, is not very conducive to that state of mental exhilaration which is termed, inelegantly but forcibly, "jolly." Men staying in lonely inns have done desperate things on wet days. Washington Irving's stout gentleman was driven, under the persecution of Aquarius, to salute the chambermaid with a kiss. Ay, and he kissed the landlady to boot. It is my own fault, perhaps, if the first drama I have chosen to witness from my private box is a "water piece." Till the curtain, descends, however, I must fain see the play that I have summoned up; and for the nonce I am at Rotterdam, and on the Boompps, and I cannot help myself. Rain, as a rule, makes one wretched. A Frenchman, who translates the "ennui" from which he really suffers tortures into that fabulous British malady, "le spleen," would very soon ring for a brazier of charcoal and a box of matches, hermetically close all the doors and windows—the which is difficult in this damp and windy country—and, without further ado, asphyxiate himself.

The view of the wet Boompps fails, somehow, to engulf me in despondency. I like the man with the birch broom, and I wonder how many stuyvers he gets a day for washing the rain away. I fancy him a kind of Lowy Country Ixion, condemned to this labor for punitive reasons. I have read old stories of vagrants in the Dutch Rasp-houses sentenced to hard labor in a room where there was a pump, and into which water was continually flowing. If they did not pump it out, they were drowned. I like the little Dutch boys who come splashing along, with their bright violet stockings and their clumping wooden shoes. I admire the fubsy Dutch damsels who pass in their multiplied yet abbreviated linsey-woolsey skirts, and the thin plates of gold over their banded hair, and neatly twilled caps, and demure gorgets, and massy earrings. Surely these Dutch damsels cannot never want sweethearts, for I calculate that, on a reasonable average, every young woman has at least seven pounds ten worth of good substantial finery about her. I like the Dutch young woman; though the censorious may urge that her gait more intimately resembles a waddle than a walk.

A traveler, even the most splenetic, has no right to suffer from the spleen when he can see ships. Now, on the Boompps this wet morning, there are any number of ships. I will dismiss the great flat-bottomed barges, heaped high from stem to stern with cabbages, with onions, or with the cannon balls of peace—Dutch cheeses. I will eliminate from my picture, the lumbering tuylschuyts—omnibuses of the water, which look like the lord mayor's barge grown out of all shape, or the Bucentaur become dropsical. Of schooners and brigantines, sails and ferry-boats, clinging to the Boompps like burrs to the hand which is drawn through a hedge, I will say nothing. But I cannot spare you that great, deep-hulled, swelling-sided three-master, the Waterstaat East Indiaman, which is ever now loading for Batavia, and is to set sail tomorrow morning, they tell me, for her spicy destination.

I love a ship. My heart leaps up, quite as high as Mr. Wordsworth's when he beheld the rainbow in the sky, when I think that yonder great black mass pitched all over—the ark which contains Shem, Ham, Japhet, and their wives and families, and casks of beef and pork, and preserved peas, and Bass's pale ale, and a hold full of Manchester cotton goods, prisoned by hydraulic pressure with shining iron bands, and pigs, and sheep, and poultry, and all manner of creeping things—shall, with no stronger assistance than that afforded by a few poles and some tarred strings and some wet towels, but with a trusty man at the helm, and a master mariner who knows his navigator by heart, be wafted over the world—be spirited from those dull misty Boompps to the huge hot Javan region—to the land of infinite spices and continual coffee groves, and where the very air is sticky with sugar.

How inadequate seems even the biggest ship to contain a tithe even of the things which you know to be stowed away in her! Row round her, pace her deck from stem to stern, view her near or from afar off, and still you can with difficulty persuade yourself that so much cargo, and so many stores, and so many living souls, can be in reality packed within her sides. It is all very well, when she is a steamer, to be told that she gets lighter every day, owing to the quantity of coals she has burnt; but how did she get all those coals into her bunkers, to begin with? It is very well to explain to me the theory of winds and tides, and the mathematical laws of navigation; but her sails and her masts, her captain and her crew, her charts and her compasses, and her quadrants notwithstanding, she is not the less to me a mystery of mysteries. However she does get, anyhow, to her destination I know no more than did the wisest man that ever lived. King Solomon was fain to confess that, next to the way of a fowl in the air and a serpent on a rod, the way of a ship on the sea puzzled him most crucially.

Now, this enormous Waterstaat East Indiaman. She looks as firmly planted at her moorings as the Stadt House at Amsterdam on her piles: yet to-morrow morning, when I take a survey of the Boompps from my windows, I shall find the Waterstaat clean gone—gone, like the puff of smoke belched forth by a cannon in a holiday salute. And she will reach the shores of Java somehow, this unwieldy monster, and, all unwieldy as she is, the waves will make sport of her, and dandle her like an infant, or send her spinning like a top, or see-saw, like Margery Daw, and turn her all but upside down. For my part I decline, in the present mood of my mind, to believe in the winds and tides, and the laws of navigation. I prefer to believe in Neptune with an attendant bevy of Tritons—hairy persons of a salt savor, blowing lustily into enormous conch-shells. I prefer to believe in Æolus—have I not heard him playing upon a harp, purchased at Cramer's, set outside my chamber window? I prefer to believe that Boreas is indeed a blustering railer. I prefer to believe in the corporeal existence of those sirens of the sea against whom the heathen man whom Homer sang of, stopped his ears. I see the sirens. They belong to the corps de ballet. They have long back hair, which they let down over their white shoulders. Goodness gracious me! What a change has come over the stage of my theatre! The Waterstaat East Indiaman, the Boompps, the muddy river, all fade away. I behold an ocean of painted canvas, and behind some blue gauze waves are a bevy of sirens, with their long back hair floating over their white shoulders; and there, as I live, is pretty and fresh Miss Julia Smith with a branch of "property coral" in her hand, singing "Over the dark blue waters, over the wide, wide sea." How many years have gone down under the dark blue waters and put out to the wide, wide sea, since I went to the play for nothing, and saw *Oberon* at the St James' theatre in London! —*All the Year Round.*

S.T-1860-X.

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MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with

24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,

giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to hear

"THE OTHER SIDE,"

and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.

Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Address

F. E. SHEAR, General Agent,
No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

PETTIT & CO.,
INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,
613 Kearny St., between Sacramento and Commercial, San Francisco.

Black and Fancy Cloaks.....worth $16 for $10
Fancy Cloth Cloaks.....worth $25 for $15
Long Broche Shawls.....worth $30 for $20
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $50 for $30
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All my other goods are reduced in the same proportions.

S. ROSENBLATT'S,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

MISS WOODS,
Dress and Cloak Maker,
CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Over Hinckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial

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COME AND SEE ME!
Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,

Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street,)

Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.

Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Sets, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $3. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents.

☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.

N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
238 *Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

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Insurance effected against both
Fire and Marine Risks,
AT THE LOWEST RATES.

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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
Through Line to New York.
CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, 2nd 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

December 10th—MONTANA, Captain ——, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Captain Maury.
December 19th—CONSTITUTION, Captain J. M. Cavalry, connecting with RISING STAR, Captain Howe.
December 29th—GOLDEN AGE, Captain W. F. Lapidge, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Captain Gray.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
EVERY TWENTY DAYS!
Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch the favorite Steamship

AMERICA,
FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,
From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship
SANTIAGO,
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The MOSES TAYLOR will sail on December 25th.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco

THE LABORER'S DEAD.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

SCENE—*A Coffin Wareroom.*

"A child'e I think you wanted; well,
How small a one, my man?"
"The smallest here; and please to sell
As cheap, good sexton, as you can;

"We're very poor—our little one
This morning from us passed"—
The father spoke in trembling tone,
And blinding teare fell fast—

"Her little face seems everywhere—
I've seen it all day long;
And all day long upon the air
I've heard her laugh and song."

The winter etreets, in warning light,
With storm and tramp were loud;
But they saw no eadder sight
In all that hurrying crowd,

Than a weary laborer, worn and pale,
Who plodded to his humble meal,
And sheltered from the sleety gale
A tiny coffin made of deal!

Mr. A. T. STEWART, the famous New York dry goods merchant and millionaire, is sixty-nine years old, and enjoys better health now than he has done for the past twenty-five years. He attends daily to his business, but does not work so assiduously as he once did, and he attributes his present good health to his partial relaxation. He is now, as he always was, a man of very regular and steady habits, and partakes of but two meals a day—a light breakfast, and a good dinner, early in the evening, at his home on Fifth Avenue. He is now devoting considerable attention to his laudable design of erecting buildings for the poor, in which, he will expend about five millions of dollars.

POSING A PEDAGOGUE.—"Sally Jones, have you done that sum I set you?" "No, thir; I can't do it." "Can't do it? I'm ashamed of you. Why, at your age I could do any sum that was set me. I hate that word 'cant,' for there is no sum that can't be done, I tell you." "I think, thir, I know a thum you can't thifer out." "Ha! well, Sally, let's hear it." "It ith thith, thir: If one apple cauthed the ruin of the whole human rath, how many thuch will it take to make a barrel of thider, thir?" "Miss Sally Jones, you may return to your parsing lesson." "Yeth, thir."

POST OFFICE clerks occasionally get off a funny thing, at least so says the Binghamton Daily *Republican*. A clerk in our Post Office heard a tap at the window of the ladies' department, when who should he find there but a man by the name of Drake, to whom he said: "Mr. Drake, will you please go to the other side? this department is for *ducks!*"

A SPREAD-EAGLE orator of New York State wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every town and country, to every village and hamlet in the broad land; but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out: "Dry up, you old fool: you'd be shot for a goose before you flew a mile."

A FAST STORY.

AN ENGLISHMAN was bragging of the speed of English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman; "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound: the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee. "Why, we've got one firm in San Francisco that has alone imported this season a half a million dollars' worth of Toys and Fancy Goods. They have Talking and Kicking Dolls, born with a full-grown head of hair and teeth in their mouths, saying 'Papa' and 'Mamma', also, Mechanical Toys, that run by themselves, and lots of other Toy wonders too numerous to mention."

"Indeed! is that so? Who is the firm that have the Dolls saying 'Mamma'?" exclaimed the Englishman, very much excited.

"Why, have you never heard in all your travels of FELDBUSH & CO., Wholesale Store, 307 California street, and Retail Store, 207 Montgomery street, San Francisco, where you can save 25 per cent. in purchasing? Fact, I can assure you, as all the goods in their store, 307 California street, and all that is to arrive, must be sold on or before Christmas, on account of some changes in their business. I know it is true, and, if you doubt my word, you call at FELDBUSH & CO.'S, and see for yourself."

TOWNE & BACON

Book and Job Printers,
Book Binders,
Blank Book Makers,
Paper Rulers,
536 Clay St., opp. Leidesdorff,
San Francisco, Cal.

This Firm are large importers of Paper, Printers' Materiale, Ink, &c.; and with the largest Printing Office in the State, are able to do good work with dispatch, at very low prices.

Parties sending orders from the Interior will be served as faithfully as though personally present.

Samples and price lists furnished if desired, and work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Agents for H. D. Wade's Inks.

GRAND OPENING
OF
Millinery Goods!
EX STEAMER "MONTANA."
M'LLE PICOT,
22 Montgomery street,
Up Stairs, opposite the Liek House.

HAS JUST RECEIVED AND OPENED her recent importation of the latest styles and richest PARISIAN MILLINERY, carefully selected by her resident agent in Paris, and will continue to receive by every steamer additions to her stock, consisting of the very latest styles of BONNETS, a fine assortment of rich qualities and rare colors, VELVETS, SILKS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, ORNAMENTS, etc.

M'LLE PICOT will be pleased to see her numerous patrons, and guarantees to exhibit only the choicest and latest styles of goods.

REMOVAL!
Wightman & Hardie's
DRY GOODS AND CARPET WAREHOUSE
HAS REMOVED
To No. 220 Sansome Street,
TWO DOORS SOUTH OF CALIFORNIA.

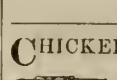
ONLY SHAWL HOUSE.

S. ROSENBLATT'S, opposite the Occidental Hotel, is the only Store where GENUINE FRENCH CASHMERE BROCHE SHAWLS are sold. Beware of self-styled manufacturers.
Broche Shawls at $25, as good as sold elsewhere at $50
Broche Shawls at $40, as good as sold elsewhere at $80.
Broche Shawls at $50, as good as sold elsewhere at $100.
All my other goods reduced in price.
S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery street.

SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!
E. GOLDSMITH & CO.,
646 Sacramento Street, near Kearny
The entire Stock consisting of Garibaldis, Zouave Jackets, Underware, Hosiery, Embroideries, Laces, and an immense stock of French Fancy Goods, regardless of cost.
E. GOLDSMITH & CO.,
646 Sacramento street.

MEYER JONASSON'S,
THE LARGEST
CLOAK HOUSE
ON THE PACIFIC COAST.
We have constantly on hand a large and well-selected stock of
Silk, Cloth, & Velvet
CLOAKS!
Which we are selling at prices to suit all.
MEYER JONASSON,
No. 10 Montgomery street.

CHICKERING & SON'S CELEBRATED



PIANOS,
A. KOHLER,
AGENT,
No. 424 Sansome street.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
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AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
D. N. & E. Walter & Co., 303 California street.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Crnnna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Cogbill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Binkely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

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New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 584 Market, opposite Second
C. Wellerheld & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

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Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
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John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Speeu, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johujney & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Contes & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

FINE WHITE SHIRTS!
At Ward's.

MERINO UNDERSHIRTS!
At 323 Montgomery street.

SHAKER FLANNEL DRAWERS!
At Ward's.

DRIVING GLOVES!
At 323 Montgomery street.

TRAVELING SHIRTS!
At Ward's.

COTTON AND MERINO SOCKS!
At 323 Montgomery street.

NEW STYLES ALWAYS
At Ward's,
323 MONTGOMERY STREET.

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach:
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed:
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful need;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great, and noble creed.

H. Bonar, D. D.

The Eye of an Eagle.—The eyes of all birds have a peculiarity of structure which enables them to see near or distant objects equally well, and this wonderful power is carried to the greatest perfection in the bird of prey. When we recollect that an eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that enormous elevation will perceive its unsuspecting prey, and bounce on it with unerring certainty; and when we see the same bird scrutinizing, with almost microscopic nicety, an object close at hand, we shall at once perceive that he possesses a power of accommodating his sight to distance in a manner to which our eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable. If we take a printed page, we shall find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with distinctness; but if we move this page to a distance of forty inches, or bring it within a distance of five inches, we shall find it impossible to read it at all; a scientific man would, therefore, call ten inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus except by the aid of spectacles.

But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases; he has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles in order to see with perfect distinctness. Of course the eagle knows nothing of the wonderful contrivance which God has supplied for his accommodation; he employs it instinctively and because he cannot help it. The ball of the eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, called sclerotic bones; they form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When he looks at a distant object this little circle of bones expands, and the ball of the eye being relieved from the pressure becomes flatter; and when he looks at a very near object the little bones press together, and that ball of the eye is squeezed into a rounder or more convex form; the effect is very familiar to everybody; a person with a very round eye is near-sighted, and only sees clearly an object that is close to him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance; the eagle, by mere will, can make his eyes round or flat, and see with equal clearness at any distance.

At Mulhausen an exhibition of animal taming on a small scale was being gone through, recently. The tamer tried his hand on a wolf and a hyena, which obeyed with wonderful docility; but a panther contested matters with him, and, after a short struggle, flung the man down and bit at his neck, rendering him insensible. At this part of the proceedings it seemed only a question of eating the man, when the directress dashed a bucket of water on the panther, at which he retired disgusted.

"Put Down That Pickle!"—The words are uttered hurriedly and harshly by the sergeant, to an ungracious private, who, carried away by his hungry passions, had snatched a pickle from the barrel. "And why should I put down the pickle?" queries the private, mildly. "Put down that pickle!—that's all I want of you," returned the sergeant, determinedly. "Down it goes then!" he cried, and stuffing it into his mouth it quickly disappeared.

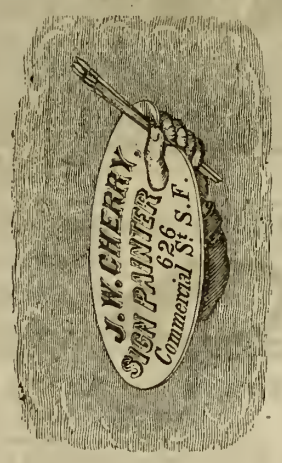
A Man who had won a turkey at a raffle, and whose pious wife was very inquisitive about the method of obtaining the poultry, satisfied her scruples, at last, by the remark that the "Shakers" gave it to him.

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President

SIGNS OF THE TIMES AT



PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

PIANOS!

PIANOS!
AT
AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,
AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.
N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 15th day of January, A. D., 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, according to law:
It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 15th day of January A. D., 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated, December 4th, 1866. d8 5t

MISS WOODS,
Dress and Cloak Maker,
CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Over Hinckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial

COME AND SEE ME!
Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,
Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street.)
Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.
Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Sets, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $2. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents.
☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.
N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

TRUMP & BRADY,
No. 615 Market street,
In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,
STEAM AND GAS FITTING,
PLUMBING, Etc.
Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.
Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.
All Work warranted, or no charges made.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND
IN USE
THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING
Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,
FOR WOOD OR COAL.
IMPROVED IN 1861;
WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.
2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.
3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.
4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.
5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.
6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.
7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.
9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.
10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

☞ Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.
See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.
For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

A. KOHLER
HAS NOT SOLD OUT,

But is now opening out his rich and elegant stock of
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
FANCY GOODS,
TOYS, &c.,
Which he is constantly receiving from Europe and the Atlantic States by every steamer. Now is the time to make selections of
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GOODS.
Traders, Dealers and others, call at the largest and only place on this coast where your orders can be completely filled.
A. KOHLER, Sansome street,
(Extending from Clay to Commercial street,
San Francisco, Cal.

SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM.
FIRST PREMIUM FOR 1864, 1865 and 1866.
538 Washington street, below Montgomery.
ROBERT LIDDLE & CO.,

GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS, and IMPORTERS OF GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS. ☞ Also, Agents for HENRY'S PATENT RIFLE, and WM. GREENER'S celebrated DOUBLE GUNS.
FISHING TACKLE, and all the appurtenances required by Sportsmen, to be found here.

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,
Prof. Cohen, * * * *
* * * *
* * * *
No. 1 HARDIE PLACE, Kearny street,
Between Bush and Sutter,
THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputation, he has received over 20,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age.
Dr. Cohen has been very successful in curing all disease.
Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.

BOYD'S NOVEL EXCHANGE
Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.
10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.
S. E. Corner Montgomery and Pine streets.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

STOP THAT COUGHING.
SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but
NEWELL'S
PULMONARY SYRUP
is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of
NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,
and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that
Newell's Pulmonary Syrup
has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.
Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of
Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.
REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S
Flavoring Extract
ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.
REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MARTHA WASHINGTON
HAIR RESTORER.
THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.
A PERFECT
Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser
BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.
First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.
Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Price.....One Dollar.
SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwillium, N. H.
REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON & CO.'S
Essence of Jamaica Ginger.
THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.
As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.
It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.
It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea-sickness, or other causes.
It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.
REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

THE SOUTH.

O, land of the princely palmetto tree,
My heart must sorrow to think of thee.

For here by my side is a vacant chair,
And a soldier's hurried grave is there.

For the boy I loved, the brother I bore
In my arms in youth is mine no more.

He sleeps by a river whose gilding breath
Will sing forever and ever of death.

He went—and his cheek and dark brown curls
Were rich and beautiful as a girl's.

He went—where the blaze and the battle smoke
From the long blue lines in volleys broke.

He went—ah! deep was our every prayer,
But he tarries forever and ever there.

O, land of the palm, I will love you still,
For the boy who tarries and ever will.

For the boy who died in the lines of blue,
For the love he bore the North and you.

O, land of the south! O, land of the dead!
Be soft as a pillow to his dear head!

W. A. TAYLOR.

N. Y. Citizen.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not a mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than a thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong, convulsive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are arising, and when the tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh, speak not harshly to the stricken one weeping in silence. Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despise not woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stearn heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears—they are what help to elevate him above the brute.

THE Soleil publishes the following anecdote concerning the Emperor of Austria while out shooting: "His majesty is always attended by a captain of the guard; whose duty it is to observe the effects of each shot and announce it. The emperor, for instance, strikes a partridge. 'Partridge!' cries the captain. Next time it is a buck. 'Buck!' shouts the captain. One day the emperor fired, misses his game, and wounded one of his suit. The latter, on being struck, uttered an exclamation. 'His highness the Duke of Hackenburg!' announced the captain, without the slightest change of feature or tone."

AMONG the Seneca Indians, when a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over the grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and the lost.

SUPERLATIVES are dangerous things. A man once wrote to his wife, "My dearest Maria:" and by return of post he received the cold reply: "Premit me to correct either your grammar or your morality. Pray, who are your other dear Marias?"

FOUR men who shingled a house at North Spencer, Mass., 48 years ago, reshingled it for the first time last week. The youngest is 65 years old, and the oldest 72. Two of them are graudfathers, and the other two ancient and confirmed bachelors.

HUMBUG.—"Now, papa, tell me what is humbug." "It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirts."

A GREAT many men make a virtue of necessity, but extremely few a necessity of virtue.

THE greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.

WEAKER vessels need much hooping, is the latest excuse for crinoline.

THERE are eighteen styles for ladies' bonnets this fall.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The

IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

HENRY HILLS & CO.,

MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE. REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.

Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice. We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

WILSON & EVANS,

No. 513 Clay street,

Importers and Dealers in

FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

WILSON & EVANS.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. - - - Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,

AT

GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S

NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

(Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS, Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Bamusebeidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

TRUMP & BRADY,

No. 615 Market street,

In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,

STEAM AND GAS FITTING,

PLUMBING, Etc.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, AND FOR THE RELIEF OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE.

SO wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other Expectorant is too apparent to escape observation and where its virtues are [illegible], the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this having gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

We can only assure the public, that its quality is carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.

Great numbers of clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our remedies, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the complaints they cure.

Those who require an *alterative medicine* to purify the blood will find AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA the remedy to use. Try it once, and you will know its value

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco, and all Dealers.

N. P. COLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

FURNITURE *BEDDING!*

LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

SAN FRANCISCO.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

Cor. Sansome & Commercial streets.

Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA AND YELLOW DOCK IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial streets.

TIME & LABOR SAVED BY USING

Standard Soap Company's

CELEBRATED

WASHING POWDER.

This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.

It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.

Sold by all Grocers. Send and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S.

MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET, San Francisco.

☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Pale, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT!

By purchasing perfect SPECTACLES, exactly suited to your eyes, from

C. MULLER, Optician,

205 MONTGOMERY STREET—RUSS HOUSE BLOCK.

SPECTACLES

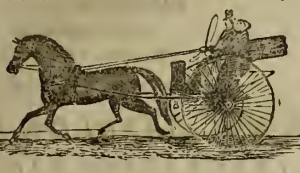
MY OWN SPECIALTY!

From constant observation of the Human Eye, I have obtained a thorough knowledge of this most valuable organ. I am enabled to discern, in the majority of cases, from a mere inspection of the pupil, whether or not Glasses can be of any benefit for the Eye, or the exact focus required to enable the wearer to pursue the most minute employment with an ordinary amount of light, without causing that weakness or fatigue to the organ usually complained of.

C. MULLER, OPTICIAN,
No. 205 Montgomery street, Russ House Block.

T. BUCKLEY,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,



No. 117 Kearny street, between Sutter and Post,
SAN FRANCISCO.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
For Sale, Trade, or or Let.
Horses taken on Livery by the day, week or month.
STALLS TO LET.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine)

Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (incipient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Dropsy, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OAK POISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain cure*,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"

NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Fifteenth Year (1866,) *in SAN FRANCISCO.*

☞ Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

☞ Apply for Baths from SEVEN o'clock, morning, until SEVEN o'clock evening. Sundays 7 to 9 A. M. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid day repast. *As a bath for the healthy, perfectly luxurious!* and to PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED. s22 3m

---

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1 cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.0 25
" 2 cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic, 25
" 3 cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants.......... 25
" 4 cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults... 25
" 5 cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic, 25
" 6 cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting, 25
" 7 cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis......... 25
" 8 cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache. 25
" 9 cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo, 25
" 10 cures *Dyspepsia*, Billious Stomach...... 25
" 11 cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods.. 25
" 13 cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing, 25
" 14 cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions, 25
" 15 cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains... 25
" 16 cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues 50
" 17 cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding.......... 50
" 18 cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes, 50
" 19 cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza 50
" 20 cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs. 50
" 21 cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing..... 50
" 22 cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing 50
" 23 cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings.......... 50
" 24 cures *General Debility* and Nervousness 50
" 25 cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions.... 50
" 26 cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding, 50
" 27 cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel.......... 50
" 28 cures *Seminal Emissions* and Debility. 1 00
" 29 cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker.............. 50
" 31 cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms 50
" 32 cures *Sufferings* at change of life......$1.00
" 33 cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance. 1.00
" 34 cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat, 50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book..............$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book............ 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book............ 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 Battery street, corner of Clay, San Francisco

Notices to Creditors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JAMES PRATT, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of James Pratt, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of James Pratt, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB COON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Coon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Coon, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF DANIEL BUTLER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Daniel Butler, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the smo Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Butler, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN McQUADE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John McQuade, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of John McQuade, deceased.
November 20th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF OSCAR E. EHLE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Oscar E. Ehle, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Oscar E. Ehle, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB LOURENS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Laurens, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Lourens, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY CASSIDY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary Cassidy, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM.
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Cassidy, deceased.
November 19th 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM O. NEIL, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of William O. Neil, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of William O. Neil, deceased.
Dated November 15th, 1866.
no17-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE HASTINGS, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE HASTINGS, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of George Hastings, deceased.
Dated November 15th, 1866.
no17 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM F. HAMILTON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of William F Hamilton, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of Estate of William F. Hamilton, deceased.
December 1st, 1866. d1 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY A. WALSH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of Crane & Boyd, attorney at law, in the city and county of San Francisco.
ADELAIDE WALSH,
Administratrix of Estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased.
San Francisco, November 27th, 1866.
CRANE & BOYD, Attorneys, S. W. corner Clay and Montgomery streets.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, Elizabeth A. Waller, at the office of D. P. Burstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
Dated November 3d, 1866.
ELIZABETH A. WALLER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Royal H. Waller, deceased, no3-6t

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IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of SAMUEL P. GOODALE, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid: and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A.M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, according to law.
It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated November 16th, 1866.
Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.
Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this sixteenth day of November, A. D. 1866.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Seal and stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J F FINN, ESQ., Attorney for Administrator. no17 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.
Seal, Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.
In the matter of the Estate of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.
Order of publication on application for order of sale.
On reading and filing the petition of John S. Bugbee, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the said Estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts;
It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court-room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the tenth day of December, 1866, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such expenses of administration.
And it is further ordered, That a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four successive weeks, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the City and County aforesaid.
Dated November 9th, A. D. 1866.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco. I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.
Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this ninth day of November, A. D. 1866.
Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
no10 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:
In the matter of the Estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.
It appearing to the Court, by the petition presented and filed, October 23d, A. D. 1866, by Thomas Courtis, the Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order to sell Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the debt outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of the administration.
It is therefore ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 24th day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M. of the said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the whole of the Real Estate of deceased, as prayed for in said petition; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.
Dated November 23d, A. D. 1866.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK
Of the City and County of San Francisco, } ss.
I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.
Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1866.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND FIVE-CENT STAMP, CANCELED.]
F. A. FABENS, ESQ., Attorney for Petitioner. n24-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.
And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.
WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.]
D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
DANIEL O'NEIL, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN CHAPMAN ET AL, Defendants
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to JOHN CHAPMAN, M. LAUFENBERGER, and MARGARET BAUSCH, Defendants.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, a copy of which accompanies this Summons, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; if served out of this county, but within this Judicial district, within twenty days or if served out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage, described in the complaint, and executed by the said John Chapman on the first day of May, A. D. 1866, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note of even date therewith, made and executed by the said Defendant Chapman, whereby he promised to pay to the Plaintiff the sum of two thousand dollars in gold coin of the United States, three years from the date of the said note, with interest thereon at the rate of one per cent. per month, payable quarterly in gold coin. that is to say, at the end of every three months; and in case default be made in the payment of the said interest, or any part thereof, when the same becomes due, then the whole of the said principal and interest shall be due; that the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment, in United States gold coin, of said sum of $2,000, with interest thereon according to the terms of said note, and the costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said John Chapman for the balance remaining due, and also that the said Defendant, and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.
And if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the Plaintiff will take default against you, and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District, this second day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL AND STAMP CANCELED.] n10 3m

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Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

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Farewell Engagement of LADY DON,

Supported by Mr. Henry Edwards, the Misses Corcoran, and an ENTIRELY NEW STOCK COMPANY.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 8th,
LADY DON'S MITINEE,
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HALF-PRICE TO ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE.

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PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - $1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - 50
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MR. MAGUIRE begs to inform the public of San Francisco, that he will have the pleasure of introducing the following distinguished Foreigners, on

MONDAY EVENING.....December 10th,

MAU-KEE-CHEE,
YO-SHE-SKEE,
FOO KEE-MATS,
TSRU-KEE-CHEE,
RING-KEE-CHEE,
SCH-IS-KEE,
EYE-EE-NOS-KEE,
SING-KEE-CHEE,
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Comprising the Members of the Company of

JAPANESE

JUGGLERS AND GYMNASTS!

Lately arrived from Jeddo, en route to the Paris Exhibition. They will perform the

MOST MARVELLOUS

FEATS OF LEGERDEMAIN!

Ever witnessed in the civilized world. Together with DARING AND EXCITING

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(On Bush street, just above Montgomery,)

ON MONDAY EVENING,.....December 10th.
ADMISSION, - - - - - - ONE DOLLAR.

The Box-office will be open from 10 A. M. till 6 P. M. on Monday. No extra charge for reserved seats.

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Of great power and at very low prices.

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The most complete instrument ever imported, with views very fine.

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It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

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MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.

Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

MR. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.

Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.

San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.

To F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

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Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH McGUIRE deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Edward McGuire, the Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 7th day January, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 7th day of January, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

December 6th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 7th day of December A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. CROCKETT, WHITING & NAPHTALY, Attorneys for Petitioner. d8 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of JONATHAN P. CLARK, deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Joseph E. Clark, Executor of the last will and testament of Jonathan P. Clark, deceased, praying for an order to sell certain mining stocks belonging to said estate, at public or private sale.

It is ordered that the seventh (7th) day of January, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of this Court, at the Court House in the city and county of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said application, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby directed to appear before me, at the time and place specified, to show cause if any they have, why an order should not be granted to the said Executor to sell such mining interests, shares or stocks as are set forth in said petition and as belong to said estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

December 7th, A. D. 1866. d8 5t

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery St.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 4. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 15, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

My Trip on the Blockade-Runner "Bonnybell;" Bohemianism; Old-Fashioned Sins; "Black Sheep" Demagogism; The Privileges of Wealth; Literary Gleanings and Gossip; "Lion's Mouth;" Mrs. Woxcackle on Life Insurance and the St. James Festival; Fortune Telling; The Wine of the Bible: Correspondence; Amusements, etc. Poetry—An Hour in a Life-Time, by L. Mendenhall; The Sculptor; Twenty Years Ago.

[For the Californian.]

AN HOUR IN A LIFE-TIME.

THE CHAPEL.

IN every life are hours with memories fraught,
So interlinked and with our being wrought
That all the creeping years from youth to age,
Dim not the record, though they stain the page.
To each there comes the crisis and the hour,
That shapes futurity with fateful power—
Imparts their coloring to the years to be,
Dyes with its hues the web of Destiny—
Making hearts hopeless in life's cheating dream,
Or buoyant as the birds at morning's gleam.

I see again the mist from silvery rills
That flecks and falls o'er distant green-browed hills;
A quiet valley, elms that droop and sway
With every faintest breath by night or day;
A rustic chapel hid in bowery seas,
And a gray spire that overtops the trees
By the old grave-yard, with its slabs that gleam
So ghastly white in the moon's pallid beam.
On such a night as this, long years ago
A youth and maid that ivied porch passed through.
One chime from out the belfry swelled and died
As by the chancel they stood side by side,
And spake the solemn words that sure and fast
United them while life's swift dream should last.
The solemn words are said, the rite is done,
That makes the twain irrevocably one;
But why this parting at the chapel door,
Of those whom Time and Fate should part no more—
Till that dread parting which must come at last,
But ne'er should come till love's brief dream has passed?
The moonbeams gild the sea; at anchor rides
A bark whose prow the silvery flood divides,
And a frail shallop waits in yonder bay
To bear the bridegroom of an hour away—
Who, in the ocean's strange weird solitude,
Fitful thoughts not uncongenial to his mood,
And gazing upward to the cloud-flecked sky,
Murmurs with pride and triumph in his eye.
Though strange and sad, our parting shall be brief,
And joy shall dawn upon the night of grief!
Not long O, sweetest love, hast thou to wait,
E'er I shall claim thee at thy guardian's gate!

L. MENDENHALL.

[For the Californian.]

THE SCULPTOR.

A SCULPTOR modeled a maiden in clay,
Like none on earth he had seen,
But as something fair from an unknown past,
It came like a vision between.

And it seemed to have a life of its own,
This form that was modeled in clay,
A semblance of one he might have known,
In a world that was far away.

And his soul was rapt in ecstatic love,
Strange melodies filled the air,
As the statue grew up beneath his hand,
It seemed so passingly fair.

Then he draped it o'er with a velvet pall,
And trembled in troubled fear,
Lest this vision of love from a better world,
Forever should disappear.

But earth is brittle and time is strong,
And the form that held his trust,
Unveiled one day from its velvet pall,
Had fallen to shapeless dust.

And thus all are sculptors that work in clay,
And the things we hold most dear
Are memories only of better worlds,
That never are lasting here.

****

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

SUMMARY OF PUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "BLACK SHEEP."—George Dallas, the black sheep of the family, an only son and spendthrift, walks down from London to "Poynings,"—the Carruthers' country seat—to seek an interview with his mother—now Mrs. Carruthers, "wife of the rich, respectable old Carruthers," who had forbidden him the house—to obtain money from her to meet pressing difficulties. He arrives on the night of a party; climbs up into the room of his old nurse, Mrs. Brookes, and obtains there a stolen interview with his mother, which results in his obtaining a ten-pound note, and a promise that she will forward him, within one month, a hundred and forty pounds, to meet a note of indebtedness to one Routh, a friend and associate. After an interview of half an hour he leaves for the adjacent village of Amherst, where he passes the night. In the morning he changes the note, which bears a date and the post-mark of Amherst, to purchase an overcoat, and departs for London. In London, at the house of Stewart Routh, a gentlemanly gambler and adventurer of good accomplishments and address, the reader is introduced to his wife Harriet, commonly addressed by Routh as "Harry,"—a woman of rare mental qualifications and quick appreciation, thoroughly devoted to her husband, his counselor in all his schemes, and a most efficient aid in his precarious mode of living.

One Deane, an American, a cool, sharp, "posted" man, with abundant means, is also introduced, whose cleverness is even too much for the designs of Routh and his wife. George Dallas receives a letter from his mother, who writes him that the one hundred and forty pounds, obtained by a great risk and almost criminal sacrifice, will be given to him by her in person at Amherst. He informs Routh of the import of his mother's letter. Routh, meanwhile, is organizing a company for working some newly discovered silver mines in Brazil, which promises to be "a big thing," but is badly in want of funds to successfully launch his scheme; when he learns from Deane that he is to receive for some stock transaction three thousand pounds, which sum Deane proposes to keep in his desk for a few days until wanted; and, in celebration of the event, he invites Routh and Dallas to dine with him at a fashionable restaurant on the same evening. Routh tells his wife that he must have Deane's money "one way or another." The dinner comes off, but Routh is not present.

George Dallas again visits Amherst under his author-name of "Paul Ward," to receive from his mother the money she promised him; when he learns from her lips that she has secretly sent her diamonds to Paris to be imitated, with the object of pledging the genuine ones as the only available means of obtaining the amount. The jewelry failing to arrive, his mother requests him to stop at Amherst for a few days to await its arrival. While sketching a private park, "The Sycamores," a chance acquaintance is brought about—which rapidly ripens into mutual though unavowed feelings of affection between Miss Clare Carruthers, a beautiful young lady of nineteen, the favorite niece and heir of the rich Capel Carruthers—Dallas' father-in-law—and our hero; known only to Miss Carruthers as "Paul Ward," the author. After receiving the bracelet from his mother, George Dallas returns to London, arriving late in the evening. He but called at the *Mercury* office, where he overhears some conversation about a recent murder, and immediately goes to visit Routh; not finding him in he shows Harriet the bracelet, proposing to dispose of it the next morning, and pay his indebtedness to Routh. Harriet suggests that he may compromise his mother by the sale of the bracelet in London; and advises him to extract the jewels and take a run over to Amsterdam where he may dispose of them to the diamond merchants there without fear of that risk. After extracting the diamonds the bracelet and some turquoise stones it contained, were placed in a sealed envelope endorsed by Dallas' signature, and deposited in a drawer in Routh's desk. Harriet, feverish with anxiety for Dallas' departure, advances him a small sum of money to pay the expenses the trip, at the same time dexterously changing Routh's overcoat for his own. Dallas departs with the intention of sailing at 7 o'clock next morning in the *Argus* for Rotterdam. Harriet, terribly agitated, now ties Dallas' coat compactly around a heavy square of black marble, taken from a writing table—and concealing the bundle under her shawl, issues from the house at early dawn, and cast it into the Thames. She purchases a similar marble letter weight to replace the one thus used, and returns to the house. Routh returns and Harriet declares she "has saved him!"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.—AT POYNINGS.

LIFE at Poynings had its parallel in hundreds of country-houses, of which it was but a type. It was a life essentially English in its character, in its staid respectability, in its dull decorum. It is the day-dream of many an English country gentleman that his house should, in the first place, be respectable, in the second place, comfortable, in the third place, free from damp; after these successes are achieved, he takes no further thought for it; within and without the dullness may be soul-harrowing; that is no affair of his. So long as his dining-room is large enough to contain the four-and-twenty guests who, on selected moonlight nights, are four times in every year bidden to share his hospitality—so long as the important seignorial dignities derivable from the possession of lodge, and stable, and kennel are maintained—so long as the state devolving upon him as justice of the peace, with a scarcely defined hope of one arriving at the position of deputy lieutenant, is kept up, vaulting ambition keeps itself within bounds, and the young English country gentleman is satisfied.

More than satisfied, indeed, was Mr. Capel Carruthers in the belief that all the requirements above named were properly fulfilled. In his earlier life he had been haunted by a dim conviction that he was rather an ass than otherwise; he remembered that that had been the verdict returned at Rugby, and his reflections on his very short career at Cambridge gave him no reason to doubt the decision of his schoolfellows. Not a pleasant source of reflection even to a man of Mr. Carruthers' blunted feelings; in fact, a depressing, wrong, Radical state of mind, for which there was only one antidote—the thought that he was Mr. Carruthers of Poynings, a certain settled stable position which would have floated its possessor over any amount of imbecility.

Carruthers of Poynings! All the old armor in the hall, hauberks and breastplates, now propped upon a slight wooden frame, instead of enclosing the big chests and thews and sinews which they had preserved through the contests of the rival Roses or the Cavaliers and Roundheads—all the old ancestors hanging round the dining-room, soldiers, courtiers, Kentish yeomen, staring with grave eyes at the smug white-whiskered old gentleman, their descendant—all the old tapestry worked by Maud Carruthers, whose husband was killed in the service of Mary Stuart—all the carvings and gildings about the house, all the stained glass in the windows, all the arms and quartering and crests upon the family plate—all whispered to the present representative of the family that he was Carruthers of Poynings, and as such had only to make a very small effort to find life no very difficult matter, even for a person scantily endowed with brains. He tried it accordingly—tried it when a young man, had pursued the course ever since, and found it successful. Any latent suspicion of his own want of wisdom had vanished long since, as how, indeed, could it last?

When Mr. Carruthers took his seat as chairman of the magisterial bench at Amherst, he found himself listening with great admiration to the prefatory remarks which he addressed to the delinquent in custody before passing sentence on him, unconscious that those remarks only echoed the magistrate's clerk, who stood close behind him whispering into his ear. When, as was his regular custom, he walked round the barn, where, on rent days, the tenants were assembled at dinner, and heard his health proposed in glowing terms, and drunk with great enthusiasm—for he was a good and liberal landlord—and when he addressed a few conventional words of thanks in reply, and stroked his white whiskers, and bowed, amidst renewed cheering, how should a thought of his own short-comings ever dawn upon him?

His short-comings! the short-comings of Mr. Carruthers of Poinings? If, indeed, in his earlier days there had been a latent belief in the existence of anything so undesirable and so averse to the proper status of a county magnate, it had long since died out. It would have been hard and unnatural, indeed, for a man so universally respected and looked up to, not to give into the general creed, and admit that there were undoubted grounds for the wide-spread respect which he enjoyed.

A man of his stamp generally shows to the least advantage

in his domestic relations. Worshiped from a distance by outsiders, there is usually a good deal too much Grand Lama-like mystery and dignity about the recipient of all this homage to render him agreeable to those with whom he is brought into daily contact. Mr. Carruthers was not an exception to the rule. He was thoroughly impressed with the idea that "woman is the lesser man," and he felt that any open display of affection on his part towards his wife might militate against what he considered entirely essential to his domestic happiness, his "being looked up to." He was in the habit of treating his wife in ordinary matters of social intercourse very much as he treated the newly-appointed justice of the peace at the meetings of the magisterial bench, viz., as a person whose position was now recognised by the laws of society as equal to their own, but who must, nevertheless, feel inwardly that between him and Mr. Carruthers of Poynings there was really a great gulf fixed, the bridging of which, however easy it may appear, was really a matter of impossibility.

If these feelings existed, as they undoubtedly did in Mr. Carruthers under the actual circumstances of his marriage, it may be imagined that they would have been much keener, much more intensified, had he taken to wife, instead of the quiet widow lady whom, to the astonishment of the county, he chose, any of the dashing girls who had danced, dressed, and flirted at him perseveringly, but in vain. Poynings was a sufficiently nice place to render its master a catch in the county, and to induce husband-hunting misses to discount his age and pomposity, so that when the cards of Mr. and Mrs. Capel Carruthers were sent round (it was before the cotemptuous days of "no cards"), and it was discovered that the new mistress of Poynings was somebody quite out of "the set," immediately "that dear Mr. Carruthers" became "that horrid old thing," and it required years of open-handed hospitality to re-establish him in favor.

But Capel Carruthers has chosen wisely, and he knew it. With all his weakness and vanity, a gentleman in thought and tastes, he had taken for his wife a lady whose birth and breeding must have been acknowledged in any society; a lady whose age was not ill-suited to his own, whose character was unimpeachable, who was thoroughly qualified to superintend the bringing out of his niece, and whose sole vulnerable point for criticism—her poverty—was rendered invulnerable as soon as she became Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings. And, under all the cold placid exterior which never thawed, under all the set Grandisonian forms of speech which were never relaxed, flowed a warm current of love for his wife which he himself scarcely suspected. With such poor brains as he had occasionally fallen to the task of self-examination, asking himself how it was that he, Mr. Carruthers of Poinings (even in his thoughts he liked the ring of that phrase), could have so far permitted himself to be swayed by any one, and then he told himself that he was reverenced and looked up to, that his state, position, and dignities were duly acknowledged, and in a satisfied frame of mind he closed the self-colloquy.

Loved his wife—eh! neither he nor any one else knew how much. George Dallas need not have been anxious about the treatment of his mother by his stepfather. When the young man cursed his exile from his mother's presence and his step-father's home, he little knew the actual motives which prompted Mr. Carruthers to decide upon and to keep rigidly in force that decree of banishment. Not only his step-son's wildness and extravagance; though a purist, Mr. Carruthers was sufficient man of the world to know that in most cases there are errors of youth which correct themselves in the flight of time. Not a lurking fear that his niece, thrown in this prodigal's way, should be dazzled by the glare of his specious gifts, and singe her youth and innocence in their baleful light. Not a dread of having to notice and recognise the young man as his connexion in the chastened arena of county society.

As nature had not endowed Mr. Carruthers with a capacity for winning affection, though it was not to be denied that these qualities in his character which commanded respect, it was fortunate for him that he cared less about the former than the latter. Nevertheless, he would probably have been rendered very uncomfortable, not to say unhappy, had he supposed that his wife, "Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings," as there is reason to suppose he designated her, positively did not love him. Such a supposition, however, never had occurred to him. The notion itself would have been, in the first place, untrue, and in the second, dangerous. Mrs. Carruthers of Poyniugs loved her rather grim and decidedly uninteresting but unimpeachably respectable husband, if not passionately, which was hardly to be expected, very sincerely, and estimated him alter the fashion of wives—that is to say, considerably above his deserts.

All women like their husbands, except those who notoriously do not, and Mrs. Carruthers was no exception to the rule. She had a much greater sense of justice in her than most women, and she used it practically—applied it to her own case. She knew the fault had been her son's in the great sorrow which had destroyed all the pride and pleasure which her prosperous marriage would otherwise have brought her, and she did not charge it upon her husband, or, except in so far as her unconquerable anxiety and depression caused him annoyance, did she inflict the penalty of it on him. She knew him to be a hard man, and she did not look for softness from him. So she accepted the great trial of her life, and suffered it as quietly and patiently as she could.

It would be difficult to define with precision the nature of Mr. Carruthers' sentiments towards George Dallas. The young man had met his step-father but rarely, and had on each occasion increased the disfavor with which from the first the elder man had regarded him. He had never tried to propitiate, had, indeed, regarded him with contemptuous indifference, secure in what he fancied to be the security of his mother's position; and there had been covert antagonism between them from the first. How much astonished Mr. Carruthers would have been had any revelation been made to him of the secrets of his own heart, whereby he would have discovered that a strong sentiment of jealousy lay at the root of his antipathy to George Dallas—jealousy which intensified his hardness and sternness, and forbade him to listen to the promptings of common sense, which told him that the line he was taking towards the son was so cruel to the mother as to neutralise all the advantages presented by the fine marriage she had made, and for which, by the way, he expected her to be constantly demonstratively grateful. In this expectation he was as constantly disappointed.

Mrs. Carruthers was an eminently *true* woman, and as she felt no peculiar exuberance of gratitude, she showed none. She was a lady, too—much more perfectly a lady than Mr. Carruthers was unimpeachably a gentleman—and, as such, she filled her position as a matter of course, as she would have filled one much higher, or one much lower, and thought nothing about it. She was of so much finer a texture, so much higher a nature than her husband, that she did not suspect him of any double motive in his treatment of George Dallas. She never dreamed that Mr. Carruthers of Poynings was secretly uneasily jealous of the man who had died in his prime many years before, and the son, who had been first the young widow's sole consolation and then her bitterest trial. She had never, in their most confidential moments, remarked on any likeness between George and his father; and never, indeed, mentioned Captain Dallas at all, which appeared extremely significant to Mr. Carruthers, but, seeing that Captain Dallas had been dead twelve years when his widow became Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings, would not have occasioned much surprise to the world in general. Mr. Carruthers regarded himself as his wife's benefactor, but she did not partake of his views in that respect. The notion which he entertained of his position with regard to his niece Clare was better founded and more reasonable.

The beautiful young heiress, who was an unconscious and involuntary element in the standing grievance of Mrs. Carruthers' life, was the only child of Mr. Carruthers' brother, and the sole inheritor of his property. Her father had died while she was a little child, and her mother's method of educating her has been already described. She was attached to her uncle, but was afraid of him; and she was happier and more at ease at the Sycamores than at Poyuings. Of course Mr. Carruthers did not suspect his niece of any such depravity of taste. It never occurred to him that any one could fancy himself or herself happier anywhere on the face of the created globe than at Poyuings; and so Clare escaped the condemnation which she would otherwise have received in no stinted measure.

Accustomed to attach a wonderful amount of importance to duties and responsibilities which were his, if their due fulfillment could add to his dignity and reputation, Mr. Carruthers was a model of the uncle and guardian. He really liked Clare very much indeed, and he was fully persuaded that he loved her. He spoke of her as "my brother's heiress," and so thought of her, not as "my brother's orphan child;" but in all external and material respects Mr. Carruthers of Poynings was an admirable guardian, and a highly respectable specimen of the uncle tribe. He would have been deeply shocked had he discovered that any young lady in the county was better dressed, better mounted, more obsequiously waited upon, more accomplished, or regarded by society as in any way more favored by fortune than Miss Carruthers—not of Poynings, indeed, but the next thing to it, and likely at some future day to enjoy that distinction. Mr. Carruthers did not regret that he was childless; he had never cared for children, and, though not a keenly observant person, he had noticed occasionally that the importance of a rich man's heir was apt, in this irrepressibly anticipative world, to outweigh the importance of the rich man himself. No Carruthers on record had ever had a large family, and, for his own part, he liked the idea of a female heir to the joint property of himself and his brother, who should carry her own name in addition to her husband's. He was determined on that. Unless Clare married a nobleman, her husband should take the name of Carruthers. Carruthers of Poynings must not die out of the land. The strange jealousy which was one of the underlying constituents of Mr. Carruthers' character came into play with regard to his niece and his wife. Mrs. Carruthers loved the girl, and would gladly have acted the part of a mother to her; and as Clare's own mother had been a remarkably mild specimen of maternal duty and affection, she could have replaced that lady considerably to Clare's advantage. But she had soon perceived that this was not to be; her husband's fidgety sense of his own importance, his ever present fear lest it should be trenched upon or in any way slighted, interfered with her good intentions. She knew the uselessness of opposing the foible, though she did not understand its source, and she relinquished the projects she had formed.

Mr. Carruthers was incapable of believing that his wife never once dreamed of resenting to Clare the exclusion of George, for which the girl's residence at Poynings has been assigned as a reason, or that she would have despised herself if such an idea had presented itself to her mind, as she probably must have despised him had she known how natural and inevitable he supposed it to be on her part.

Thus it came to pass that the three persons who lived together at Poynings had but little real intimacy or confidence between them. Clare was very happy; she had her own tastes and pursuits, and ample means of gratifying them. Her mother's brother and his wife, Sir Thomas and Lady Boldero, with her cousin, their ugly but clever and charming daughter, were much attached to her, and she to them, and, when she got away from Poynings to the Sycamores, Clare acknowledged to herself that she enjoyed the change very much, but was very happy at Poynings nevertheless. The Sycamores had another interest for her now, another association, and the girl's life had entered upon a new phase. Innocent, inexperienced, and romantic as she was, inclined to hero-worship, and by no means likely to form sound opinions as to her heroes.

Clare Carruthers was endowed with an unusual allowance of common sense and perception. She understood Mr. Carruthers of Poynings thoroughly; so much more thoroughly than his wife, that she had found out the jealousy which permeated his character, and recognised it in action with unfailing accuracy. She had considerably more tact than girls at her age ordinarily possess, and she continued to fill a somewhat difficult position with satisfaction not only to others, but to herself. She contrived to avoid wounding her uncle's susceptible self-love, and to keep within the limits which Mrs. Carruthers' discretion had set to their intimacy, without throwing external coldness or restraint into their relations.

Clare found herself very often doing or not doing, saying or refraining from saying, some particular thing, in order to avoid "getting Mrs. Carruthers into a scrape," and of course she was aware that the constantly-recurring necessity for such carefulness argued, at the least, a difficult temper to deal with in the head of the household; but she did not let the matter trouble her much. She would think, when she thought about it at all, with the irrepressible self-complacency of youth, how careful *she* would be not to marry an ill-tempered man, or, at all events, she would make up her mind to marry a man so devotedly attached to her that his temper would not be of the slightest consequence, as, of course, she should never suffer from it.

On the whole, it would be difficult to find a more dangerous condition of circumstances than that in which Clare Carruthers was placed when her romantic meeting with Paul Ward took place—a meeting in which the fates seemed to have combined every element of present attraction and future danger. Practically, Clare was quite alone; she placed implicit confidence in no one, she had no guide for her feelings or actions, and she had just drifted into a position in which she needed careful direction. She had refrained from mentioning her meeting with the stranger, more on Mrs. Carruthers' account than on her own, from the usual motive—apprehensive lest, by some unreasonable turn of Mr. Carruthers' temper, she might be brought "into a scrape." Her curiosity had been strongly excited by the discovery that Mrs. Carruthers had some sort of acquaintance with Paul Ward, or, at least, with his name; but she adhered to her resolution, and kept silence for the present.

Mrs. Carruthers' son had always been an object of tacit interest to Clare. She had not been fully informed of the circumstances of her uncle's marriage, and she understood vaguely that George Dallas was an individual held in disfavor by the august master of Poynings; so her natural delicacy of feeling conquered her curiosity, and she abstained from mentioning George to his mother or to Mr. Carruthers, and also from giving encouragement to the gossip on the subject which occasionally arose in her presence.

In Mrs. Carruthers' dressing-room a portrait hung, which Clare had been told by Mrs. Brookes was that of her mistress' son, when a fine, brave, promising boy ten years old. Clare had felt an interest in the picture, not only for Mrs. Carruthers' sake, but because she liked the face which it portrayed—the clear bright brown eyes, the long curling hair, the brilliant dark complexion, the bold, frank, gleeful expression. Once or twice she had said a few words in praise of the picture, and once she had ventured to ask Mrs. Carruthers if her son still resembled it. The mother had answered her, with a sigh, that he was greatly changed, and no one would now recognise the picture as a likeness of him.

The dignified and decorous household at Poynings pursued

its luxurious way with less apparent disunion among its principal members than is generally to be seen under the most favorable circumstances, but with little real community of feeling or of interest. Mrs. Carruthers was a popular person in society, and Clare was liked as much as she was admired. As for Mr. Carruthers, he was Mr. Carruthers of Poynings, and that fact sufficed for the neighborhood almost as completely as it satisfied himself.

The unexpected return of her uncle from York had caused Clare no particular emotion. She was standing at the French window of the breakfast-room, feeding a colony of birds, her out-door pensioners, when the carriage made its appearance. She had just observed the fact, and was quietly pursuing her occupation, when Mrs. Carruthers, who had left the breakfast-room half an hour before, returned, looking so pale, and with so unmistakable an expression of terror in her face, that Clare looked at her in astonishment.

"Your uncle has come back," she said. "I am not well, I cannot meet him yet. Go to the door, Clare, and tell him I am not well, and am still in my room. Pray go, my dear; don't delay a moment."

"Certainly I will go," answered Clare, leaving the window and crossing the room as she spoke; "but——"

"I'll tell you what ails me another time, but go now—go," said Mrs. Carruthers; and, without another word, the girl obeyed her. She had seen the carriage at a turn in the avenue; now the wheels were grinding the gravel of the sweep opposite the hall door. In a minute Clare was receiving her uncle on the steps, and Mrs. Carruthers, having thrown the bonnet and shawl she had just taken out for her proposed expedition to the shrubbery back into the wardrobe, removed her gown, and replaced it by a dressing-gown, was awaiting her husband's approach with a beating heart and an aching head. Had he met her son? Had he passed him unseen upon the road? Would Mrs. Brookes succeed, unseen and unsuspected, in executing the commission with which she had hurriedly charged her?

"She is in a scrape of some sort," Clare thought, as she accompanied her uncle to his wife's dressing-room. "What can have happened since he left home? Can it have anything to do with Paul Ward?"

CHAPTER II.

IN CONFERENCE.

It is nine o'clock in the morning, and breakfast is on the table in the pretty breakfast-room at Poynings.

Mrs. Carruthers is bodily ill and mentally depressed. A racking nervous headache has deprived her of sleep during the past night, and has left its traces in deep lived marks underneath her eyes. She has a worn-out look and a preoccupied manner, and while she is superintending the preparation of the Grand Lama's tea—a process about which he is particular, and which is by no means to be lightly undertaken—her thoughts are far away, and her mind is full of doubts and misgiving. Why did her husband come back so suddenly from the agricultural meeting yesterday? Could he by any means have been aware of George's presence in the neighborhood; and, if so, had he hastened his return with the view of detecting him? If so, he had providentially been thwarted in his plan. Nurse Ellen had seen the boy, and had conveyed to him the bracelet; the means of release from his surrounding difficulties were now in his hands, and the mother felt sure, from his manner, that he would keep his word, and never again subject himself to such a fearful risk. All danger surely must be over; no hint had been dropped by her husband of the slightest suspicion, and yet Mrs. Carruthers watches every change of his countenance, listens nervously to every footfall on the stairs, hears with a heart-beat the creak of every opening door, and is, obviously, constrained and wretched and ill at ease.

Clare notices this pityingly and with wonder; Mr. Carruthers notices it too, with wonder, but without any pity, but he resents it, in point of fact, silently and with dignity. That Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings should "mope" and be "out of sorts" is a kind of reflection on Mr. Carruthers of Poynings, which that gentleman by no means approves of. Over the top of his rustling newspaper he looks at his wife with severe glances levelled from under knitted brows; between his occasional bites of toast he gives a short, sharp, irritable cough; now and then he drums with his fingers on the table, or taps his foot impatiently on the floor. No notice of these vagaries is taken by either of the ladies, it being generally understood at Poynings that the Grand Lama will always find vent in speech when the proper time arrives. Meanwhile, Mrs. Carruthers moodily broods over the breakfast equipage, while Clare is occupied in arranging some flowers.

The Grand Lama becomes more and more irate, glares through his gold double eye-glasses at the newspaper, wherein he is reading atrociously "levelling" views promulgated by a correspondent, gives utterance to smothered sounds indicative of indignation and contempt, and is just about to burst forth in a torrent of rage, when the door opens, and a footman, entering, hands a card on a salver to his master. As when, in full pursuit of the flying matador, the bull in the arena wheels round and engages the lithe picador who has just planted a flag-bearing dart in his quivering carcase, so Mr. Carruthers turns upon the servant who had interposed between him and the intended objects of his attack.

"What's this?" said he, in a sharp voice.

"Card, sir," said the footman, utterly unmoved, and with the complacent expression of an ancient gurgoyle on a Saxon church.

"Do you think I'm blind?" said his master. "I see it's a card. Where did it come from?"

"Gentleman in the library, sir. Said you was at breakfast; told me no 'urry, and giv' me his card."

Mr. Carruthers looks up suspiciously at Thomas, footman, but Thomas, footman, is still gurgoylesque. Then Mr. Carruthers replaces his eye-glasses, and, looking at the card, reads theron, in old English characters, "Mr. Dalrymple," and in pencil the words "Home Office." "I will be with the gentleman in a moment." Only stopping at the looking-glass to run his fingers through his hair and to settle the tie of his checked cravat, Mr. Carruthers creaks out of the room.

Mr. Dalrymple, of the Home Office, has established himself in a comfortable chair, from which he rises on Mr. Carruthers' entrance. He is a tall, bald-headed man, and, to Mr. Carruthers' horror, wears a full-flowing brown beard. The Grand Lama, whose ideas on this point are out of date, knows that beards are now generally worn by members of the aristocracy as well as foreigners and billiard-sharpers, but cannot conceive that any government has been so preposterously lax as to permit its officials to indulge in such nonsense. Consequently he refers to the card again, and, his first impressions being verified, is dumb with astonishment. Nevertheless, he controls his feelings sufficiently to bow and to point to a chair.

"I am an early visitor, Mr. Carruthers," says Mr. Dalrymple, "but the fact is, my business is pressing. I came down to Amherst by the mail-train last night, but I would not disturb you at so late an hour, and, moreover, I could have done no good by seeing you then; so I slept at the inn. My visit to you is on business, as I presume you understand?"

Mr. Dalrymple says this pointedly, as the Grand Lama's face is rapidly assuming an open mouth and sunken jaw expression of idiocy. He recovers himself by an effort, and, glancing at the card, mutters "Home Office."

"Precisely," says Mr. Dalrymple. "I am principal clerk in the Home Office, and I come to you in your capacity as justice of the peace. Lord Wolstenholme, our Secretary, noticed that you generally acted as chairman of the bench of magistrates, and therefore decided that you were the proper person to be communicated with."

Mr. Carruthers' attention, which has been wandering a little—his eyes are still attracted by his visitor's beard, and he is wondering how long it has been growing, and why it should be, as it is, of two distinct shades of brown—is recalled by these words, and he mutters that he is obliged to his lordship for his opinion.

"Now, my dear Mr. Carruthers," says Mr. Dalrymple, bending forward in his chair, dropping his voice to a whisper, and looking slyly from under his bushy eyebrows, "will you allow me to ask you a question? Can you keep a secret?"

Mr. Carruthers is taken aback. From his magisterial and county-gentleman position he looks upon secrets as things exclusively appertaining to the vulgar, as connected with conspiracies, plots, swindles, and other indictable offences. Considering, however, that the matter is brought under his notice in connection with the Home Office, he thinks he may venture to answer in the affirmative, and does accordingly.

"Ex-actly," says Mr. Dalrymple. "I knew your answer before I put the question; but in these little matters it is absolutely necessary to have perfect accuracy. Now then to the point—we are quite out of earshot. Thank you! No chance of any one listening at the doors?"

Mr. Carruthers says "No," with an expression of face which says he should very much like to catch any one there.

"Pre-cisely! Now, my dear Mr. Carruthers, I will at once put you in possession of Lord Wolstenholme's views. The fact is, that a murder has been committed, under rather peculiar circumstances, and his lordship wants your assistance in investigating the matter."

[To be continued.]

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, of New York, the proprietors of the "Riverside Press," announce for publication a Magazine for Children, to be called *The Riverside Magazine for Young Folks*. It will contain interesting original articles and choice and appropriate illustrations.

An excited gentleman at a fire headed a line of fire buckets, and as fast as they were passed to him he threw bucket and all into the fire, crying out all the while—"Pass on more buckets!"

Good actions once resolved, like fixed stars, should hold one and the same station in firmness, and should not be subject to irregular and retrograde motions.

AN INCIDENT AT SADOWA.

THE canon were belching their last
O'er the fields where the routed were flying,
And shouting pursuers strode fast
Through the heaps of the dead and the dying.

War's rage was beginning to wane;
The fierce cared no longer to strike;
And the good stopped to soften the pain
Of victors and vanquished alike.

A yellow-haired Austrian lad
Lay at length on a shot-furrowed bank;
He was comely and daintily clad
In the glittering dress of his rank.

Not so white, though, his coat as his cheek,
Nor so red the sash crossing his chest
As the horrible crimson streak
Of the blood that had welled from his breast.

His foes approached where he was laid,
To bear him in reach of their skill;
But he murmured, "Give others your aid;
By our Fatherland! let me die still."

At dawn they came searching again,
To winnow the quick from the dead;
The boy was set free from his pain,
And his faithful young spirit had fled.

As they lifted his limbs from the ground,
To hide them away out of sight,
Lo! under his bosom they found
The flag he had borne through the fight.

He had folded the silk he loved well,
Lest a shred should be seen at his side:
To wave it in triumph he fell;
To save it from capture he died.

The head of the sternest was bared
As they gazed on the shot-riven rag,
And the hand of the hardiest spared
To make prey of that Austrian flag.

O'er the tomb of their brother they bowed,
With a prayer for a spirit as brave;
And they gave him a flag for a shroud
In his narrow and nameless grave.

—*Belgavia.* Blomfield Jackson, M. A.

THE TEA PLANT.

TEA and coffee, without which Europe got along for five thousand years, have become necessaries of life. They are not food, and, therefore, not essential; they give neither fat, flesh, nor bone, but are simply stimulants, though, from their action on bile, tea may be beneficial. Its popularity with woman is probably due to this.

Considering the different sources from which tea and coffee come, it is a curious fact that they both acquire their stimulating power from a principle named *theine*, common to both plants, and of which no other plant is known to possess any marked quantity.

There is a genus of plants of the tribe *camellieæ*. The seed sown, soon after it ripens, in holes four or five inches deep and three or four inches apart. The plants rise in a cluster when the rain comes on, and require little care but weeding. The leaves are fit to gather the third year. A plant is considered good for seven or ten years, when it is cut down and young shoots allowed to rise. It blossoms along the branch, having almost blossom for leaf, and thus giving it quite a rich appearance. The gathering of the leaves is an important matter. They are taken off with great care, one by one.

Three crops are taken, in March, May, and August, the exact period varying according to the climate of the districts. When the leaves are gathered, they are dried in a small furnace, each furnished with a small iron pan, on which the leaves, after a preliminary drying in the sun, are thrown out and stirred. When dried they are cooled and rolled on a table, and then sorted.

The best kinds are put up very choicely, while the poorer kinds are made into masses like bricks. Of these the Abbe Huc gives an amusing description in his "Travels Through Tartary," where they are chiefly sent.

There have been many discussions as to the green and black teas, but the prevailing opinion is, that the difference does not arise from their being taken from different plants, but from the season in which they are plucked, and especially from the manner in which they are prepared.

Balzac, Frederic Soulie, Eugene Sue, Roger Beauvoir, Chauxdesaignes, Leon Gozlan, are among the French authors whose position was earned by an excessive exercise of imagination and of mental industry generally. Of them and of similar workers in France men say lightly, "Well, they live by it!" Jules Janin, in adverting to the nature of the deaths of the above writers, in a notice on Leon Gozlan, replies, "Yes, and they die of it!"

The newest Yankee notion is an umbrella with a gutter round the edge and a spout at one corner.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

EDWARD POLLOCK, the most richly endowed in native genius, and the strongest of pinion, though among the poorest in culture, of our California poets, used to insist that death is a subject that does not legitimately admit of poetical treatment. "There is no way," he argued "in which death can be rendered poetical, except by disguising what is real and literal about it. It is too humiliating and too appalling to admit of being treated at the same time artistically and truly." Nevertheless, a great number of poets of no ordinary genius have essayed the theme. Mrs. Akers, better known by her pseudonym "Florence Percy," is the author of the following:

THE MOUNTAINS.

"Sitting alone in this silent room,
Blinded with weeping, and sick and strange,
I see it, whitening out of the gloom,
A chill and sorrowful mountain range.

"Never o'er summit, or sweep, or slope,
A gleam of gladness or pleasure thrills,
Never a glimmer of joy or hope
Blesses or brightens these desolate hills.

"All the winds which over them blow,
Are sighs too bitter to brook control,
And all the freshening rains they know
Are not tears wrung from a stricken soul.

"First is a pallid, smileless face,
Turned for ever away from tears,
Then two pale hands which will keep their place,
Folded from labor through all the years.

"Then the knees which will never bow,
Never bend or obey again;
And then the motionless feet which now
Are done with walking in sun and rain.

"These are the mountains, and over all
Sinks and settles the winding sheet,
Following sharply each rise and fall
From the pallid face to the quiet feet.

"These are the mountains which through the gloom
Rising whitely and cold I see,
Sloping into the shadowy tomb,
The mournful hills of mortality."

Tennyson, in his "Deserted House," has essayed the same subject, and has treated it more poetically—and less repulsively, because avoiding the minutiæ of the ghastly theme:

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving doors and windows wide;
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away; for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible,
Would they could have stayed with us!

The following poem of Mrs. Akers' most strongly reminds one of Tennyson, as the readers of the "Princess" will readily acknowledge:

TEMPT ME NO MORE.

"Tempt me no more, thy tones are sweet and deep;
Yet they fall vainly on my weary ears;
Pass on and leave me here to dream and weep,
Counting the footfalls of the lonesome years;
Tempt me no more!

"My wreath of life holds no fresh bloom for thee—
Its flowers are strewn on unforgotten graves—
Only its withered leaves remain to me,
And they drift darkly toward death's wintry waves;
Tempt me no more!

"Gather not rose-leaves trampled in the dust;
No kindness can their wasted bloom renew.
Go, let them die unheeded as they must;
Seek thou for blossoms fresh and bright with dew;
Tempt me no more!"

A correspondent requests us to publish one of those "rollicking songs" of Thomas Love Peacock's, to which we alluded week before last as being "among the best of their kind in the language." Our correspondent seems, we infer from his mode of expression, to suspect that we have rather over-estimated the "Forgotten Poet." Here is a specimen of Peacock's convivial lyrics from which the reader may make his own estimate:

THREE TIMES THREE.

"In his last hinn Sir Peter lies,
Who knew not what it was to frown;
Death took him mellow by surprise,
And in his cellar stopped him down.
Through all our land we could not hoast
A knight more gay, more prompt than he,
To rise and fill a bumper toast,
And pass it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

"None better knew the feast to sway,
Or keep Mirth's boat in better trim;
For Nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.
The meanest guest that graced his board
Was there the freest of the free,
His bumper toast when Peter poured,
And passed it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

"He kept at true good-humor's mark,
The social flow of pleasure's tide;
He never made a brow look dark,
Nor caused a tear, but when he died.
No sorrow round his tomb should dwell;
More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
For funeral song, and passing bell,
To hear no sound but THREE TIMES THREE."

The following is attributed, by some, to Peacock; by others, to Professor Aytom; and by some to "Father Prout," the author of the "Bell of Shandon:

THE DIRGE OF THE DRINKER.

"Brothers, spare awhile your liquor, lay your final tumbler down;
He has dropped—that star of honor—on the field of his renown!
Raise the wail, but raise it softly, lowly bending on your knees,
If you find it more convenient, you may hiccup if you please.
Sons of Pantagruel, gently let your hip-hurraing sink,
Be your manly accents clouded, half with sorrow, half with drink!
Lightly to the sofa pillow lift his head from off the floor;
See, how calm he sleeps, unconscious as the deadest nail in door!
Widely o'er the earth I've wandered; where the drink most freely flowed,
I have ever reeled the foremost, foremost to the beaker strode.
Deep in shady Cider Cellars I have dreamed o'er heavy wet,
By the fountains of Damascus I have quaffed the rich sherbet,
Regal Montepulciano drained beneath its native rock,
On Johannis' sunny mountain frequent hiccuped o'er my hock;
I have bathed in butts of Xeres deeper than did e'er Monsoon,
Sangaree'd with bearded Tartars in the Mountains of the Moon;
In beer-swilling Copenhagen I have drunk your Danesman blind.
I have kept my feet in Jeua, when each bursch to earth declined:
Glass for glass, in fierce Jamaica, I have shared the planter's rum,
Drank with Highland dhuiué-wassails, till each gibbering Gael grew dumb;
But a stouter, bolder drinker—one that loved his liquor more—
Never yet did I encounter than our friend upon the floor!
Yet the best of us are mortal, we to weakness all are heir,
He has fallen, who rarely staggered—let the rest of us beware!
We shall leave him as we found him—lying where his manhood fell,
'Mong the trophies of the revel, for he took his tipple well.
Better 'twere we loosed his neckcloth, laid his throat and bosom bare,
Pulled his Hobies off, and turned his toes to taste the breezy air.
Throw the sofa cover o'er him, dim the flaring of the gas,
Calmly, calmly let him slumber, and, as by the bar we pass,
We shall bid that thoughtful waiter place beside him, near and handy,
Large supplies of soda-water, tumblers bottomed well with brandy,
So, when waking, he shall drain them, with that deathless thirst of his—
Clinging to the hand that smote him, like a good 'un as he is!"

A GREAT MAN CONVERTED INTO APPLES.

The Hartford *Press* has the following curious article in regard to a recent attempt to exhume the remains of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, buried some 180 years ago:

"On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground the dim outlines of the seven graves, contained within one square rod, revealed the burial ground of Roger Williams. In colonial times, each family had its own burial ground, which was usually near the family residence. Three of these seven graves were those of children, the remaining four those of adults. On digging down into the "charnel-house," it was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter, the thickness of the edges of the sides of the coffins, with their ends distinctly defined. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of anything save a single lock of braided hair, which had survived the lapse of more than 180 years. Near the grave stood a venerable apple tree, when, and by whom planted, is not known. This tree had sent two of its roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The largest root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There making a turn, as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they turned upward to the toes. One of these roots had a slight crook at the knee, which makes the whole form. There were the graves, emptied of every particle of human dust! Not a trace of anything was left! It is known to chemistry that all the flesh, gelatinous matter giving consistency to the bones, are resolved into corbonic acid gas, water and air, while the solid lime dust usually remains. But in this case even the phosphate of lime of both graves was all gone! There stood the 'guilty apple tree,' as was said at the time, caught in the very act of 'robbing the grave.'

"The organic matter of Roger Williams had been transmitted into the apple tree; it had passed into the wood fibre and was capable of propelling a steam-engine; it had bloomed in the apple blossoms and had become pleasant to the eye; and more, it had gone into the fruit from year to year so that the question might be asked: Who ate Roger Williams?

And this idea of the mutation of the earthly substance of Roger Williams into the fruit of an apple tree, reminds us of one of Holmes' poems—the most truly poetical of all his poems—in fact, the only "poem," in the better sense of the word, that the "Autocrat" has (in our judgment) ever written. It is in the same key as the pieces of Tennyson and Mrs. Akers given above, and finer than either:

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say, that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run
And through their leaves the robins call,
And ripening in the autumn sun
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That trills beneath the April sky
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When turning round their dial track,
Eastward their lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The cricket, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask: What maiden sleeps below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

The stanza preceding the last, is the one that brought the poem to our mind in association with the article from the Hartford paper in relation to the attempt to exhume the body of Roger Williams. Even the critics who deny that the versatile and talented Boston M. D. is "a poet," will scarcely deny that "Under the Violets" is a genuine poem.

"BRICK POMEROY'S" LAW SUIT.

We see by a late number of the *Democrat*, that that well-known editor and humorous writer, has been hauled up for shooting two chickens worth fifty cents each. He defended his own case in court, and gives the following account of the

CHICKEN LAW SUIT.

The plaintiff, Reinhardt Hendricks, brought in his bill, swore to its correctness, testified that he owned the chickens, that they were raised by a hen belonging to him, that he saw the defendant shoot them; that he had repeatedly asked the defendant to settle for them; and failing to get pay or satisfaction he was compelled to bring suit, and ask for judgment of one dollar and costs.

The defendant admitted shooting the chickens, and proved by four reliable witnesses the following facts: In April, 1866, the defendant owned a fast running trick mare "Kitty," which animal was kept in a stable hired by him, and cared for by one of his employes. Through a little hole in the barn or stable the plaintiff's hens would fly in and eat oats intended for the mare "Kitty," and on the approach of any one would fly out. In an old barrel in the stable, one of the hens, a black one, made her nest, laid thirteen eggs therein, and proceeded to raise a family. When the hen got ready to set, the defendant instructed the boy who took care of his mare to go down town, purchase thirteen eggs of J. W. Robinson & Co., grocers, and put them in the nest, first removing the other eggs. The boy did so, as was proved. He then personally drove the hen out of the stable a dozen times or more—he tried to make her leave—she would not, but proceeded to incubate his eggs, duly bought and paid for, without his consent, leave or license, after repeated efforts on his part and by his agents to have her vacate his premises. And further, when the hen had hatched his eggs, she ran away with his chickens, eleven in number, two eggs not producing chickens. To her services he brought an offset, the use of stable and board bill in the shape of oats—he charged her with the two eggs she spoiled, and demanded judgment for the balance of the flock, nine in number, at fifty cents each. And, beside, he proved the chickens did not belong to that hen, as she was black, while the chickens were red or speckled! Hendricks has sued all his neighbors for some trifling matter half-a-dozen times each during the past two years. After a patient hearing, the Judge decided that there was no cause for action, and that the defendant was entitled to the other nine chickens, and the plaintiff must pay the costs of the suit, amounting to $17 37½.

Bad News for Unmarried Ladies.—Among the new inventions is a button which is fastened to cloth without thread. It is said to consist solely of a button with a wire to be inserted into the cloth like a cork-screw, and then pressed down flat, so as to form a ring to hold the button to its place. As this invention will enable men to keep the buttons on their shirts, it is calculated to do away with wives altogether.

Boucicault seems to be the theatrical rage. No less than six London theatres are now running his pieces.

A paper printed in Chinese and Japanese is published in London.

For thirty-five years Chicago has increased at the rate of 5726 people per year.

A new style of bonnet has made its appearance in Paris. It is a twine string with a diamond set in the top.

[For the Californian.]

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

THEN, life wus in its golden prime,
And we gave ne'er a thought to Time,
Nor dreamed he wore his silv'ry threads
Each vear 'mid locks of loved ones heads;
Or chased from cheeks the roseate hue
Mantling in yours, when I met you
Some twenty years ago!

Ere Hope bad plumed her wing for flight,
Or shadows told of coming night;
When calm, sweet sleep cured each day's woes,
And we knew nought of fears or foes—
Peuce, o'er the lund her blessings sbed,
Stern war, to death no victims led,
Some twenty years ago!

Then, joy's full tide was at its flow,
'Tis ebb now with us, love you know;
And nought of all that wreck is seen,
Suve the undying faith I ween
That we pledged, each, to last thro' life—
My darling little sweetheart—wife!
Some twenty years ago! H. S. B.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE crowded condition of our columns will confine our notices to a mere summary of amusements announced for this week.

AT MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE Lady Don is playing her "last nights." The burlesque of *Kenilworth*, which proved one of her most popular pieces during her prior engagement, will be revived for to-day's matinee; and will, in conjunction with that sterling nautical drama, *Black-Eyed Susan*, form the bill for this evening's entertainment. On Monday that grand scenic extravaganza, *Lalla Rookh*, will be produced with splendid costumes, and gorgeous Eastern scenery by the Tornings. The story of the piece is founded on Moore's celebrated poem of that name, and in incideut and scenery, is full of the glamour of the Orient.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Japanese Jugglers are a complete success, and are creating a Japanese *furore* in the amusement world. Their entertainments are in every respect worthy of the support they are receiving, being wonders as well as novelties in the jugglery and gymnastic line. Their feats are unanimously conceeded to far excell those of the famous European gymnasts who have visited our shores during the last ten years. They give a *Japanese* matinee—let cosmopolitan New York take note of that—this afternoon, and the usual evening performance to-night. On Monday evening some novel and daring feats will be introduced.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH HEINE'S second concert, assisted by Miss Emma and Miss Clelia Howson, Miss Short, an ameteur, Mr. Henri Herberte, and Mr. Wunderlich, will take place at Platt's Music Hall on Monday evening next. The programme—published on the last page of our paper—is a very full and choice one, replete with musical gems. Their introductory concert proved Mr. and Mrs. Hein to be artists of culture and ability; and was a musical success. Their second concert should be more than that, it should be a pecuniary one; und draw forth a full Hall of our music-loving population.

M. Heine's performances are peculiarly interesting in consequence of his being deprived of the sense of sight. In his case, as in that of many others, the sense of touch is remarkably developed, and the delicacy with which he "feels" the strings of his instrument, is wonderful. M Heine was a pupil of Sainton, the greatest violinist of the present century, and on his leaving his tutor Sainton confessed that "he could teach him nothing more." Paul Julien was a master of the violin, his forte lay in the brilliunce of his execution, which could be appreciated by musical connoisseurs. The music which Heine produces appeals to the souls of his hearers. To appreciate his playing it is not necessary to know a note of music, and at the same time the most *exegeant* of musical critics cannot fail to be satisfied. Madame Heine is decidedly the best pianiste who has ever visited these shores, and may be said to be only second to Arabella Goddard, who is acknowledged to be the best pianiste in the world. The young ladies of San Francisco will probably derive as much advantage from hearing M'me Heine perform—Menedelssohn's Grand Rondo in B minor—on Monday as they could from many lessons from a mere "musical instructor."

METROPOLITAN.—Willie Edouin, with his clever little Japanese tricks, learned during a recent residence in Japan, and *The Golden Egg*, have been the attractions at this house. The first has had its run, though the latter remains still a good egg.

NAST'S PAINTING OF "Sherman's March Through Georgia" has been much visited and admired. It is on exhibition at Snow & Roos' gallery, 219 Montgomery street, and is deservingly attracting public attention. Near four hundred persons visited it in one day during the fore part of the week. The fee is very moderate, being fixed at twenty-five cents only.

ALLITERATION.

COLERIDGE and De Quincey are rich in alliteration. De Quincey uses it with superb effect. In Coleridge's poems it is often the best note in the music. For instance, in the "Aucient Mariner," the repetition in the following stanza heightens the picture of the hapless mariner's ship:

"The *b*reezes *b*lew, the white *f*oam *f*lew,
The *f*urrow *f*ollowed *f*ree,
We were the *f*irst that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

And then again:

"His *b*ones were *b*lack with many a crack,
All *b*lack and *b*are, I ween;
Jet *b*lack and *b*are, save where the rust
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust
They were patched with purple and green."

Once more:

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the *s*ails did *s*igh like *s*edge."

And, again with an indescribably exquisite cadence:

"To Mary, queen, the praise be given,
She *s*ent the gentle *s*leep from heaven,
That *s*lid into my *s*oul."

In fact Coleridge is rich, almost beyond comparison, in euphonious and assonant alliteration. Much of the wild and weird effect of the "Ancient Mariner," and of the mastery of its spell, is due to the subtle interlinking of the sounds of letters. The fascination is intensified by the congregation and commingling of similar vocables, and the coloring is thereby deepened.

"MAUD MULLER."—We have received from A. Roman & Co. a copy of Ticknor & Fields' edition of *Maud Muller*, with Hennessy's illustrations, one of the most elegant gift-books of the season. Of the twelve illustrations, the second, "Nameless Longings," is the most pleasing, if not the most meritorious, giving admirable expression to the sentiment of the lines:

"But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest—
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dured to own
For something better than she had known."

As a specimen of typography the book can scarcely be surpassed.

WE are indebted to E. F. Arnold, Market street near Montgomery, for the last *Galaxy*, a New York illustrated magazine.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Read the following letter:

SAN FRANCISCO, December 10, 1866.

To JOHN ARCHBALD, Esq., Treasurer British Benevolent Society.—Sir: The Directors of the Builders' Insurauce Company donate (enclosed) one hundred dollars to your excellent Society. We ure aware that your object is relief for the distressed of every nation who are amongst us, and we conclude that so laudable an undertaking, impartially carried on, must evoke the hearty support of the affluent corporations which abound in this city. No stranger dropping in amongst us should be suffered to want food. Every religious creed, in all nations and in all ages, has taught that the poor are a charge upon the rich. We Christians are not near so charitable as the followers of Mahomet, for amongst them no one is allowed to go hungry. When the forlorn, penniless stranger drops into San Francisco, where or to whom is he to apply? Your struggling association, and that other excellent institution, the "St. Vincent de Paul Society," are about the only public friends of the unfortunate, and the frequent response from the managers of these to applicants is: "We have no funds on hand," or, "We are in debt to our Treasurer." Now, gentleman, this ought not to be. There should be a bold and earuest application made to the affluent around us—an ample fund established. Let it go abroad that the stranger will find food and sympathy in California, and it will at once serve out worldly interests by drawing people into our vacant lands, while at the same time we are complying with the highest duty of the Christian.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MOONEY, President.

HOLIDAY PREPARATIONS.—STEVENS, of the late firm of STEVENS & OLIVER, is making grand preparations for the Holidays, and informs his patrons and the public that he is now prepared to furnish Parties and Weddings with everything required in his line. And to supply the increasing demand in the *cuisine* department, has associated with him Mr. McDonald, the celebrated caterer for the public; formally at the corner of Clay und Leidsdorff streets, whose well known reputation for the serving up of the choicest oysters, clams, and seasonable delicacies, is a most enviable one. This, with the late improvements that MR. STEVENS has made in his establishment, must serve to make it for San Francisco what Taylor's is to New York—the most popular place of its kind. *

WE visited the store of J. W. Tucker & Co., yesterday, and must say that it is one of the most beautiful sights in the city; stocked as it is with its wealth of bright gems and Jewellery, Diamonds, Pearls, Amethysts, Topaz, Emeralds, Rubys, Sapphires, Corals, Watches, Silver ware, etc. For purchasing valuable Holiday Gifts—gems of the earth und sea that fade not nor depreciate in value—there is no place like Tucker's. *

RARE HOLIDAY GOODS may he purchased at A. Gensoul's French book-store, 511 Montgomery street, who has received un invoice of the choicest French fancy goods, albums, illustrated books, French work-boxes, vases, etc. Call and inspect them. *

NO MORE appropriate gift for the Holiday present can be found than a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. These Machines have lately been greatly improved, and are now considered the very best for Family use. *

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No 10.

"MEDICINE CHESTS always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

SPEAKING of modern medical practice, REIL says: "I have long enough been tossed on the sea of unfounded hypothesis, to feel convinced that absolute darkness prevails in the medical practice, which cannot be dispelled by assertions, but only by experiments and experience."

SICK PEOPLE always know where to find DR. BOURNE, because he has a superior mode of treating disease without medicines, bleeding, blistering, or plastering, by which he is enabled to remain as a fixture, instead of continually chopping and changing around. No. 10 Masonic Temple. Removed only twice in about twenty years.

HARTMANN, of Vienna, says: "Taking the general run of practitioners we can convince ourselves that the most of them exercise nothing but the rudest empyricism under the cloak of science."

THE DISASTROUS EFFECTS of quinine, and many other vegetable poisons in daily use by the medicine doctors, eradicated by the use of DR. BOURNE'S baths, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

GEITAMER writes that the *Materia Medica* "is a mere collection of fallacious observations."

A Physician quoted by d'Alembert, represents "Nature as fighting with disease. A blind man, armed with a club, (the physician,) comes to settle the difference. He first tries to make peace. Failing in that, he lifts his club and strikes at random. If he strikes the disease he kills it. If he strikes Nature he kills her." The same writer, says an eminent physician, after thirty years experience, declared he—"I am tired of guessing."

WHY DO THE SICK, who prefer water cure treatment, or to be cured without medicines, almost universally go to DR. BOURNE, No. 10 Masonic Temple? It is because he has had a varied and large experience during nearly a quarter of a century; has an improved system of his own, the result of practical knowledge, which is certain, rapid in curing, truly pleasant in course of treatment, and exactly adapted to the wants of Californians, effecting in weeks as much, or more, than the "slow coach" method of hydropathic colleges, and Eastern and European practice would in months. DR. BOURNE knows his art so well that he guarantees his promises to the sick, if so agreed, and performs all he promises, and more if possible. Fifteenth year (1866) in San Francisco.

DR. WHITING declares that the celebrated CULLEN "knew nothing or next to nothing." And also that "both the *Materia Medica* and *Therapeutics* are a perfect chaos."

A facetious definition of the term Physician by a Medical writer: "A physician is one who administers drugs, of which he knows nothing, to a stomach of which he knows less."

RHEUMATISM CURED—Cure guaranteed, and at the same time mercury and all other mineral poisons removed from the system, by DR. BOURNE, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

PROFESSOR WATERHOUSE says: "I am sick of learned quackery."

SAID a Medical writer: "It would be better for the world if the whole tribe of Medical doctors were extinct."

DR. REID: "If the employment of the Lancet was abolished altogether, it would, perhaps, save annually a greater number of lives than in any one year the sword has ever destroyed." [Before the American Rebellion?—DR. B.]

LOCKE, SMOLLET AND GOLDSMITH, all three Physicians, are said to have held their art in great contempt.

MERCURY, and all mineral poisons, removed from the human system; and at the same time rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., are cured by DR. BOURNE, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

GREAT REDUCTION IN LADIES' DRESS AND DRY GOODS.—The telegraph has informed us of the recent fall of prices in dress and dry goods in the New York market; and we are authorized to announce that the retail house of MEAGHER, TAAFFE & Co., of this city, in consequence of the dry goods tumble at the East, will open the coming week with a great reduction in the prices of their immense stock of goods; which will be marked down to lower rates than dry goods have ever been sold for for years back, as an especial bid for the great Holiday trade, and as the most effective means of reducing their large stock on hand.

The goods reduced in prices consist of ladies' dress goods—silks, empress cloths of every variety, poplins, etc., which have been reduced to the following figures:

5,000 yards Super French Empress Cloth, in plain and striped, at 50 cents—worth $1

6,000 yards Plain All-wool Poplins, at 75 cents—worth $1 25.

10,000 yards Fine All-wool Empress Cloth, all colors, at $1—worth $1 50.

200 Rich Brocade Silk Dresses at $40—worth $65.

Also—1,000 yards Rich Black Silks, from $1 50 to $7 per yard.

Cloaks and shawls will also be marked down to remarkable low rates. Among the latter are some rich and beautiful real camel's-hair India shawls; and, also, all kinds of domestic and house-keeping goods. Nor will the class of ornamental goods escape the reduction. We are assured that real point laces by the set or yard, and rich chantilla flounces and laces, lace curtains, etc., will be offered at figures greatly lower than they can be purchased elsewhere.

Of course this event will create a commotion in the dry goods trade, and thronged counters and a rush of purchasers will be the effect of it. And the grand result will be that the ladies will be most happy in procuring new and fashionable goods at such bargains; and the enterprising house of MEAGHER, TAAFFE & Co., will get most of the Holiday trade, make hundreds of new customers, and convert their immense stock of goods now on hand into cash.

SANTA CLAUS' VISITS.—Among the hundreds of thousands of visits of this ancient individual, will be that to the Masonic Temple, No. 1 Montgomery street, where he has been leaving orders for Boys' Clothing to be presented by him to them on Christmas morning. Santa Claus visits this above place regularly every Christmas morning, and others would do well to follow his example. Figel & Co. manufacture to order, and have ready for sale the largest supply of Youths' and Boys' Clothing to be had in any other establishment in the same line of business in the city. Their terms are moderate and the goods of the best quality. Call and leave your orders early, for Santa Claus has a great many orders to fill.

MY TRIP ON THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER, "BONNYBELL."

"MR. HASTINGS, the House wants you, please. I was to beg you to step directly into the parlor, Mr. Graysbrook said."

I had never seen our principal—generally a calm, rather proud man, who was kind to his dependents without forgetting his authority—so agitated as I now found him, pacing the room with quick, impatient strides, and muttering broken sentences to himself, as he knit his bushy eyebrows into a heavy frown. He suddenly stopped in his walk, looked me full in the face, and exclaimed:

"Hastings—Henry, my boy, I am going to put great trust in you; but I always liked you, lad, and I am sure you will do your best to help me. I wish I had spoken before. I am afraid Loring has ruined me!—utterly ruined me! As sure as the sun's in heaven, on the 26th of next month Graysbrook & Freek must suspend payment."

Then the truth came out. Loring, the head clerk's absence, which had been a mystery to all of us, was brought about by his being entrusted with an important mission by our principal, which was briefly as follows:

He had been instructed to make the best of his way to South Carolina, where, on certain plantations on the Ashley River, some thousand bales of cotton were lying ready for delivery.

These bales, doubly precious since the Federal blockade had sealed up the coast against open traffic, had been the property of a well-known factor, a certain Jonadab Bates, who had acquired the estates on which the staple was grown, paying the purchase-money by the aid of his British correspondent, Mr. Graysbrook. To guarantee these advances, Mr. Bates had pledged a portion of the crop. He was now dead, and his affairs in no small confusion, but his executors were willing to yield up the whole store of cotton to the English creditor, in consideration of a further payment in hard cash.

"And that was why I sent Loring," said the merchant. "The sum was a heavy one, and it was to be paid in gold, by express stipulation, gold commanding a very high premium in the South, as you are aware. But the cotton is of fair quality, and the quantity so considerable that, supposing that, by dividing the freight, and shipping it in different vessels, we got only one-half safely through the blockade, a great gain would result at present prices. By waiting, on the other hand, I risked the loss of the whole of my advances, as the cotton would be burned in case of a Federal invasion. Loring had been in America; you know who glibly he used to talk of Yankee manners and customs; and therefore I sent the vessel—though Heaven forgive me if I do him an injustice, since, perhaps, the poor fellow has been drowned, or made away with in the present disturbed state of the country."

Mr. Graysbrook went on to say that bills for a considerable amount would fall due on the 26th of the following month; bills which must be dishonored in case of the non-recovery of the sum which Loring had carried away with him, or of the much larger sum they had confidently anticipated as soon as a portion of the cotton should reach Liverpool.

Our principal had looked out with trustfulness for a letter from his emissary, and not receiving one, had written twice, by way of Bahama, but without effect. And on the arrival of the West Indian mail that morning, without any sign of the long overdue letter, the merchant's waning faith in his clerk had wholly departed.

Whether Loring's silence were due to misfortue or treachery, it was obvious that there was little chance of its being broken. And therefore, on the 26th, that fatal date, a commercial sword of Damocles would decend to cut short the existence of the long-respected firm of Graysbrook & Freek.

"And now Mr. Hastings, I want *you* to go to South Carolina!"

"I, sir?"

I was no great traveler, a trip to Paris, with an excursion ticket, having been my longest pilgrimage; and the proposition rather startled me.

"Yes, young man," said the old merchant, firmly. "If I could shake off some twenty years, I'd ask no one to do the errand for me; but, as it is, I must stop at home. Will you go, proceeding to Bahama by the packet that sails the day after to-morrow, and watching for a good chance of eluding the blockading fleet? You know Loring, and can identify him in case of need. You shall have full credentials in writing, and if you succeed I'll give you a thousand pounds. Is it a bargain?"

I replied at once, accepting the duty, but declining to receive the pecuniary recompense which my employer's liberality had suggested.

My outward voyage to Nassau was unadventurous enough.

Once arrived at Nassau, however, I began to realize the difficulties of my position. The little place presented and aspect of strange liveliness and bustle, such as before the war it had never shown. The harbor was crammed with craft of all sorts and sizes: the bay was full of shipping: the little streets were crowded; and there was a continual stir and turmoil on the quay, all too small for the press of traffic that daily poured in. All this animation, all this activity, had been caused by the Federal blockade of the Southern coast: and the cheerful faces of the burghers attested the fact that Nassau was the great emporium for contraband of war and smuggled cotton, and that much money was being spent in the island by those employed in this gainful but perilous commerce. Wherever I went, in tavern, grocery, store, or counting-house, there was but one all-engrossing topic, one common subject of interest—the blockade. Such and such a schooner had been taken; such a brig had been burned, cargo and all, to keep her out of Yankee hands; such a drogher had come in with cotton; such a steamer had got safe to Charleston, with so many thousand stand-of-arms on board. The *Black-eyed Susan* had been sunk by the U. S. gunboat *Sloper*—no, she had only received four round-shot in her hull, and had escaped among the sand-keys. Who had insured the *Delight?* They would lose smartly, for the vessel had been condemned; whereas the *Fly-by-Night* had got into Charleston securely, and her freight of Blakely guns was worth twenty-three thousand dollars, net profit.

All this gambling and venturing, this staking of fortunes on the speed of a vessel or the wariness of a captain, was thrillingly exciting to the brokers, merchants, and other speculators, who swarmed in the Nassau boarding-houses, and who had only a pecuniary interest in the game. But with me matters stood otherwise; for my hopes, and the stability of our firm, depended upon my making a safe and speedy run to and from the shores of South Carolina; and the capture, which to others was a mere vexation, would be a ruin to me. And I perceived that the risks nearly balanced the favorable chances; that if many escaped, many were taken; and the loss of a ship was philosophically borne by her owners.

Glad was I, therefore, when Captain Pritchard, of the *Bonnybell*, fast-going Clyde built, iron steamer, that had for several days lain idle in the bay, accosted me in the following tone:

"Good-morning, Mr. Hastings! On the island yet, I see. Ah, you can't do better than take a passage with us. We slip cable to-night, between ourselves and the post."

These last words were spoken in a very low tone, and with a cautious, sweeping glance that took in every object.

"To-night!" The words were wondrous tempting, for I had been already five days at Nassau, and time was running on cruelly fast toward that dreadful 26th proximo, when the protested bills of the honored old house should be the subject of city men's discourse, and the shutters should be put up, and the melancholy pilgrimage of Portugal street begin.

I had more than once turned a longing eye to the swift Clyde-built boat, lying anchored in the bay, like a sleeping sword-fish, with the British flag drooping lazily from her gaff, and a grisly Yankee gunboat watching her from afar off. And now she was going to sail. It was tempting, very tempting. Captain Pritchard saw my hesitation, and spoke again.

"Look here, Hastings; I've a notion you've some stronger reason than most, for wanting to get safe across to the Palmetto State, eh? You're a close fellow, and quite right too; but I've nosed out as much as that. If I hadn't a moral certainty that we'd do the trick, as I'm an honest man, I wouldn't say, come with us; but it's been made safe, as far as such touch-and-go-work can be safe. You'll promise to keep mum-chance about what I tell you, among those chattering boobies down-town, I mean? Well, then, listen to me."

And the skipper went on to tell me how he was to sail that night; how his cables were bent on a spring, ready to slip at short notice, without the delay of weighing anchor; how he had got his provisions and water on board; and every sailor and every ounce of coal embarked. He also mentioned that he was to take on board, at the last moment, a most excellent and experienced pilot, who had been recommended by the resident agent of the Confederate Government. Lastly, he informed me that several Southern gentlemen, some of them accompanied by their wives and children, returning from Europe, and who had long awaited a safe means of transport, were to be passengers on board the *Bonnybell*.

And with good show of reason, Captain Pritchard bade me reflect whether these persons—who, if taken, would be punished as traitors by the authorities at Washington—had not more at stake than I could possibly have, and were not likely to be good judges of the steamer's prospects as regarded the run.

"And the fare is fifteen guineas? Never mind, captain, I'll be one of your passengers. When do you start?"

The commander's voice sank to a whisper as he told me that at sunset every landsman must come on board, taking boat at some secluded jetty, to avoid prying eyes; and using all reasonable caution, since Nassau teemed with Northern spies. Half an hour after sundown he was to hoist a signal, which was to be replied to; and then the pilot would come off, and the steamer would stand out to sea.

"After dark," muttered Pritchard, with an oath, "we may hope to get past that Yankee thief that hangs about the island. The governor bade her keep at the distance of one marine league, but she's always sneaking in—now for coal, now for bread, now because her engine's out of order; and the United States consul communicates with her every day. I tell you, shipmate, there isn't one of us that isn't doged up and down by rascals in Federal hire. See there! that mulatto hound has been after me these four days," pointing out a dark complexioned fellow in the dress of a stevedore, who, on seeing himself observed, as he stood under the geranium hedge, lay down with well-feigned nonchalance and lit his pipe.

It was settled now. I was to leave the island that very night, I felt a feverish wish to succeed. It was with a new interest that I spent that afternoon in lounging and smoking Cuba cigars under the shade of a green-painted veranda, watching the blue sea, the many masts, the long, swift steamer lying so quiescent on the gentle heave of the summer surge, and the black hull and white funnels of the Yankee war-vessel that glided to and fro in front of the roadstead, like some hungry shark swimming slowly backward and forward across the bar of a harbor.

After dinner I paid my bill at the "Royal William" and struck off through a water-side lane, at the end of which was a small wharf. A dory was soon hired; and with an old black fisherman and his woolly-pated son at the oars, we shot merrily out into the broad, smooth waters of the bay.

The sun had just gone down. Night was coming on in the sudden way that pertains in the tropics; and, as if the drop-scene of a theatre had fallen, there was a complete change in the appearance of the island and its sheltered bay. A hazy mist, like floating clouds of white gauze, rolled from the eastward over the water, and through it the ships loomed like phantom vessels. The sky had deepened to the color of indigo; the brief twilight darkened with startling abruptness; and the jarring cries of night-birds suddenly arose from the brake-grown creeks that inrrowed the island.

"Here de steamer, sar! *Bonnybell* ahoy! You, Peter, catch hold ob de boat-hook. Dat all de baggage? Thank you, sar; and I beg, massa, for lily-white six-pence to drink 'um health and good voyage."

I found a great deal of quiet bustle and suppressed excitement on board the *Bonnybell*. The fires were banked up; the swarthy faces and red shirts of the engineer and his gang were visible at the hatch of their Cyclopean den, getting a breath of the cool breeze before starting. Some brass guns, that had been hidden under fruit-baskets, hencoops, and tarpaulins, were visible enough now, and beside them lay piled little heaps of round-shot. The crew bustled to and fro, and the captain was so busy that he could return but a brief word and a nod to my greeting. The sky grew darker, and surrounding objects dimmer every instant.

Before long, the passengers arrived. Several Southern gentlemen, a few ladies and children, all making their way back from Europe to their homes in Carolina or Virginia by this dangerous route, and all in peril of imprisonment, at least, in the event of capture. By the uncertain light, I could see that most of them were pale and nervous, but they talked in an undertone among themselves, and did not appear anxious to enter into conversation with strangers.

"Get up steam!"

By the time the hoarse roar of the escaping vapor grew loud and menacing, there was a fresh bustle on deck, and I heard the captain give orders to "stand by" for slipping from the moorings and to hoist the signal, as we only waited for the pilot.

"There they are, all right—three red lights and a green one!" murmured a tall Virginian at my elbow; and looking up, I saw the colored lamps glimmer from the masthead. Instantly they were answered by a similar signal from some window on shore.

"We'll soon see the pilot now," said Pritchard, rubbing his hands in a cheery manner; "the signal's made and repeated. In ten minutes our man will be with us. Hilloa!—boat ahoy!—what d'ye want?"

"*Bonnybell* ahoy!" was the rejoinder, in a shrill, harsh voice, cautiously lowered for the occasion, "pilot wants to come on board!"

There was a stir and a start of surprise among those on deck, and as a rope was thrown to the boatmen, Captain Pritchard bent over the side, exclaiming:

"You're uncommon quick, my hearty. If you've come from shore since the lights were hoisted, you must be own-cousin to the Flying Dutchman. Are you sure you're our pilot?"

"I'm the pilot engaged by Colonel Jeremy Carter, if that'll do," answered a very tall, bony, black-haired man, as he actively ascended the side. "Zack Foster's my name, and I know every inch about Charleston, where I was raised."

While the captain, reassured by the mention of Colonel Carter's name, gave hasty orders to cast off the cable, and go ahead, I, in common with the rest of the passengers, and the unoccupied portion of the crew, looked with much interest at the new comer. The latter was about forty years of age, long and lean of figure, with a hardy, sun-browned face. There was no mistaking the resolute air and daring of the man; his mouth was as firm as iron, though a little dry humor seemed to lurk about his lips; and I hardly liked the expression of his half-shut eyes, which had a lazy cunning in their dark

glance. Still, though dressed in a black suit of shore-going clothes, and a swallow-tailed coat of antiquated cut, there was something about Mr. Zack Foster that bespoke the thoroughbred seaman. He took no share in the proceedings, for his duty did not begin till we were clear of Nassau roadstead; but yet he seemed impatient for the start, gnawing viciously at his quid, and drumming on the taffrail with a finger that seemed as hard and brown as bronze.

It was an anxious time when the *Bonnybell*, under a full head of steam, went darting out of the bay; her look-outs straining their eyes to pierce the mist, and give warning to the helmsman of vessels ahead; while Pritchard walked to and fro, too fidgety and eager to endure conversation, listening every instant for some sound which might indicate that the Federal cruiser had taken the alarm.

But on we went, without check or hindrance; and we all drew our breath more freely as the lights of the town began one by one to vanish, as if the sea had swallowed them, and the dark headlands faded away into obscurity.

The American gunboat was neither seen nor felt, a circumstance I did not the less regret, because I perceived, not only by the display of the cannon alluded to, but by the resolute demeanor of several of the crew, who stood grouped about a couple of uncovered arm-chests, that our pigmy foe would not have found an entirely unresisting prize.

One slight circumstance, hardly, as I thought, worth mentioning, did occur before we had run half a mile to seaward. There came a long, faint hail, from so great a distance as to be hardly distinguishable even by a sailor's practiced ear, but which was announced to be addressed to us.

"Some boat with a message, perhaps, for a passenger. The lubbers deserve a rope's-ending for being so late. Can I lie-to safely, do you think?" said Pritchard to the pilot, irresolutely, and giving the word, "Slacken speed!"

What the pilot answered I know not. I only caught the concluding phrase:

"Yankee tricks; so, cap, you'd best look sharp about you."

So Pritchard thought. He passed the word "go ahead!" and we heard no more about the matter.

The run was speedy and pleasant, over a dimpling summer sea, with no boisterous behavior on Neptune's part to make even the lady passengers uneasy.

We saw several vessels, but none of a hostile character; and the voyage was as agreeable and safe hitherto as any yachting excursion in holiday waters.

We were all disposed to be pleased; and the pilot, although a saturnine and morose personage, viewed through this rose-colored haze of satisfaction and hope, became a popular man on board. Captain Pritchard pronounced him worth his weight in gold; for if there were no gales or rough seas to thwart our purpose, fogs were rather frequent, and here the pilot's intimate acquaintance with the rocks, shoals, and islets, many of which were not noted down in the chart, more that once saved the *Bonnybell* from an ugly thump upon some hidden obstacle. For an American, Zack Foster was singularly silent; yet there was something elephantine about his high forehead and narrow dark eyes which suggested shrewdness rather than vacuity. He did his work, answered when spoken to, but seldom addressed any one.

"Land, ho!" sung out the look-out man at the mast-head, and Pritchard and the pilot, who were poring together over the map close to the binnacle, looked up, while passengers edged nearer to hear the news.

Pritchard lifted his telescope, while Foster went aloft for a better view.

"Edisto Island, as I said, cap!" hailed the pilot; "and beyond it is the Carolina coast. We're close to home, gentlemen and ladies."

There was a cheer from the little group gathered near the helm, but directly afterward came two shrill cries of "Sail, ho!"

"Uncle Sam's barkers. We must put out a few miles yet, cap," said the pilot, as he leisurely descended the rope ladder.

There were many good glasses on board, and we all gazed eagerly through them, and with beating hearts we recognized the port holes, the grinning cannon, the "star-spangled" flags, and warlike display of the Federal blockading squadron.

The steamer was put about, and we stood further out, until shore and ships were alike lost to view.

The disappointment of the passengers, who had been granted a mere glimpse of the land that to them was home, was considerable; but none could doubt the prudence of delaying our entry into Charleston harbor until night should assist us in eluding the hostile war-vessels.

There was no going to bed on board the *Bonnybell* that night; we all kept to the deck, eagerly gazing out over the sparkling and phosphorescent sea, glimmering and glancing with St. Elmo's fires.

There was a pale young moon—a mere sickle of silver—in the sky; and objects were so faintly discernible that the utmost caution was necessary. The second mate took the helm, while the first mate superintended the almost constant heaving of the lead, and the captain and pilot stood on the forecastle, noting the replies of the sailor, chanted as they were in a shrill monotone, in accordance with old custom.

"Ten fathoms, sheer!—by the deep, nine!—by the mark, seven!" called out the leadsman, from the chains.

"Water allays does shoal here, cap. I know the channel, though, as well as I know my parlor ashore, at Nantucket—at Savannah, I mean," said the pilot, with some confusion.

"By the mark, five!" was the next call.

Captain Pritchard here grew uneasy. He did not pretend to equal the pilot in local knowledge, but he was too good a seaman not to take alarm at the abrupt lessening of the depth of the water. He gave orders to reduce the speed, and we moved slowly on, the lead going as before.

"Are you sure, Mr. Foster, you are not mistaken? It seems to me the water shoals at the rate of a fathom for every hundred yards traversed. We may have missed the Swash, left Moultrie to leeward, and got into the net-work of sand-banks near. Hilloa!—what's that ahead of us? Boats, as I am a sinner!"

The pilot thrust his hand rapidly into the breast of his coat, drew out something, and flung it on the deck, where it instantly began to sputter and hiss, and directly afterward the lurid glare of a blue-light flashed through the darkness, showing funnel and rigging, the pale faces of the passengers, the narrow channel of fretted water, and the sandy islets on either bow. Nor was this all, for by the ghastly light we could distinguish two dark objects on the foamy sea ahead of us—boats, full of men, pulling swiftly, but noiselessly toward us; and, no doubt, with muffled oars.

"By the mark, two!—shoal water—we'll ground!" cried an ill-boding voice, that of the sailor in the chains; and, at the same moment, the *Bonnybell* came suddenly to a check, throwing most of the landsmen from their feet, while the ominous scrooping of the keel told that the steamer was aground. A loud clamor arose, many voices shouting at once in tones of inquiry, dismay, or command; but even above this turmoil arose the hurrah of those who manned the boats, and who now came dashing up, pulling and cheering like madmen.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried several of the passengers and crew, pointing to where the pilot stood, beside the blue-light, that his own perfidious hand had kindled, while already the man-of-war's men—for such we could not doubt them to be—began to scramble on board.

"The Yankee bloodhounds, sure enough; but you shall not live to share the prize-money!" exclaimed Pritchard, snatching up a handspike, and aiming a blow at Mr. Zack Foster, that would have been a lethal stroke, had not that astute person swerved aside, receiving the weapon on his left shoulder. Our men set up a faint cheer, and a shot was fired, luckily without effect. But resistance would have been madness, so thickly did the American sailors crowd up our gangway, their pistols and cutlasses ready for the fray, while among them were nine or ten marines, well armed with musket and bayonet, and who drove the *Bonnybell's* crew below hatches without any serious show of fighting. The Federal lieutenant in command, to do him justice, seemed anxious that no needless violence should be used; and while proclaiming the vessel a prize to the boats of the U. S. war-brig *Dacotah*, he yet restrained the fury of that precious guide, Mr. Zack Foster, who had recovered from the effects of his knock-down blow, drawn a bowie-knife, and rushed upon Pritchard, who was struggling in the hands of his captors.

"Gently, sir," said the lieutenant; "gently, Quartermaster Fitch. These caged birds are under Uncle Sam's protection, and I cannot allow any ill-usage of my prisoners. Do you hear me, sir?"

"Quartermaster!" exclaimed poor Captain Pritchard, as his wrists were thrust into handcuffs, "you don't mean that that double-dyed villain, that Judas of a pilot is a Yankee petty officer, after all! I wish I'd only guessed the truth a few hours back, and—and if I swung for it—I'd have chucked the spy overboard as I would a mangy puppy!"

The lieutenant made no answer, but ordered the captain and mates to be sent below, and proceeded at once to seize the steamer's papers, to place the passengers under arrest, and then compelled the engineer to take the *Bonnybell* off the sand-bank with the rising tide. We ran down, under the skillful pilotage of Mr. Fitch, to Edisto Island, in which anchorage we came to our moorings, under the guns of the *Dacotah*, and within a short distance of several other vessels of the blockading squadron. Here we spent the night miserably enough; sentries mounting guard at our hatchways with fixed bayonets, and the whole of the passengers being huddled together in the chief cabin.

In the morning a commission of American officers came on board, and held a cursory inspection of the ship's papers and cargo. Nothing could be more conclusive. Sabres, saddles, firearms, medicines, and percussion-caps, made up four-fifths of our freight. Our passenger list comprised many noted foes of the Government. It was certain that the *Bonnybell* would be condemned by any prize court, and it was at once decided to send her round, under her present guardianship, to Hampton Roads, to be adjudicated upon.

My heart had never been so heavy as during that wretched voyage northward, with the stars and stripes flying at our mast-head, where lately the British flag had flown so merrily. It was not on account of any real danger to myself that I was thus depressed. A few weeks' imprisonment in some gloomy Federal fort was the worst fate that could befall me, and my release was certain when my neutrality was once established. But the delay would be fatal to the purpose which had brought me to America. I should either not reach South Carolina at all or I should reach it too late. The 26th proximo—always terribly near—would arrive while I was still a prisoner, and the respected old firm of Graysbrook & Freek would figure in the *Gazette*. My own prospects would be blighted, or, at least, deeply injured, by the ruin of my kind old employer. Mr. Graysbrook, I knew was too just to blame me for the breakdown of my hopes and plans; but still——

"That' the town of Hampton, Mister, and yon's the camp of our troops; and there's the fort, where you are like to be located a goodish time," said a drawling voice, breaking in upon my bitter reflections just as the *Bonnybell's* anchor bit the ground in Hampton Roads.

I turned, and shrank instinctively back from the spy, Foster, or Fitch, who stood at my elbow with an exultant twinkle in his eye. He could not but observe my gesture, for he went on:

"No malice; you'll be none the worse, after all; and you'll be let out in a week or two. Them Southern chaps hev more reason to look ugly than you hev, I can tell you. But wasn't the thing smart, and prettily done? Answer me that. Our consul spent a considerable lump of dollars, I calculate, for information about what this *Bonnybell* was doing at Nassau. Then we found out the signals and passwords, and out come I—Dan Fitch, of the U. S. Navy—and get welcomed aboard as the pilot chosen by that bloody rebel, Colonel Carter. And before we got clar off, the real pilot's canoe gives chase, and they hail and hail till they're hoarse, and your blind bat of a British captain, he takes no notice—ha! ha! You must sing small, you must, you old-country folks, when you rub shoulders with Columbia's children. Here comes the boat, with the marshal aboard of her."

He spoke truly. The pinnace that now ran alongside was that of the Federal provost-marshal; and we, the prisoners, with but few necessaries selected from our baggage, were compelled to embark in her, and were taken on shore.

At the gate of the fort that was to be our prison, a number of negroes, Irish laborers, straggling soldiers, and shrill-voiced women were crowding around a cart, which was escorted by two cavalry men, in their faded blue jackets.

As we drew near, and as the marshal pompously demanded the meaning of this encumbrance, the mob divided, and we could see that the helpless form of a wounded man, wrapped in a blood-stained blanket, was being lifted out of the cart.

"Give him a dhrink, some of you. A little spherits in the wather would revive the poor crayture," said a red-haired Irish woman in the crowd; and then the weak voice of the sufferer reached me, and, to my surprise, seemed familiar to my ears. Could it be? Yes—not a doubt of it; it was Christopher Loring, the man I had come across the Atlantic to seek out, the trusted depositary of the funds for want of which Graysbrook & Freek must suspend payment.

Loring it was; though the wan, pinched face, on which death's mark was already visible, was miserably changed from the handsome, healthy countenance of my former fellow-clerk, gay Kit Loring.

He knew me at once, and closed his eyes, groaning; but immediately afterward looked wistfully up in my face, and held out his feeble hand, murmuring something about "forgiveness" and "restitution," and that he hoped I would sit beside him till he died, "for the sake of old times."

"He is bleeding to death," the surgeon said.

"Bleeding inwardly, too; so the doctors can't do a cent's worth of good;" said one of the troopers. "It was Jem the scout that plugged him with a bullet, for trying to sneak past him in the woods, but I believe he's no rebel, after all."

So, indeed, it turned out. Poor wretch, he died within the hour; but preserved his faculties long enough to make a confession, which was reduced to writing by the governor of the fort.

He had gone out to America, meaning honestly, so he protested. But it chanced that the cotton in question had been made away with—burned, I believe, in some accidental conflagration, and the money in Loring's charge could not be spent as Mr. Graysbrook had directed. After long and fruitless waiting, and three attempts to communicate with his employer for instructions (the letters were intercepted by the blockading fleet, like those of Mr. Graysbrook), Loring had yielded to the temptation of appropriating the money to his own use.

He had formed an intimacy with a notorious blackleg and sharper from New Orleans, who had proposed to him a partnership; and this pair of worthies had designed to make their way north, and to set up a gaming-house in Washington. In attempting, however, to elude the frontier guards, Loring's partner had been shot dead, and he himself mortally wounded.

He died professing much penitence, begging me to say to Mr. Graysbrook that he had "never known peace" since his wrong-doing, and calling on all present to bear witness that the large sum found on his person was the property of the House.

Little more remains to be told. The British Legation promptly procured my release, on a proper representation of the case being made, and I was permitted to return home, carrying with me the money found on the person of the defaulter, and which was scarcely diminished by any extravagance of his.

I arrived at Liverpool on the evening of the 26th, traveled all night, and at ten next morning—the morning of the dreaded 26th—I was at my post in the office, and was able to place the money in the merchant's hands.

The bills were paid, and not the shadow of a suspicion ever fell upon the honored name of our firm.

Mr. Graysbrook was not ungrateful, for not only am I in receipt of Loring's former salary and authority in the counting-room, but it has been kindly notified to me that I am to be taken into partnership before the year comes to a close—the youngest partner, our chief says, with good-humored reproach, that ever figured on the ledger of Graysbrook & Freek.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866.

BLACK SHEEP.—A story by Edmund Yates, from Charles Dickens' Magazine, with summary of portions already published, is continued in to-day's CALIFORNIAN.

DEMAGOGISM.

THERE is now, and there has been ever since the machinery of our government was set in motion by the first popular election under the Constitution, a class of politicians who rely entirely upon cajolery and the lowest arts of the demagogue in their appeals to the people. It is a still more shameful fact that the vast majority of the daily newspapers of the United States, habitually employ the same arts, as constituting the legitimate weapons of partizan warfare. No sooner is an active canvass begun, than we find even leading and influential papers—possessing all the elements that are popularly held to constitute that exceedingly vague and intangible something known as journalistic "respectability," (which seems upon analysis to resolve itself into business prosperity) appealing to the narrowest prejudices and the meanest passions, in order to influence votes. This is especially noticeable in the "arguments" addressed to foreigners. Men of education and character occupying the editorial chair, seem to adopt a code of morality, at least during well-contested "campaigns" that does not place even slander and falsehood under interdict, provided they are done by indirection, and not too coarsely. As to fair honest argument, that is too dull for the purpose, and a decorous moderation of language would be voted tame.

One of the most disgusting illustrations of the lengths to which leading politicians and journals are willing to go in the teeth of knowledge and conscience, in their attempts win votes for their party, is furnished by the language held by many of them in reference to the Fenian raid upon Canada. Every man of sufficient intelligence to justify him in the expression of an opinion concerning public affairs, knows that it was President Johnson's simple *duty* to pursue the course he did in reference to the movement. No class of citizens, or of foreigners residing in the United States have any right to make our soil the base of hostile operations against a power with which we are at peace. The attempt to do so is an insult to the sovreignty of our laws, and the expectation that the government can look on without interference is preposterous. And yet, men occupying high positions in public life, and journals of extended influence in their party, were not ashamed to seize upon the opportunity thus afforded for the purpose of making political capital against the President by denouncing him for an act which they must in reality have regarded as the most creditable of his whole public career. It was used against him in the canvass in New York, and as is supposed with considerable effect, for the purpose of affecting the Fenian vote. It is difficult to imagine a more disgraceful spectacle than is presented by an intelligent editor or public speaker deliberately attempting to excite the prejudices of the people against an Executive, for what the writer or orator believes all the while to have been the discharge of an imperative duty.

We are glad, however, to find that lights are not entirely wanting to relieve the shades of this humiliating picture. Two at least, of the leading journals published in the city of New York which are hostile to the President and his policy, have had the principle to applaud him for his course in regard to the Fenian raid on Canada, and to rebuke the demagogues of their own party who have sought to make political capital against him by vulgar appeals to the prejudices of citizens of foreign birth. The journals to which we refer, are *Harper's Weekly* and the *Nation*. Both of these papers have been most decided in their opposition to the President's policy of reconstruction, and have shown themselves willing and eager to avail themselves of all honorable and legitimate means of waging warfare against him. We trust that the good example which they have set, may find many imitators among the leading political dailies.

A WRITER says that it is a sure test of love when a woman tells a man who is smoking in her presence that she "adores tobacco smoke." Let a man attempt to blow a cloud in the company of a woman who don't care a fig for him, and then let him look in her countenance for approbation. If he don't find considerable of what Byron calls "silent thunder," then he will prove a very lucky man, and the lady will be of more than angel.

THE PRIVILEGES OF WEALTH.

NEW YORK, Boston, Philadelphia, and many others of the great Atlantic cities, are indebted for many of their most beneficent public institutions, to the liberality and enlightened philanthropy of individual citizens, who having accumulated large fortunes, used considerable portions of their wealth in founding libraries, lyceums, colleges, or "institutes" for the benefit of the people. Among the men who have earned a title to the gratitude of posterity in this way, Peter Cooper of New York is entitled to rank among the foremost. The Institute which he founded, is more original in its design, and wider in its scope, than either the Astor Library or the Girard College. The seventh annual report of the Cooper Union, which has recently been published, tells a story which is full of matter for reflection, a story which shows in a most impressive manner how vast an amount of good may be effected by individual wealth when its power is wielded by men of public spirit, of large benevolence and enlightened philanthropy. The plan of the "Union" embraces evening shools, open to all who wish to avail themselves of their advantages, with organized courses of study extending through a term of years, concluding with examinations and certificates or diplomas attesting the acquirements and qualifications of the pupils. There is also an evening school for the benefit of young men and women who are absorbed during the day in practical occupation. The evening schools are divided into the departments of "science" and "art." In the scientific department algebra, plane, solid, and analytical geometry, the differential calculus, mechanics, natural philosophy, and chemistry are taught, the entire course covering a period of *five years*. In the art school the pupils are instructed thoroughly in architectural and mechanical drawing, and in drawing from life. During the winter of 1865 the number of persons of both sexes who participated in the benefits of this course of gratuitous instruction averaged over one thousand. In addition to these night schools, the "Union" maintains a "School of Design for Women," with over two hundred pupils, music classes with about four hundred pupils, and a class for instruction in English literature numbering between one and two hundred pupils. Among the other features of this most original and most noble institution, are an extensive picture gallery and a library and reading-room, which during the last year were visited, as is estimated, by nearly half a million of persons. Occasional lectures on literary, social, and scientific subjects, are delivered under the direction of the trustees. When we consider that this great institution, with its vast and incalculable power for diffusing culture among the masses of the people, and affording the advantages of an education to all who can appreciate them, is the result of the liberality of one New York merchant, we obtain a most suggestive and striking idea of the power and the privileges of wealth in the hands of men of large hearts and enlightened understandings.

THE NEWSPAPER WAR.

THE great journalistic three-cornered duel is still in spirited progress, the *Times* seeming, so far as the papers of this metropolis is concerned, to be in very much the situation of Mr. Pickwick in the pound—with "no friends." In the interior, however, the case is different. The Grass Valley *National*, and quite a large number of equally influential organs of provincial opinion, take up the cudgels for the new paper, and enroll themselves among its admirers and well wishers. Meantime the charges and countercharges exchanged by the rivals, in regard to the dispatches, and the boasts of each asserting the superiority of its own news, are beginning to grow stale and wearisome. In conducting this warfare, it must be admitted, in simple justice, that the *Times* has thus far evinced more tact, good taste, and self-control, than its opponents. It has never lost its temper, or indulged in vituperative language. Last night's *Bulletin*, in an article entitled "The *Times* as a Reliable Newspaper," says:

"The *Times* yesterday published the following malicious and false dispatch:

'NEW YORK, December 12.—Simonton has been deposed by the Ring as News Agent, and is succeeded by one Stone.
GAMBLE.'

"The document was placed at the head of the *Times'* telegraphic reports, in order, as we suppose, to make it as conspicuous as possible, and was accompanied by malicious comments.

"To-day we have the following telegram from the New York Association:

'BUFFALO, December 13.—*To all Editors and Agents.*—I am authorized by Mr. Simonton to state that the report telegraphed yesterday, by Craig, that Mr. J. W. Simonton had been removed from his position as General Agent, and that there was a general row, etc., is a baseless fabrication. Nothing of the kind has occurred. If Craig's report has been published, you will please publish this denial. TILLINGHAST.'

"We are willing to suppose that the *Times* was misled by Craig, but the conductors of that journal show themselves not much better than the person who set afloat the falsehood, for the object was slander, which the comments make most manifest. But the telegraphic misrepresentation is of a piece with paragraphs published in the *Times* every few days."

Meantime reflecting persons who have been in the habit of carefully perusing the dispatches received for the past month or so, are fast coming to the conclusion that they are so full of contradictions, surmises, rumors, and uncertainties, that they are scarcely worth quarrelling about, and that so far as reliability and intrinsic value are concerned, there is very little to choose between Craig's and Simonton's.

ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

SOME three months ago, upon the receipt of the intelligence of the Hyde Park riot, and the significant speech made upon the subject in the House of Commons by John Stuart Mill, we published an article in THE CALIFORNIAN, in which we expressed our conviction that the overthrow of the present English system of government was at hand, and that speedy and thorough reform was the only means of averting violent revolution. These views were, at the time, characterized as rash; and in certain quarters they even provoked unstinted ridicule; but within the past week we see them taken up in various quarters, and repeated in almost the precise language which we employed three months ago. When we hear of two hundred thousand Englishmen marching through the streets of London displaying the American Flag, and bearing banners inscribed "Manhood Suffrage," revolution, rather than reform is indicated. But we trust it may prove a peaceful and bloodless revolution, as, indeed, it can scarcely fail to do, with such men as Bright and Mill for its leaders, and with so vast a preponderance of physical force enlisted on its side as to make opposition utterly futile. The conservative press of England still speak of it as a "Reform Agitation." That is a mild name; but call it what they will it is not destined to stop until it has effected the repeal of the laws of primogeniture, and swept away the last vestiges of the English system of aristocracy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[THE Editors of THE CALIFORNIAN cannot engage to furnish answers to interrogatories propounded in this department. They will be glad, however, to publish replies supplied by correspondents.]

REPLY TO "T. W. F."

MR. EDITOR:—In your last issue I notice a communication signed "T. W. F." purporting to be an answer to a query made in one of your previous papers by a frequenter of a prominent club in the city in reference to W. W. Story, the poet and sculptor.

It is no easy matter to see what connection "T. W. F.'s" epistle has with the brief inquiry of the man who picks up his items about club houses. The latter individual, although exhibiting a pitiable ignorance, is specific enough, and does not seek to hide his purpose under a mass of loose phraseology.

His question was simple, and three lines would have sufficed for an answer. Now, I declare, without any mental reservation whatsoever, that "T. W. F." seems desirous under the specious appearance of displaying his erudition of lugging you off into a fatal political maelstrom. If he is your friend see to it that you are not ruined by permitting him an unlimited scope over a field which may establish his claims to political ingenuity at the expense of a literary reputation which you have earned deservedly by the just treatment of literary subjects.

If Mr. Story has seen fit to relinquish this government under which he was born for that in which his ancesters lie buried, it is manifestly for reasons best known to himself.

There is a marked vein of prejudice running through the whole of "T. W. F.'s" theory inconsistent with a true solution of the question. If Mr. Story is an ardent believer in the doctrines of miscegenation a wider field is certainly offered in this country than in England for their practical development. The praise of the *Atlantic Monthly* clique has not unfrequently been bestowed upon individuals whose fidelity to Caucasian integrity of race is undeniable. The powerful poem in question does not belong to any of the schools of that art originated or imitated in Puritanical New England. It simply revives in glowing colors a love episode in the life of an illustrious Roman and an Egyptian queen.

The poet takes his stand-point in the Roman classic age, and amid the circumstances surrounding Roman and Egyptian customs, religion and modes of thought. Cleopatra does not speak with the ineffable sentiments of Christian morality, but in a language consistent with the belief that all joy is of the earth, and circumscribed in its keenest raptures within the sphere of sensuality. Would we expect a poet with such a subject before him to treat it otherwise? Would it be fair to attribute his success to "a strained 'and factitious imagination, or to an erotic and morbid state of mind?"

Mr. Louis Agassiz has seen fit to renounce the land of his birth, and has obtained letters of American citizenship. He is located in the very "hub" of the universe; he is praised by the *Atlantic Monthly coterie;* he has lately paid a visit to the torrid zone for the advancement of ichthyology. Does not this argue that he has settled among us, denationalized himself, and all out of pure love for miscegenation?

J. M. V.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

Mrs. Woxcackle on Lunches and Life Insurance, with a Postscript Touching the New Trouble in Regard to St. James.

MR. EDDYTER: Mr. Woxcackle is so set against lunch partys, wich he says, wenever I give one, on that day he is sure to git but the leaveings for dinner, wich indeed happened once, the party sitting down late, and the conversasbun being so interesting, and all the ladys having so much to say on the subjeck, it being the dny after a resent skandalus okurrense in sosyity, that we remained at tayble in annymatid discushun until the dinner ower had almost arrivd.

Consekwently, to avoyd unplesant domestik seens, I now take those opportunytys wen Mr. Woxcackle is out of town, to invite n few lady frends to lunch, and to enjoy an intellektnal plasure wich these free and unrestrained getherings of a few conjeenyal minds affords. Accordingly, on Wensday, Mr. W. heing on one of his peryoddycnl visits to San Hosay, I had Mrs. Van Slamm, Mrs. Wiskyrich, Mrs. Blower, and a few other frends to lunch, with no gentlemen of course to cast a chill of constrayut over the occashun by their presence, and to confine the flow of conversashun to bizniss and pollytics. The princerpal objeckt of this communycashun is, however, to obtane your opinyun on a question that arose between Mrs. Wiskyrich and Mrs. Blower, about life inshureance. The case heing allooded to, of the widow of a young married man who had resently died, and she, tbo' occupying a posishun in sosyity, being left without means to maintayn it, Mrs. Blower observed that the diseased was a brute for not gitting his life inshnred prevyus to diseasing, tho' why people who are dead shood be called diseased, when deth is the certin cure of all diseases, perhaps can be explayned by a Phillydelfy lawyer, but is a mistery to me inscrootable. Whereupon Mrs. Van Slumm assentid to the opinyun, and kwotid Scripter for it, namely the text that he that provideth not for those of his own household is worse than an intydel. Then every one begun to tell how much her husband was inshured for, and the stait of his heltb, and how old he was, etcetery; and Mrs. Wiskyrich said her's wasn't inshured, and why should he be? Thank the Lord *she* was in no danger of being left unprovided for But Mrs. Blower shook her head and' "You don't know, my dear," says she, "we don't none of us know the stait of our husbands affairs, or what dets and hizniss complikashuns there may be when things come to be settled up, or how much there may be left out of what evry one thor't a large fortune. And besides," pursood she, "its a handy thing to have ten or fifteen thousnnd in cash, in case anything happens, for when estaits go into the Probnit Court, they're lyable to he tide up a ycar and a day, and what with lawyers, and executivs, nnd administrativs, etsetery, the money is dredful slow in coniug, and its dredful apt when it does come to be not half as much as was expektid."

This evydently prodoosed an impreshun on Mrs. W., who deklared that Mr. W. shood have no peace of bis life till it was inshnred. Then little Mrs. Wiffin spoke up, (she's only been marrid a few months) and says she all of a tremble, "I think the very idear of it is horrid!" "And what is it child," says Mrs. Vnn Slamm, "that is so horrid?" "The idear," says she, "of making mony by the deth of any one you love. I woodn't have *my* husband inshnred for the world, and if he did, and he shood die, I woodn't touch a doller of it." At wich of coarse we all laffed. and Mrs. Van Slamm called hor a dear foolish sentymental little puss, and said she'd be more sensible by the time she had her first buby, at wich the poor roamantick child flushed up to the roots of her hair, and Mrs. Blower stared at her, and wispered loud enough for evry one to hear that people shood not go into sosyity till they got red of the noshuns of the nussery, at wich Mrs Van Slamm giv one of her breezy laffs, and says she, "Well, they generly git red of childish noshuns soon enuff in Californy," and turning to Mrs Wiffin, tells her she's a grater kurosity than any in the Musynm, and ort to he put in a glass case nnd exibited.

Bnt I am becoming prolicks and must konclude, by staiting the pint disputid between Mrs. Wiskyrich nnd Mrs. Blower, wich is wether there is enny way by wich a marrid woman can effekt an inshurance on the life of her husband unbeknown to him; plese faver me with your opinynn, and forever oblige Yours Respectful,

MARIA WOXCACKLE.

P. S.—O my poor nerves! I fear that I shall go distractid. Mrs. Van Slamm has jest been in with the most exciting uoos that I have lisend to since the suspenshun of that saint on earth, if sech there he in mortal form, wich I allood to Mr. Eagan. It seems we air to have wars and dissenshuns in the boosum of the Church. The Bishop has forbid dancing at the St. James' Festervoll at Platt's Hall on Christmas eve, and threatened excommunycashnn, and Mr. Eagan will not give in, and is backed by his frends, and there will he a skandalus sisum wich will afford malisbus pleshure to the dissenters and sektarys. For my part I can't nnderstand it, having thort that the Church was more liberal in regard to amoosements, sech as opery, dancing, etsetery, than the Prispayteerins and sekts. Mrs. Van Slamm says the Bishop is set to have his way, and Mr. Eagnn and his frends air jest as set to have theirn, and it can't be made up. Also the staudin committy bas been in seshun two days nnd nites steddy, deliberating, and has resolved upon extream measbnrs, and somethink dredful is expected. I am trooly in a strait of distress cqual to nooralgy.

M. W.

An Important Question.

The *Bulletin* of Wednesday published the following telegraphic despatch:

"It is reported that the physicians of the Empress Cnrlotta fear the absolute loss of her reason as well as her life."

We had never, until after reading tbe above paragraph, reflected on whether or not the loss of reason would he a calamity to a person after death. It occurs to us now that it may be preferable to die in one's right senses. To lose one's life is terrihle, bnt to lose one's senses *as well as* one's life may be still worse. We know nothing of the next world, and cannot tell whether a person leaving this world hereft of reason recovers it in the next. The above short paragraph in the *Bulletin* will perhaps lead to pschyological speculations which may result in much good.

Fortune-Telling.

The American masses being cousiderably smarter than the unedn cated classes of Great Britain are not so carefully protected hy their Government from injuries to their health, fortune, or moral principles to which they render themselves liable by their credulity and stupidity. The government of Great Britain has laws which visit with se vere punishment the offense of fortune-telling. England, uckuowledging that she has in her dominions a great number of fools, does her best to protect them from the rogues, who consider that by a merciful provision of Providence fools have been created especially for their benefit. America, hy providing free schools for the rising geuer ation, does much towards preveuting the increase of fools, and considers that having given her children knowledge they ought to be protected by the laws only in cases where they show some desire to protect themselves. The laws of this country deal most mercifully with quacks. England, every now and again, condemns an unlicensed medical practitioner to penal servitnde for ten or fifteen years to expiate the crime of manslaughter, when he has simply made a mistake and caused his patient's death by giving him the wrong kind of pills. When a woman "lays ont the cards" for a servant girl, and receives sixpence or a shilling for reading her destiny she often meets with a fate concerning which the cards told her nothing. She could read that the servant girl would shortly receive a letter, that n dark man and a fair man would visit her and make an important communication to her, and that she would shortly afterwards travel; but she could not have told her that a couple of policemen would call nnd request her attendance at the police court; she could not prophecy that the servant's evidence would he sufficient to convict herself and send her for six months to the House of Correction, while the servant, in consequence of encouraging a fortune-teller would be discharged and have to travel in search of a situation. Yet all this was "on the cards" when she accepted compensation for telling the girl's fortnne. The English Government does not believe that any human being has the power of reading the mysteries of the Future, and therefore decides that money paid to a fortune-teller has been obtained by false representations made to the party by whom it was paid. Tho foolish ones of San Francisco are left entirely at the mercy of these fortune-tellers, who obtain money under the false pretence that they possess the power of foretelling events. Six of these mischievous characters who delude silly women, and do an infinity of harm, advertise in one of the dailies of this city. One of the pieces of information most frequently imparted to a married woman, is: "You do not live happily with your husband." Then she is told that he does not love her and that she does not care for him. Under these painful circumstances, or indeed, under any circumstances—even if the inquirer does not accept the first pieces of information as facts—it is sure to please her to be told "There is a dark man (if she be fair, or fair man if she be a brunette,) who loves you dearly." Many a woman will gladly believe this, and if she he really a true wife will comfort herself by the reflection that "no harm will come of it." We do not of course maintain that many wives who love their husband are in the habit of "going to have their fortunes told." Often the vile prophecies of these pests of society have brought about their own fulfillment. That their trade is a profitable one is evident from the fact of so many following it. If the Board of Supervisors were, however, to pass an ordinance forbidding fortune-telling it might be that the Courts of law would throw on the Supervisors the *onus probandi*—would require positive proof of the impossibility of any person foretelling events—and thus the fortune tellers, like the swill-milk dealers, would, in conseqnence of the glorious uncertainty of the law, escape unpunished and still pursue their nefarious occupation.

Insanity of Rev. Mr. Jones.

The statement made by the *Bulletin* to the effect that the insanity of Rev. Mr. Jones was superinduced by religious excitement, has called forth a communication from "W.," which appears in Thursday's issue of the *Bulletin*. "W." says:

"EDITOR BULLETIN.—In your issue of last evening, you state of Rev. Mr. Jones of Santa Clara, just sent to the Insane Asylum, that "his symptoms of insanity were only manifest about 10 days ago," and that "Religious excitement is supposed to be the cause of his insanity." Both these statements are incorrect. The facts are that he has had a tendency to insanity from early life. Many years ago he was confined in an insane asylum for several months, and during the last 18 months he has often developed marked evidence of the same terrible malady. There has been no religious excitement connected with his parish in many months. The immediate cause of the present paroxysm (not necessary to name here) was of a very different character. By publishing the above, you will do justice to the truth, and gratify scores of friends and readers who are deeply grieved at the unintended error of your reporter."

Until this letter from "W." appeared hundreds of spiritualists in this city were in a high state of rejoicing. Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye was about to make arrangements for a grand spiritual jollification, Mrs Laura Cuppy was in ecstacies of delight, and two hundred and thirty-two "trance medinms" were seriously considering the propriety of having a grand torch-light procession. The reason of the extraordinary excitement manifested by the spiritualistic Professors and Professoresses is evident. For some time past one of the great objections urged against spiritualism—or spiritism—by its opponents, has been that a large proportion of its followers eventually find their way into lunatic asylums. The spiritualists on the other hand claim that insanity is more frequently superinduced by "revivals" instituted by old fashioned religious associations than hy spiritualistic "seances." "W." was of course aware of these facts, and therefore his letter to the *Bulletin*, in order to protect the Christian religion from reproach. The Christian religion is defended at the expense of Rev. Mr. Jones and the parents of Rev. Mr. Jones. "W." tells us that Rev Mr. Jones "had a tendency to insanity in early life." Was it therefore he entered the church to instruct people in the way of salvation? "He was confined in a lunatic asylum for many months," and has, "during the last eighteen months often developed marked evidence of the same terrible malady." "W." is evidently determined to sacrifice Mr. Jones in the cause of religion. He next informs us that: "There has been no religious excitement connected with his parish for many months." Poor Mr. Jones is at present in the Lunatic Asylum at Stockton, and is consequently unable to answer "W.," who makes the above reckless statements with the sole purpose of depriving the "spiritualists" of the satisfaction of hearing of a clergyman's having lost his senses from religious excitement.

"The Wine of the Bible."

We have received a copy of a paper published in this city, entitled the *Temperance Banner*, which, among many other absurdities, contains an article "by a regular contributor," with the above caption. The "regular contributor" says:

"The proposition which we propose to establish is, that the wine which is *not* condemned directly by Holy Writ, is dissimilar to all other so-called wines, and bears no relationship to the fermented drinks of the nineteenth century.

"Ancient wines were very weak, and the separation of alcohol, was nuknown to the people who flourished before Christ. The strengthening of wines is solely a modern invention. The wines of the Bible are scarcely entitled to that name; indeed, the Sacred Word as frequently speaks of the 'juice of the grape,' as of wine. This juice was a *food*, not a heverage. It was held in a liquid state, and yet often solidified."

The Bible contains this passage: "Wine which maketh merry the heart of man;" therefore "the wines of the Bible" *are* "entitled to that name." The total abstinence cause will not be strengthened by such assertions as are made by the "regular contributor" of the *Temperance Banner*. To prove that "the wine of the Bible" was not simply the unfermented juice of the grape it is simply necessary to refer to righteous Noah who was probably one of the first wine makers—if not the first. Noah, as every reader of the Bible is aware, got horribly drunk on the wine which he made—so drunk in fact that not only did he take a long time to recover from his indulgence, but the effect was moreover to turn a large portion of his descendants black in the face. We do not think that Noah's wine could have been very much weaker than California wine.

Professor Gilliard on the "Bulletin."

We are led to believe that the public have been deceived by the statement which appeared in the daily press to the effect that Professor Gilliard, the crazy colored lecturer, was sent to Stockton Lunatic Asylum last week. We believe that he is at present in Sacramento engaged in writing letters to the *Bulletin* over the signature of "Moffat Weir." Whether or not we are right in this conjecture, we leave the public to judge from the following extract from "Moffat Weir's" (or Gilliard's) letter which appeared in Wednesday's *Bulletin*:

"Alice," the diminutive dramatic divinity, whom for seven weeks the Bay has crowned with lavish bays; who has so abundantly feathered her own cap and her manager's nest; who has fairly bowled out Maggie Mitchell at her own little game of "the Cricket;" Alice the petite; Alice the arch, the native, the cute; Alice, qualified with endless sprightly little adjectives, is with us. Her perchant is *Fanchon*. Her unbounded success is the result of her astounding naturalness and the astounding naturalness of the play dramatized from the occasionally naughty Sands's story of similar name. All hands are of the German agricultural persuasion but mangre that are immaculate in syntax, preserving with an enviable dexterity the fair fame of the nominative throughout the most complicated paragraphs, distributing adjectives with taste, adverbs with force, and pronouns which never go back on their progenitors in gender, number, person, or case."

We don't believe that any member of the Caucasian race penned the above; we don't believe that any snne darkey wrote it; it *must* have been Professor Gilliard.

Suffrage.

The working men of England are in a terrible state of agitation at present, and are determined, by fair means or foul, to gain their rights. John Bright has told them that each one of them is entitled to a vote, and they are determined to have it. John Stuart Mill is agitating the question of woman suffrage, and may perhaps gain for women the inestimable privilege of voting—some time hence. The following dispatch appears in the *Bulletin* of Thursday:

"WASHINGTON, December 12.—In the Senate, the Universal Suffrage bill for the District of Columbia being under consideration, Cowan's amendment striking out the word "male," as a qualification for voters, was defeated by 37 to 9."

Thirty seven to nine! The "niggers" will probably have votes before the women gain them in this country. A vote is a most valuable possession. The English working man would, as a rule, sell his vote for a five pound note, the negro would give his to his master and the woman would vote as the man she loved asked her to. However, the world moves.

High Art.

One of our solid dailies, a few days since, in the course of an unctuously enthusiastic description of the service of plate presented to Chief Burke, characterized said service as "a work of *high art*." We should like to know where the critical genuis who penned the paragraph classes painting and sculpture, and what are to be the "mechanic arts" under the new dispensation? If he had been discourseing about those urns at the top of Citizen Brannan's building, we should be able to see the point. No one can question that *they* are "*high art*."

A Happy Combination.

Piety and business were admirably combined by the Manager and Superintendent of a recent fair for the benefit of a Mission School connected with one of the city churches. On the backs of the tickets of admission to the Fair, the enterprising Superintendent printed *his business card in full*. This stroke of genius may suggest a new idea to the man who wants us to wear his shirts.

Horrible.

A young lady observed, yesterday, on being asked if she had seen the great picture painted by Nast: "No, I don't want to see it; Mr. Fitz Boodle, who paints pictures himself, has told me that both the coloring and drawing are very Nasty, and I don't like nasty things.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—We have received from the house of A. Roman & Co. an elegantly illustrated edition of the famous Caudle Lectures, which comes to us wrapped in their "List of Holiday Books for Christmas and New Year, 1866-7. We observe that said list embraces Audubon's *Birds of America*—a folio volume with 150 colored plates representing the birds of the size of life, together with five volumes royal octavo, containing the text; also a large number of illustrated works of a less costly description. The list is especially rich in illustrated editions of popular poets.

FREE LECTURE ON EDUCATION.—We are requested to state that Mr. T. D. Adams, principal of an Eastern High School, and quite a prominent lecturer, now on a temporary visit to this State, will deliver a free lecture on Education at Lincoln Hall on Monday evening next.

THE Russian ladies wear the American colors in their dress and bonnet trimmings.

OLD-FASHIONED SINS.

THE history of mankind may be traced by the sins which have gone out of fashion. One popular sin may have gone out with the use of wigs, but another has perhaps been introduced with cyliudrical hats; if so, it has brought its punishmeut along with it. It is likely that some passions are ultimately killed out by particular forms of society, as the instincts of a beast are altered by his domestication. The moral injunctions which were applicable in previous ages thus gradually acquire a curious tinge of *naivete;* they are directed against sins which have so changed in character that we have some difficulty in discovering their modern representatives. In other cases, we have merely changed our mode of action. We have learnt to convey, and not to steal; to break a wife's heart by refined spiritual torture, instead of knocking her down with a club and stamping upon her; to influence by delicate attentious, instead of practising coarse bribery; and so forth. But there are also some sins for which we seem to have grown too sensible or too virtuous.

For example, old-fashioned moralists are always talking about the wickedness of revenge. People seem really to have taken an exqnisite pleasure in revenging themselves; they are warned against yielding to its temptations as the toper of the present day is warned against drinkiug gin. It is supposed to be undoubtedly wrong, but so pleasant that it requires almost superhuman strength to refrain from it. Now what civilized being at the present day really thinks it worth while to take any trouble to revenge himself? If any one has injured his vanity, has treated him in public places with contempt, or exposed his folly, he is rather glad than otherwise to pay off his adversary when the occasion comes; but to make vengeance any very serious object of thought, much more to devote a life to it after the melodramatic fashion, is so rare as to be almost an evidence of insanity. In old days, the case would naturally be different. A feudal baron, in the inteuse dullness of his country life, would very likely have nothing else to think of than the injury done to him by some brutal likeness of himself; the one great excitement of his life being a fight, he would be always employing his imagination at odd times in taking his enemy at a disadvantage, getting him down, and casting him into a loathsome dungeon. He might brood over this for hours, when his modern counterpart would be reading the morning papers. It would doubtless be extremely gratifying when he could ultimately change these amiable fancies into facts, and get his enemy bodily into the loathsome duugeon before his eyes. It would be a real addition to his narrow round of amusements to gloat over his unlucky victim in the dungeon, to ask him how he liked mouldy bread and stinking water, and perhaps ultimately to put his eyes out, or starve him, after the playful custom of the period. Loathsome dungeons have, however, gone out of fashion. If a country gentleman were to get another into his power, and lock him up in the coal-cellar, there would be a row about it in the papers; he therefore gives up meditating such an action as a part of real life; he does not even anticipate very seriously that he will ever be able to knock his enemy's head off, though he sometimes uses some such traditional form of words as roughly expressing his feelings. As distractions are more plentiful than they used to be—even in the country—it is much easier to forget all about his injury, thus combining obedieuce to Christian morality with amusement.

Revenge is still known, indeed, and is exemplified by occasional murderers, and eccentric old bachelors and ladies; but in the classes whose time is fully occupied it has gone pretty well out of fashion; the pleasure is not worth the trouble. It is still believed in by novelists, because it is very convenient for dramatic purposes, and because nine-tenths of novelists draw, not from life, but from their predecessors. But even novelists are beginning to find it very hard to introduce it with any probability. Duelling is gone out of fashion, and murder is not common in good society. The way in which the heroes of most novels revenge themselves is by one of those elaborate and diabolical plots which have, so far as we have ever heard, absolutely no counterpart in real life. People sometimes tell a good many lies to get up the shares of a railway company, or to send down a horse in the betting; but the plot of fiction—the elaborate arrangement in which the villain brings the virtuous characters under the influence of a diabolical enchantment, causing everybody to misunderstand everybody else throughout two volumes and a half—is simply fictitious. No one has time enough to weave such tangled webs of deceit. The villain has to be at his chambers or on the Stock Exchange, and cannot be bothered with acting Iago in common life; he would much rather give up the lady and the revenge, and take it out in money. In short, it is getting daily more difficult to injure our enemies satisfactorily, and we have daily a greater number of causes of distraction. It is not yet easy to love our enemies, but it is remarkably easy not to hate them. In fact, very few men have got any enemies in the proper sense of the word. There are many men for whom one feels an instinctive dislike, but the worst that the most spiteful of us can do is to avoid their company, and perhaps to speak ill of them behind their backs. And nobody is seriously the worse nowadays for a little backbiting. The world won't trouble itself about trifles, and such hostility is at most like throwing a few shells into a fortified town. It is annoying, but does no vital injury

There are various other vices which tend to become obsolete on the same principle. Why used our fathers, fifty years ago, to consume two bottles of port after dinner? Simply because life was so dull that they had nothing better to do. The dreary old bacchanalian melodies about driving away care merely meant that an elderly gentleman of the period was generally bored unless he was drunk. No man could now afford to dine early every day, and pass the evening boozing, even if it were intrinsically pleasant. A somewhat similar case is that of gambling, considered as distinct from speculation. People enjoy games of pure chance because it is the simplest possible way of obtaining excitement without even an intellectual effort. Savages are keen gamblers, when they have a chance; it is a pleasant relief to the torpor of their ordinary lives at home. Red Indians, after losing all their other property, will stake their scalps, their lives, or their liberties. In more civilized states of society a craving for excitement will induce men to gamble in proportion to their indolence and recklessness. Some of the old savage spirit is therefore still kept alive. The heavy gambling of the last century has rather gone out of fashion, because the class amongst whom it flourished is on the whole better employed.

The Turf still gives opportunities for sheer gambling, of which plenty of persons are ready to take advantage; which proves that there is still a large class of people with too little mind to appreciate any intellectual source of excitement, with too little serious occupation to preserve them from dulness, with too little forethought to appreciate the real value of their prospects, and with too much money to be good for them. The first three qualities make them approximate to the Red Indian as closely as other differences permit, and they take the best way for removing the distinction founded upon the quality. The Turf is of course an improvement intellectually upon games of pure chance, in so far as the gamblers generally expect to win by superior knowledge or skill. Whether this is a moral advantage is a very different question. In the same way, gambling on the Stock Exchange of course involves intellect—especially if that name includes every variety of cunning. We should therefore say that the old vice of gambling tends to go out of fashion and to be superseded by the more refined vice—or perhaps we should call it virtue—in which intellect has a share as well as a chance.

The general tendency of these changes, as of so many others, is to what is called the softening of modern life—the extirpation of the gross, brutal vices of former ages; and, in cases where they subsist in other forms, the substitution of more refined and indirect modes of gratifying the passion. Possibly the passion which is in some cases gradually starved out by this treatment is in others stimulated. If envy, hatred, and malice are on the whole declining, certainly picking and stealing do not seem to fall off. The modes by which property may be made to change hands are so various, and have been elaborated with such marvellous ingenuity, that the old language of theft is becoming inadequate. Railway and mining companies have quite distanced pickpockets. But, it is only fair to add, this kind of cheating can only grow in proportion to the growth of confidence, so that perhaps it is a good sign on the whole.—*Saturday Review.*

BOHEMIANISM.

THERE are two fictitious localities which it must be pleasant to inhabit; for people, it would seem, the least imaginative in the world are only too happy to build their castles in Spain, while some of their neighbors determine to live their lives in Bohemia. Now Bohemia, ever since Shakspeare placed a seaport on its land-locked boundaries, has been a privileged territory. Why it should be so, it is difficult to say, for we might as well have called these erratic persons who live in Bohemia, Italians, Ishmaelites, Cochin-Chinese, or Fijians; but no, nothing but the word Bohemian will suffice them; and hence, a sufficiently reputable term is detailed to serve an unworthy purpose.

As with many of their so-called works, these gentlemen took their name from the French. A pleasant author has given a sketch of the "Vie de Boheme," and the phrase has crept into the dictionaries as something very disreputable. "Vivre comme un Bohemien" is to be "*un individu qui vit sans souci du monde,*" an outsider, a Pistol, Nym, and Bobadil rolled into one. Our wild young fellows who seek to open the world, not, like mine ancient Pistol, with their sword, but with a steel pen, or the paint brush and mahl-stick, are delighted to be classed with the order, and are in ecstacies if they persuade the world that they owe an immense deal of money, have never paid their-landlady or restaurant, and have reduced more than one tailor to bankruptcy. "I have," Robert Brough says, "lived and suffered in Bohemia, and I thank Heaven have escaped from it so long, that I can speak of its miseries without undue bitterness, and of its joys without partial fondness." He goes on to tell us that Bohemia Proper is called Petræa, or the Stony; and that there is no Bohemia Felix, and that it is "a kind of back-slum suburb to the cities of literature and art." And then anticipating Mr. Bright's famous *mot*, for he wrote in 1857, he adds, "it is a stronghold of rebels, whereunto, as to the Cave of Adullam, resort all such inhabitants of those regions as are in distress, every one that is in debt, and every one that is discontented with the edicts of King Saul—society."

These Bohemians were supposed by the too partial pen who wrote those words, to be men of genius, with a tendency to get drunk; and we have a picture of a universal linguist, a sage politician, a poet gloriously endowed, and an artist to whom Turner, even magnified by Ruskin's glass, is but a dwarf. These, we are told, being finely wrought, regard what they earn by the exercise of their genius "with loathing, and the money it brings as the wages of sin." Such money is quickly wasted and spent like all ill-gotten gains. Why the poor fellows should be so mad as to look at the drib'ets brought in by the exercise of "god-gifted genius" as the wages of sin, no one but themselves can say. Dryden remarked of Lee, that "there was a pleasure in being mad that none but madmen know," and no doubt he spoke truly. So of Bohemian madness, that has its occult pleasures, undiscernible to ordinary eyes. As to the melting of the money, that is true enough; it melts in pots of beer and goes of gin, large lumps of gold and silver being easily soluble in such liquids; and as to the politicians, linguists, and poets, ten years' incubation of a whole club-full of Bohemians has not been able to hatch a single genius out of the lot of eggs they have selected.

The Bohemian is desperately convival. He is even more so than the festive peasants in operas, who drink with much spirit frequent libations from tinfoil and pasteboard goblets. The Bohemian rejoices in club life, and in naming these he has shown his usual caprice. Dr. Johnson was content to call his club "The Literary Club," and the chief set of respectable actors and authors in London appropriately call their club "The Garrick." Our Bohemians must name theirs after one of the most disreputable, shameless, and drunken shams of men that ever lived; who owes the only good lines in his poems to Pope, whom he traduced, and his reputation to a man whom he sneered at and despised, and whose sterling character he never could have appreciated. The members of this club call themselves "savages;" but beyond smoking pipes they appear to have little in common with the Red Indians. Another set names itself "The Vagrants," and delights in a wild song concocted by the Dick Swiveller of the occasion, in which each gentleman, looming ruddily over his pipe, shouts, in ecstatic chorus, "I'm a vagrant, thou'rt a vagrant, vagrunts too are he and she." As "a bear was meat and drink" to Master Slender, so this body of men prides itself on being considered outcast and vagabond.

A little learning *is* a dangerous thing, and a little attachment to art or literature seems to produce the abnormal state which is described as Bohemianism. When afflicted with this disease, the victim, like the Marchioness who soaked orange-peel in water and called it lemonade, "makes believe very much," and fancies that he hates all the world, that respectability is a ghoul, and money perfectly useless; he lets his beard be unshaven and his hands dirty; he has a mania for queer hats, and thinks that he is no man unless he can boast of being annoyed by duns; he believes that reputations are made *per saltum* "by genius, sir," and that hard work has nothing to do with the matter; he generously devotes himself to unsuccessful men, and praises the pictures of Pipps as marvels of art, prizing them above those of Raffaelle; when, however, Pipps sells his works and emerges into work and respectability, he is "a humbug, sir; a wind-bag." The Bohemian is great in beer and blasphemy, and he delights in profane stories without point, washed in pale ale from the pewter; he is doubtful about the past great men, and denounces Shakspeare either as a myth or an overrated man. He always is finding out a "new poet" who quickly subsides. Dr. Johnson is a "muff," and Lord Bacon a fool; of the wider demain of literature he has seen little, quotes the good things of Sydney Smith as said by Douglas Jerrold, and plainly tells you that "little Brown" is a far better actor than Garrick, and yells in affected agony if he be recommended to see a legitimate play.

To sober men who look at things from a different standpoint, all this is very silly and contemptible. It has an injurious effect upon literature and art, since professors of those noble callings are often looked upon as mere jack-puddings, or even swindlers, because of the distorted representations of their friends of Bohemia. That some good men may enter now and then this enchanted land, and be even enchanted by the easy manners of the inhabitants, is true enough; if they be sound as well as good, they quickly extricate themselves, and, so far from scandalizing a profession which—be it in letters or pictorial art—requires all the energy, devotion, and even patient plodding of the best intellects set to work to attain a respectable position in a calling which, of all others, requires purity of life and purpose.—*London Review.*

TEMPTING subjects for animal painters—a dog trying to imitate the bark of a tree.

S.T-1860-X.

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DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation be asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

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The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

December 19th—CONSTITUTION, Captain J. M. Cavalry, connecting with RISING STAR, Captain Howe.

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Up stairs, San Francisco

Some "Recollections of Charles Lamb" are published in the last number of *Notes and Queries*. The writer, in his youthful days, knew Lamb at Enfield and Edmonton. He dates from Brussels, and signs his communication "T. W." Most readers will perhaps be surprised to hear that "Alice W—was not Lamb's sole passion," It appears that, at a much later period of his life, he was again smitten; but, says, "T. W.," discreetly, "as the lady who inspired this affection may still be living, it were premature to speak of it in detail." Among other statements in the letter is one to the effect that Lamb used to have the bindings of his old books mended by a cobbler when they became too bad to hold together. His new books—even the works of his familiar friends—he would give away, often throwing them over the garden wall into the premises of "T. W.," who lived next door. The young writer was frequently invited into the cottage of the Lambs, to spend the evening with the famous ones of those days. "Of the discourse of these *dii majores*," he writes, "I have no recollection now; but the faces of some of them I can still partially recall. Hazlitt's for instance, keen and aggressive, with eyes that flashed out epigram. Tom Hood's a methodist parson's face: not a ripple breaking the line of it, though every word he dropped was a pun, and every pun roused a roar of laughter. Leigh Hunt's, parcel genial, parcel democratic, with as much rabid polities on his lips as honey from Mount Hybla. Miss Kelly's plain, but engaging. (The most unprofessional of actresses, and unspoiled of women: the bloom of the child on her cheek, undefaced by the rouge, to speak in a metaphor.) She was one of the most dearly welcome of Lamb's guests. Wordsworth, farmerish and respectable, but with something of the great poet occasionally breaking out, and glorifying forehead and eyes. Then there was Martin Burney, ugliest of men, hugest of eaters, honestest of friends. I see him closeted with Mary Lamb, reading the Gospel of St. John *for the first time*. And Sheridan Knowles, burly and jovial, striding into Lamb's breakfast room one spring morning,—a great bunch of May-blossom in his hand. And George Darley, scholar and poet,—slow of speech and gentle of strain: Miss Kelly's constant shadow in her walks amongst the Enfield woodlands."

The island recently thrown up on the Florida coast, by volcanic action has been explored, and consists mainly of quicksand, dangerous to travel on except in one small portion, which is of a rocky nature, Some signs of vegetation are already apparent, some rank grasses and plants having already started.

Govern the Passions.—Hatred, envy, malice, jealousy, and covetousness, are venemous serpents, which bite like the adder. The man or woman who harbors them, in time becomes a miserable creature; for these serpants will swell and expand until there is no resting-place for love, joy, and peace.

A FAST STORY.

An ENGLISHMAN was bragging of the speed of English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman, "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound: the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee. "Why, we've got one firm in San Francisco that has alone imported this season a half a million dollars' worth of Toys and Fancy Goods. They have Talking and Kicking Dolls, born with a full-grown head of hair and teeth in their mouths, saying 'Papa' and 'Mamma', also, Mechanical Toys, that run by themselves, and lots of other Toy wonders too numerous to mention."

"Indeed! is that so? Who is the firm that have the Dolls saying 'Mamma'?" exclaimed the Englishman, very much excited.

"Why, have you never heard in all your travels of FELDBUSH & CO., Wholesale Store, 307 California street, and Retail Store, 207 Montgomery street, San Francisco, where you can save 25 per cent. in purchasing? Fact, I can assure you, as all the goods in their store, 307 California street, and all that is to arrive, must be sold on or before Christmas, on account of some changes in their business. I know it is true, and, if you doubt my word, you call at FELDBUSH & CO.'S, and see for yourself."

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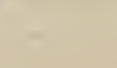

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Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission at.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weilerbold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 120 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Stuart & Chapin, 328 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolling & Speen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnmry & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbank's & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigort, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

Ward's Perfect S. F. Fitting Shirts

FINE WHITE SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

MERINO UNDERSHIRTS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

SHAKER FLANNEL DRAWERS!

At Ward's.

DRIVING GLOVES!

At 323 Montgomery street.

TRAVELING SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

COTTON AND MERINO SOCKS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

NEW STYLES ALWAY

At Ward's,

323 MONTGOMERY STREET.

THE GREEN CAP.

THERE once lived in St. Petersburg an aged man, who, though poor, had always been noted for strict honor and integrity, and whose whole course of life was regular as clock-work. Every morning he left his modest dwelling at precisely the same hour, passed through old-clothes market to his Bureau, and, after six hours' labor was accomplished, returned by the self-same route. His garments were shabby from long service, and the covering on his cap was worn to shreds. The urgent solicitations of his daughters finally induced him to replace the latter article; and seeing some of green color one day in a shop window, he went in and inquired the price. The shopman, however, refused to sell them, on the plea that they were already bespoke, and offered to show him others of a different hue; but the old man had set his heart on green.

"Well, then," said the man, "if you must absolutely have it, take it, and if needs must I can finish another by to morrow to take its place."

The bargain was accordingly concluded, and the next day no small excitement was created by the appearance of the cap, which elicited from his colleagues smiling congratulations upon his successful purchase.

Two days afterward, the heat being intense in the Bureau, he felt in his pocket for his handkerchief, in order to wipe the perspiration from his face, and he drew forth, to his great astonishment, one of fine India foulard silk. He showed it to his colleagues, and inquired if he had not by mistake appropriated another person's property; but one and all disclaimed all knowledge of it, and agreed unanimously that it must be a surprise from one of his daguhters.

"Children," said he, upon his return to his house, "who has done this? Do you wish to make me vain in my old age?"

His daughters also declared their ignorance of the matter, and, after many random guesses, finally made up their minds that it must have been put in his pocket by their cousin, who spent last Sunday with them; and the handkerchief was carefully put aside by their father.

On the following day, as he was carefully spreading his coat tails in order to seat himself at the desk, he felt something hard in both his pockets, and putting in his hand, brought from one a gold watch and from the other a well-furnished purse. This time his reason was overwhelmed; but after long reflection he formed a sudden resolution. He had been more punctual than the other officials, and was alone in the room; he therefore determined to say nothing to them of his discovery, and as the office hours were over, he went directly to the chief of the police and solicited a private audience. He then produced the watch and purse, and related the history of the handkerchief. After the chief had fully possessed himself of all the particulars, he said:

"It is very singular! Has nothing of the kind ever happened to you before?"

"Never before last week."

"Have you made any change in your dress within that time?"

"No."

"Recollect!"

"Oh, yes, certainly! I bought a new cap!"

"Tell me how and where you bought it."

The old man told him everything connected with his purchase, upon which the chief laughed heartily, and exclaimed:

"Poor, honest man that you are, you have become a member of a band of thieves! Do you not perceive?" The twenty caps of the same shape and color were to serve them as a mark for recognition; and as every pickpocket seeks to divest himself as quickly as possible of his stolen goods, they have taken you for an accomplice, and transferred these articles to your pocket. We are greatly indebted to accident and to you. Take this money and buy another cap from one of the principal magazines: then bring this one back immediately; for as I hope to have the whole gang in my power to-morrow, you must not run the risk of being arrested also."

The old man went into a shop and purchased another covering for his head; but as he was about to tie up the cap in his handkerchief, in order to take it back to the police-office, he found in the crown, to his no small surprise, a costly piece of lace. He hastened to deliver this fresh booty into the hands of the chief, who again burst into a peal of laughter when he beheld the despairing countenance of the honest thief.

The necessary measures were immediately taken. Two dozen detectives were made acquainted with the form of the cap; and simultaneously, at precisely the same hour, every possessor of the sign was placed in durance vile.

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED
BY USING
Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,

Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of
CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.
It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb 6, 1866.
MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.
Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

MR. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.
Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.
San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.
TO F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it.
L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.
Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another.
WM. HOUR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.
PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
Wholesale Agents, CRANE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & Co., SAN FRANCISCO.

MISS WOODS,
Dress and Cloak Maker,
CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Over Hinckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial

COME AND SEE ME!
Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,
Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street,)
Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.
Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Sets, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $2. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents.
☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.
N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

GREAT WESTERN
Life Insurance Company.
OF NEW YORK.
STOCK and MUTUAL
The Security of the Stock Plan, with all the Advantages of the Mutual System.
POLICIES AND DIVIDENDS ARE NON-FORFEITABLE.
Thirty Days Grace for Payment of Premiums.
J. W. BRUMAGIN.
General Agent for California,
Office 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND
IN USE
THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING
Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,
FOR WOOD OR COAL.
IMPROVED IN 1861;
WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.
2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.
3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.
4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.
5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.
6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.
7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.
9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.
10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

***Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.
See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.
For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

A. KOHLER
HAS NOT SOLD OUT,

But is now opening out his rich and elegant stock of
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
FANCY GOODS,
TOYS, &c.,
Which he is constantly receiving from Europe and the Atlantic States by every steamer. Now is the time to make selections of
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GOODS.
Traders, Dealers and others, call at the largest and only place on this coast where your orders can be completely filled.
A. KOHLER, Sansome street,
(Exteading from Clay to Commercial street,
San Francisco, Cal.

SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM.
FIRST PREPIUM FOR 1864, 1865 and 1866.
538 Washington street, below Montgomery.
ROBERT LIDDLE & CO.,

GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS, and IMPORTERS OF GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS. ☞ Also, Agents for HENRY'S PATENT RIFLE, and WM. GREENER'S celebrated DOUBLE GUNS.
FISHING TACKLE, and all the appurtenances required by Sportsmen, to be found here.

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,
Prof. Cohen, * * * *
* * * *
No. 1 HARDIE PLACE, Kearny street, * * * *
Between Bush and Sutter,
THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputation, he has received over 20,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age.
Dr. Cohen has been very successful in curing all disease. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.

BOYD'S NOVEL EXCHANGE
Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.
10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.
S. E. Corner Montgomery and Pine streets.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

North a Washington HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.
A PERFECT
Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser
BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.
First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Price.....One Dollar.
SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.
REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure, but

NEWELL'S
PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded or the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of
NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,
and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that
Newell's Pulmonary Syrup
has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.
Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of
Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.
REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S
Flavoring Extract
ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.
REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast

REDINGTON & CO.'S
Essence of Jamaica Ginger.
THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.
As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.
It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.
It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea sickness, or other causes.
It is also valuable as an external application for Gou Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.
REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

THE HAIR-DRESSER'S DAUGHTER.

"Know then, sir," the maiden began, drawing a deep sigh, "that I am cursed with a luxuriant head of hair, whose color is that of the setting sun."

"Some," I muttered, "would call it blessed to be thus endowed. It is the fashionable color."

"Worse luck," said the maiden, in tones of despair. "That accursed tint is the cause of my persecution. My paternally kind but professionally cruel father has woke me in the dead of night and seized me by this golden hair—"

"To beat you, maiden?"

"Nay, sir, to dress my head *a la* something, a new form of coiffure which has arrived from Paris while I slept. When I have been coming to the most deeply interesting part of a novel, he has rushed into the room and insisted on my trying on a *chignon*. He takes me from my tea to practice the double roll upon me. When I am ready dressed to go to the play he pulls my hair down to try a new form of *bandeau*. At all hours of the day and night I am liable to be curled, and frizzed, and plaited, and powdered. In sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, I must yield my head to his ruthless but skillful hands. I know no rest. For months I have slept with my eyes open."

"With your eyes open, maiden?"

"With my eyes open. It was the consequence of having my hair done *a l' Imperatrice*. It was pulled back so tightly that I could not shut them. It was not until the *neglige* friz came up that the muscles relaxed. Ah, sir, you know not what I have suffered—what I have sacrificed!"

An awkward, ill-dressed countryman who was strolling about the Park the other day, attracted considerable attention, on account of his absurd appearance. Becoming at last conscious of the fact, he turned to a gentleman who was looking at him with open-mouthed surprise, and exclaimed, "Halloo, if you keep your mouth so wide open you'll sunburn your teeth," and walked away triumphant amid the laughter his sally called forth.

Looming in the Distance.—An American paper states that every lady who has been at Mount Holyoke seminary is expected to write an annual letter stating whether she is married or single, how many children she has, and other particulars concerning status and progress. A young lady of the class of 1861 has just written to the class secretary that she is not married, but that she thinks she can see—to quote from the scripture—a little cloud that arises out of the sky of the future like a man's hand.

In a little town on the Ohio, a lady was examining a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question,—

"If you buy a cow for ten dollars"—

When up came a little hand.

"What is it, Johnny?"

"Why you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars; father sold one for sixty dollars the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

"Every thing French is more elegant than that of any other nation," says a Parisian enthusiastic chronicler. "Even the crocodile brought from our possessions in Cochin China to the Jardin des Plantes is more elegant than the horrid beast of a crocodile brought from the shores of the Nile." As a bit of self-complacency that will do.

Diamonds.—A remarkable-looking person astonished the habitues of the Italian Opera, in Paris, the other evening. He had on a cravat completely covered with diamonds. The nobby gentleman, as might be expected, turned out not to be of the upper ten, but a keeper of a *cafe*.

To think correctly, and express one's self to the best advantage to a reader or hearer, is a higher and more difficult art than that of the painter, statuary or musician. The prejudices of others do not offer so great an obstacle to these latter, as to the orator and writer.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

San Francisco.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON

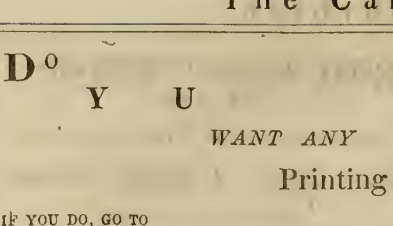
SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The



IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

HENRY HILLS & CO.,

MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE. REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.

Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice. We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

WILSON & EVANS,

No. 513 Clay street,

Importers and Dealers in

FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

WILSON & EVANS.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. - - - Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,

AT

GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S

NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

(Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baumscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magnetic Electro Machines, etc.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

McNALLY & HAWKINS,

Plummers and Gas Fitters,

Have removed their place of business to the new store on MARKET STREET, adjoining the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum,

Where they will keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GAS FIXTURES, PLUMBING MATERIALS, etc.

Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

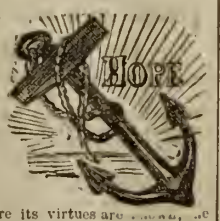
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, AND FOR THE RELIEF OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE.



So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other Expectorant is too apparent to escape observation and where its virtues are [illegible] the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this having gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

We can only assure the public, that its quality is carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.

Great numbers of clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our remedies, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our American Almanac in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the complaints they cure.

Those who require an *alterative medicine* to purify the blood will find Ayer's Compound Extract Sarsaparilla the remedy to use. Try it once, and you will know its value

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM. San Francisco, and all Dealers

N. P. COLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

FURNITURE

BEDDING!

LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

LOWEST PRICES!

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Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

SAN FRANCISCO.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

Cor. Sansome & Commercial streets

Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA AND YELLOW DOCK IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla"

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial streets.

TIME & LABOR SAVED BY USING

Standard Soap Company's

CELEBRATED

WASHING POWDER.

This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.

It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.

Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S.

MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET, San Francisco.

☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Pale, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

REMOVAL!

Wightman & Hardie's

DRY GOODS AND CARPET WAREHOUSE

HAS REMOVED

To No. 220 Sansome Street,

TWO DOORS SOUTH OF CALIFORNIA.

T. BUCKLEY,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,

No. 117 Kearny street, between Sutter and Post, SAN FRANCISCO.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES CONSTANTLY ON HAND, For Sale, Trade, or or Let.
Horses taken on livery by the day, week or month.
STALLS TO LET.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine)

Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (incipient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Dropsy, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OAK POISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain* cure,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"

NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Fifteenth Year (1866.) *in SAN FRANCISCO.*

Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

Apply for Baths from SEVEN o'clock, morning, until SEVEN o'clock evening. Sundays 7 to 9 A. M. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid day repast. *As a bath for the healthy, perfectly luxurious! and to PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED.*

s23 3m

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—as simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach.	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
" 12	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 13	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 14	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
" 15	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 16	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
" 17	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 18	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 19	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 20	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing.	50
" 21	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 22	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 23	cures *General Debility* and Nervousness	50
" 24	cures *Dropsy*, and acuity Secretions	50
" 25	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 26	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 27	cures *Seminal Emissions* and Debility.	1 00
" 28	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 29	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 31	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 32	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 33	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book $10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 Battery street, corner of Clay, San Francisco.

Notices to Creditors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JAMES PRATT, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of James Pratt, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of James Pratt, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB COON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Coon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Coon, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF DANIEL BUTLER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Daniel Butler, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Butler, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN McQUADE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John McQuade, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of John McQuade, deceased.
November 20th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF OSCAR E. EHLE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Oscar E. Ehle, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Oscar E. Ehle, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB LOURENS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Lourens, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Lourens, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY CASSIDY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary Cassidy, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM.
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Cassidy, deceased.
November 19th 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM O. NEIL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of William O. Neil, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of William O. Neil, deceased.
Dated November 15th, 1866.
no17-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF GEORGE HASTINGS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE HASTINGS, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of George Hastings, deceased.
Dated November 15th, 1866.
no17 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM F. HAMILTON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of William F Hamilton, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of Estate of William F. Hamilton, deceased.
December 1st, 1866. d1 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of JONATHAN P. CLARK, deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Joseph E. Clark, Executor of the last will and testament of Jonathan P. Clark, deceased, praying for an order to sell certain mining stocks belonging to said estate, at public or private sale.

It is ordered that the seventh (7th) day of January, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of this Court, at the Court House in the city and county of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said application, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby directed to appear before me, at the time and place specified, to show cause if any they have, why an order should not be granted to the said Executor to sell such mining interests, shares or stocks as are set forth in said petition and as belong to said estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
December 7th, A. D. 1866. d8 5t*

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of SAMUEL P. GOODALE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid: and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 16th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this sixteenth day of November, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Seal and stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J F FINN, ESQ., Attorney for Administrator. no17-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, *vs.* PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH McGUIRE deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Edward McGuire, the Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 7th day January, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 7th day of January, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

December 6th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 7th day of December A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
Messrs. CROCKETT, WHITING & NAPHTALY, Attorneys for Petitioner. d8 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; and that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 15th day of January, A. D., 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 15th day of January A. D., 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated, December 4th, 1866. d8 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.]
D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

DANIEL O'NEIL, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN CHAPMAN ET AL, Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOHN CHAPMAN, M. LAUFENBERGER, and MARGARET BAUSCH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, a copy of which accompanies this summons, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; if served out of this county, but within this Judicial district, within twenty days; or if served out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage, described in the complaint, and executed by the said John Chapman on the first day of May, A. D. 1866, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note of even date therewith, made and executed by the said Defendant Chapman, whereby he promised to pay to the Plaintiff the sum of two thousand dollars in gold coin of the United States, three years from the date of the said note, with interest thereon at the rate of one per cent. per month, payable quarterly in gold coin, that is to say, at the end of every three months; and in case default be made in the payment of the said interest, or any part thereof, when the same becomes due, then the whole of the said principal and interest shall be due; that the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment, in United States gold coin, of said sum of $2,000, with interest thereon according to the terms of said note, and the costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said John Chapman for the balance remaining due, and also that the said Defendant, and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.

And if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the Plaintiff will take default against you, and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District, this second day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk

By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL AND STAMP CANCELED.] n10 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the Estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.

It appearing to the Court, by the petition presented and filed, October 23d, A. D. 1866, by Thomas Courtis, the Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order to sell Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the debt outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 24th day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M. of the said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the whole of the Real Estate of deceased, as prayed for in said petition; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated November 23d, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco,

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND FIVE-CENT STAMP, CANCELED.]
F. A. FABENS, ESQ., Attorney for Petitioner. n24-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY A. WALSH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of Crane & Boyd, attorney at law, in the city and county of San Francisco.

ADELAIDE WALSH,
Administratrix of Estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased.
San Francisco, November 27th, 1866.
CRANE & BOYD, Attorneys, S. W. corner Clay and Montgomery streets. d1 5t

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE, - - - PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

Farewell Engagement of LADY DON,
Supported by Mr. Henry Edwards, the Misses Corcoran, and an ENTIRELY NEW STOCK COMPANY.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 15th,
LADY DON'S MATINEE,
KENILWORTH.

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SATURDAY EVENING—
BLACK-EYED SUSAN AND KENILWORTH.

MONDAY EVENING—
The Gorgeous Extravaganza,
LALLA ROOKH.

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Parquet, - - - - - - - - - -	50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - -	25

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JAPANESE
JUGGLERS AND GYMNASTS!
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KEE SA-BORO,
TOC-KU-HAY,
KEE-CHEE-ROKU, and
EYE-IS-KEE.

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GRAND JAPANESE MATINEE.

SATURDAY EVENING.....December 15th,
The entertainment will consist of
MARVELLOUS FEATS OF LEGERDEMAIN
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Which must be seen to be believed, as they baffle description.

N. B.—This is the only Theatre in the city with a proscenium of sufficient height for the proper representation of their Acrobatic Feats.

Monday Evening—An entire change of performance, when will be produced Feats never before attempted, and excelling in daring all former efforts.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notwithstanding the immense expense attending this engagement, there will be NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR RESERVED SEATS.

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The Blind Violinist & the Eminent Pianiste.

The above distinguished Artists have the honor to announce their

Second Concert,

Which will take place at PLATT'S MUSIC HALL,
MONDAY EVENING, ... December 17th,
On which occasion they will be assisted by
MISS EMMA HOWSON, MISS SHORT, Lady Amateur,
MISS CLELIA HOWSON, HENRI HERBERTE, Tenor,
MR. WUNDERLICH, Basso.

PROGRAMME —PART I.

1. Vocal Duet.—"O Maritana," .....Wallace
Miss E. Howson, and Mr. Henri Herbert.
2. Solo Violin,—"La Trille du Diable," ....
Written in the year 1623 by....Tartini
Mr. Joseph Heine.
3. Qui s degno,—"Magic Flute,".....Mozart
Mr. Wunderlich.
4. Solo Piano,—"Grand Rondo in B minor,"
.....Mendelssohn
Mme. Ada Heine.
5. Song,—"Dark Rocky Deserts,"—Opera.....Tell
Miss Emma Howson.
6. Solo Violiu,—"I Lombardi,".....Vieuxtemps
Mr. Joseph Heine.
7. Song,—"Sweet Form,"—Opera Lurline. Wallace
Mr. Henri Herberte.
8. Grand Duett, "From Le Prophéte," { Rubinstein and Vieuxtemps
Mr. and Mme. Heine.

PART II.

1. Vocal Duett,—"O'er the Hills, O'er the Dale,"
.....Glover
Miss Emma, and Miss Clelia Howson.
2. Solo Violiu,—"Air Varie', (one string only)
.....Paganini
Mr. Joseph Heine.
3. Ballad,—"Home of my Heart,".....Harvey
Miss Cecelia Short (Lady Amateur).
4. Solo Piano,—"Le tre Nozze Polka,".....Oury
Mme. Ada Heine.
5. Song,—"The Exile,".....Keller
Mr. Wunderlich.

Professor GEO. T. EVANS will preside at the Piano

MR. AND MRS. HEINE are indebted to the courtesy of the Management of the Metropolitan Theatre, for the appearance of the Misses Howson at this Concert.

TICKETS can be obtained at all the Music Stores, and Seats can be secured, FREE OF CHARGE, at M. Gray's, No. 613 Clay street

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Culprit Fay. With 100 Illustrations by Arthur Lumley.
Ogden's U. S. Tariff for 1866.
Roses and Holly. A Gift Book for all the Year. Elegantly Illustrated.
Holy Types. By Joseph A. Seiss.
Utterly Wrecked. By Henry Morford.
Barth and Rogers on Auscultation and Percussion.
Lectures on the Communion Office.
With Gen. Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign. By a Staff Officer.
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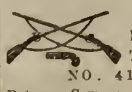

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PRESENTS.

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CANDY! CANDY! CANDY! CANDY!

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of HENRY MILES, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of HARRIET MILES, the Administratrix of the Estate of HENRY MILES, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the Estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Henry Miles, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 14th day of January, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate to the heirs of said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 14th day of January A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

December 13th, A. D. 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 13th day of December, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
JAMES MCCABE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
d15 5t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco —In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of LEWIS MCGLAUFLIN, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 12th day of December A. D. 1866, Notice is hereby given, that THURSDAY, the third day of January A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said Lewis McGlauflin, deceased, and for hearing the application of Emeline McGlauflin, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

WM. LEOWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
San Francisco, December 13th, A. D. 1866.
MESSRS. WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Petitioner.
n15 3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix and Executor of the last will and testament of GIOVANNI MONTEVERDE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of A. D. Splivalo, No. 430 Jackson street, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

RAMONA ARDONEY MONTEVERDE,
Executrix.
GIUSEPPE CORDEVIOLA, Executor.
San Francisco, December 15, 1866. d15 5t

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No. 5. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 22, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

"Mark Twain's" Christmas Story; The Bad Little Boy that bore a Charmed Life; Little Rie, by Jean Ingelow; Wild Mr. Will, a Christmas Story; Laying on of Hands in 1771; A Visit to Bagdad; "Black Sheep;" Renan and his Critics; Straying into Politics; Literary Gleanings and Gossip; "Lion's Mouth;" A First-Class Journal; The Olympic Club and the Press; Our Best Society; Poetry; Amusements, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

A Change of Base.

IN consequence of the dropsical notions of "dignity" entertained by the heavy editor of this paper, who furnishes prosy disquisitions on politics, philosophy, and religion for the "leading" columns, and who desires a larger amount of space in which to expatiate, the "Lion's Moath," has been transferred to the first page of THE CALIFORNIAN, in spite of our most earnest remonstrance. Nevertheless we have the satisfaction of knowing that our department has ten readers to his one, and we suspect that the real motive of our ejectment from the honors of the ninth page, is to be found in the natural desire of the heavy editor to avoid damaging comparisons between the sprightliness of our department, and the owlish dullness of his, by adopting an arrangement which will prevent the two from confrontiag each other from contiguous pages.

A First Class-Journal.

A great many persons unkindly sneer at the *Times*. They say that they expected it to be "a first-class journal," and that they now find its editorials, local items, and dramatic criticisms, all of the cheapest and lowest class. These strictures on the *Times* are, in a measure, just, but still they are unkind. The *Times* is, it must be remembered, a young paper at present—scarce out of its puppyhood—it will get its eyes more fully opened by and by. The dramatic criticisms of the *Times* are rather funny, we must confess, but then we may hope that they will become better as the paper grows older. In Wednesday's issue the following funny things appear:

"This evening a new and novel entertainment will take place at Platt's Hall, being nothing more nor less than a grand musical and floral festival, illustrative of the seasons, for the benefit of the Pacific Bible Home and Mariner's Church."

Until the *Times*, a first-class paper, convinced us of our mistake, we labored under the impression that "new" and "novel" were synonyms. In the notice of the Ladies Floral Festival, in the same issue, we are told:

"If the weather is favorable, they could but have a crowded house to-night."

We should say that a *crowded house* was, indeed, all that the ladies could have or desire to have. They "could but have" a crowded house.

In the notice of the Metropolitan Theatre, in the same issue of this first-class paper, we are told that:

"The ballet of *The Baquet*, arranged by Mdme. Desire Mathieu, displays to great advantage the saltatory abilities of the whole troupe."

Here we must join in the protest of the public in general against the *Times* being considered a first class San Francisco journal. Even Webster's dictionary will not authorize such barbarous spelling. Better by far call the ballet referred to, the Bucket than the *Bo-quet*.

We intended to defend the *Times*, but really, on casting our eye over the copy which has happened to come under our notice, we consider that if it claims to be a "first class journal," as regards *every* department, the kindest thing which we can do, is to refrain from criticising it.

An Explanation.

At the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors, when the Mayor's message concerning lager beer saloons was received, Mr. Tittel begged leave to explain his remarks made at the last meeting of the Board, "for an erroneous impression had obtained amongst some persons, owing to the report in the *Alta*. That journal stated that he had visited some fifty places where the game of poker was carried on. He did so, but why? He was laboring in an excited political canvass, and on behalf of one of the purest and best officers that ever Sun Francisco had (Judge Cowles). He visited saloons where he was acquainted in order to benefit his friend, for whose success he felt anxious."

As Supervisor only visited saloons "where he was acquainted," and did not take a hand at poker while he was "laboring in an excited political canvass," his explanation must be accepted as satisfactory. We should, however, certainly reprobate a Supervisor's playing poker in a saloon where he was not acquainted, particularly during election time unless he did so for the purpose of making political points.

The San Francisco Olympic Club and the Press.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from the S. F. O. C., tendered to us conjointly with the other members of the Press, to partake of the privileges of their rooms. We think the club has taken a lamentably false step in this movement. How are all the uncongenial spirits of the editorial corps to meet and mingle together under one roof? Do the Olympians labor under the mistaken idea that they possess sufficient influence and social power to reconcile antagonisms so fierce as will here meet?

Why, from this hour forward the Club is seated, as it were, over a living volcano that may at any moment explode, and scatter its harmony to the winds. How impossible it will be to keep editorial cliques from forming. The friends of the *Alta* and the *Bulletin*, for instance, will back them to outlift the *Times* on that great modern dead weight—the telegraphic news; while the combative little *Examiner* will be sure to rush in and seize on the *Times'* coat-tail to aid in the pull; when at once there will be a rush, and the cry of "foul!" from the *Alta* clique. Here will be cause for a row very naturally. Or, the *Alta* may want to take the swing away from the *Times* on the plea of respectable age, and proceed to rehearse its well known biography, amidst the cries of "dry up" from some rival editor. Or imagine a friendly set-to (such as they have frequently in their columns,) with the gloves on, between the editors of the *Times* and the *Bulletin*—with the *Call* sitting astride a swinging-bar as umpire.

Is it to be supposed for a minute that any considerations of courtesy could restrain them when they got their blood warmed from "pitching in" in earnest. Most certainly not! Why, the oldest and coolest members of the P. R. frequently loose their self-command in such cases; and it is not to be supposed that these novices in the art could restrain the exuberance of their hot blood.

Then again, there would be danger of self-exhaustion and prostration from rivalry in the dumb-bell exercise. The *Alta* and *Bulletin* would keep "paying out," and "paying out" the strength of their system, to force the *Times* to attempt equal feats of strength, thinking thus the sooner to exhaust their younger competitor, until all three of them would have to be laid upon a couch of double sheets and supplements of ill-selected and indigestable reading, and have restoratives applied by their friends to resuscitate them.

Doubtless these invitations were tendered by the Olympic Club to the Press in the most kindly spirit of muscular Christianity. But it is sad to think what evils may arise from them.

Symptoms of Sanity.

Professor Gilliard, the colored lecturer and journalist, who we are sure is, as we observed last week, writing letters to the *Bulletin* over the signature of "Moffat Weir," is recovering his senses. How much the mild rebuke which we administered last week, has had to do with effecting this desirable result, we cannot say, but it is certainly a fact that Professor Gilliard or "Moffat Weir," the Sacramento correspondent of the *Bulletin*, shows symptoms of returning sanity. Last week he lavished on Miss Alice Kingsbury all the phrases which an insane negro in a state of frenzied excitement could call to mind. This week he says, simply:

"Kingsbury played here two weeks and went to Marysville yesterday, without having worn out her welcome. She will go thence to Grass Valley, Nevada, etc., and return for a brief season here on her way to the bay. She had an excellent benefit while here."

Last week Miss Alice Kingsbury was:

"'Alice,' the diminutive dramatic divinity, whom for seven weeks the Bay has crowned with lavish bays; who has so abundantly feathered her own cap and her manager's nest; who has fairly bowled out Maggie Mitchell at her own little game of 'the Cricket;' Alice the petite; Alice the arch, the native, the cute; Alice, qualified with endless sprightly little adjectives."

Now she is "Kingsbury!" We are afraid that Professor Gilliard—or "Moffat Weir"—must have been snubbed by Miss Alice Kingsbury, who may be supposed to have no *penchant* for crazy negroes. However, by whatever means the desirable end was accomplished, we are glad that "Moffat Weir—or Professor Gilliard—the Sacramento correspondent of the *Bulletin*, has shown symptoms of returning sanity.

Our Best Society.

A magnificent entertainment for the holidays for the ladies and gentlemen of San Francisco has been prepared by "the ladies and gentlemen of the Martinetti-Ravel Troupe." A Mask Ball is to be given under the direction of these members of our best society on Friday evening, December 28th, at the Metropolitan Theatre. In the advertisement the following announcements are made:

"Ladies' admission tickets will be indorsed with each lady's name, and will not be transferable under any circumstances.

"In announcing the above, the Messrs. Martinetti assure the public that every exertion will be made on their part to produce an entertainment in every respect worthy of the citizens of San Francisco."

We thus have the assurance of the Martinetti Troupe that this masked ball will be worthy of San Francisco. In addition to this we have another assurance: Professor Johnson, who has given so many masked balls in this city, which, if they have not been patronized by our best society, have been pecuniarily as successful as those of late given by Mons. Leon *et al*, is at present one of the gentlemen of the Martinetti-Ravel Troupe, and will, no doubt, give valuable aid in procuring the attendance of lady dancers who have heretofore patronized his mask balls. The *Bulletin* thus indorses this proposed ball as being quite the thing:

"It is intended to be not only a grand but select affair, and will be attended only by the better class of people."

Under these circumstances this grand and *select* affair will certainly be patronized by our best society, and even Bishop Kip himself, much as he may object to balls being given for the benefit of the Church, could not offer any opposition to these harmless and high-class Christmas festivities.

Calling Names.

The lower classes who have not devoted their early years to the study of rhetorics, when they become engaged in a wordy quarrel, strive to choose high sounding epithets to apply to their adversaries—which shall so overwhelm them that they will be incapable of reply. Doctor Johnson is reported to have utterly extinguished a Billingsgate fish-fag who called him a ——, and a ——, and a ——, by retorting—"Madam, you are an impersonal pronoun and an irregular verb."

Any one can call names. The *Flag* could call names. It said this week:

"Tennyson, the English Court rhymester, has brought himself into disrepute by defending Governor Eyre, the West India assassin."

It is not wise in the *Flag* to term Tennyson "the English Court rhymester;" it is not wise in the *Flag* to speak of ex-Governor Eyre as "the West India assassin." This style of abuse is, however, the easiest. "Your another" is a phrase constantly on the lips of those who render themselves liable to abusive language. The science of calling names is understood by few. Many say "Smith" is a dog" without reflecting how much honor they do this Smith whom they wish to hold up to public reprobation, by calling him "a dog." They intend to convey the idea that Smith is dishonest—but a dog is always honest, that Smith has deceived them—but a dog has no deceit in his nature. This Smith, who is termed "a dog," might probably, after being supported by the individual who so characterizes him for many months, pick the aforesaid individual's pocket; or might, in the event of the individual's funds becoming exhausted, leave this individual now impecunious, and attach himself to another individual. The "dog" would not act in this manner.

A Dishonest Journal.

Statements have appeared in many papers congratulating the country on the fact that the colored people of the South are acquiring habits of industry and economy. We are told that they now save their earnings instead of spending them on dress and amusement. The Sacramento *Bee* was active in collecting and reproducing in its columns statements of this kind, which might serve to prove that the colored race would, instead of being a burden on the country, very shortly become large property holders as well as producers. Under these circumstances, when the *Bee* found a statement to the effect that the *colored people's* savings bank, in Mobile, failed in consequence of the darkies who had deposited their savings in it, suddenly withdrawing them for the purpose of going on a spree, it is not strange that it should dishonestly strike out the word "colored" and publish the paragraph thus:

"A Mobile savings bank collapsed the other day because the depositors withdrew the funds to attend a circus. So says an exchange.'

The Aristocratic "Call."

We are afraid that the *Call* is becoming aristocratic in its ideas. It evidently does not favor the views of John Bright with regard to universal suffrage. It makes out a strong case against granting all Englishmen the right of voting in the following paragraph which it published on Wednesday:

"The last mail from Europe brings as an account of a 'most interesting match' between two butchers, a 'Mr. Roberts, of Leeds,' and a "Mr. Woods, of Beverley," as to which of the two could kill and dress for the market the largest number of sheep in the shortest space of time. Five thousand intelligent Britons, candidates no doubt, under the favor of John Bright, for the privilege of the suffrage, left their homes and business to see the successful 'Mr. Roberts, of Leeds,' triumphantly slaughter 'twenty sheep in 95 minutes and 58 seconds.' 'Mr. Roberts, of Leeds,' took his money, and the slaughtered sheep, we hope, were duly cooked and eaten by the enlightened spectators."

The *Call* is very indiscreet to allow its aristocratic tendencies to lead it to sneer at butchers just at this season of the year. It will certainly loose some of its "Christmas meat" advertisements.

Highly Flattering."

The dramatic critic of the *Alta* evidently entertains a high opinion of Lady Don. In yesterday's issue, after lamenting that the stormy weather prevented a large attendance at the Opera Houses, he says:

"To-night, we hope, clear skies, a beaming moon, and a host of diamond eyes, will flash with delight at the raising of the curtain."

To expect clear skies and a beaming moon to "flash with delight at the raising of the curtain" at the Opera House, is rather extravagant, even when Lady Don is the attraction.

Late in the Day.

Another professor of "Laying on of Hands" has arrived in town. We imagine that Spiritual healing by laying on of hands has had its day. Chinese doctors were the rage for about six weeks. The new professor will find that the harvest has been gathered by his predecessor and will have to be content with the few scattered ears (long ears) which yet remain to be taken in.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

SUMMARY OF PUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "BLACK SHEEP."—George Dallas, the black sheep of the family, an only son and spendthrift, walks down from Loudon to "Poynings,"—the Carruthers' country seat—to seek an interview with his mother—now Mrs. Carruthers, "wife of the rich, respectable old Carruthers," who had forbidden him the house—to obtain money from her to meet pressing difficulties. He arrives on the night of a party; climbs up into the room of his old nurse, Mrs. Brookes, and obtains there a stolen interview with his mother, which results in his obtaining a ten-pound note, and a promise that she will forward him, within one month, a hundred and forty pounds, to meet a note of indebtedness to one Routh, a friend and associate. After an interview of half an hour he leaves for the adjacent village of Amherst, where he passes the night. In the morning he changes the note, which bears a date and the post-mark of Amherst, to purchase an overcoat, and departs for London. In London, at the house of Stewart Routh, a gentlemanly gambler and adventurer of good accomplishments and address, the reader is introduced to his wife Harriet, commonly addressed by Routh as "Harry,"—a woman of rare mental qualifications and quick appreciation, thoroughly devoted to her husband, his counselor in all his schemes, and a most efficient aid in his precarious mode of living.

One Deane, an American, a cool, sharp, "posted" man, with abundant means, is also introduced, whose cleverness is even too much for the designs of Routh and his wife. George Dallas receives a letter from his mother, who writes him that the one hundred and forty pounds, obtained by a great risk and almost criminal sacrifice, will be given to him by her in person at Amherst. He informs Routh of the import of his mother's letter. Routh, meanwhile, is organizing a company for working some newly discovered silver mines in Brazil, which promises to be "a big thing," but is badly in want of funds to successfully launch his scheme; when he learns from Deane that he is to receive for some stock transaction three thousand pounds, which sum Deane proposes to keep in his desk for a few days until wanted; and, in celebration of the event, he invites Routh and Dallas to dine with him at a fashionable restaurant on the same evening. Routh tells his wife that he must have Deane's money "one way or another." The dinner comes off, but Routh is not present.

George Dallas again visits Amherst under his author-name of "Paul Ward," to receive from his mother the money she promised him; when he learns from her lips that she has secretly sent her diamonds to Paris to be imitated, with the object of pledging the genuine ones as the only available means of obtaining the amount. The jewelry failing to arrive, his mother requests him to stop at Amherst for a few days to await its arrival. While sketching a private park, "The Sycamores," a chance acquaintance is brought about—which rapidly ripens into mutual though unavowed feelings of affection between Miss Clare Carruthers, a beautiful young lady of nineteen, the favorite niece and heir of the rich Capel Carruthers—Dallas' father-in-law—and our hero; known only to Miss Carruthers as "Paul Ward," the author. After receiving the bracelet from his mother, George Dallas returns to London, arriving late in the evening. He but called at the *Mercury* office, where he overhears some conversation about a recent murder, and immediately goes to visit Routh; not finding him in he shows Harriet the bracelet, proposing to dispose of it the next morning, and pay his indebtedness to Routh. Harriet suggests that he may compromise his mother by the sale of the bracelet in London; and advises him to extract the jewels and take a run over to Amsterdam where he may dispose of them to the diamond merchants there without fear of that risk. After extracting the diamonds the bracelet and some turquoise stones it contained, were placed in a sealed envelope endorsed by Dallas' signature, and deposited in a drawer in Routh's desk. Harriet, feverish with anxiety for Dallas' departure, advances him a small sum of money to pay the expenses the trip, at the same time dexterously changing Routh's overcoat for his own. Dallas departs with the intention of sailing at 7 o'clock next morning in the *Argus* for Rotterdam. Harriet, terribly agitated, now ties Dallas' coat compactly around a heavy square of black marble, taken from a writing table—and concealing the bundle under her shawl, issues from the house at early dawn, and cast it into the Thames. She purchases a similar marble letter weight to replace the one thus used, and returns to the house. Routh returns and Harriet declares she "has saved him!"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

IN CONFERENCE.

MR. CARRUTHERS is all attention in an instant. Every trace of pre-occupation has vanished. His visitor's beard has no kind of attraction for him now, though it is wagging close before his eyes. A murder! The worst case he had ever investigated was a doubtful manslaughter arising out of a poaching affray, and for his remarks on that he had been highly complimented in the local press; but here is murder—and his aid is enlisted by the Home Office!

"The facts of the case," continues Mr. Dalrymple, "are shortly these. A body of a man is seen floating off Paul's Wharf, and is hooked up by one of the men attached to the steamboat pier there. It is taken to the police station to be examined, and is then found to have been stabbed to the heart with a sharp instrument, and by a strong and clever hand. The pockets are empty, the studs have been taken from the shirt, and there is no token, pocket-book, or anything to establish its identity. 'Ordinary case enough,' you'll say, with your experience; 'ordinary case enough—drunken man decoyed into some water-side ken, robbed, and made away with—case for the police—why Lord Wolstenholme and the Home Office?' You would say that, my dear sir, influenced by your ordinary perspicacity; but I answer your 'Why.' From the appearance of this man's body, it is plain that he was not an Englishman; his clothes are not of English cut, and he had on a baize fur-lined overcoat, with a deep hood, such as no Englishman ever wears. When this description was sent to us, Lord Wolstenholme at once referred to a private correspondence which we have had with the French embassy in relation to some of the Second of December exiles who are now sheltered under the British flag, and we came to the conclusion that this was no common murder for purposes of plunder, but an act of political vengeance. Now, my dear sir, you will perceive that to penetrate a mystery of this kind is of the greatest political importance, and consequently his lordship took the matter up at once, and set every engine we have at work to elucidate it. The result of our inquiries proves that the whole chance of identification rests upon a question of coats. The last person by whom, so far as we know, the wearer of the fur-lined coat was seen alive is a waiter at a tavern in the Strand, who distinctly recollects the murdered man, whose dress he described very fully, being particularly positive about his jewelry—diamond studs, real, no 'duffers,' as he said, and of which there is no trace to be found—having dined at his eating-house, in company with another man, who had with him a blue Witney overcoat, on the inside of which was a label bearing the name of some tailer, Ewart or Evans, he is unable to state which, residing at Amherst."

"Good God!" said Mr. Carruthers, surprised out of his usual reticence. "Evans—I know the man well!"

"Very likely!" says Mr. Dalrymple, composedly. "Evans. The waiter has been had up, cross-questioned, turned inside out, but still adheres to his story. Now, as we imagine this to be a bit of political vengeance, and not an ordinary crime, and as the detectives (capital fellows in their way) have had their heads a little turned since they've been made novel heroes of, Lord Wolstenholme thought it better that I should come down into the neighborhood of Amherst, and with your assistance try to find out where and by whom this coat was bought."

No hesitation now on Mr. Carruthers' part; he and the Home Office are colleagues in this affair. Lord Wolstenholme has shown his sagacity in picking out the active and intelligent magistrate of the district, and he shall see that his confidence is not misplaced. Will Mr. Dalrymple breakfast? Mr Dalrymple has breakfasted; then a message is sent to Mrs. Carruthers to say that Mr. Carruthers presumes he *may* say that Mr. Dalrymple, a gentleman from London, will join them at dinner? Mr. Dalrymple will be delighted, so long as he catches the up-mail train at Amherst at—what is it?—nine fifteen. Mr. Carruthers pledges his word that Mr. Dalrymple shall be in time, and orders the barouche round at once. Will Mr. Dalrymple excuse Mr. Carruthers for five minutes? Mr. Dalrymple will; and Mr. Carruthers goes to his dressing-room, while Mr. Dalrymple re-ensconces himself in the big arm-chair, and devotes his period of solitude to paring his nails and whistling softly the while.

The big, heavy, swinging barouche, only used on solemn occasions, such as state visits, Sunday church goings, and magisterial sittings, drawn by the two big greys, and driven by Gibson, coachman, in his silver wig, his stiff collar, and his bright top-boots, and escorted by Thomas footman, in all the bloom of blue and silver livery and drab gaiters, comes round to the front door, and the gentlemen take their places in it and are driven off. The three gardeners mowing the lawn perform Hindooish obeisances as the carriage passes them; obeisances acknowledged by Mr. Carruthers with a fore-finger lifted to the brim of his hat, as modelled on a portrait of the late Duke of Wellington. Bulger at the lodge gates pulls his forelock, and receives the same gracious return. Mr. Carruthers all the time bristling with the sense of his own importance, and inwardly wishing that he could tell gardeners, lodge-keeper, and every one they met that his companion had come from the Home Office, and that they were about together to investigate a most important case of murder. Mr. Dalrymple, on the contrary, seems to have forgotten all about the actual business under treatment and might be a friend come on a few days' visit. He admires the scenery, asks about the shooting, gives his opinion on the rising crops, talks of the politics rife in the neighborhood, showing, by the way, a keen knowledge of their details, and never for an instant refers to the object of their inquiry until they are nearing the town, when he suggests that they had better alight short of their destination, and proceed on foot there. There is no particular reason for this, as probably Mr. Dalrymple knows; but he has never yet pursued an official and mysterious investigation in a barouche, and it seems to him an abnormal proceeding. So Mr. Carruthers, deferring in a courtly manner to his visitor's wishes, but, at the same time, walking beside him as though he had him in charge, they alight from the carriage, bidding the servant to wait, and walk into the town, directing their steps towards Evans, tailor.

Evans, tailor, coatless, as is his wont, and with his thumbs stuck in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, is standing at his door, and greets Mr. Carruthers with as much bow as is possible to his stout figure. Could they speak to him for a moment? by all manner of means; will Mr. Carruthers walk into the back shop? where Miss Evans, a buxom girl with many shaking curls, is discovered working a pair of Berlin wool slippers, at a glance too small for her father, and is put to flight with much blushing and giggling. The two gentlemen seat themselves in the old-fashioned black horsehair chairs, and Mr. Evans, a little excited, stands by them with his thumbs in his arm-holes, and flaps his hands occasionally, as though they were fins.

"This gentleman, Mr. Evans," says Mr. Carruthers—giving this happy specimen of his acumen and discretion in a loud and pompous tone—"has come from Lord Wolstenholme, the Secretary of State for the Home Department." Mr. Evans gives a fin-flap, indicative of profound respect. "He has been sent here to——"

"Will you permit me in the very mildest manner to interrupt you, my dear sir?" says Mr. Dalrymple, in dulcet accents. "You put the matter admirably—from the magisterial point of view—but perhaps if I were just to——You have no objection? Thank you! You've lived a long time in Amherst, Mr. Evans?"

"I've been a master tailor here, sir, forty-three years last Michaelmas."

"Forty-three years! Long time, indeed! And you're the tailor of the neighborhood, eh?"

"Well, sir, I think I may say we make for all the gentry round—Mr. Carruthers of Poynings, sir, and Sir Thomas Boldero, and——"

"Of course—of course! You've a gold-printed label, I think, which you generally sew on to all goods made by you?"

"We have, sir—that same. With my name upon it."

"With your name upon it. Just so! Now, I suppose that label is never sewed on to anything which has not been either made or sold by you?"

"Which has not been made, sir! We don't sell anything except our own make—Evans of Amherst don't."

"Exactly; and very proper, too." To Mr. Carruthers: "Settles one point, my dear sir—must have been made here! Now, Mr. Evans, you make all sorts of coats, of course, blue Witney overcoats among the number?"

Mr. Evans, after a hesitating fin-flap, says: "A blue Witney overcoat, sir, is a article seldom if ever called for in these parts. I shouldn't say we'd made one within the last two years—least-ways, more than one."

"But you think you did make one?"

"There were one, sir, made to order from a party that was staying at the Lion."

"Staying at the Lion? The inn, of course, where I slept last night. How long ago was that?"

"That were two years ago, sir."

"That won't do!" cries Mr. Dalrymple, in disappointed tone.

"Two years ago that it were made and that the party was at the Lion. The coat was sold less than three months ago."

"Was it? To whom?"

"To a stranger—a slim young gent who came in here one day promiscuous, and wanted an overcoat. He had that blue Witney, he had!"

"Now, my dear Mr. Evans," says Mr. Dalrymple, laying his hand lightly on Mr. Evans' shirt-sleeve, and looking up from under his bushy brows into the old man's face, "just try and exercise your memory a little about this stranger. Give us a little more description of him—his age, height, general appearance, and that sort of thing!"

But Mr. Evans' memory is quite unaccustomed to exercise, and cannot be jogged, or ensnared, or bullied into any kind of action. The stranger was young, "middling height," appearance, "well, gen-teel and slim-like;" and wild horses could not extract further particulars from Mr. Evans than these. Stay. "What did he give for the coat, and in what money did he pay for it?" There's a chance. Mr. Evans remembers that he "gev fifty-three-and-six for the overcoat, and handed in a ten-pun' note for change. A ten-pound note, which, as Mr. Evans, by a further tremendous effort, recollects, had "the stamp of our post office on it, as I pinted out to the gent at the time." Was the note there? No; Mr. Evans had paid it into the County Bank to his little account with some other money, but he quite recollected the post office stamp being on it.

Mr. Carruthers thinks this a great point, but is dashed by Mr. Dalrymple's telling him, on their way from the tailor's, that all bank-notes passing through post office receive the official stamp. This statement is corroborated at the Amherst Post office, where no money-order of that amount, or of anything equivalent to that amount, has been recently paid, the remittances in that form being, as the postmaster explains, generally to the canal boatmen or the railway people, and of small value.

So there the clue fails suddenly and entirely, and Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Dalrymple again mount the big swinging barouche and are driven back to Poynings to dinner, which meal is not, however, graced by the presence of either of the ladies;

for Mrs. Carruthers is too ill to leave her room, and Clare is in attendance on her. So the gentlemen eat a solemn dinner by themselves, and talk a solemn conversation; and at eight o'clock Mr. Dalrymple goes away, driven by Gibson, coachman, in the carriage, and turning over in his mind how best to make something out of the uneventful day for the information of the Home Secretary.

That dignitary occupies also much of the attention of Mr. Carruthers, left in dignified solitude in the dining room before the decanters of wine and the dishes of fruit, oblivious of his wife's indisposition, and wholly unobservant of the curiosity with which Mr. Downing, his butler and body servant, surveys him on entering the room to suggest the taking of tea. Very unusual is it for the Poynings servants to regard their master with curiosity, or indeed with any feeling that bears the semblance of interest; but, be the cause what it may, there is no mistaking the present expression of Downing's face. Surprise, curiosity, and something which, if it must be called fear, is the pleasant and excited form of that feeling, prompt Mr. Downing to look fixedly at his master, who sits back in his chair in an attitude of magisterial cogitation, twirling his heavy gold eye-glass in his bonny white hands, and lost in something which resembles thought more closely than Mr. Carruthers' mental occupation can ordinarily be said to do. There he sits, until he resolves to take his niece Clare into confidence, tell her of the visit he has received from the gentleman from the Home Office, and ask her whether she can make anything of it, which resolution attained, and finding by his watch that the hour is half-past ten, and that therefore a Carruthers of Poynings may retire to rest if he chooses without indecorum, the worthy gentleman creaks up-stairs to his room, and in a few minutes is sleeping the sleep of the just. Mrs. Carruthers—Clare having been some time previously dismissed from the room—also seems to sleep soundly; at least her husband has seen that her eyes are closed.

Her rest, real or pretended, would have been none the calmer had she been able to see her faithful old servant pacing up and down the housekeeper's room, and wringing her withered hands in a agony of distress; for the servant who had gone to Amherst with Mr. Carruthers and his mysterious visitor in the morning had learned the meaning and purpose of the two gentlemen's visit to Evans, the tailor, and had made it the subject of a lively and sensational conversation in the servants' hall. Although literature was not in a very flourishing condition at Amherst, the male domestics of the household at Poynings were not without their sources of information, and had thoroughly possessed themselves of the details of the murder.

Mrs. Brookes had heard of the occurrence two or three times in the course of the preceding day but she had given it little attention. She was in her own room when the servants returned with the carriage which had taken Mr. Dalrymple to the railway station, having visited her mistress for the last time that evening, and was thinking sadly enough, of George, when the entrance of the upper housemaid, her eager face brimful of news, disturbed her.

"Oh, Mrs. Brookes," she began, "do you know who that gentleman was as dined here, and went to the town with master?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Brookes, with some curiosity; "do you?"

"Not exactly; but Thomas says Home Office has something to do with finding people out when they've been a-doing anything."

Mrs. Brookes began to feel uncomfortable.

"What do you mean?" she said. "Who's been doing anything that wants finding out?"

"Nobody as I knows," replied Martha, looking knowing and mysterious. "Only, you know, that murder as Mr. Downing read us the inquest of, and how it's a foreigner as has been killed because he wouldn't help to blow up the King of France; at least, there's something of that in it. Well, Mr. Downing thinks as the gentleman come about that."

"About that, *here?*" said Mrs. Brookes. "Whatever has put such a notion into Mr. Downing's head as that?"

"Well, Mrs. Brookes, this is it: they're all talking about it in the hall, and so I thought I'd just come and tell you. Master and the stranger gentleman didn't take the carriage right on into town; they got out just inside the pike, and went on by themselves; and, when they came back, master he looked very red and grand-looking, and the strange gentleman he looked as if he was rare disappointed and put out, and, as he was a-shutting the door of the b'rouche, Thomas heard him saying, 'No, no; there's nothing more to be done. Evans was our only chance, and he's no use.' So nat'rally Thomas wonders whatever they've been about, and what was their business with Evans; so he and coachman wasn't sorry this evening when the strange gentleman was gone by the train, and they see Evans a-loungin' about, a-flapping his hands, which he's always doing of it, up by the station. He were lookin' at the strange gentleman as sharp as sharp, as they drove up to the bookiu'-office; and when they came out, there he were, and coachman tells 'em all about it."

"All about *what?*" asks Mrs. Brookes, sharply.

"All about what brought master and the other gentleman to his shop; and it's his belief, as master said more than the other gentleman wanted him to say; for master let out as how a murder had something to do with the business."

"What business, Martha? Do tell me what you mean, if you want me to listen to you any longer. How could Mr. Carruthers want to know anything from Evans about a murder?"

"Lor', ma'am, it weren't about the murder; it were about the coat! Master told Evans as how there had been a murder, and the other gentleman asked Evans no end of questions—did he make such and such coats? and who did he sell 'em to? and partic'lar did he sell Witney coats? which Mr. Evans said he didn't in general, and had only sold one in two years, which the strange gentleman wanted to know what sort of gent had had it, and were he young or old. Two years is a long time to remember the sale of a coat, Martha."

"It wasn't so long since it were sold. Mr. Evans sold it six weeks ago, but it were two years made."

Mrs. Brooke's heart gave a great bound, and her old eyes grew dim; but she was a brave woman, and Martha, housemaid, was a dull one.

"Did Mr. Evans not succeed in describing the person who bought the coat, then?"

"He thinks not; but he says he should know him again immediate, if he saw him. The strange gentleman didn't seem over-pleased that his memory was so short; but lor', who's to know all about the eyeses and the noses of everybody as comes to buy a coat, or wot not?—partic'lar if you don't know as he's been a committen of a murder. If you did, why, you'd look at him closer like, *I* should say!"

"Has Mr. Downing got the paper with the murder of the foreigner in it?" asked Mrs. Brookes.

"Yes, he have; he's just been reading it all over again in the hall. And he says as how master's in a brown study, as he calls it; only it's in the dining room, and he's sure as the finding-out people has put it into his hands."

"When he has done with the paper, ask him to let me see it, Martha. Very likely this stranger's visit has nothing to do with the matter. Downing finds out things that nobody else can see."

"It looks as if he was right this time, however, there ain't nothing clearer than the person who was seen at the eating-house with the victim" (Martha "took in" the Hatchet of Horror every week, and framed her language on that delightful model) "had on a coat as Evans made; it looks as if he wasn't altogeter in the wrong, now don't it, Mrs. Brookes?"

Mrs. Brooks could not deny that it looked very like, and her brave old heart almost died within her. But she kept down her fear and horror, and dismissed Martha, telling her to bring her the paper as soon as she could. The woman returned in a few moments, laid the newspaper beside Mrs. Brookes, and then went off to enjoy a continuation of the gossip of the servants' hall. Though the servants had no inkling of the terribly strong interest, the awfully near connexion, which existed for Poynings in the matter, it was still a great privilege to be "in" so important an affair by even the slender link formed by the probable purchase of a coat at Amherst by the murderer. They discussed it over and over again, assigning to the murdered man every grade of rank short of royalty, and all the virtues possible to human nature. The women were particularly eloquent and sympathising, and Martha "quite cried," as she speculated on the great probability of there being a broken-hearted sweetheart in the case.

In the housekeeper's room, Mrs. Brookes sat poring over the terrible story, to which she had listened carelessly on the previous day, as the servants talked it vaguely over. From the first words Martha had spoken, her fears had arisen, and now they were growing every instant to the terrible certainty of conviction. What if the wretched young man, who had already been the cause of so much misery, had added this fearful crime to the long catalogue of his follies and sins?

All the household sleeps, and the silence of the night is in every room but one. There Mrs. Brookes still sits by the table with the newspaper spread before her, lost in a labyrinth of fear and anguish; and from time to time her grief finds words, such as:

"How shall I tell her? How shall I warn her? O George, George! O my boy! my boy!"

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Mr. Carruthers was an early man, and made his rounds every morning at an hour which the indoor servants, who were obliged to have breakfast ready on his return, considered heathenish, and the out-door servants declared savored of slave-driving. Mrs. Brookes knew that she should have no difficulty in procuring a private interview with her mistress on the morning following Mr. Dalrymple's visit, as an hour always elapsed between Mr. Carruther's leaving the house and his wife's ringing for her maid. The old woman looked worn and weary and very old, as she watched her master take his creaking way down the staircase, looking as he went more full of self-importance than usual, and treading more heavily, as if the weight of the Home Office communication had got into his boots.

When he had disappeared, and she had heard the click of the lock as he opened the great door and went out into the pure fresh morning air, Mrs. Brookes emerged from behind the partition door, and softly took the way to Mrs. Carruthers' bedroom. The outer door was slightly open, the heavy silken, curtain within hung closely over the aperture. The old woman pushed it gently aside, and, noiselessly crossing the room, drew the window curtain, and let in sufficient light to allow her to see that Mrs. Carruthers was still sleeping. Her face, pale, and even in repose bearing a troubled expression, was turned towards the old woman, who seated herself in an arm-chair beside the bed, and looked silently and sadly on the features, whose richest bloom and earliest sign of fading she had so faithfully watched.

"How am I to tell her?" she thought. "How am I to make her see what I see, suspect what I suspect? and yet she must know all, for the least imprudence, a moment's forgetfulness, would ruin him. How am I to tell her?"

The silver bell of a little French clock on the chimney-piece rang out the hour melodiously, but its warning struck upon the old woman's ear menacingly. There was much to do, and little time to do it in; she must not hesitate longer. So she laid her withered, blanched old hand upon the polished, ivory-white fingers of the sleeper, lying with the purposelessness of deep sleep upon the coverlet, and addressed her as she had been used to do in her girlhood, and her early desolate widowhood, when her humble friend had been well-nigh her only one.

"My dear," she said, "my dear." Mrs. Carruthers' hand twitched in her light grasp; she turned her head away with a troubled sigh, but yet did not wake. The old woman spoke again: "My dear, I have something to say to you."

Then Mrs. Carruthers awoke fully, and to an instantaneous comprehension that something was wrong. All her fears, all her suspicions of the day before, returned to her mind in one flash of apprehension, and she sat up white and breathless.

"What is it, Ellen? Has he found out? Does he know?"

"Who? What do you mean?"

"Mr. Carruthers. Does he know George was here?"

"God forbid," said the old woman, in a trembling tone.

She felt the task she had before her almost beyond her power of execution. But her mistress' question, her instinctive fear, had given her a little help.

"No," she said, "he knows nothing, and God send he may neither know nor suspect anything about our dear boy; but you must be quiet now and listen to me, for I must have said my say before Dixon comes—she must not find me here."

"Why *are* you here?" asked Mrs. Carruthers, who had sat up in bed, and was now looking at the old woman, with a face which had no more trace of color than the pillow from which it had just been raised. "Tell me, Ellen; do not keep me in suspense. Is anything wrong about George? It must concern *him*, whatever it is."

"My dear," began Mrs. Brookes—and now she held the slender fingers tightly in her withered palm—"I fear there is something very wrong with George."

"Is he—is he dead?" asked the mother, in a faint voice.

"No, no; he is well and safe, and far away from this, I hope and trust."

Mrs. Carruthers made no answer, but she gazed at her old friend with irresistible, pitiful entreaty. Mrs. Brookes answered the dumb appeal.

"Yes, my dear, I'll tell you all. I must, for his sake. Do you know what was the business that brought that strange gentleman here, he that went out with master, and dined here last night? No, you don't. 'I thought not. Thank God, you have got no hint of it from any one but me."

"Go on, go on," said Mrs. Carruthers, in a yet fainter voice.

"Do you remember, when George was here in February, you gave him money to buy a coat?"

"Yes," Mrs. Carruthers rather sighed than said.

"He bought one at Evans', and he was remarked by the old man, who would know him again if he saw him. The business on which the strange gentleman came to master, was to get him to help, as a migistrate, in finding the person who bought that coat at Evans', Amherst."

"But why? What had he done? How was the coat known?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Brookes, and now she laid one arm gently round her mistress' shoulder as she leaned against the pillows, "the wearer of that coat is suspected of having murdered a man, whose body was found by the river-side in London the other day."

"My God!" moaned the mother, and a hue as of death overspread her features."

"My dear, he didn't do it. I'm sure he didn't do it. I would stake my soul upon it; it is some dreadful mistake Keep up until I have done, for God's sake, and George's sake, keep up—remember there is no danger unless you lose courage and give them a hint of anything. Be sure we shall find he has sold the coat to some one else, and that some one has done this dreadful thing. But you must keep up—here, let me bathe your face and hands while I am talking, and then

I'll go away, and, when Dixon comes, you must just say you are not well, and don't mean to get up to breakfast, and then I shall have an excuse for coming to you. There! you are better now, I am sure. Yes, yes, don't try to speak; I'll tell you without asking," she went on, in a rapid whisper. "The strange gentleman and master saw Evans, and he told them when he sold the coat, and the sort of person he sold it to; but Gibson and Thomas say he could not have told them distinct, for they heard the strange gentleman saying to master, in the carriage, that the description was of no use. And I am certain sure that there is not the least suspicion that he has ever been in Amherst since he bought the coat."

"I don't understand," stammered Mrs. Carruthers. When —when did this happen?"

"A few days ago: it's all in the papers."

Mrs. Carruthers groaned.

"Nothing about George, but about finding the body and the coat. It is all here." The old woman took a tightly folded newspaper from her pocket. The light was too dim for her to read its contents to her mistress, who was wholly incapable of reading them herself. Mrs. Brookes, paper in hand, was going to the window, to withdraw the curtain completely, when she paused.

"No," she said; "Dixon will be here too soon. Better that you should ring for her at once, and send her for me. Can you do this, my dear? keeping yourself up by remembering that this is only some dreadful mistake, and that George never did it—no, no more than you did. Can you let me go away for a few minutes, and then come back to you? Remember, we cannot be too careful, for his sake, and if Dixon found me here at an unusual hour, the servants would know there is some secret or another between us."

"I can bear anything you tell me," was Mrs. Carruthers' answer, in a whisper.

"Well then, first lie down, and I will close the curtains and leave you. When I have had time to get to my room, ring for Dixon. Tell her you are ill. When she lets the light in she will see that for herself, and desire her to send me to you."

In another minute, the room was once more in darkness, and Mrs. Brookes went down the grand staircase, in order to avoid meeting any of the servants, crossed the hall, and gained her own apartment without being observed. A short time, but long to her impatience, had elapsed, when Mrs. Carruthers' maid knocked at the door, and having received permission to enter, came in with an important face. She delivered the message which Mrs. Brookes was expecting, and added that she had never seen her lady look so ill in all her born days.

"Looks more like a corpse, I do assure you, than like the lady as I undressed last night, and circles under her eyes, dreadful. But, if you please, Mrs. Brookes, you was to go to her immediately, and I'm to let Mrs. Carruthers know as she's to make tea this morning for master, all to their two selves, which he won't like it, I dare say."

Mrs. Brookes hurried to her unhappy mistress. She had again raised herself in the bed, and was looking eagerly towards the door, with hollow, haggard eyes, and lips ashy pale, whose trembling she in vain tried to control.

"Lock both doors, Ellen," she said, "and tell me all. Give me the paper; I can read it—I can indeed."

She took it, and read it steadily through—read it with the same horrible emotion, a thousand times intensified, which had agitated the faithful servant a few hours previously. Standing by the bedside, Mrs. Brookes gazed upon her pale, convulsed features, as she read, and ever, as she saw the increasing agony which they betrayed, she murmured in accents of earnest entreaty:

"Don't, my dear, for God's sake, don't, not for a moment, don't you believe it. He sold the coat, depend upon it. It looks very bad, very black and bad, but you may be sure there's no truth in it. He sold the coat."

She spoke to deaf ears. When Mrs. Carruthers had read the last line of the account of the inquest on the body of the unknown man, the paper dropped from her hand; she turned upon the old nurse a face which, from that moment, she never had the power to forget, and said:

"He wore it—I saw it on him on Friday," and the next moment slipped down among the pillows, and lay as insensible as a stone.

[To be continued.]

OBITUARY.—FRANK WOOD, an old and well known citizen of the firm of Hodge & Wood, stationers, died on Sunday last in this city. Deceased had numerous closely attached friends, and was characterized by a singularly generous and unselfish disposition. A more kindly man, or one more humane and thoroughly amiable, more ready to offer a helping hand to any in need of it, it would be hard to find. The deceased was buried from the Geary street Unitarian Church toward the erection of which he had liberally contributed. The affecting funeral discourse of the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, will not be soon forgotten by the friends of the deceased.

NO MORE appropriate gift for the Holiday present can be found than a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. These Machines have lately been greatly improved, and are now considered the very best for Family use.

THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

FOR GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY GRANDFATHER TWAIN.

THE STORY OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY THAT BORE A CHARMED LIFE.

["Mark Twain," our California humorist, having left us, we are beseiged with requests to republish many of his inimitable sketches written for THE CALIFORNIAN. "The Christmas Fireside" being a seasonable story, we comply with the request of many subscribers in this instance.]

ONCE there was a bad little boy, whose name was Jim—though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either—a sick mother who was pious and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold toward him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say, "Now, I lay me down," etc., and sing them to sleep with sweet plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother—no consumption, or anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account; she said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss; she always spanked Jim to sleep, and she never kissed him good-night; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once, this little bad boy stole the key of the pantry and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books, but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out he denied knowing anything about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious—everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks and repent and become good. Oh, no—he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right, and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange—nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats and bell-crowned hats and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and when he was afraid it would be found out and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with Sunday-school. And when the knife dropped from the cap and poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst and strike an attitude and say, "Spare this noble boy—there stands the cowering culprit! I was passing the school door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed!" And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No, it would have happened that way in the books, but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got threshed, and Jim was glad of it. Because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest things that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look, and look, and look through the Sunday-school books, from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh, no—you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned, and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms, when they are fishing on Sunday, infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life—that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua fortis. He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No—she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no—he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality, and now he is the infernalist wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the Legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life. MARK TWAIN.

A BLAST AGAINST MR. PEABODY.

THE Springfield *Republican*, is not disposed to allow Mr. George Peabody, quite as much credit for his liberal gifts to American libraries and Colleges, as has been generally awarded him. It says;

"A good fair honest business heart is his, doubtless, and that must have moved him to make amends in this way for the injustice he has done his native country and the thrift that has followed his speculations upon her misfortunes. For all who know anything on the subject know very well that he and his partners in London gave us no faith and no help in our struggle for national existence. They participated to the full in the common English distrust of our cause, and our success, and talked and acted for the South, rather than for the Nation.

American-born and American-bred, the financial representatives of Americans in England, they were thus guilty of a grievous error in judgment and a grievous weakness of heart. They swelled the popular feeling of doubt abroad, and speculated upon it. Through no house were so many American securities—railroad, state and national—sent home for sale as by them. No individuals contributed so much to flooding our money markets with the evideaces of our debt, held in Europe, and breaking down their prices and weakening financial confidence in our nationality as George Peabody & Company; and none made more money by the operation.

"All the money and more, we presume, that Mr. Peabody is giving away so lavishly among our institutions of learning, was gained by speculations of his house in our misfortunes. He and his associates have now seen how mistakenly they judged their country and their country-men; and we honor Mr. Peabody that now his sense of justice moves him to such silent confession and substantial reparation. It is more to his credit that he should be thus moved than that his gifts to us were born of a simple, lavish, wanton generosity. It is harder, and so it is nobler, for human nature to be just than to be generous. And as a tribute justice, Mr. Peabody's donations to science in America, to the improvement and education of the people, exhibit him in the best possible light.

"We observe a suggestion that some of his gifts should be directed towards the soldiers and sailors of the war, that thus his justice to himself and to us may be more pertinent and practical. But we do not respond to this idea. The war leaves fewer objects of charity than was expected; and they and we would rather these should be cared for out of the pockets of their fellows in the experience. Mr. Peabody does quite well to direct his large donations to the enlargement of our national character, against which his true offense was, through a deepening and widening of the means of knowledge. For thus our people best grow great, and fortify themselves against renewed misfortunes and his successors against renewed mistakes of the kind that are past."

AMUSEMENTS.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The rains have evidently affected the atteudance at this, our most popular theatre, during the week. What if Manager Maguire did produce the amusing and richly-costumed burlesque of *Lalla Rookh*, full of mirth and music, with eutire new and beautiful scenery by the Tornings? People, ladies in particular, could not be expected to brave the fierce winds and pelting rains to come and see it, however strong their inclination might be to do so. *Lalla Rookh* was unfortunate in being born under a cloud. We hope for clear skies next week, for, aside from the inconvenience of wet weather, every branch of business—even to that of the proverbial farmer to whom the rain is always "doing good"—must have suffered by the slightly curtailed edition of the original Forty Day's flood that we have had this week.

This afternoon and evening will be presented an original dramatic version of one of Miss Braddon's novels—*The Captain of the Vulture*, by an *attache* of one of our daily papers. The story is dramatic and full of action, and will be placed on the Opera House stage with effective accessories of costumes, properties, and scenery. Lady Don will personate "Sir Norvell Mortimer;" Mrs. Jackson "Millicent Duke;" Mrs. Judah "Sarah Clapper;" Mr. Edwards "George Duke," Captain of the *Vulture;* P. Thayer "Darrell Markham;" Harry Jackson "Samuel Clapper;" and other characters by the company.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—It may be very true that there is nothing new under the sun, but at the same time the wonders of the East are new to the inhabitants of the West. No one who has witnessed the performances of the troupe of Japanese gymnasts at present at the Academy of Music can fail to confess that many of their feats are of a character undreamed of in their wildest flights of fancy. San Francisco is highly privileged in being the first city outside the Empire of Japan to witness this startlingly novel exhibition. The ensuing week is the last during which an opportunity will be afforded our citizens to see these artists. They will proceed hence to Paris to amaze the representatives of the nations of the world who will assemble at the Great Exposition. When we in San Francisco read the comments of the European press on these—to them—new and strange performauces, we can say, "Yes, yes, very wonderful, but nothing new to us; *we* saw it all many months ago." Those, however, who have not yet paid a visit to Maguire's Academy of Music during the engagement of these Japanese artists, must do so during the coming week, rain or shine.

THE Second Concert of M. and Mme. Joseph Heine was given at Platt's Hall last Monday evening, to an audience by no means so large as the artists deserved, but of the sort that we like to see on such occasions—quietly uppreciative during the performance of each piece, and reserving their applause until it is completely finished. We have never seen in San Francisco an audience so happily free from those musical pests whose natural coarseness of organization leads them to rustle their programme, stamp their feet, drop their canes, talk to their neighbors, applaud in the wrong places, and in an endless variety of ways make themselves intolerable, thinking all the while that they are *enjoying* the music which they spoil for everybody else. That such a performance as the Heines could find so intelligent a circle of hearers, is certainly an encouraging sign of our musical progress; and we only regret that the circle is not yet large enough to secure to the artists their just pecuniary reward. The programme comprised Tartiui's *Trille du Diable*, Vieuxtemps' Fantasie on airs from *I Lombardi*, a difficult solo for one string, by Paganini; and a duet on themes from *Le Prophete*, in all of which the surprising skill of M. Heine with the violin, and the almost equally remarkable talent and grace of Mme. Heine as a pianist and accompanist, were fully displayed; Mme. Heine also appeared to great advantage in Mendelssohn's grand Rondo in B minor, and in a brilliant arrangement of *Le tre Mozze* Polka, by Oury. The Misses Howson and Messrs. Herberte and Wunderlich, accompanied by Prof. Geo. T. Evans at the piano, sang several solos and duets, which were received with marked favor by the audience; and Miss Short, a lady amateur, made her "first appearance" in two English songs, not rendered with such success as to justify her in making another atttempt before a critical public.

MANY persons have suggested that a sacred concert given by M. and Mme. Heine, assisted by the musical talent in our midst on some Sunday evening, would meet with general favor. During the present holy days of the Church we should judge that such an entertainment would prove very acceptable.

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY.—While the ministers of various religions are exhorting people on Sunday evening to regard the welfare of their immortal souls, Dr. Jordan, at the Anatomical Museum, Montgomery street, by his Sunday evening lectures on Physiology, gives them important lessons on taking care of their poor perishable bodies. So both ends are accomplished: *Idoneum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—These beautiful gardens being formed on a sandy soil afford a most pleasant retreat from the mud of the city. A few hours of sunshine render the walks comfortably dry and the rain has caused the grass and rare shrubs to assume a delightful verdure. The fine collection of animals form a great attraction.

LITERARY FESTIVAL.—The second anniversary of the Addisonian Literary Society was celebrated last evening at Congress Hall. The attendance was large, and the exercises, consisting of vocal music, declamations, and debates, were pleasant, able, and entertaining.

MRS. LAURA CUPPY lectures as usual at Maguire's Opera House on Sunday evening, commencing at 8 o'clock. Subject: "True and False Spiritualism." Questions relative to the subject solicited at close of the lecture.

CALIFORNIA TYPE FOUNDRY.—Messrs. Wm. Faulkner & Son, proprietors of the extensive printing-press and type warehouse of this city, after months of preparation, inaugurated their Pioneer Type Foundry last week. They are now ready to furnish a superior quality of type, cast to order, at lower rates than it can be imported for. Every description of stereotyping and electrotyping will also be done at their foundry. This enterprise is one that newspaper publishers and job printers have long felt the need of.

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No II.

"MEDICINE CHESTS always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; Intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

CHARACTERISTICS of medicnl men of to-day, by Dr. Trall: "The minds—professional minds—of medical men of this day are as mystified and twistified, as superstitious and fauntical, as irratioual and absurd, so far as medical *logic* is concerned, as were the minds of medical men in thut by-gone age, when charms, magic, incantations, and necromancy, were among the remedial resources. And so their minds will remain until they have some fixed basis, some settled principles to reason from." These things being trne, who would he an Allopath?

DR. DICKSON: "The ancients endeavored to elevate physic to the dignity of a science, but *failed;* the moderns, with more success, have endeavored to reduce it to the level of a trade."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH was not the only man who left the profession of physic in disgust; Crabbe, Davy, Lord Longdale, and hundreds of other learned men, have done the same.

CURES guarnnteed to the sick, in almost all cases, even after the medicine dcctors have poisoned them with drugs to the last point of safety in not taking life, by DR. BOURNE, No. 10 Mnsonic Temple, Post street, who can make the guarantee, because he neither employs medicines uor the cajolery of mesmerism, but proceeds upon the basis of square, solid, natural common sense and science.

THE eminent author and physician, Dr. Dewees, retired from practice many years before his decease, and about the year 1840, expressed his increasing want of confidence in medical practice in conversations with DR. BOURNE. A very respectable physician in 1839 would not make use of a pail full of cold water in fever until the patient and friends solemnly pledged themselves to hold him blameless in case of *unfortunate results!*

IN San Francisco, in 1853, a physician, in a case of small-pox, would not permit his patient the use of cold water as a beverage even, though fiercely raving for it, until the poor fellow had passed the latitudo of hope, when he said "Let him have all the cold water he wishes, he is bound to die anyhow." A gallon of iced water was given him, which he drank in an incredibly short time; reason returned; he begged for the Water Cure doctor; but the Allopath had too good a hold, and declared, "I'll never give him up while the breath of life is in him." A few more days of raving and death sealed another stalwart and noble looking (New Englander) victim to the insatiate stupidity and criminal ignorance of medical practice; and it is not at all improbable but the same thing would be repeated to-day with bleeding, blistering, plastering, etc.

RHEUMATISM.—Thousands of persons who have saturated themselves with quack nostrums, run the gauntlet of the "regulars," made themselves as slimy as the crawling reptile of a Louisiana bayou in taking "mud baths," or drank the water which resembleth "decayed hen fruit," and all to no purpose, have then taken a few of "Dr. Bourne's Baths" and been speedily and permanently cured. They cure where all else fails. Cures guarantced for a stipulated price; and that does not mean patchwork, but cures. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Also, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc.

GREAT REDUCTION IN LADIES' DRESS AND DRY GOODS.—The telegraph has informed us of the recent fall of prices in dress and dry goods in the New York market; and we are authorized to announce that the retail house of MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO., of this city, in consequence of the dry goods tumble at the East, will open the coming week with a great reduction in the prices of their immense stock of goods; which will be marked down to lower rates than dry goods have ever been sold for for years back, as an especial bid for the great Holiday trade, and as the most effective means of reducing their large stock on hand.

The goods reduced in prices consist of ladies' dress goods—silks, empress cloths of every variety, poplins, etc., which have been reduced to the following figures:

5,000 yards Super French Empress Cloth, in plain and striped, at 50 cents—worth $1

6,000 yards Plain All-wool Poplins, at 75 cents—worth $1 25.

10,000 yards Fine All-wool Empress Cloth, all colors, at $1—worth $1 50.

WE visited the store of J. W. Tucker & Co., yesterday, and must say that it is one of the most beautiful sights in the city; stocked as it is with its wealth of bright gems and Jewellry, Diamonds, Pearls, Amethysts, Topaz, Emeralds, Ruhys, Sapphires, Corals, Watches, Silver ware, etc. For purchasing valnable Holiday Gifts—gems of the earth and sea that fade not nor depreciate in value—there is no place like Tucker's. *

WOOD AND COAL.—Shea & Co., 513 Bush street, keep none but the best of dry, seasoned wood, and the best of coal, for their customers. They invite a trial. Orders delivered to any part of the city. *

ADDRESS
TO THE PROPERTY-OWNERS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—The Managers of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY would submit a few suggestions for your consideration:

For some years past the property-owners of San Francisco were completely at the mercy of a well-organized monopoly of Insurance Agents, who formed themselves into a "Board of Underwriters," fixed a high tariff of Insurance Premiums, which was framed to tax the people, and which DID tax them to the tune of about a Million Dollars a year!—that is, a Million Dollars a year MORE THAN WAS NECESSARY to insure property against loss by fire, for there is not a city in the world where can he found a more prompt and efficient system for extinguishing fires than in San Francisco.

Well, it struck a few of us that this heavy tax might be considerably abated, and as we have aided hundreds of persons in the city to erect new houses, we called some of them together and formed from the working mechanics an Insurance Company of our own, viz: THE BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.

Behold, the old "Underwriters" waxed wrathy and refused to recognize us—actually and insolently refusing to underwrite with us; in other words, refused to insure any person who insured any part of his property with us. It is the custom of most people to insure their property in two or three offices. Every man has as perfect a right to insure his house wherever he pleases, as he has to purchase a cigar wherever he pleases. But the sapient "Board of Underwriters" denied the right, and denounced all who insured with the "Builders' Insurance Company"—setting their agents, like a pack of steamboat runners, to talk down the reputation and solvency of the men who form the "Builders' Insurance Company."

Well, the "Builders' Insurance Company" worked upon their own judgment and responsibility; they have fixed their own rates, according to building, and not according to a fixed scale for all, as the others did. This, of course, was a vulgar and a low innovation—and so the "Board of Underwriters" denounced us—actually alleging we were "ignorant" of our business, and "rotten" and "solvent," and all that.

Now mark! A few short months' operation of our "Needle Guns" brought them down! THE MONOPOLY IS BROKEN! "The Board of Underwriters" have burst into a dozen fragments.

Those monopolists, fellow-citizens, might have been forgiven for drawing a million dollars a year from you more than was necessary, had they been generous or charitable, or even useful in the application of a portion of that immense tax. But tell us, if you know, what charity they have aided, what struggling manufacturer have they assisted? What new branch of industry have they organized and cherished? What enterprise have they instituted? What premiums have they ever offered for the development of a new branch of industry—the silk, cotton, vine or hop culture, for instance?

Half of the Insurance Companies are owned by men and women who live far away from California, who live sumptuously in New York, New England, and in Old England. The absentee Insurance Companies draw off half a million a year, which goes to the aid of New England or Liverpool merchants, to whom it is lent at long dates for six per cent. per annum, while the California manufacturers, struggling to keep their heads over water, have to pay eighteen per cent. per annum for money, when they can get the money. And what have the local Insurance Companies done, with their enormous surpluses, in aiding the development of any industry in California that would give permanent employment to the people? Remember that grand buildings give but short lived employment to labor. They are not reproductive of beneficial industry; and when the city is built up grandly, if there be not a busy back country to support it, it will go back again.

These Companies must open a new leaf with the people. They must lower their rates; they must assist the public charites; they must assist the struggling manufacturers by long loans on their machinery; they must give premiums for the cultivation of the Hop, the Mulberry the Vine, the Cotton tree, the Rice field and the Sugar cane. They They must aid joint stock companies which may be formed in the State for the manufacture of various articles for which this part of the Union is so well suited.

It may be said that all this is foreign to the objects of an Insurance Company, which is formed they will tell you, with a view to make large Dividends for its stockholders, under the nominal pretense of assuring the unfortunate against losses by fire.

"This is the "red tape" language of the eaved-in "Board of Underwriters," but is not the language of the undersigned. on behalf of himself and associates in the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.

THOMAS MOONEY, President,
405 California street, near Sansome, December 17th, 1866.

SANTA CLAUS' VISITS.—Among the hundreds of thousands of visits of this ancient individual, will he that to the Masonic Temple, No. 1 Montgomery street, where he has been leaving orders for Boys' Clothing to be presented by him to them on Christmas morning. Santa Claus visits this above place regularly every Christmas morning, and others would do well to follow his example. S. Figel manufactures to order, and has ready for sale the largest supply of Youths' and Boys' Clothing to be had in any other establishment in the same line of business in the city. His terms are moderate and the goods of the best quality. Call and leave your orders early, for Santa Claus has a great many orders to fill. *

HOLIDAY PREPARATIONS.—STEVENS, of the late firm of STEVENS & OLIVER, is making grand preparations for the Holidays, and informs his patrons and the public that he is now prepared to furnish Parties and Weddings with everything required in his line. And to supply the increasing demand in the *cuisine* department, has associated with him Mr. McDonald, the celebrated caterer for the public; formally at the corner of Clay and Leidsdorff streets, whose well known reputation for the serving up of the choicest oysters, clams, and seasonable delicacies, is a most enviable one. This, with the late improvements that MR. STEVENS has made in his establishment, must serve to make it for San Francisco what Taylor's is to New York—the most popular place of its kind. *

NEW TOYS.—Feldbush, 207 Montgomery street, received by last steamer an immense assortment of toys. He has on hand the largest stock of toys in San Francisco, which he offers at retail at his Montgomery-street store, No. 207. FELDBUSH offers superior facilities for selecting the newest toys. *

[For the Californian.]

TO MY DAUGHTER JOSEPHINE.

O PART of my being, so loving and free ;
In joy or in sorrow, my dreams are of thee!
In each kindred feature, in each striking line,
I see my own image traced nicely in thine.

When lonely and weary I think of the past,
And glance at the future with shadows o'ercast,
O quick as the moments that rapidly flee,
Revert my sad musings, sweet daughter, to thee!

Through all trying changes be happy as now,
With no clouds of sorrow o'erhanging thy brow ;
What rude hand so daring as seek to displace,
The bright sunny gladness that beams on thy face!

Be peaceful thy slumbers, unshadowed thy way,
And time spare thy beauty from speedy decay,
And O my fair daughter so gentle and kind,
May life's heavy burden rest light on thy mind.

Where e'er thou mayst wander my hope and my pride,
May faith be thy comfort and virtue thy guide;
Thy heart warm and tender by care never wrung,
Unwounded by envy, by malice unstung.

Shun snares in life's pathway that shine to allure
A peace that is holy, a heart that is pure ;
And when in thy chamber thou bendest the knee
Remember thy father who fondly loves thee?

San Francisco, December, 1866. JAMES LINEN.

A VISIT TO BAGDAD.

THERE is a great sameness in the appearance presented by the banks of the Tigris. The country around is flat, with few ancient remains visible to attest its former greatness. Turning a bend of the river, we sight the tall minarets and domes of the great capital itself. Bagdad, the "City of the Caliphs," is before us. Like Moslem pilgrims when they first descry in the hazy distance the glittering pinnacles of the sacred Kaaba in holy Mecca, we gaze with eager eyes on the object of so much longing curiosity.

Situated in the very midst of a desert, the great city rises out of the plain as if by enchantment. The appearance of Bagdad from a distance is striking in the extreme, and the sight of the palm-trees mingled with the buildings, and relieving the eye with their bright and beautiful foliage, is pleasing beyond anything, after the tiresome sameness of the desert, only broken, as it is, by clumps of brush-wood.

The steamer was soon anchored abreast of the town, which stretches on both sides of the Tigris, and which is here about seven hundred and fifty feet in width. The chief means of communication is by ferry-boats, but there is also a bridge of boats higher up the stream than where we lay. The captain and I landed at once.

Bagdad is surrounded by a wall about eight miles in circumference, and strong enough to keep out Persians and Bedouins, though useless against artillery. Some cannon of ancient manufacture are mounted in flanking towers, and the garrison is numerically strong enough to hold the place; but discipline is very lax in the ranks, and the soldiers are always embroiling themselves in street rows with the inhabitants. There are three very handsome gates, but they are sadly out of repair. Among the chief objects of note are the numerous "khans" or "caravanserais" in the city, but they are not so handsome or so spacious as those in Persia. As these "khans" are very characteristic of the modes of life of Oriental races, and are not to be found in India, I will give a general description of them.

Caravanserais are edifices admirably adapted for the purpose of sheltering both man and beast. There is only a single entrance, generally a handsome Saracenic gateway, and this leads into the interior space, which is quadrangular, and open to the sky. Round this there is a piazza, and numerous double rooms with arched fronts, each pair consisting of an inner and outer apartment, as well as vaulted stables in the rear. A fountain occupies the centre of the quadrangle, and around it, or in the broad colonnade, the merchants pile their wares in separate heaps. The scene is animated. Groups of men from distant climes are sipping their coffee, smoking their long pipes, or perhaps improving the opportunity by driving a hard bargain, which your Oriental knows so well how to do.

Khans are usually built two stories high, and are strongly constructed of stone; the staircases are at the angles of the wall, and lead to the roof of the building, which is flat. Here the travelers make their beds in the warm weather. There is not much making required, for as it consists of a mat, a sheet, and, if you are of luxurious habits, a pillow. In the morning every sleeper takes up his bed and walks down the stone staircase and out of the hospitable building, after first saying his prayers with his face towards Mecca, performing his morning ablutions, and paying a trifling gratuity to the "Khanji," or keeper of the khan, who makes his income chiefly by supplying fodder for the cattle sheltered in the edifice.

The mosques, of one of which we saw the interior, are very plain as to internal decations. There is a paved court outside, and from it a flight of steps leads to the entrance of the sacred building, which is usually about sixty feet high, and square or octagonal in form; within the court is a fountain. A curtain hangs before the doorway, and on moving this you at once find yourself in a spacious room, the floor of which is carpeted, or else, during the hot weather, covered with matting. On the walls are inscribed a few sentences from the Koran. On the side nearest Mecca is a small hollow recess, and here the orisons of the faithful are offered up. Some of the mosques have four minarets or towers, one at each angle, from whence the faithful are called to prayer. The muezzins mount to the summit of these minarets by means of a spiral staircase within the tower, and it is marvellous how far their voices can be heard in the delightful calm evenings, and amid the busy hum of the city.

We visited the principal bazaar about sunset, and found it crowded with people of different nationalities: Persians, Koords, Turks—moving gravely about in their handsome dresses—also Jews and Arabs. There were numberless coffee-houses intermingled with shops, all of which were filled with rows of guests, sitting cross-legged and smoking in dignified silence. The streets are dull and dirty, some not more than ten feet in width; and the houses on either side present only a blank wall to passers-by, with here and there a small latticed window.

The crowds of half-starved dogs, which roam about the thoroughfares and act the part of scavengers, would astonish a European. They have no masters, and occasionally snap at your legs in a vicious sort of way, eminently suggestive of hydrophobia.

The Pasha's palace is rather a dingy-looking building, with a number of soldiers loitering about it, while the barracks are dirty in the extreme. Outside the walls, extending over a tract of land that must have been formerly occupied by streets of the city, is a burying-ground. We rode out to visit it. Here in the midst, is the tomb of Zobeide, the good queen of Haroun-al-Raschid; it is in a fair state of preservation, notwithstanding the fact that it was erected more than a thousand years ago, and that the city has been sacked and burnt a score of times since.

This part of Bagdad, which is situated on the eastern bank of the Tigris, and which owes its existence to the great Caliph, is by far the larger and more important portion of the city containing the Pasha's palace, and the chief mosque, as well as the great bazaar. Crossing to the western side of the river, one day, in company with the Resident, who kindly consented to be our cicerone, we found ourselves, after a short ride on horseback, among the ruins of ancient Bagdad. A few miles beyond is a singular mound, called by the Arabs "Tell Nimrood," or the Hill of Nimrod, or more usually known as Akrarkouff. It is an enormous mass of bricks, 130 feet high, and at least 300 feet in circumference at the base, and supposed to be solid. Here this singular pile has stood for centuries, as Edmund Burke finely says, "covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages," and, in all human probability, here it will rear its shapeless form, all worn and furrowed though it be by the storms of ages, till the world is thousands of years older. There is no record of the date of its construction, though, as its name implies, the legend is that the "mighty hunter" himself was the architect.

On our way back to dinner, as we sauntered through the streets, we watched with amusement, the bargaining between a shopkeeper and his customer, who was seated beside him on a small piece of matting inside the shop, and who, with evident satisfaction to himself, was going through the preliminary operation of smoking a pipe and drinking a cup of coffee with the individual who proposed to fleece him. However, in this instance, it was a case of "diamond cut diamond;" the customer was no "young man from the country," but coolly offered less than one-half of the price demanded for the article in question. The tradesman laughed satirically at him, and asked, in a bitter tone of sarcasm, whether he thought he (the shopkeeper) had stolen it? After a little more haggling, the inflexible customer coolly walked out of the shop. He was suffered to depart but a short distance, for the wily tradesman followed him, flourishing in his hand the handsome dyed mat, the cause of all this hard swearing. "Mashallah," he exclaimed, "you shall have it." And the dollars forthwith changed owners.

The shops are all open to the street, and are only raised a couple of feet above the pavement; hence, passing friends can converse with the inmates from the outside. The women seldom appear in the streets, except when going to pay a visit to female friends, and are always shrouded from head to foot. Naught but their eyes can be seen peering through the thin veil of white muslin or horsehair. Every house is provided with baths, which, among the higher classes, are generally constructed of marble. The Armenians form the most wealthy portion of the community, and dress very handsomely. The complexion of their women is fair, and in early womanhood they are extremely pretty, but soon grow fat, and, owing to the early marriages they contract and the sedentary lives they lead, lose their good looks and the freshness of youth when still young. The Turks, who form an important section of the upper classes, also dress handsomely. They wear monstrous turbans of muslin of every variety of color. The outer garment is ample and flowing, generally of purple or scarlet silk, and confined at the waist by a costly Cashmere shawl. Over this is thrown a loose cloak of cloth, called a "chogah," which is not suffered to conceal the hilt of a dagger ornamented with jewels. Their lower garments are loose breeches, or "pajamas," also composed of parti-colored silk. The costume is completed by shoes of bright yellow leather, with pointed toes. The Prussians dress more plainly, and their sombre appearance and restless manner afford, in a crowd, a striking contrast to the lordly and dignified Turk.

LAYING ON OF HANDS IN 1771.

A SOI-DISANT Doctor has been for some time past astonishing the weak-minded ones of San Francisco by treating all kinds of diseases simply by "laying on of hands." Marvelous cures are claimed to have been performed by the exercise of the wonderful power which he is firmly believed, by many, to possess. Some of his adherents look upon the appearance of this individual in our midst as a special blessing, and are horrified at the impiety of those who are bold enough to doubt the reality of his cures. Nearly a hundred years ago there was a painter in London of the name of Philip James de Loutherbourg, who turned his attention to curing diseases by "laying on of hands," and who was devoutly believed in by many as the possessor of miraculous powers.

Concerning this artist, who, a native of Strasbourg, had come to England in the year 1771, had been employed by Garrick to paint scenes for Drury Lane Theatre, and in 1781 had obtained the full honors of the Royal Academy—a curious fanatical pamphlet, by one Mary Pratt, of Portland street, Marylebone, was published in 1789. It was entitled, "A list of cures performed by Mr. and Mrs. de Loutherbourg, of Hammersmith Terrace, without Medicine. By a Lover of the Lamb of God," and was dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury in very high-flown terms. Mr. De Loutherbourg was described as "a gentleman of superior abilities, well-known in the scientific and polite assemblies for his brilliancy of talents as a philosopher and painter," who, with his wife, had been made proper recipients of the "divine manudnctions," and gifted with power "to diffuse healing to the afflicted; whether deaf, dumb, lame, halt, or blind." The Archbishop was therefore entreated to compose a form of prayer to be used in all churches and chapels, that nothing might prevent the inestimable power of the De Loutherbourgs from having its free course, and to order public thanksgiving to be offered up for the same. In her preface, Mrs. Pratt stated that her pamphlet had been published without the consent of Mr. De Loutherbourg, and that he had reprimanded her on account of it, and enjoined her positively to suppress it; but that on mature reflection she had considered it more advisable to offend an individual rather than permit thousands of her fellow-creatures to remain strangers to the precious gifts of the painter. "I judged by my own private feelings," she writes, "that had I any relative either deaf, dumb, blind, or lame, how thankful I should be to find a cure (*more especially gratis*); therefore I suffered the pamphlet to be sold, in hopes that by circulating these most solemn truths, many poor afflicted people might come and be healed."

The cures enumerated in Mrs. Pratt's list would be marvelous enough if the slightest credit could be attached to the lady's wild statements. In truth, De Loutherbourg had been caught by the strange empirical mania prevalent throughout Europe towards the close of the eighteenth century. He became a physician, a visionary, a prophet, and—a charlatan. The close friend of the arch-im postor Cagliostro, and the disciple of Dr. Mesmer, he took to the practice of animal magnetism, professing to cure all diseases, and avowing himself possessed of powers of vaticination and second sight. His treatment of the patients who flocked to him was undoubtedly founded on the practice of Mesmer, though Horace Walpole appears to draw a distinction between the curative methods of the two doctors, when he writes to the Countess of Ossory in July, 1789: "Loutherbourg, the painter, is turned an inspired physician, and has three thousand patients. His sovereign panacea is barley water. I believe it as efficacious as mesmerism. Baron Swedenborg's disciples multiply also. I am glad of it. The more religions and the more follies the better; they inveigle proselytes from one another." In a subsequent letter he writes, in reference to a new religion advocated by Taylor, the Platonist: "He will have no success. Not because nonsense is not suited to making proselytes—witness the Methodists, Moravians, Baron Swedenborg, and Loutherbourg the painter—but it should not be learned nonsense, which only the literate think they understand after long study. Absurdity announced only to the ear and easily retained by the memory has other guess operation. Not that I have any objection to Mr. Taylor for making proselytes; the more religions the better. If we had but two in the island they would cut one another's throats for power. When there is plenty of beliefs the professors only gain customers here and there from rival shops, and make more controversies than converts." This letter was also written to the Countess of

Ossory. It was hardly in so free a vein on such a subject that the writer would have ventured to address Miss Hannah More; with whom Mr. Walpole was fond of corresponding about this period.

In Mrs. Pratt's List we read of a lad named Thomas Robinson, suffering from the King's Evil, and dismissed from St. Bartholomew's Hospital as incurable, brought before Mr. De Loutherbourg, who "admiuistered to him yesterday in the public healing-room, amidst a large concourse, among whom were some of the first families of distinction in the kingdom," and wholly cured the sufferer. The two daughters born deaf and dumb of Mrs. Hook, Stable Yard, St. James', waited upon Mrs. De Loutherbourg, "who looked upon them with an eye of benignity and healed them." "I heard them both speak," avers Mrs. Pratt, by way of settling the matter. Among other cures we find "a man with a withered arm which was useless, cured in a few minutes by Mr. De Loutherbourg in the public healing-room at Hammersmith;" "Mr. Williams, of Cranbourne Street, ill of a fever, had kept his bed ten weeks, was cured instantly;" "a green-grocer in Weymouth Street, Marylebone, next door to the Weavers' Arms, cured of lameness in both legs—went with crutches—is perfectly well;" "a Miss W—, a public vocal performer, cured,—but had not goodness of heart enough to own the cure publicly;" "a child cured of blindness, at Mr. Marsden's, cheese-monger, in the borough." Other cases are set forth; but the reader will probably consider that specimens enough have been culled from Mrs. Pratt's pamphlet.

That the proceedings of the De Loutherbourgs attracted extraordinary attention is very certain. Crowds surrounded the painter's house at Hammersmith, so that it was with difficulty he could go in or out. Particular days were set apart and advertised in the newspapers as "healing days," and a portion of the house was given up as a "healing-room." Patients were admitted to the presence of the artist-physician by tickets only, and to obtain possession of these, it is said that three thousand people were to be seen waiting at one time. Mrs. Pratt recounts "with horror and detestation" the wickedness of certain speculators in the crowd, who, having procured tickets gratis, unscrupulously sold them, at a profit ranging from two to five guineas, to buyers who were tired of waiting. De Loutherbourg complained bitterly that out of the thousands he professed to have cured, but few returned to thank him for the great benefits he had conferred upon them. He preferred to believe in the ingratitude of his patients rather than adopt the more obvious and reasonable course of questioning the perfect virtue of his curative powers. Mrs. Pratt in concluding her pamphlet entreats the magistracy or governors of the police to wait on Mr. De Loutherboug and consult with him as to a proper mode of promoting his labours, and suggests that a "Bethesda" should be forthwith built for the reception of the sick, and that officers should be appointed to preserve decorum, and to facilitate the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. De Loutherbourg "without so much crowding." Finally she exhorts the world at large to contribute generously to the promotion of these beneficial objects.

But even at the date of Mrs. Pratt's pamphlet the tide was turning—had turned. The nine day's wonder was over. The mania was dying of exhaustion. Incidentally, the lady relater that "having suffered all the indignities and contumely that man could suffer," the inspired physician had for a time retired from practice into the country. "I have heard," she continues, "people curse him and threaten his life, instead of returning him thanks." In truth, as the public credulity waned, the doctors' cures failed. His labors were of no avail; his prophecies were falsified. His patients rose against him; the duped grew desperate; the mob became exceeding wrath. The house in Hammersmith Terrace was attacked; stones were thrown, and windows smashed. Not much further mischief was done, however. De Loutherbourg and his wife prudently withdrew from public observation; quitted the kingdom. They were next heard of in company with their friend Count Cagliostro in Switzerland: Madame Cagliostro having accompanied them in their journey from England. But Count Cagliostro's career of jugglery and fraud was nearly over. On the night of the 27th December, 1789, he was arrested in Rome, and shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo, whence he never emerged again alive.

In the curious and scarce "Life and Adventures of Joseph Balsamo, commonly called Count Cagliostro," translated from the Italian, and published in London in 1791, copies are given of certain strange papers found in his possession, concerning which he was examined by the Inquisition during his imprisonment. In one of these documents there is unquestionable reference to De Loutherbourg, though the painter's name is not given at length, and appears surrounded by the jargon of Cagliastro's so-called system of Egyptian Free-masonry, of which it is not possible to render any satisfactory interpretation. We extract from the paper the following:

On the twentieth day of the eighth month—

The Grand Master being employed in his operations, after the usual ceremonies, the Pupil, before seeing the Angel, said: "I find myself in a dark room.

"I see a golden sword suspended over my head.

"I perceive Louth—g arrive.

"He opens his breast and shows a wound in his heart; he holds out a poinard to me."

Grand Master.—"Is he employed in the service of the Grand Cophete?"

Pupil.—"Yes."

G. M.—"What else do you see?"

P.—"I see a star.

"I see two.

"I see seven."

G. M.—"Proceed."

P.—"Louth—g has retired—the scene changes—I see seven angels," etc., etc.

Cagliostro was ordered by the Inquisition to explain the meaning of this paper. He professed the profoundest ignorance as to its purport. There will probably be no great harm in concluding, therefore, that it did not possess meaning of any kind. But the reader is left to form his own opinion on the subject.

Soon De Loutherbourg was found to be again in England. But he practiced no more as an inspired physician; he now followed sedulously his legitimate profession. His eccentricities and escapades were overlooked; it seems to have been agreed that he had been more fool than knave—that he had imposed upon himself quite as much as upon other people. He was permitted to resume his old place in society, and soon painted himself into public favor again. He died on the 11th March, 1812, at his house in Hammersmith Terrace, and was buried in Chiswick Church-yard, near the grave of William Hogarth.

LITTLE RIE—A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

RIE was a poor outcast who had been sheltered by an old woman, kind, yet stern, and Rie who never had been taught anything, did not always speak the truth. The very first day little Rie went with her new mistress she got into trouble. She was told to hold out her pianofore while the mistress counted apples into it for a pudding; the pianofore was not half full when the mistress was called away, and then little Rie, left alone, looking at all the bright, rosy apples, laying in rows on the low shelf, found the temptation too great for her, and bit one of them, which she hastily returned to its place. When the mistress came back and found the little culprit, with cheeks suffused with crimson, and head hanging down, she easily discovered what had happened, and then in spite of her promises that she would be good, she was summarily punished and put to bed.

"She is but a child," said Sally.

"She is a naughty child," said the mistress, "and it is just she should be punished."

"Yes, ma'am," Sally ventured to say, "only somehow if you're angry when you do it, won't she think you don't love her!"

"Dear me, Sally, how foolish you are. I don't want her to think I love her when she is naughty, but only when she is good."

"Oh, don't you, ma'am?" replied Sally, doubtfully. Well, ma'am, no doubt but you know best?"

"It must be just," continued the mistress; "she shall be indulged when she's good, but I shall never overlook it when she is naughty."

The mistress was as good as her word; and as little Rie was often naughty in her childish way, it followed that she was often punished, till once seeing her dear Sally crying after the mistress had been more than usually angry, she climbed up her knee and made many protestations that she never would be naughty any more, and make Sally cry.

Poor little Rie, she had her troubles; but she loved Sally dearly; and perhaps, child as she was, she had sometimes, when the rain was pouring down, and the wind howling outside, a dim perception that she had saved from a dreary, toilsome, and evil life, and it was strangely better to sit with Sally in the cheerful kitchen, and hear the rosebuds tapping, than to wander up and down those everlengthening roads, cold and hungry and neglected. And now she had been very good for a long time; and by consequence, she was very happy, and the time passed very rapidly, till all the snow had melted away and the garden was full of crocuses and snowdrops; it seemed only a few days and they were over; and she could watch the rosebuds coming out; and then it seemed a very little time longer before Sally was constantly telling her to pick the rose leaves up and throw them out, when they drifted in at the window.

At last, one day, one sorrowful day, the mistress came into the kitchen to make a raisin pudding, while she sent Sally and little Rie to the shop, and during their absence she twisted up some few raisins in a paper and laid them on the dresser, intending to give them to the child when she came in. But Sally came in very late; and when she laid a rabbit and papers of sugar, rice, and tea on the table, and then proceeded to count out eggs and produce, apples and other good things, the mistress forgot the raisins, and pushed back her flour and all her apparatus, to make room for the groceries. Sally was not a good accountant, and she had scarcely made out the price of each article and produced the change, when some friends came to see the mistress, and she went into the parlor.

When they were gone, she remembered her intended present and came back into the kitchen; she moved every parcel and every dish, searched the dresser, and looked on the floor, but the paper of raisins was not to be found, it was gone.

"Come here, little Rie," she said gravely: "did you see a paper of raisins on the table when you came home?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the child, whose two small hands were closely clasped behind her.

"And do you know what has become of them?"

"No, I don't—I'm sure I don't," replied the child, and her delicate neck and face became suffused with crimson.

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed Sally, "if she'll speak the truth, I know missis won't be so angry with her. O, she will speak the truth, I know."

"I did, I did," cried the child, with an outbreak of passionate tears.

Sally upon this searched the floor and tables, and nothing could be clearer than that the raisins were not there. Alas! they could not doubt that she had eaten them, for she had been left alone in the kitchen for a few minutes, and Sally herself admitted that they could not have gone without hands.

"Now, if you will speak the truth," said the mistress, gravely, "and confess that you took those raisins."——

"I didn't," repeated the child, now too much in a passion to care what she said. "I don't want the nasty raisins, and I won't have them."

"Oh, this will never do," said the mistress; "Sally, I really must correct her?"

"Will she tell it all?" said Sally, once more stooping over the child, for she had flung herself on the floor, and was sobbing and screaming. But no, little Rie would only struggle and fight her, till at another bidding she went with a sorrowful heart to fetch a rod, and when she came back she found the child in such a passion, that she ventured to remonstrate, though she still hurriedly looked about with the vague hope that she might have spoken the truth after all.

Poor little Rie, she was so very naughty. Sally was the more grieved, because lately she had always spoken the truth; but now, when an hour after her punishment, the mistress came in again, and offered to forgive her on condition of her speaking the truth, she sullenly walked into the corner, and sobbed and would not say a word.

"Then, Sally, you must go these errands by yourself," said the mistress; "I meant to have let her go with you, but now she must stay here by herself."

Little Rie looked up as she went away, and saw that she was very stern and angry. O, how little either of them thought they should never look one another in the face again.

Sally went away. It was a precious afternoon, and the kitchen door leading into the back garden was open. Little Rie was at first disconsolate, but soon the light spirits of childhood began to assert themselves, and she began to play, though very quietly, and with an occasional sob, till at last, O woeful mischance, she knocked down a cheese-plate. It fell clattering upon the floor, and broke into fifty pieces; one moment she stood aghast! then her terrified fancy feigned a step upon the stairs; she darted through the open door and rushed down the garden. Where she should go to escape the anger of the mistress, she scarcely knew; but she came to the garden wicket, it led into a lane. * * * She ran away, and no one knew what became of her.

There was a man who said, some time afterward, that he met her that night, about sundown, wandering over the moor, but he had asked her no question, for he thought some of her friends must be near at hand. In the course of time many rumors were about expecting her, but nothing was ever known. Little Rie "was not;" she had vanished from her place like a dream. * * * But weeks after, when poor Sally's simple heart was getting used to miss the child, the mistress came into the kitchen and took down a little covered jar full of caraway seeds, from a shelf over the dresser; she looked in, and a mist seemed to rise and shut out the sunshine without and within, for there lay the paper of raisins; in an instant she knew it again, and knew that in her hurry and confusion, she herself must have thrown it in. Yes, that little jar had been standing beside her. Then into it she must have pushed, or dropped the raisins, and afterward, with her own hands, she must have set the jar upon the shelf above to be out of her way.

Miserable, aching pain! How hard it was to have it tugging at her heart, and by slow degrees to grow into the knowledge that even a just punishment may become unjust unless it is administered in the spirit of love. But hers had not been a just punishent. Alas! she mhad not possessed herself of any knowledge of the fault; she herself had outraged that sense of justice which she had been at so much pains to implant; and now there was no means of making restitution. How difficult it is to estimate the many ways in which we may be mistaken! When shall we learn to keep the knowledge always present with us, that often kindness is our best uprightness, and our truest justice is mercy?

NOTICE.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

BLACK SHEEP.—A story by Edmund Yates, from Charles Dickens' Magazine, with summary of portions already published, is continued in to-day's CALIFORNIAN.

M. RENAN AND HIS CRITICS.

TO those timorous souls who have been accustomed to regard the author of *La Vie de Jesus* and *Les Apotres* as a malignant and ruthless assailant of traditional Christianity, a subtle sapper of the faith on which depend the salvation of souls and the well being of society, it must be somewhat surprising to learn that his most remorseless critics have been those who accuse him of reposing, not too little, but too much faith in the reliability of the New Testament narratives. Yet such is the fact. While the Papal hierarchy, and the learned evangelical doctors have attacked him with all the weapons their respective armories could furnish, as the most incredulous as well as the most monstrous of skeptics, the great authorities of true skepticism on the other hand repudiate him as being altogether too superstitious for fellowship in their communion. Indeed, it is both curious and edifying to observe how precisely, in certain respects, their method of dealing with M. Renan's "histories," resembles the method used by him in dealing with the gospel biographies.

One of this class of critics, reviewing *Les Apotres* in the *Westminster*, rebukes the author for allowing any historical character at all to the gospel narratives, and for not rejecting them altogether as mere "legendary tales." "Our office," says the reviewer, ("a thankless task which we attempt only in the paramount interest of historical truth) is to show that M. Renan's self styled history is based on assumptions, and is throughout full of inconsistencies and contradictions." This may be a just statement of the character of the work in question; indeed it is precisely our own conviction, but it nevertheless seems rather shabby treatment for M. Renan to receive at the hands of the most thorough going foes of Christianity, who ought, one would imagine, to look upon him as an ally not to be despised.

The fact is, however, that Renan's "sentimentalism" seems as offensive and as silly to the cold-blooded materialistic class of atheists of the Moleschott and Buchner schools, as the "superstition" of old-fashioned believers does to the eloquent Frenchman; and it must be admitted that they have shown pretty conclusively that his "histories" have even less claim to the historical character than he is disposed to allow to the Evangelists. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to whether M. Renan has succeeded in demolishing the New Testament, there can be no doubt as to the complete success that has attended the efforts of the materialistic critics to demolish his singularly fanciful and poetical biographies.

But when we have agreed with the critics so far as to depose the books of M. Renan from our historical shelf, and consign them to the companionship of works of the imagination, like the legends of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, what are we to do next? Are we to return to the old faith, or to accept the hand offered us by the victorious iconoclast of superstitions and sentimentalisms, and follow with docile steps while he conducts us to that "mountain top of thought"—his own stand-point—from which we look abroad upon the spectacle of a universe all whose phenomena are the result of "a fortuitous concourse of atoms" in eternal action, forever combining and dissolving, without beginning and without end—a universe in which there is no such thing as mind or spirit except as modes of speech—no gods but Force and Matter—no form of being, no mode of sentient activity that was not evolved from nebula, and that will not be again resolved into nebula—no reality in short, but "Infinite Dust?"

But we are in danger of becoming "sentimental"—the one unpardonable sin according to the creed of a *Westminster* reviewer. Let us restrain ourselves therefore, and endeavor to maintain the strictly critical frame of mind of the philosopher who has learned to regard all enthusiasm as childish, and all emotion as an evidence of nervous debility; who finds nothing in thought but phosphorus, and refers hope and fear, the exhilaration of joy and the horror of despair, to the state of the digestion and the condition of the liver. It being settled that M. Renan's theory of the life of Jesus is to be cast aside as "based on assumptions," and "throughout full of inconsistencies and contradictions," the reviewer warns us that his work is done. His business was to destroy, not to build up, and we are not to look to him for a more consistent theory. Indeed, he holds that no satisfactory theory is possible, for lack of reliable data, the gospel narratives being utterly trustworthy, and the alleged facts so improbable that no amount of evidence can warrant belief in them. "No amount of wisdom or learning," he more curtly than elegantly declares, "can reconcile absolute contradictions, *or make that to have taken place which has never happened.*" This arrogant style of assuming, in regard to the very facts, or alleged facts, the truth of which is the point in dispute, that they "never happened," seems scarcely less dogmatic than the "divination" with which M. Renan is charged.

The latter, starting with the existence and career of Christianity as facts to be accounted for, and with the New Testament writings, as ancient documents to be examined, weighed, and estimated by the same methods as other ancient writings, forms a theory of the life of Jesus, more or less plausible, using as a test to decide whether he obtains true results, the harmony and probability of the narrative as finally constructed. He says substantially, Christianity is a great fact, and it must be accounted for in some way. That such a person as Jesus of Nazareth lived, and founded this system, there can be no doubt. The original documents contain many touches of nature, many minute intrinsic evidences of truth, which forbid the idea that they are fabrications. But they also contain absolute contradictions, as in the details of the different narratives of the resurrection. They also contain incredible prodigies. The way then to deal with these biographies, is neither to reject them as fabrications, nor to accept them as true throughout. We must harmonize the naratives where they are contradictory, and throw aside the prodigies, which abound in all ancient writings. In short, he insists that in histories like the Gospels, "Where the outline alone is certain, and all the details are rendered more or less doubtful by the legendary character of the documents, *some hypothesis* is indispensable."

Such is M. Renan's idea of the method of constructing a true, or at least a probable life of Jesus. The reviewer on the other hand insists that there are no materials for constructing it, and that all attempts of the kind are idle. "We deny altogether," he declares, "that in the effort to make the great souls of the past live again, some share of conjecture and divination must be permitted. If there remain but a single trait in their character, or a single incident in their lives for which we have adequate *contemporary* evidence, conjecture is needless, for here we have knowledge; if that evidence is lacking, divination is worthless, for it can only end in evoking a phantom."

Of the critics who make their attack from the orthodox stand-point, we have no space to speak at present. It is noticeable, however, that the majority of them quite abandon the tone in which ten or fifteen years ago theologians would have dealt with such a writer as M. Renan. They recognize the legitimacy of such investigations as he attempts on the part of all who like the author of "Ecce Homo," find themselves "dissatisfied with the current conceptions of the character of Christ," and they do not seem to consider the quotation of a text an unanswerable argument.

One excellent effect of the discussions that have grown out of books of the kind in question, is the check that has been given to that narrow and literal spirit of bibliolatry, which has too long been considered a necessary element of Christianity. These discussions have done much to teach the mass of intelligent believers to discriminate the substance of religion from its forms, and to prepare them to abandon many dogmas that they have been accustomed to consider indispensable parts of their creed without becoming infidels.

For whatever of earnest and honest hostility to Christianity exists, is the reaction of intelligence and independence against the narrowness which bigotted dogmatists have succeeded in stamping upon the popular conceptions of religion; and the ignorant fanaticism of pious and passionate defenders, have done more to diminish the power of the Church than all the learning and subtlety of its most formidable assailants. The great lesson that Christians of this age have to learn, is how much of what they have been accustomed to believe can be given up without a sacrifice of anything essential to the power and life of religion.

CARELESS CRITICISM.—A critic more savage than conscientious, makes the following unfair thrust at Miss Braddon, in the New York *Weekly Review*: "In the first paragraph of Miss Braddon's new novel, *Birds of Prey*—the title of which was doubtless suggested by a chapter in *Our Mutual Friend*—that great representative of kitchen-girl taste in fiction makes a characteristic blunder, representing several children as playing at "hop-scotch" on "door-steps." The "blunder" is not Miss Braddon's, but her hasty censor's. She does not represent the boys as playing hop-scotch *on* door-steps, but *in front* of them—or, rather, as being so awed by the imposing appearance of said "spotless" door-steps as to shrink from them "as from a shrine too sacred for hop-scotch." Her meaning is obvious enough, and were it otherwise the point is too trifling for criticism.

STRAYING INTO POLITICS.

FOR several weeks prior to the recent elections, a number of influential Republican papers at the East disgraced themselves by attempting to persuade Irish voters sympathizing with the Fenian movement, that they had been foully outraged because they were prevented by the action of President Johnson from founding a foreign government upon American soil, and were compelled to respect those just laws which forbid private citizens to organize military expeditions against friendly powers. The propriety and necessity of such laws have never been questioned by any civilized State, nor have they ever been disputed, so far as we are aware, by any respectable organ of public opinion in this country, except the Sacramento *Union*. In the issue of that paper of the 17th instant, appeared a very remarkable leader, entitled "The Fenian Raid," in which the proposition was boldly stated that in consequence of the violation of the neutrality laws by England during the late rebellion, President Johnson ought to have winked at a similar violation by our own citizens on the occasion of the Fenian raid against Canada. In an article entitled "Demagogism" in the last number of THE CALIFORNIAN, we said:

"One of the most disgusting illustrations of the lengths to which leading politicians and journals are willing to go in the teeth of knowledge and conscience, in their attempts to win votes for their party, is furnished by the language held by many of them in reference to the Fenian raid upon Canada. Every man of sufficient intelligence to justify him in the expression of an opinion concerning public affairs, knows that it was President Johnson's simple duty to pursue the course he did in reference to the movement. No class of citizens or of foreigners residing in the United States have any right to make our soil the base of hostile operations against a Power with which we are at peace. The attempt to do so is an insult to the sovereignty of our laws, and the expectation that the Government can look on without interference is preposterous."

Commenting upon this, the *Union*, after administering a mild rebuke to THE CALIFORNIAN for the presumption which it had evinced by "straying from literature into politics," indulged in the following extraordinary strain of criticism:

"We say that the course pursued by Johnson toward the Fenians involved a treachery equal to that displayed in dealing with the Confederates and the Union party; that it was unworthy of any public man and derogatory to his character as a President, * * * * *

There is another point to be considered. Why was President Johnson so anxious to enforce the laws framed to prevent expeditions against a friendly Power being fitted out on American soil? * * * Would it have cost him a greater pang to practically suspend the neutrality laws than it does to nullify the provisions of the Civil Rights Act? The people were in favor of such a suspension. There is no doubt of the fact. And why was such a disposition to wink at the violation of the law manifested? Because, during our day of trouble, England's neutrality had been a cloak for outrage; because, under cover of neutrality, that perfidious Power had been the close ally of the Southern Confederacy, and had encouraged and facilitated the destruction of our commerce. The world is not old enough, nor sufficiently advanced in culture, to feel like adopting the Christian precept of returning good for evil. The silver rule of doing unto others as others do unto you is far more potential among the nations than the golden rule of doing unto others as you would have others do unto you. This nation, smarting under a sense of wrong, was anxious to call England to account. * * * Under these circumstances, the Fenian raid upon Canada was not likely to be regarded as a trespass upon the territory of a friendly Power, and the fact was that the people expected to get even with an enemy through this irregular channel."

It is a sad thing to find journals of the recognized standing of the *Union* stooping to a line of argument which would be disgraceful even in a stump speaker, and appealing without a blush, to the most vulgar passions, and the narrowest prejudices of the multitude. And when the daily partisan organs manifest a disposition so entirely to ignore principle in the discussion of great questions, we think it highly desirable that journals occupying a position independent of all parties, and that need not shrink from judging public men and public measures by a somewhat higher code than that acknowledged by the wire-pullers who manipulate municipal elections, should make it a point to "stray into politics" as often as circumstances will permit.

THE NEW YORK *Nation* remarks that the country districts seem to have been much shocked by the election of Mr. John Morrissey to the Fortieth Congress, and expresses the hope that "they will keep their indignation alive for a month or two, and show enough of it to force their representatives into expelling that gentleman from the House of Representatives whenever he takes his seat." It adds: "If he is allowed to sit, Congress will disgrace itself and disgrace us all; and there need be no difficulty in getting rid of him. The House need have no hesitation in resolving that an ex-convict, or the keeper of a gambling hell is an unfit person to sit in Congress; turn him out under resolution."

AT A recent sale at auction of a private library in the city of New York, a copy of Irving's *Life of Washington*, in five volumes, extended to ten volumes, illustrated by 1,200 inserted plates, brought $200 per volume, or $2,400 for the set. The illustrations comprised 145 different portraits of Washington. A copy of the first "New York Directory" brought $100.

[For the Californian.]

THE OWL.

An owl looked forth from his hollow tree,
Where he sang "tuwhit-tuwhoo,"
And he gazed abroad on the works of men,
And the wondrous things they do.

What trouble and haste in their transient race—
How busy the creatures are;
To toil and sweat through their threescore years,
Oppressed with sorrow and care.

Quoth the owl, "My tree is a very good house
From whence I can gaze about:
Yet men ceaseless strive, and only to live,
But I live, much better without.

"Their bodies go by through the churchyard gate,
Beneath my old hollow tree,
And here," quoth the owl, "their work is done—
The end of their journey we see."

A soul in the churchyard waited and heard
The owl's "tuwhit-tuwhoo,"
And it whispered low to the foolish bird—
"Oh, owl! and what do you know?

"Your wings are feathers, and feathers are dust,
But souls of the men you see
Have wings, that mount through infinite space
To life that forever shall be.

"While waters shall flow, and winds may blow,
Men follow life's cycles round;
But soul is the man and flesh but a robe
We lay away in the ground." ***

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

THE NEW VERSION OF HOMER.

Sir JOHN HERSCHEL'S new translation of the *Iliad* into English hexameters is well spoken of by the critics generally. Why Sir John should have selected this measure, when he expresses so much admiration for the heroic verse, or why, indeed, he should have troubled himself to make a new version of the *Iliad* at all, seems not a little puzzling when he assures the reader in his preface that he regards Pope's translation as "one of the most magnificent, if not the most magnificent poem extant." Our readers are probably familiar with the famous night scene as rendered by Pope in regard to which there has been so much controversy among the critics, some pronouncing it a marvel of sublimity and beauty, while others, Coleridge and Wordsworth among the number, declare it to be a piece of unmitigated bathos, a mere collection of high-sounding words destitute of coherency, and conveying no poetical idea whatever. Here is Sir John Herschel's version:

"All night long with elated heart in the lines of their battles
Rested the Trojans, and many a fire blazed brightly among them
As when round the glowing moon, resplendent in ether,
Shines forth the heavenly host, and the air reposes in stillness,
Gleams every pointed rock, stands forth each buttress in prospect,
Shimmers each woodland vale; and from realms of unspeakable glory.
Op'ning the stars are revealed, and the heart of the shepherd rejoices.
Such and so many the fires, by the Trojans kindled, illumined
Eddying Zanthus' stream and the ships and the walls of the city.
Each of a thousand blazing piles saw seated around it
Fifty warriors of Troy, enjoying its warmth and its splendor;
While beside them their steeds, on white spelt feeding and barley,
Each to his chariot shackled, awaited the coming of morning."

THE SHAKSPEARE CONTROVERSY.

It seems that the "Young Man of Genius" alluded to in Hawthorne's preface to Miss Delia Bacon's "Philosophy of Shakspeare's Plays Unfolded," as an enthusiastic believer in her theory, is William Douglas O'Conner of Masschusetts, who has written many noticeable stories for the monthlies. He is also the author of a curious novel entitled *Harrington*, published in 1860, the hero of which—a student and scholar—is represented as a firm believer in the theory more recently advocated by Judge Holmes. A correspondent of the New York *Round Table*, sends to that paper a number of extracts from this forgotten novel, of which the following is the most striking; it is a part of a conversation, and the hero speaks:

"Set aside the evidence we might collect from his writings, and consider only what must inevitably have followed from the nature of his intellect. The complex catholicity, the massive breadth—in a word, the universality of his mind, inevitably involves a corresponding vastness of interest and participation in the public affairs of his time, and all the varieties of its thought and life. Isolation from public life may co-exist and be perfectly compatible with intensity of genius—with universality never. Moreover, to be worldly wise, as the plays show their author to have been, a man must follow the rule Bacon insists upon as indispensable—namely, to ally contemplation with action. Deny such a man experience, and you cannot get the lessons of experience, as you get them from this author. Isolate such a man from affairs, and his genius spreads aloft into the vast abstract, and you never get in his writings the voices of the street, the camp, the court, the cabinet—in a word, the voice of concrete practical life—as you do in the Shakespeare drama. Take, for example, the man nearest Shakespeare, the many sided Goethe; the corollary to his many sidedness is the fact that he was a man of the world, a scientifician, courtier, and statesman. So with the author of the drama. He must have been immersed in public life. He must have held office. He must have administered the affairs of state. It was the inevitable result of his genius, and it was the condition on which the manifestation of that genius depended. Denied public life, and either his development would have been arrested, or he would have become a vast dreamer or abstractionist."

In a note, the author speaking in his own person, says:

"The reader of the twelfth chapter of this book may already have observed that Harrington, if he had lived, would have been a believer in the theory regarding the origin and purpose of the Shakespeare drama, as developed in the admirable work by Miss Delia Bacon, entitled *The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded*, in which belief I should certainly agree with Harrington. I wish it were in my power to do even the smallest justice to that mighty and eloquent volume, whose masterly comprehension and insight, though they could not save it from being trampled upon by the brutal bison of the British literary press, yet lift it to the dignity, whatever may be its faults, of being the best work ever composed upon the Baconian or Shakespearean writings. It has been scouted by the critics as the product of a distempered ideality. Perhaps it is. But there is a prudent wisdom, says Goethe, and there is a wisdom which does not remind us of prudence; and, in like manner, I may say that there is a sane sense, and there is a sense that does not remind us of sanity. At all events, I am assured that the candid and ingenuous reader Miss Bacon wished for will find it more to his profit to be insane with her on the subject of Shakespeare, than sane with Dr. Johnson.

"I am aware that, in even making this acknowledgment, I do something to excite the rancor of the stupid and senseless prejudice which finds no difficulty in assigning the noblest works of the human genius to the fat peasant of Stratford—a man who, as Emerson justly says, lived a profane and vulgar life, and whose biography, collected after the painful labors of more than a century, does not present a single point which bears any relation to, or correspondence with, the holy and heroic pages which bear his name; while, at the same time, this prejudice derides as a mad and monstrous impossibility the theory which ascribes those pages to Lord Bacon and his compeers—men in whose lives and careers all the Shakespearean conditions are fulfilled, and all the Shakespeareralities included."

The London *Spectator* publishes a poem entitled "The Session of the Poets," containing some amusing hits at English literary celebrities. The author of the recent volume which the *Bulletin* is pleased to characterize as a book of "unclean poems," comes in for the following:

"What was said? what was done? was there prosing or rhyming?
Was nothing noteworthy in deed or in word?
Why just as the hour of the supper was chiming.
The only event of the evening occurred,
Up jumped, with his neck stretching out like a gander,
Master Swinburne, and squealed, glaring out through his hair,
'All virtue is hosh! Hallelujah for Landor!'
I disbelieve wholly in everything there!'

"With language so awful he dared then to treat 'em,
Miss Ingelow fainted in Tennyson's arms,
Poor Arnold rushed out, crying 'Sœcl' infelcum!'
And great bards and small bards were full of alarms,
Till Tennyson, flaming and red as a gipsy,
Struck his fist on the table and uttered a shout;
'To the door with the boy! Call a cab! He is tipsy!'
And they carried the naughty young gentleman out.

"After that all the pleasanter talking was done there—
Who ever had known such an insult before?
The chairman tried hard to rekindle the fun there,
But the Muses were shocked and the pleasure was o'er.
Then 'Ah!' cried the chairman, 'this teaches me knowledge,
The future shall find me more wise, by the powers!
This comes of assigning to younkers from college
Too early a place in such meetings as ours!'

OUR GREATEST POET.

The New York *Nation*, in a recent notice of the "New Biglow Papers," expresses the opinion that Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell, occupy the four highest places among American poets, and assigns the precedence to Lowell. Very wisely the *Nation* furnishes no reason for this literary dictum, saying: "We do not propose to prove here (what we nevertheless hold to be not difficult of proof) that of all these writers he may be rated, all things considered, as the first." Nothing can be more easy (or more useless) than to deliver *ex cathedra* judgments of this sort. When a journal of the grade of the *Nation* undertakes to reverse generally accepted literary decisions, one naturally looks for some idication, at least, of the grounds upon which it proceeds. When Edgar A. Poe, some twenty-five years ago, puplished his series of ingenious papers in *Graham's Magazine*, on the "American Poets," in which he claimed for Lowell a higher rank than for Longfellow, neither Evangeline, the Golden Legend, nor Hiawatha, upon which the reputation of the poet will chiefly rest, had been published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

This year has seen the expiration of the copyright of Lord Byron's works in England, and is also witnessing the attempt now being made in London to raise a fund to secure from neglect and ruin the tomb of the poet. It will be remembered that the clerical authorities of Westminster Abby refused to allow him a place in the poets' corner there, and his remains now rest in a dilapadated Nottinghamsbire village church, the spot being marked only by a simple marble slab.

Little could the author of Childe Harrold have anticipated in the day of his ascendancy, that in less than fifty years from the time of his death, a subscription would have to be undertaken to rescue his burial place from being forgotten; still less, that Wordsworth at whom he sneered, would, before the lapse of a moiety of that period, be ranked far above him as a poet, in the judgment of the great republic of letters, and that others whom he patronized, would exert a far more enduring influence upon English literature.

Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Maria L. Childe are both writing novels to be published by Ticknor & Fields. The same firm will soon issue a new volume of poems by Emerson. Holmes is said to be busy with his new novel, to be published as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, to commence in the January number. The name of the new magazine, to be edited in Boston, and published in New York, about which so much has been said for some months past, is to be *Genial Words*—not a very felicitous title, as it strikes us. Though spoken of as a "magazine," it is to be published weekly.

Tennyson has a new volume of poems in readiness to be published early in the new year.

Jean Ingelow has tried her hand at novel writing. Her book is nearly ready, and will be published simultaneously in England and the United States.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editors of The Californian cannot engage to furnish answers to interrogatories propounded in this department. They will be glad, however, to publish replies supplied by correspondents.]

ART CRITICISM IN SAN FRANCISCO.

I WAS about to commence this paper with the remark that the "art criticism" furnished to the public of San Francisco, in its daily papers, is singularly unedifying. But upon a moment's consideration I am inclined to substitute the contradictory proposition, that it is singularly edifying, inasmuch as it teaches a number of very curious lessons—albeit none of them are strictly german to the matter with which such criticism professes to deal, or are calculated to furnish sound notions of the particular works which are its subjects.

One of these lessons is, that it is impossible for hack writers, who have no knowledge of art, to write judiciously and intelligently concerning it, no matter how much versatility and dexterity they may possess as general writers for the press upon all subjects and at the shortest notice.

Another is, that in order two or more individuals may to intelligently agree in their judgments (and the grounds of the same) of a picture, a statue, or a piece of architecture, they must possess minute and thorough information in regard to the subject matter of the judgment, and also of the principles and standard by which it is to be estimated. Now, as a general rule, the persons who write the "notices" of pictures and other works of art, as well as of musical and dramatic entertainments, and of books, for the daily press in this country possess no *thorough* knowledge on *any* subject. They are ready superficial men; often of a fair share of intelligence and general culture, but with none in any special direction, having too great a variety of duties to discharge to render it possible for them to perform any thoroughly and well. Hence they pass snap judgments, dogmatize, generalize, or deal in non-committal phrases which have no positive significance, or in hazy and grandiloquent rhetoric that imposes upon the ignorant, and passes for fine writing. It has been truly said, harsh as it may sound, that "*complete* knowledge of anything worth knowing is the most scarce of American productions; for complete knowledge is the result of attentive study and patient thought;" and of course there is no leisure for these, except as applicable to "business" of one sort or another in a society like ours. The very idea of a young (or middle aged) gentleman upon whom devolves the various duties of "noticing" amusements, books, pictures, new buildings, etc., for a daily paper bestowing "attentive study and patient thought" upon such trifling matters, is of course preposterous.

If criticism is to influence art, or if art is ever to be improved by criticism, the critic must possess at least as thorough a knowledge of the *principles and theory* of art as the artist himself, though not of course the executive skill. He must also possess sufficient artist-feeling to enable him to view a work from the artist's stand-point. In addition to this, inasmuch as a very important part of criticism consists of judicious comparison, the critic needs a familiar acquaintance with all the works of acknowledged merit that have been preserved, and the peculiar excellencies and defects of each. It is only the critic who is thoroughly furnished for his work in this way, and who can render a distinct and intelligible *reason* for every judgment he pronounces, who can be free from the influence of ephemeral fashions, capricious popularity, or of great names. If he is not thoroughly indoctrinated in the principles of art and familiar with its masterpieces, his opinions of particuler works will be governed by considerations entirely apart from their intrinsic merits, and he will be too timid or too uncertain of himself to dare to offend the reigning taste, or to dream of such an enterprise as the attempt to overthrow a reputation established upon a false basis, and obtained only by pandering to the taste of an ignorant public.

OVI.

"California Premium."—That old and popular weekly, the Cincinnati *Weekly Times*, offers as a premium to every subscriber for 1867, a large, colored engraving of the "Mammoth Trees of California."

THE SONG OF THE RIVER.

I.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool:
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child!

II.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoke-grimed town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, bathe in me, mother and child!

III.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

WILD MR. WILL—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A CHRISTMAS party was gathered round a fire—a leaping, roaring, jovial coal-fire—and indulging in the orthodox amusement of story-telling. We had an ancient housekeeper among us, who had known some of us ever since we were born, and the papas and mammas of many others of us a long time before we were born.

"Ah!" remarked this ancient dame, when one of our stories—I think it was a ghost story—had come to a conclusion—"it's all very easy to talk, but I suppose there are other persons who have seen strange things—ay, and can tell strange things about 'em, too. It isn't for nothing that I lived seven years and three months in the service of my Lord Millamant."

"I knew his lordship well, I observed, "that is, I have seen his portrait in the print-shops, and read of his achievements in the newspapers when I was a boy. He ran away with and married Miss Jaghire, the great Indian heiress, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he did."

"He killed Sir Hargreaves Grimwood, the West Country baronet, in a duel about Lady Grimwood, didn't he? I remember his trial and acquittal as though they had occurred yesterday."

"Yes, sir, he did; but he was badly provoked. Sir Hargreaves was a sad man—lived at the Brimstone Coffee House, and always drank a pint of Schiedam before breakfast. He wasn't the first tall gentleman who had been shot about Lady Grimwood."

"And he died ambassador at Madrid, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir; but that was long after I left his service. It is full forty years ago that I was housekeeper to the Right Honorable the Earl of Millamant, Lord Lieutenant of Darkshire, at Cartfoil House, Hay Hill, Berkeley square."

"And was it there you became acquainted with any strange tale?"

The housekeeper nodded significantly.

"What may it have been about, now—love?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the housekeeper; "could never abide love, and wouldn't trouble my head about such nonsense. No, it wasn't the least in the world about love."

"Murder, now?" I hinted.

"Worse!" said the housekeeper, emphatically.

"Worse!" I repeated. "What can be worse?" I might have suggested fire, thieves, suicide, elopement; but I thought murder would cover a multitude of crimes.

"I see you are all dying of curiosity to know about it, and I won't keep you any longer in suspense. Besides, the story's a very short one. It was hushed up at the time, and it would have been much more than my place was worth to breathe a word of it to a living soul. But the chief people concerned in it are all dead. The very dog was poisoned by the butcher the day afterward, as if, poor dumb creature, he could have wagged a tail to compromise anybody."

"But we haven't heard who the dog was, or the butcher either," I broke in, I am afraid, somewhat impatiently. "Pray begin at the beginning, my dear madam; we're all impatient to hear."

"Well, then," commenced the housekeeper, settling herself comfortably in her arm-chair, "you shall hear about it. Just draw your chairs closer round me, for I'm not very long of breath."

We did as the old lady desired, and she went on thus:

"In the year eighteen hundred and nineteen, I was, as I have told you, housekeeper to my Lord Millamant. The story I am telling you has to do with the winter of that same year.

"My Lord had been away from London during the hunting season. He had a pack of hounds at Cartfoil Hall (the family name was Cartfoil), and had been entertaining all the gentry of the country side, with many of the nobility from London, in the true style of old English hospitality.

"All the grand furniture in the mansion on Hay Hill had been covered up since September, when his lordship and her ladyship went out of the town. The carpets in the grand saloons were rolled up, the chandeliers wrapped in yellow gauze; the pictures the same—dreadful grim old pictures there were, of noblemen in curly wigs, and ladies in hoop petticoats and shockingly low dresses—and the rich silver and parcel gilt plate, of which my Lord Millamant, being so great a nobleman, had a vast quantity, was safe and sound in four oak chests, clamped with iron, at Messrs. Doublon & Moydor's, the bankers in Fleet street.

"It was a good plan to send one's silver to the bankers, for there were plenty of housebreakers about in those days, and no police except the wheezy old constables, and the Bow street red waistcoats.

"It was on the 21st of December, 1819, that I received a post letter, franked by Mr. Tubwell, one of the county members for Darkshire, for my Lord Millamant was always too generous with his franks, and never had any to spare for himself.

"The letter was from his lordship, and, in his usual kind style, though to my very great surprise, told me that he and the countess were coming up to spend Christmas in London. All the time I had been in their service, then four years come that Christmas day, they had kept it at Cartfoil Hall.

"However, there was no mistaking my lord's directions. He always gave them himself, for her ladyship, saving her memory, was one of the laziest creatures living, and never did anything much beyond lying on a sofa, and talking to her gray and her green parrot. I was to have the carpets laid down, the furniture thoroughly dusted, all the beds well aired; for my lord was to bring company with him from Darkshire; and I was to get the plate from the banker's, and have it all well cleaned for a grand banquet my lord intended to give on Christmas day.

"Enclosed in the letter was a slip of paper, containing an order to the bankers to deliver the plate to me, or to Mr. Beeswing, the butler; and which, as I can recollect, ran thus:

CARTFOIL HALL, December 19, 1819.

Messrs. Doublon & Moydor:—Please deliver the four boxes marked A, B, C, D, containing the plate left in your care, to Mrs. ——, or Samuel Beeswing, my servants, bearers of this.

(Signed) MILLAMANT.

"There was his lordship's signature, certainly; but somehow the name seemed written in a larger and more tremulous hand than usual; but still the remainder of the letter was like enough to him, and the cover bore the Cartfoil postmark.

"I showed it to Mr. Beeswing, who laughed, and said it was very likely that there had been merry doings at Cartfoil Hall during the week, that my lord had taken t'other bottle overnight, and that his hand was rather shaky the next morning.

"'And you may be sure,' added Beeswing, 'that his lordship punished the small beer, if he did have t'other bottle.'

"The quality drank small beer then, the morning after. Soda-water was invented, but was thought bad for the stomach, and wasn't at all the fashion.

"However, I wasn't quite satisfied. 'I daresay it's very nervous and silly of me, Beeswing,' I said, 'but it behooves us all to be careful. I will take this letter to Wild Mr. Will. He knows my lord's hand well enough, and I shall see what he says to it.'

"Now, Wild Mr. Will, as we servants, many of whom had known him since he was a baby in long clothes, called him, was to the world in general no other than the Honorable William Cartfoil, my lord's younger brother.

"He was a dreadfully wild young man, Mr. Will. He was fond of wine and women, and dice, and all sorts of wickedness. He had been a captain in the Horse Guards, but had sold out. He had fought half a score of duels, and killed two or three people—rest their souls, and be merciful to his—but he was one of the merriest, best-tempered fellows you ever knew or saw.

"My lord was very fond of him, and had paid his debts and set him up again, times out of number; but you could do nothing with Wild Mr. Will. He was always getting into scrapes; and when his lordship had got him out again, getting into new ones. People said he lived mostly now by playing at cards and dice, and that his carryings-on with the actresses at the play-house—the wicked, painted hussies!—were dreadful. I knew he had borrowed money of Beeswing more than once, and had, at least, two-thirds of his sister-in-law's pin-money every quarter; but still no one could help liking him, and he was almost adored by the servants.

"I took the letter to Wild Mr. Will at his lodgings in Great Ryder street, St. James'. He was drinking hock with a captain of dragoons and a low wretch of a fellow that got his living by prize fighting, but he came out on the landing to speak to me. I showed him the letter, and hinted at my doubts.

"'Stuff and nonsense,' he cried, when he had read the letter twice through and held it to the light. 'It's Jack Cartfoil's fist for five hundred guineas.' (My lord's name was John.) 'Newmarket to the knocker of Newgate that it's my brother's hand. Nobody makes blots like these except the Earl of Millamant. Besides, don't you see that he spells "swept" "swep," without the "t." Jack never could spell. Trot you away to the banker's, my worthy soul, and get the plate, and polish it all up nice and bright, for you know how particular my Lord Millamant is, and what a pother there will be if the coronet doesn't come well out on the spoons and forks. There, get along with you, and there's a guinea to drink my health. Stop—mind, for safety you lock the plate up in my lady's boudoir.'

"Of course, after the Hon. William Cartfoil had given his opinion, hesitation was no longer to be thought of. Beeswing and I took a hackney coach to Fleet street, and the head cashier, when he ordered one of the porters to carry the four plate-chests to the carriage, said: "My lord's handwriting was as plain as a pikestaff, and he should like to cash a check for ten thousand with such a Millamant signed to it.'

"He gave me—such a nice gentleman as he was, too—a guinea to drink the health of the firm. Ah, how liberal people were forty years ago!

"We looked over the plate that evening, counted everything; found all in accordance with the lists, and, with the assistance of the three housemaids, I had everything cleaned and polished up by supper-time.

"The plate was all locked up again, and deposited, according to Mr. Will's instructions, in my lady's boudoir, which was at the end of a grand suite of apartments on the first floor. There was no door to this room, only heavy hangings to the doorway; but every window in the house was bolted and barred up.

"Still I felt uneasy with us all alone in the house, and, toward ten o'clock, I slipped up, and going to our butcher, Mr. Chubbychop, in Mount street, Grosvenor square, I borrowed his well-known and fierce bull-dog, "Towler," from him, to keep guard in the house all night. One of the butcher's boys brought the dog, muzzled, to our house, for he was dreadfully savage, and, just before we went to bed, Beeswing unmuzzled him and let him loose in the hall.

"I had dreadful dreams that night. I dreamed of a procession of men carrying coffins, one after the other, in a long procession that never ended. The morning came at last; the youngest housemaid awoke me, and I came down to breakfast in the still-room, when in came Mr. Beeswing, trembling all over, and with a face as white as chalk.

"'For the Lord Almighty's sake come this way?' he cried.

"He led, or rather dragged me to the boudoir on the first floor, and there I saw a sight I shall never to my dying day forget.

"The rich carpet was dabbled in blood, and on it there lay his length along, the body of a man, stark, stiff, and dead. His throat had been literally torn out by the dog, which crouched by his side, uttering a low growl now and then, and licking his lips.

"In one of the dead man's hands was a bunch of skeleton keys. One of the plate chests had been opened, and a portion of the contents were on the floor.

"The men-servants bent over the body to raise it when there was a cry of horror and astonishment.

"God forgive him, and us all! we recognized the body of the Honorable William Cartfoil!

* * * * * * *

"It was discovered afterward that the letter from the country was a forgery, executed, probably, by the unfortunate and guilty man, who had died in this miserable manner. It was found that he had made his entry by a back door leading into the mews, of which he must have had a key, and creeping up a back staircase, had entered the boudoir by a side door he knew well, had been heard by the dog, and so perished.

"The story was hushed up, and it was reported and believed that young Mr. Will had gone abroad and died there."

COULDN'T SEE IT.—A young man from the country, who visited Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, in search of employment, was asked by a man to whom he applied if he could ride horseback, and eagerly replied in the affirmative. His prospective patron told him he had an opening for a young man—a business that necessitated a great deal of traveling. The applicant declared that he should like nothing better than to travel far a living, and a bargain was soon struck between the two. But he was somewhat chagrinned at finding that the business consisted in riding a blind and infirm old horse, in a circular track, for the laudable purpose of grinding tan bark. He declined the proposition.

THE Albany *Knickerbocker* says that the physicians of the Medical College in that city, in dissecting the body of a negro convict a few days ago, found his heart on the right side and the liver on the left.

THE Dutch Gap Canal is now much navigated by sail vessels and steam tugs.

S.T-1860-X.

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MAYER'S BAZAAR is one of the features of San Francisco. Here can he fouud the greatest variety of watches, jewelry, silver-plated ware, guitars, mnsic-boxes, concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, aud articles of *bijouterie* for presents or mementos for hoth ladies and gentlemen. Here, too, you can purchase at prices that defy competition. The present stock must be reduced, and the proprietors are determiued to sell so low that the prices asked cannot be objected to. Those heavy cased silver watches from the American Watch company, so celebrated for their correct time and superior workmanship, can he bought at Mayer's Bazaar at the company's prices. Superior French opera-glasses of great magnifying power for sale or hire. Family clocks, musical instruments, and every description of fancy groods at reduced rates at *MAYER'S BAZAAR*, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

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MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becomiug a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surpriso, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are persoually acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is grutifying to aunonnce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not hy defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, heurs, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or rejeet at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confideuce which loug experieuce has given, and no douht the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it cau do no harm, as for consultatiou he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice nuless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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THE TRUTH.—There is nothing better, nothing safer, nothing so sure of bringing forth the right fruit in the end, than truth. Tell your child the truth. Tell him that obedience requires unpaid sacrifices. Tell him that he need not expect that a purse of gold will drop in to his hand the moment he denies himself of a coveted treasure. Tell him that the path of duty is often terribly hard, and seldom leads to an oil well, or a seat in Congress, or to a brown stone front house. Tell him that virtue sometimes brings thorns, enmities, neglect. But tell him that it is virtue, nevertheless; the brightest, the noblest, and the best gifts, and whatever comes of goodness it is the one thing desirable, itself above all price. Make him feel that obedience is pleasure, that goodness is delight, that love is altogether lovely, and he will not expect to be paid for the smallest service and be tempted to withhold a kindness when he is not sure of a reward. Parents must cease appealing to the appetites and the avarice of their children if they would have them anything but selfish and sensual.

A FAST STORY.

AN ENGLISHMAN was bragging of the speed of English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman: "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee. "Why, we've got one firm in San Francisco that has alone imported this season a half a million dollars' worth of Toys and Fancy Goods. They have Talking and Kicking Dolls, born with a full-grown head of hair and teeth in their mouths, saying 'Papa' and 'Mamma', also, Mechanical Toys, that run by themselves, and lots of other Toy wonders too numerous to mention."

"Indeed! is that so? Who is the firm that have the Dolls saying 'Mamma'?" exclaimed the Englishman, very much excited.

"Why, have you never heard in all your travels of FELDBUSH & CO., Wholesale Store, 307 California street, and Retail Store, 207 Montgomery street, San Francisco, where you can save 25 per cent. in purchasing? Fact, I can assure you, as all the goods in their store, 307 California street, and all that is to arrive, must be sold on or before Christmas, on account of some changes in their business. I know it is true, and, if you doubt my word, you call at FELDBUSH & CO.'S, and see for yourself."

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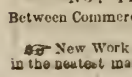

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NO. 411 SANSOME STREET,
Between Commercial and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

OUR HOLIDAY GOODS
HAVE ARRIVED

BY STEAMER OF DECEMBER 20, and we have now on hand a superb stock of goods suitable for

Christmas and New Year's
PRESENTS.

SILVERWARE, in every article for the Table.
DIAMONDS, in all styles of Ornaments now worn.
WATCHES, Plain, Elaborate, or set with Diamonds.
JEWELRY, Newest styles from Europe and the East, set with Amethyst, Coral, Cameo, Etruscan, Garnet, and Pearl.

ALSO,

CHILDREN'S JEWELRY, in great variety—not expensive, yet tasteful and durable.

ALSO,

CHILDREN'S SILVER GOODS, such as Cups, Bowls, and Plates: Knife, Fork and Spoon in cases; Coral and Bells, etc.

BARRETT & SHERWOOD,
517 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Second door North of Commercial.

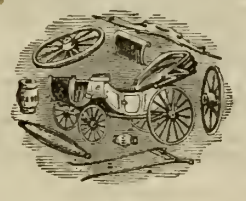
Holiday Candy!

An immense Assortment of

CANDY, OF ALL KINDS AND QUALITIES, has been manufactured for the Holidays by Messrs. *CANTY & WAGNER*, wholesale and retail Confectioners, No. 113 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CANDY! CANDY! CANDY! CANDY!

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,
No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc., made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with prompt ness, and at prices to suit the times.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES AT

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,
AND
Show Work of All Kinds,
GO TO THE
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE
OF
FRANCIS & VALENTINE,
517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,
ART GALLERY,
POMPEIIAN MUSEUM,
CONSERVATORIES, AND
ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,
On Mission and Valencia streets.
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.
☞ An addition of TWENTY FIVE WILD ANIMALS has just been made to the Zoological department.☜
NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.
The TREES AND SHRUBBERY are classified and named.

ADMISSION TO ALL PARTS OF THE GARDEN,.....25 CENTS.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars. Also, by Montgomery and Mission Omnibuses.

☞ Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
D. N. & E. Walter & Co., 303 California street.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Boyer & Roich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) cor ner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E cor. Montg'y and Pine.
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 320 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Stuart & Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 620 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohlor, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

"Ward's Perfect Fitting Shirts"

FINE WHITE SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

MERINO UNDERSHIRTS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

SHAKER FLANNEL DRAWERS!

At Ward's.

DRIVING GLOVES!

At 323 Montgomery street.

TRAVELING SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

COTTON AND MERINO SOCKS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

NEW STYLES ALWAY

At Ward's,

323 MONTGOMERY STREET.

OUR CLERK,S BABY.

We have had a clerk who got married. Now, there is nothing funny in that. His wife had a baby—and there's where the funny part comes in. He was in the office yesterday, and wished us to publish, for the benefit of mourners and inquiring friends, the following biog. of the chap. Says he: We have had so many kind friends asking about that baby, that we have thought it necessary to biograph the chap briefly, and somewhat after the current style of the day.

It's a boy.

He's a "buster."

Weighs nine pounds and a quarter, and wife tells us it will grow heavier as his weight increases.

He's the first baby of which we have ever been proprietor, and of course is the only baby in town.

The old woman before mentioned, declared him "the very image of his pa."

"A little copy of his faithful sire,
In face und gesture."

But in justice to the youth we must say we think him an improvement on the original—a world of progress, you know.

This Young American is as old as could be expected, considering the time he was born, and will doubtless be too old for his father in a few years, if he has good luck.

He is quite reticent on politcs, and only wants to be let alone.

We think he favors Mrs. Winslow's policy.

We havn't named it yet. We want to give him a distinguished cognomen, but the fame of our great men is at present so precarious that we don't like the risk.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say, as all biographers do of distinguished personages, that "the subject of this sketch" was born at a very early age. of poor but respectable parents.

A SUITABLE HOLIDAY GIFT.

The best gifts are those that have a permanent value that do not deteriorate with use, or loose their interest and importance with the lapse of time. Diamonds and India shawls are valued on this account: but unfortunately they cost enormous sums of money, and are only adapted to persons occupying a certain social position. There are very few purchasable articles which retain their value, and all the time yield a splended interest in the investment; but among them we must put down first, a GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress with the exact eye and tireless fingers, not only repays over and over again, in a very short time, the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune, a lamb of Aladdin, to its possessor. It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, a friend to the young lady who is about to become a bride, the benevolent to the poor soldier's widow, or a congregation to their minister's wife. It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of ordinary hands, but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute wafit. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER Machine can always find remunerative employment—all the more because it accomplishes so wide a range of work. And first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value; but we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, *because it is the best*; because it accomplishes the most and best work with the least trouble; because the peculiar stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adopted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; because it is more simple, more easily understood, than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fasteuing, and the like. There are many other reasons which we could give, but these will suffice with the crowning one; that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction. Santa Claus bearing such a gift would be worth indeed a hearty welcome.

PIONEER WORKS.

KITTREDGE & LEAVITT,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fire Proof Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc,

Corner Fremont and Market street, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of Second Hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. C. Bussey, of Jackson. Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this Safe. It is done by Mathematical Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works,

THIS LOCK PUT ON SAFES NOW IN USE

Great Reduction in the Price

OF

FURNITURE

At the Warerooms of

J. PEIRCE & CO.,

Nos. 415, 417, 419 California street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

WE NOW OFFER until the FIRST OF JANUARY, our entire stock of FURNITURE, Etc., Etc., at EXTREMELY

Low Rates!

A large portion of it consists of articles manufactured and imported expressly for

HOLIDAY GIFTS,

Combining Utility and Beauty, and at PRICES GUARANTEED TO BE LOWER THAN THE LOWEST heretofore offered on this Coast.

J. PEIRCE & CO.,
415, 417 and 419 California street.

BRANCH STORES—No. 715 Market street between between Third and Fourth, and Main street, Stockton.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND

IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,

From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867,

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship

SAN FRACISCO,

(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The AMERICA will sail on January 25th.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco

BOYD'S NOVEL EXCHANGE

Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.
10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.

S. E. Corner Montgomery and Pine streets.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

THIS COMPANY being no longer bound by the Rates of the Board of Underwriters is now ready to Insure against Loss and Damage by Fire, ON AS REASONABLE TERMS as any other responsible Company.

The Lowest Possible Rates compatible with SAFETY will be charged.

Call at this office before insuring elsewhere.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, President.

B. ROTHCHILD, Secretary.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

238 *Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin	$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866	154,824 57
Total Assets	$654,824 57

REDUCTION IN RATES.

THE TARIFF OF RATES HERETOfore established by the Board of Fire Underwriters being virtually suspended, this Company are prepared to take desirable risks at such Reduced Rates as are consistent with the security of both Insurer and Insured.

D. J. STAPLES,
Vice President.

CHAS. R BOND, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Naznire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

December 29th—GOLDEN AGE, Captain W. F. Lapidge, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Captain Grny.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

MISS WOODS,

Dress and Cloak Maker,

CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,

Over Hinckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial

Martha Washington HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded or the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast

REDINGTON & CO.'S

Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea-sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

AN INSANE BRIDE.

ON last Thursday, the 15th ult., says the Ottoway *Courier*, Dr. La Force, of Agency City, was married to Miss Dudley, the accomplished and beautiful daughter of Edward Dudley, Esq., of the same place. They were married in Mount Pleasant in the morning, and immediately started on the bridal tour, reaching Burlington for dinner. After eating very sparingly, the doctor prepared to start for a boat to convey them to St. Louis, when the young bride refused to go and commenced signs of delirium, which finally gave way to total insanity. It was with much difficulty that she was removed from the hotel, and only through the strategy of a lady resident of Mount Pleasant, who coaxed, pleaded and finally prevailed upon her to go. And all the time she seemed to utterly despise the man upon whom she had bestowed her affections. We first saw them at the B. and M. depot, in Burlington, in the evening, where the weeping husband was endeavoring to get her into a car. She was not wild or frantic, but demure, and positively very obstinate; her eyes dull and vacant, and again the husband was repulsed; the lady before mentioned being the only one who could control her.

It was a sad spectacle—the first moments of the honeymoon spent by the bride in utter obscurity of mind, and the husband in bitter grief, while a great crowd gathered around to surmise, blink, leer, speculate, wonder and sympathize. Having taken a seat in the car, her chilling moans and incoherent words wrung tears from the heart of more than the doting bridegroom, whom she would not allow to sit beside her. After running to within a few miles of Mount Pleasant a lucid moment came upon her, and she asked for her lover, who sprang with the eagerness of loving impatience to her side, but to be doomed to disappointment, for it was only temporary sanity. Upon reaching the station, however, she took his arm and walked out demurely, though still piteously moaning, and we rattled on, sadly thinking of the insane honeymoon. It is an unaccountably strange case, as nothing of the kind was ever before known in her family, and there was no opposition in any manner to the nuptials, and she is unusually intelligent, of a healthy and happy disposition, and was affectionately attached to her husband.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The *Journal of Commerce* thinks that the English language will become universal. "It is now," it says, "spoken over a vastly larger portion of the earth's surface than any other. It has become, to a great extent, the commercial language of the world; is heard in every port of the various great oceans; is giving words, expressions and terms to other and older languages which resist its supremacy; and seems destined to become, either in its present form or in some future variation, the common language of all races of men. There is nothing extravagant in the idea. It is one of the indications of history, and it leads to very strong conclusions in reference to the future tendency of emigration, when the lands now held by them shall cease to satisfy the Anglo Saxons."

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.—The gradual wearing away of the Falls of Niagara from year to year has become a subject of constant remark. This wearing away, however, is so slow as to be scarcely perceptible; but it is said that the American Falls have undergone a great change—huge masses of rock having caved in and fallen, giving that part of the Falls quite as perfect a horse-shoe shape as those on the Canadian side of the river.

FIND FAULT IN PRIVATE.—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, and if possible, some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The

IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS, THOS. C. McHALE, L. ELKUS."

HENRY HILLS & CO.,

MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.

Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice. We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

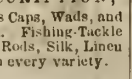
JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

WILSON & EVANS,



No. 513 Clay street,

Importers and Dealers in

FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

WILSON & EVANS.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. - - - Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED, AT

GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S

NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal., (Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Bannscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

McNALLY & HAWKINS,

Plummers and Gas Fitters,

Have removed their place of business to the new store on MARKET STREET, adjoining the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum,

Where they will keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GAS FIXTURES, PLUMBING MATERIALS, etc.

Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, AND FOR THE RELIEF OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE.

SO wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other Expectorant is too apparent to escape observation and where its virtues are [illegible], the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this having gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

We can only assure the public, that its quality is carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.

Great numbers of clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our remedies, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the complaints they cure.

Those who require an *alterative medicine* to purify the blood will find AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA the remedy to use. Try it once, and you will know its value.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco, and all Dealers

N. P. COLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

Furniture AND *Bedding!*

508, 510, 518 & 528 Washington St.

LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

SAN FRANCISCO.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

Cor Sansome & Commercial streets.

Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA AND YELLOW DOCK IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

TIME & LABOR SAVED BY USING

Standard Soap Company's

CELEBRATED

WASHING POWDER.

This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.

It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.

Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S.

MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET, San Francisco.

☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Pale, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,

Main street, Petaluma.

REMOVAL!

Wightman & Hardie's

DRY GOODS AND CARPET WAREHOUSE

HAS REMOVED

To No. 220 Sansome Street,

TWO DOORS SOUTH OF CALIFORNIA.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine)

Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (incipient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Dropsy, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OAK POISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain* cure,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"

NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Fifteenth Year (1866,) *in SAN FRANCISCO.*

☞ Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

☞ Apply for Baths from SEVEN o'clock, morning, until SEVEN o'clock evening. Sundays 7 to 9 A. M. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid day repast. *As a bath for the healthy, perfectly luxurious!* and to PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED. s22 3m

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No.	1 cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
"	2 cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
"	3 cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
"	4 cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
"	5 cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
"	6 cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
"	7 cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
"	8 cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
"	9 cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
"	10 cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
"	11 cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
"	13 cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
"	14 cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
"	15 cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
"	16 cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
"	17 cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
"	18 cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
"	19 cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
"	20 cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
"	21 cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
"	22 cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
"	23 cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
"	24 cures *General Debility* and Nervousness	50
"	25 cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
"	26 cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
"	27 cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
"	28 cures *Seminal Emissions* and Debility.	1 00
"	29 cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
"	31 cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
"	32 cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
"	33 cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
"	34 cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book	$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book	8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book	6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 Battery street, corner of Clay, San Francisco

COME AND SEE ME!

Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,

Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street,)

Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.

Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Sets, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $3. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents.

☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.

N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED

BY USING

Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,

Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of

CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb 6. 1866.

MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.

Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

Mr. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.

Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.

San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.

To F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Wholesale Agents, CRANE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & Co., SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY MILES, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of HARRIET MILES, the Administratrix of the Estate of HENRY MILES, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the Estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Henry Miles, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 14th day of January, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate to the heirs of said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 14th day of January A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

December 13th, A. D. 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 13th day of December, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES MCCABE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. d15 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the Estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.

It appearing to the Court, by the petition presented and filed, October 23d, A. D. 1866, by Thomas Courtis, the Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order to sell Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the debt outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 24th day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M. of the said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the whole of the Real Estate of deceased, as prayed for in said petition; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated November 23d, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK
Of the City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1866.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND FIVE-CENT STAMP, CANCELED.]
F. A. FABENS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. n24-5t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of LEWIS McGLAUFLIN, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 12th day of December A. D. 1866, Notice is hereby given, that THURSDAY, the third day of January A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said Lewis McGlauflin, deceased, and for hearing the application of Emeline McGlauflin, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same. WM. LEOWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

San Francisco, December 13th, A. D. 1866.

MESSRS. WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Petitioner. n15 3t

Lundborg, Dentist, 519 Montgomery St.

Notices to Creditors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JAMES PRATT, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of James Pratt, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of James Pratt, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB COON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Coon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Coon, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF DANIEL BUTLER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Daniel Butler, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Butler, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN McQUADE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John McQuade, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of John McQuade, deceased.
November 20th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF OSCAR E. EHLE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Oscar E. Ehle, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Oscar E. Ehle, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB LOURENS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Lourens, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Lourens, deceased.
November 19th, 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY CASSIDY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary Cassidy, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Cassidy, deceased.
November 19th 1866. n24 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY A. WALSH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of Crane & Boyd, attorney at law, in the city and county of San Francisco.

ADELAIDE WALSH,
Administratrix of Estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased.
San Francisco, November 27th, 1866
CRANE & BOYD, Attorneys, S. W. corner Clay and Montgomery streets. d1 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM F. HAMILTON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of William F. Hamilton, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of Estate of William F. Hamilton, deceased.
December 1st, 1866. d1 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix and Executor of the last will and testament of GIOVANNI MONTEVERDE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of A. D. Splivalo, No. 430 Jackson street, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

RAMONA ARDONEY MONTEVERDE,
Executrix.
GIUSEPPE CORDEVIOLA, Executor.
San Francisco, December 15, 1866. d15 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of JONATHAN P. CLARK, deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Joseph E. Clark, Executor of the last will and testament of Jonathan P. Clark, deceased, praying for an order to sell certain mining stocks belonging to said estate, at public or private sale.

It is ordered that the seventh (7th) day of January, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of this Court, at the Court House in the city and county of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said application, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby directed to appear before me, at the time and place specified, to show cause if any they have, why an order should not be granted to the said Executor to sell such mining interests, shares or stocks as are set forth in said petition and as belong to said estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
December 7th, A. D. 1866. d8 5t*

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH McGUIRE deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Edward McGuire, the Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 7th day January, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 7th day of January, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
December 6th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 7th day of December A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
Messrs. CROCKETT, WHITING & NAPTALY, Attorneys for Petitioner. d8 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the matter of the Estate of EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 15th day of January, A. D., 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 15th day of January A. D., 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated, December 4th, 1866. d8 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.]
D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

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W. STEVENSON, - - - - - TREASURER.

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Between California and Pine

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California China Mail
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FLYING DRAGON,
To be issued on the FIRST OF JANUARY, 1867, and dispatched by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer COLORADO. Office, 528 Clay street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. REED, et als, Defendants
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L. REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L. LIEN, PETER S. McNIEL, SARAH J. McNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.
The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be declared and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six.
Int. Rev. Stamp. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Cancelled. 5cts. } By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL.] d22
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF KARL GOTTLEIB WERTHSCHUTZKY, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Karl Gottlieb Werthschutzky, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Karl Gottlieb Werthschutzky, d22 6t

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Roses and Holly. A Gift Book for all the Year. Elegantly Illustrated.
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"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No. 6. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 29, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

Jem Barrett's Merry Christmas, by "Trem;" An Ocean Waif, a story; That Event at Sir Walters; "Black Sheep;" The Telegraph as a Practical Joker; Mr. Dwinelle as a Dogmatic Theologian; Why we have no Saturday Reviews; Literary Tastes; Local Art Items; "Lion's Mouth;" Modern Ghosts; The Concert of the Season; A Vivid Pen Portrait; Poetry, Amusements, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

The Modern Ghost.

Inasmuch as ghosts are supposed to add respectability to the neighborhood which they frequent, though they, at the same time cause the rates of house rent to decrease, poetical landlords in this country have been inclined to afford every encouragement to ghosts, and the man who owns fifteeen houses is by no means averse to giving up one of the fifteen as, "a haunted house," to the occupancy of ghosts. In "old England" ghosts have been treated shamefully of late; just as soon as a ghost comfortably establishes itself in a house and commences to smash the crockery ware, a detective policeman is called in and generally succeeds in "laying the ghost" by arresting the servant girl for malicious mischief in attaching horse hair to plates and dishes, and by this means making them seemingly in a suicidal manner cast themselves off their shelves and smash themselves. Englishmen will tolerate ghosts of "bleeding nuns" who haunt ancient ruins whose site is not required for a railway station, but as soon as a ghost appears in a modern dwelling house the landlord incontinently proceeds to buy it, by calling in a policeman. Under these circumstances what wonder is it that the ghosts are emigrating to the United States? Like all immigrants they are welcomed; they are not required to "declare their intentions." they are looked upon as distinguished foreigners, and treated with the courtesy due to visitors. America being a new country, is intensely flattered when it discovers a ghost. For some time it was considered that ghosts were a special luxery of the Old Country, but *nous avons changé tout cela* and we now raise our own ghosts. American ghosts are eminently muscular; you don't find the American ghost standing at your bedside dressed in a clear white night gown and pointing to a wound in its breast. The American ghost has no sickly sentimentality about it; it is an American ghost and adapts itself to the country. In England we hear of ghosts who go about at night clanking chains; this is because there was a time in England when people who had not committed any disreputable act were forced to wear chains; these are hoary old ghosts who became ghosts ever so many years ago. Chicago has had, if we are to believe the statement of the *Republican*, a remarkable ghost. This ghost has been haunting Mr. Skeels and family who lived in a house on Randolph street. As the ghost threw crockery ware about in the most indiscriminate manner Mr. Skeels, though a man of amiable disposition—one who would willingly harbor any quiet, well-disposed ghost—called in the police officer Slaven who is, we are assured by the *Republican* "a firm disbeliever in all things supernatural;" yet his experience is given us follows:

"Nothing unusual occured until three o'clock, at which hour he heard three distinct raps on the partition between the main room and the bed-room. Springing to his feet he threw open the doors, and saw several chairs, on which were a pile of bed-clothing, and which were standing near the head of the bed, dancing in a very unaccountable manner. He approached them and their motion ceased. Turning back and walking again into the front room, he heard a noise as if some heavy object was sliding upon the floor. In an instant he turned, and saw the bed, on which were lying the two women, slide away from the wall and then move back, striking the wall. Then one of the women called out that there was some one under the bed, trying to raise it up. Taking the lantern, the officer looked under it, but no one was there. Completely puzzled, he went back into the main room and sat down. In less than fifteen minutes he heard something rattle on the bed-room floor. One of the women exclaimed: 'There it is again!' Going into the bed-room again he picked from the floor an iron spider, which Mrs. Skeels positively stated had not been outside of the closet for two days. To have reached the position in which he found it, according to her statement, it must have passed through two walls! It was removed, and nothing further attracted his attention until he was relived.

When a policeman sees "several chairs on which *were* a pile of bed-clothing, and which were standing near the head of the bed dancing in an unaccountable manner" he must be excused if he becomes puzzled. The Chicago ghost is a sportive being. As the *Republican*—the paper which owns the ghost—considers the following worthy of being recorded, we must believe that the ghost was responsible for it:

"Another circumstance occured which is worthy of mention, at about nine o'clock The room was at this time crowded with people, when a noise was heard in the hall. The door was opened, and a cat—not a spiritual, but a genuine feline—with an inflated bladder tied to her tail, rushed into the room. A portion of the spectators drew back in affright from this strange apparition. Tubby was secured, her incumbrance removed, and quiet once more restored."

This mode of illustrating the "Speeritual Feelosophee" is far ahead of Mrs. Cuppy, and we do not believe that Mrs. Foye could raise a spirit capable of tying a bladder to a cat's tail. We are grieved to notice that, ghosts are falling into disrepute. It is all the fault of the newspapers. Who can respect a ghost who is reported to have tied a bladder to a cats tail? We object to modern ghosts. Let our ghosts, like our dragons live in history alone. The modern ghost is a nuisance even if he does not steal the silver spoons.

Corncopia.

I was startled this morning—us Christmas come in—
From a deep dream of peace by a horrible din.
As my dull powers roused to a sense of the sound,
I sat up in affright, and looked eagerly round.
I was scarce half awake, but, it seemed that the air
Was rent and disturbed by a wild trumpet blare
Which echoed to Heaven, and e'en down to—well,
Any depth, to be reached by such horrible knell.
I thought all the fiends had escaped, and were sounding
Sweet strains of old Satan's own special compounding.
Each note gave a wound like a rusty old blade;
The din was unceasing—I groaned as though flayed.
I am not at all nervous, in fact I'm quite cool,
But the man had been brainless, nay, worse than a fool,
Who had lain still enduring that torture in doubt,
So I e'en "faced the music," resolved to find out,
Despite all the dangers, determined to know
What presaged these portents, this terrible *blow!*
I rushed to the window, and through, ('twas just dawn,)
Saw an army of boys, each blowing a horn—
Crest-fallen and fruntie I crept back to bed,
Calling down maledictions on his or her head
Who imported, invented, sold or gave away
Those infernal tin trumpets about Christmas day. H. S. B.

The Concert of the Season.

The public are frequently promised "the concert of the season." In our opinion *the* concert of the season was given at Charley S—'s, on Christmas Eve, and it was all the more pleasant for the reason that it was a concert that the many-headed monster—the public—could not procure for money. It has been many years since so much musical talent and so many fine voices have been brought together in San Francisco.

The occasions on which "The Twelve" appear in public have become so few, that the question is often asked, "do they still exist as a club?" The truth is, that they do not as a body, seek public engagements; but that they are now as perfect exponents of part singing—adepts in rendering those delicious gems of harmony, written for male voices, as can be found in the United States, was apparent to the select few who were invited to attend the little reunion on Christmas Eve. Wine, wit and song flowed freely; that the members of "The Twelve" paid undue attention to the first named article, for the temperate habits of the club are proverbial and beautifully expressed in the grand old glee, which they so seldom sing in public:

To scythians leave those wild excesses,
Ours be the joy which soothes and blesses,
And while the temp'rate bowl we wreathe,
Our choral hymns we'll sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along,
In harmony of soul and song.

After supper, Geo. T. Evans sat down to the piano and regaled the company with delicious touches of instrumentation Although the specialty of "The Twelve" is the correct rendering of harmonized songs and glees, there is no lack of soloists among them. The names of Herberte—who has recently become a member—Wunderlich, Stadfeldt, not to mention others, are an illustration of the fact.

One of the sweetest serenades we ever listened to was sung by a Quartette of the club, Its name is "Open thy lattice fair maid;" the words by Swift, one of the first *tenors* of the club, and the music by Geo. T. Evans. The guests of the evening, although few in number, represented many nationalities, and among the pieces sung, were "God save the Queen," the Russian Nutioual Anthem, "Let Erin Remember"—as only Waunderlich can sing it. "The Marsellaise Hymn" and other national airs; these pieces, however, were only sandwiched in between those gems of compositions from the "Arion" which form such an important part in the *repertoire* of the club. We must mention that Herberte, on this occasion, sang the beautiful descriptive song entitled "Will o' the Wisp," which was composed for W. H. Weiss, by J. W. Cherry, the author of "Shells of the Ocean." We hope that he will before long favor the public with this splendid song.

Speak for Yourself.

Says the Sacramento *Union*:—

"It never rains but it pours." If California were older, she might put in a claim to be the birth-place of the proverb. When dry, she is parched; when wet, within a head of drowning."

All very true, so far as Sacramento is concerned, but why broaden the application to all California? We in San Francisco here, have never been "within a head of drowning." We have a small earthquake now and then, just to shake us up a little, and keep us lively, but we have never been obliged to do our marketing in boats, or to make our New Year's calls by stepping into three-story windows.

A Vivid Pen Portrait of Captain Callaghan.

The *Alta*, on Thursday last, devoted a considerable portion of its space to a description of the personal appearance of Captain Charles Callaghan, of the *Reynard*. The *Alta* considered this "pertinent," as it stated, because Captain Callaghan had charged certain members of the crew with mutinous conduct. It is to be regretted that the *Alta* did not publish an original likeness of Captain Callaghan—a picture of a captain would have served to enliven its columns more than the little vignettes of ships, dogs' heads, pianos, houses, etc., with which it ornaments its advertising department. However, the pen of the ready writer of the editorial corps of the *Alta* has done its work so fully, that we are comforted for the lack of an engraving. We are told that:—

"Captain Charles Callaghan is in his 51st year. He has followed the sea since boyhood, and by well-proved worth, step by step, worked his way from the humblest position in the forecastle to the highest on the quarter-deck. He is a thorough sailor, we need hardly say, or, as the popular phrase goes, 'what *he* doesn't know about a ship, isn't worth knowing."

After this, we learn the following interesting particulars respecting Captain Charles Callaghan and Mrs. Callaghan:

"Among his personal friends are the chief merchants and bankers. In personal appearance and manners he has nothing of that brusqueness of speech or negligence of dress, which are generally supposed to be characteristic of "old salts." On the contrary, he has the affability of the drawing-room and the dress of a refined landsman. Perhaps this is owing in some degree to the fact that his accomplished wife, a native of the Hub of Creation, always accompanies him in his ship. He is about five feet ten inches in hight, and has a perceptible stoop, caused by injury from a fall at sea many years since."

It is useless for the *Times* to attempt to rival the enterprise of the *Alta*. Had it not been for the *Alta* the public generally would probably have remained in ignorance of the fact that Captain Callaghan was "about five feet ten inches in height" and had "a perceptible stoop." It is interesting to the public to know that the Captain's wife was on board—this fact of itself alone, should have precluded any mutinous ideas entering the heads of any of the crew. As far as our experience goes, "the Captain's wife" is a supernumerary officer on a ship, who generally exercises more authority, in an indirect way, than the Captain himself The writer in the *Alta*, in order to make his article impressive, splashes in some terrible bad Latin. He says that the Captain, "*et necessitatee rei*," did something. The *Alta* proprietors have money, they should be able to afford to engage one decently educated reader, to revise the copy furnished by their editors, and thus guard against publishing a Latin sentence, of three words, with two errors in it.

Mrs. Woxcackle, on the Church Situation.

MR. EDDYTER:—O my poor distractid hed! The strait of worriment and bewilderment in which I am, is such as cannot be discribed by mortual pen—leastways not by mine. What things is coming to, if they go on as now they are, is awful to contemplate upon. The Bishop has isshood his "prouunsbyomeantto" as Mr. Woxcackle calls it, wich I presoom he means his lait butiful pastorial letter agaynst worldly amusements and rekreashuns on religious festyvals on Crismas Eve, which noue can gainsay the right of, and yet, the gentlemen that maniged the festyvals went on regardless and disrespectful, jest as if there was no ekklesyastical orthority in the Dyoceese, and as if ours was a church without a Bishop or a Caythedral, and had their performance, dancing and cauvass floor and all, according to advertysement, all of which is harrowing to the feelings of them that love pease and bomminy, and conkord in relijus cirkles. And now the talk is that St James' will be cut off and excommunicatid, and that Mr. B—r and Mr. A—n are going to set up a church or their own, with Mr, Eagan as the hed of it, wbich with the Cathylic Church and the Episkipil, and the Prispyteerin, and the Methidist, and the Mormons and all the other sekts and herrisys, I for one cannot see the need of. But Mr. Eagan's friends air determined to stand by him, and says he shall preach, Bishop or no Bishop, and paid no attention to his letter, and air in short, as headstrong as ever. What to do I know not. Mr. Eagan has been to me more tender than a bruther, and is, if ever such there was in mortual form, a blessed saint on earth; but if the Bishop turns his church into a conventikle no better than a disseutiug meeting house, and he becomes a sizmatic and a heretick, I might as well be a downwrite Prispyteerin, as to side with him, wich never can I bring myself to do; but that standing connatly will yet find a way to heel the breech and prevent skandal and contenshun, I still hope and pray. Your's Respectful,

MARIA WOXCACKLE.

An Oracle.

The *Alta* seems to be rushing into the literary field with all the "effusion" of a novice. Its "book notices" have long been singularly wooden and unappreciative; now they are all at once becoming wildly sensational. They are so intensely patriotic—so enthusiastic in their appreciation of what "we," the Anglo Saxons of this generation have achieved in literature, that no American Anglo Saxon can peruse them without experiencing a thrill of exultation. The new critic of the *Alta* (for beyond all peradventure he is a new critic) unhesitatingly assures his readers that the present, is the greatest poetical epoch that the world has ever seen, and, furthermore, that the poetry of the English language is more valuable than all the poetry of all the other languages together. In these amazing judgments, we have no doubt that the auctioneers (being a thoroughly loyal and patriotic body) will heartily concur.

AN OCEAN WAIF.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN CROSS, sir, late able seaman of the clipper-ship *Southern Star*, trading to Sydney, and carrying passengers, only a rough sailor, and has been through many a storm at sea, but weathered them all, to sit here, sir, and let you take all the yarn down just as it all happened, word for word, and if you like, I'll kiss the book afore starting.

We had a good run out, and had got all our cargo ashore, and lay alongside o' the wharves in Sydney harbor, high out of water. Some o' the chaps was ashore, when my mate, Tom Black—not the mate o' the ship, you know, but my mate as was good friends with me—and me was leaning over the bulwarks, when we see a gentleman on the wharf, down below, with a couple o' young ladies as looked like his daughters, and he seemed peeping about as if he wanted to come aboard.

"Captain on board, my man?" he says.

"No, sir," I says, touching my hat, "Mate is, sir."

An then he led one o' the young ladies up the hatches as was laid across to the wharf; an the other was afraid to follow, so I swings myself off, and on to the wharf, and then holds out my hand to steady her and lead her aboard; and she smiled at me as if she knew it would be all right, and laid her pretty little yellow kid-glove in my great tarry fist, and I had her safe aboard in no time, when she looked up at me, and said "Thank you sailor," in such a sweet way, that it was almost music; and just then, I saw that I'd left the marks of my fist on her delicate little gloved hand, and I felt that savage and vexed as I stood there rubbing my hand down my trousers, I hardly knew what to do. I felt as silly as a great gal, and she saw it, and looked at her glove, and made a pretty little face at it, and then laughed and nodded at me; and if I didn't feel—being an ignorant sort of fellow—just as if I should have liked to have been her dog.

"Mr. Smith ain't aboard," say Tom to me in a whisper—shovin' his elber right into my ribs, as if daylight through would do me good—"he's gone ashore."

"Where shall we find the mate?" says the gentleman just then; and a fine fierce old chap he looked, almost as brown as Tom, with sharp eyes, hook nose, and a great white beard, half covering his face; while as to the two young ladies as seemed to be his daughters, they looked to me more like angels than anything else. So, "Where shall we find the mate?" says the gentleman; and in my blundering way, I was obliged to tell him as I'd made a mistake.

"Ah! never mind, my man," he says; "I have taken a passage home to the old country in your ship, and my daughters, they thought they would like to look around. You and that other man are a couple of the sailors, eh?" he says in a sharp, sharp way.

"Yes sir," I says, touching my hat again, for he spoke just like a captain.

"Glad of it," he says; "there's a honest look about you. There, you can drink the young ladies' health when you go ashore!" and he gave me a shilling. "Now, I suppose you'll take us home safe?"

"That we will," I says, "sir; for a better ship never sailed;" and what with talking in such company, and what with being called honest-looking, I felt quite red in the face.

"Bravo!" says the gentleman, clapping me on the shoulder; "I like a man to be proud of his ship."

Then I saw both the young ladies smile, and I thought it was at me, and that made me fell more blundering than ever; so that when I took them and showed them all over the ship, and the cabin, and all the different parts, and told them what a quick run we had made, I'm afraid I did it very clumsily; but they all thanked me; and when the gentleman took one young lady by the hand, and led her ashore—the one he brought aboard, with long, dark hair—the other one, as had bright, golden-yellow curls flowing like all down her back, she gave me her hand again, just as if it was quite natural, and tripped over the hatchway to the wharf, while I held it all the while tightly clinging to mine. and then again she said, "Thank you sailor!" and I stood looking after them, for they were gone; and somehow as I stood there, it seemed as if something had come over the day, and it looked dull; while I could feel the pressure of that little hand on mine, and there was another shilling there—that shilling as is sewed up in a little leather purse, and hangs round my neck, and as I hope it 'll hang when I'm sewn up in my hammock, and the twenty-four pound shot takes me to the bottom.

"Cheerly men, ho, yo-ho!" and up came another; and then down it went into the deep hold, where some of our chaps rolled 'em along into their places, cask after cask of tallow; and warm work it was on that hot January day. But we were at work with a will, and soon made the good ship sink a bit in the water.

We got our tallow on board, packed and jammed and stammed, so that I don't care how the ship lurched—there would n't be no shifting down in the hold; for our first-mate, Mr. Smith—Hammer and tongs, we used to call him—was a first-class sailor, and would have everything done well, and keep us at it, over and over again, till it was done. Of course the chaps didn't like him none the better for it; but he was a good mate, for all that.

One day the captain came aboard, and began talking to Mr. Smith about getting a place ready for I don't know how many thousand ounces of gold as we were to take back.

"Hear that, Tom?" I says.

"What?" says he.

"Why, we're a-going to shy the tallow overboard, and fill up with gold."

"Gammon!" he says; but the next morning, down comes the gold with a convoy o' police round the trucks; and then we had to carry aboard a lot of little wood-chests marked, and painted, and bound with iron. Gallus heavy they were, too, and I don't know how much they were worth apiece; but when they was packed down in the little cabin cleared out for 'em, they didn't seem to take up much room; and one didn't feel a bit dazzled or struck.

"Why, it don't seem much to make a fuss about," I says to Tom.

"You're right, old boy," he says; "and yet those two chaps is going to stay aboard to guard it till we sails."

"Well, I s'pose it's all right," I says; "but there ain't much to show, if it is a rich cargo. I'd sooner go in for the tallow."

We was pretty busy now getting in our fresh meat and vegetables, and taking in our water, and one thing and another; when one day a bounceable chap, with a big black beard, one of a party of six, came on board to secure berths. They'd been partners up at the diggings, and were going to bring their gold abroad; and a precious fuss they made with the captain and mate about being safe, and proper protection, and so on. This chap, Hicks he called hisself, was peeping about aboard and asking the mate about our chaps, whether he thought this man honest, and that t'other one fit to trust, and all on in that way, till I could see with half an eye as old Hammer and Tongs felt savage enough to kick him overboard.

Next night they was all six aboard, with the captain; and they had a table and chairs out on the poop, and sat smoking and drinking the captain's pale ale. They talked very big about what they'd made, and what an encumbrance it was, and how glad they should be to have it safe aboard.

I happened to be sitting mending and splicing a bit by a lantern, so I heard a good deal of the conversation.

"You see it's safe, I think, now, for they have it in the strong room at the hotel; but if you'll take it into your charge to-morrow, captain, we should be glad to have it off our minds."

This was the one called Hicks as spoke, and then another chimes in, and he says, "But the captain must be answerable."

"O yes; of course," says Hicks. "But curse it, Phillips, if you ain' the worst of us all. You'll have the yellow fever, if you don't soon get rid of your share."

"I wonder you didn't turn it into notes," says the captain. "There they are, snug in your pocket book, and nobody a bit the wiser."

"What's the good of shying a hundred pounds away?" says another of 'em. "Why, we can make that, and more too, in the old country."

"What's in it?" says the captain.

"Three cases—government pattern," says Hicks; "all regular and in style; and without being too funky, captain, I'm blest if it ain't like a nightmare allus on us. We've had more than one fight for it, and one chap had four inches of that in his ribs for trying to meddle with what warn't his own;" and then he pulled out a nasty awkward-looking knife, as I could see the gleam of as he gave it a bit of a flourish.

"I made a noise with that, too," says another, pulling out a revolver; and then it came out as they were all armed.

"And I tell you what it is, captain," says Hicks; "we'd one and all shed every drop of blood in our veins before we'd be chowsed out of it now, after the years of toil and danger we've had."

"All right, gentlemen, all right," says the captain. "I don't wonder at what you say; but my crew to a man are English—none of your beggarly coolies or Lascars; so I think you'll be pretty safe. Winds and waters permitting, I'll see you safe into Liverpool Docks; and if I don't, it won't be my fault."

Then they sat drinking another bottle or two of ale, and went ashore.

That night as I lay close aside of Tom Black, it was that hot that we could neither of us sleep, for not a breath of air came between our hammocks. I got talking about the gold, and about these swell chaps as was coming aboard, and I says: "Tell you what, old boy, if I'd got a chest o' gold, I don't think I should go crying out, 'Look ye here!' even if I had a six-shooter to take care of it with. I'd mark it as lead or copper, or something of that sort."

"Gammon," says Tom. "Who goes traveling with a chest of lead or copper? That wouldn't be no good."

"Well, then, I'd shove it in a coffin, and pretend it was a corpus," I says.

"Yes," says Tom; "and ten to one, if it was rough weather, some o' the chaps would say Jonah was aboard, and shove the coffin out of one o' the lee ports on a dark night. How then, old hoss?"

Well, I hadn't got nothing to say to that; and as I hadn't got any gold of my own to bother about, I turns over, and goes to sleep, and dreams about seeing angels in a sunshiny land, and they'd all got long golden hair, and black velvet hats with white feathers, and wore yellow kid gloves.

CHAPTER II.

They say it does rain over there sometimes; and when it does come down, it's a wash away; but there never came any rain in my time; and of all the hot, dusty, dry places I ever did see, that there Sydney's about the worst. We were pretty well ready for sea now, and a sight more snug than when we were coming out; for cargo and traps had come in comfortable-like, some at a time, and not bull-roosh all together. That very next day comes our six passengers, with a deal of fuss, and a truck, and a couple of policemen to bring the three little chests on board; for all their luggage, which wasn't much, came on day before. It did seem such a hullabaloo to make about three little boxes, that, as we took 'em aboard, some of us couldn't help having a little bit of chaff about it among ourselves; and precious savage those six passengers looked about it, I can tell you. You see, they weren't gentlemen; but the sorter chaps as I set down in my mind to go on the spree when they got home, and spend all they'd got in a couple o' months; and so I told Tom Black.

Well, once the treasure was all aboard, we did not see much of our six gentlemen till the day of sailing. We had Major Horton's luggage on board—for that was the name of the gentleman as had the two daughters; and just at the last, when we were getting up the anchor, after lying away from the wharf a couple of days, Major Horton came off with the ladies in the same boat with our captain; and when he saw who were going to be passengers as well, I don't think he much liked it; but he didn't say anything; and as he and his daughters had a cabin to themselves, and a servant-lad too, who, it did not much matter to them. I managed to get to the gangway, and was going to help the same young lady aboard as she was being slung up; but the black-bearded chap, Hicks, starts forward, shoves me on one side, and takes off his hat, and holds out his hand. But I warn't sorry to see her just lightly lay her hand on his arm for a moment, then bow stiffly, and take her father's arm, quite turning her back on my gentleman; and then giving me a smile and a nod, just to thank me all the same—though I didn't help her.

You see when that Hicks shoved me back, it was as if some one had rubbed all one's fur up wrong way, while, when I got that smile and nod, it was like a hand smoothing me down again; but I must say as I should have liked to pitch that chap over the bulwarks.

I'd no time to see more then, for old Hammer and Tongs was letting go at us all like blazes. He did swear that day, and no mistake: for he was one o' them old-style sailors as couldn't get on without. I don't believe he meant any harm; but Lord bless you, how he would go on! It was like a thunderstorm—thunder and lightning—thunder and lightning, till the bit of work was done; and then he'd stand there rubbing the perspiration off his old bald head, and dabbing himself, and smiling, and—"Werry well done, my lads—werry well done indeed," he'd say, and this day he turns round to Major Horton, as was standing close by.

"Smart bit of seamanship," he says, "wasn't it, sir?"

"Well, really, I'm no judge," said Major Horton; "but I thought the men were getting wrong over it, by your being so angry."

"Angry, sir!" says old Smith; "angry! Lord bless you, I wasn't angry; I never see the lads do it better;" and he looked so surprised and innocent that our captain couldn't help laughing.

"It's a way of his, he's got, sir; that's all."

"Ah!" says Major Horton, with his face a bit screwed up; "then I hope he will not have that way of his on often when my daughters are on deck;" and then he walked aft.

Our captain cocked his eye, and grinned at old Smith; and the old chap screwed up that old figure-head of his just like a bit of carved mahogany; and then he blew out his cheeks, and stared at the captain, and he says; "I must turn over a new leaf, mate. But, I say, that was rather hot, wasn't it?"

A fine fair breeze as ever blew homeward, and the good ship bent to it with every stitch set, and away we went through the blue water, sending it out behind us covered with white foam: and now for days past we had seen nothing but blue sky and blue sea.

I hadn't seen much of the ladies, only just when they took a walk on the deck with their father; for, after the first day or two, they never came on deck alone, on account of that Hicks, and the one as they called Phillips—a long, sandy-whiskered chap, but one has had a wonderful good opinion of hisself, and along with this Hicks, tried it on very strong to make himself agreeable to the ladies.

The young ladies did all that well-bred folks know so well how to manage—such as giving these chaps cold answers, and all sorts o' ways showing 'em as their company wasn't wanted; but it wasn't a bit of use, bless you, and they showed themselves so forward at last that the ladies didn't

show at all, which made me feel a bit mad, for I felt to know why it was. Then my gentlemen must try it on with the father when he came on deck to smoke his cigar, for they were most always sitting somewhere about smoking and drinking bottled beer. Now they'd ask him to take a glass with them; another time to take a cigar; but as far as I saw, and Tom Black told me, he always as civilly as could be said "No;" and showed them that he belonged to a different class of ship, and wanted to keep hisself to hisself.

But that didn't suit our gentlemen, and this Phillips must be always borrowing a light of the Major, and walking aside him along the deck, turning when he turned; and so thick-skinned he was that he could not, or would not, see how he was being snubbed: and more than once I've seen the gray-headed old gentleman go down into his cabin quite vexed and savage-like.

And yet he wasn,t proud; for when Tom and I have had the watch of a night, he'd come and give us a cigar apiece, and stop for long enough talking; and the same with either of us when it was our spell at the wheel. As for him and old Smith, after that bit of a fly the first day, they were as thick as thiek: and the old ehap never did let out but once before the ladies, and then he brought hisself up short with a spank in the mouth; and Tom said he went and begged pardon afterwards; but I don't quite believe that.

One lovely evening, when there was one of those glorious sunsets as turns everything, sea, sky, ship, and rigging, into gold, Miss Hortou and Miss Madeline, which was her dark-haired sister, were both up on deck, for the unpleasant party was all below iu the captain's cabin, and talking a good deal —so Tom said, for he was close aside the skylight—about where we were, and seeming to know a good deal about latitude and longitude, and so on.

"They ain't half-bred sailors," says Tom to me: "but it strikes me, Jaek, as they're a bad lot, and I don't like the look of 'em. The captain does, though, for they are awfully thiek, and they've got the chart out there, and he's almost tight, but he's showing them exactly where we are."

"What a pair of handsome gals those are, Tom?" I says. looking along the deck, for I was thinking of something else.

"Yes," says Tom; "and if I was their father. I shouldn't take it so coolly, is that hook-nosed chap Hicks, and that other long awry chap, was always follering them about."

"P'raps he don't know it," says I.

"P'raps they don't tell," I says, "so as to save a rumpus; for I don't think their old man would stand much nonsense. I'm blest if I should like to upset him."

"Look at that, now," says Tom.

But I was looking; and just then, the very two ehaps as we'd mentioned eame up on deek, and first thing they does was to put themselves so as to meet the ladies, and smile and bow.

I saw Miss Madeline press closer up to her sister, and as they went by, they slightly bowed, and then walked towards where Tom and I stood, so as to be pretty close; when they went and stood gazing out to sea.

Up eomes my two gentlemen; and I could see them as they'd both had as much as they could carry; and one goes on one side o' the sisters, and the other the far side, and then they leaned round and looked right in their faces, and said something as made both start back and cross over to the other side—for another of the party stood lolling and smoking just by the cabin stairs—ours being a flush deck.

"Steady mate," says Tom, getting tight hold of my wrist, for I was going to do something—I don't quite know what; but I felt all red-hot like.

"'Tain't your business, Jack Cross."

Well I didn't see that; for if it ain't a sailor's duty to succor a maiden in distress, whose duty is it?—tell me that; but I stood quite still, hoping that the father would eome up.

"And if he does pitch him overboard," I says, thinking aloud, "why, 'ware sharks."

"Just what I thought, Jack," says Tom Black.

I could see as the poor girls looked frightened, and Miss Horton—Mary, as she told me her name was—dropped her handkerchief on the deck, but turned to pick it up: but Hicks was too sharp for her, and he got hold of it, kissed it, and began stuffing it in his wesket.

I saw Miss Mary flush up, and I've never seen anyone look so handsome since; and her eyes seemed to flash, as she says, "If you're a gentleman, sir, you will immediately restore that handerchief."

"My angel," he say, "never!—Now," he says, taking hold of her hand, and drawing it through his arm, "don't be so cross; let's have a walk, and talk it over."

She did not speak, but struggled to get away; and then turned her head towards me, as if to ask for help, and our eyes met, though there was a good distance between us.

That was enough. I saw she was too brave to scream, though she was backing towards the cabin-stairs, while her sister tried to follow; but Phillips kept between 'em, and wouldn't let her pass. That was enough for me. I shook Tom off, and made a rush, and stopped short half-way, as Miss Mary made towards me, and I caught her in my arms, just as I saw Hicks go down like a bullock, and roll over, stunned and bleeding on the white deck; while, directly after, Phillips caught a lift under the ear, as sent him staggering against the long-boat, when he tipped up, went in, and you saw his heels for a moment, and then he was gone.

Talk about a lion; why, the old gentleman's beard seemed to bristle, and he couldn't speak, but he gave me a wag of the head to help Miss Mary down; and I tried to carry her for a few steps, but she asked me to set her down direetly, and then she took my arm, and we followed the Major and Miss Madeline into the cabin; and I was coming away, when the old gentleman eame up and shook me by both hands. "I'll talk to you to-morrow," he says. "I thought I knew an honest face when I saw it."

I backed out, awkward enough, and feeling somehow quite ashamed of what I had done; and the last thing as I saw there was Miss Madeline crying in her sister's arms. While, when I got back on deek, both of them gentlemen had made theirselves scaree; and the only thing to show as there had been anything wrong, was some blood as Jack Cross was swabbing up, while old Smith was looking on as black as thunder.

CHAPTER III.

There was a pretty sharp row about that evening's upsets, and I believe the captain apologized to Major Horton about it. I don't thiuk the old soldier thought any less of the captain on account of it, for they kept very good friends; but I never, during the next four days, onee saw the ladies on deek alone; while, as for Hicks and his party—well I have seen a few ill looks pass iu my time, but I never did see anythiug quite to equal some of them as were sent from that party after the gray bearded old major.

We were a crew of eighteeu men—all told—four of 'em being fresh hands, shipped at Sydney: and on the fourth night after the upset, it being our watch, Tom and me leaned over the bulwarks together, talking quite low, for Hicks' party had a table and chairs elose by, and were sittiug smoking and drinking.

"Jaek," says Tom to me all at once, for he was a deep, quiet chap, alway putting this and that together—"Jack," he says, "there's something up."

"All right," I says; "what is it?"

"Them four chaps as shipped at Sydney."

"Well what of them? They are regular swabs anyhow.

"They're a bad lot," says Tom; and then Hiek's party got up, and eame sauntering along towards us.

"I watehes my ehance," says Tom in the same tone; "and the next time as he eome under, down goes the harpoon, and I hit him a slap. He pulled hard enough, but I had him; and arter so much salt horse, a bit of fish is first rate, if it is only bonito."

"Eh?" I says, for I couldn't make out he was running a guy.

"Keep dark," he says; "they're a coming back."

"You know," say Tom, going on again, "all you have to do is to look sharp, and aim straight; any fellow could do it; and if the skipper'll let us, we'll—There," says Tom, "they're gone down now, and our watch is up; so let's turn in."

And I followed him down, and turned into my hammock close aside his, hardly knowing what to make of him.

"Now, I tell you what," says Tom, beginning again, "there's something up, my lad."

"Well," I says.

"How came them six passengers to be so thick with Rudd, und Johnson, and Broek, and Perkins?"

"How should I know?" I says. "Why, what an old mare's-nest hunter you are, mate."

"I've been reckoning 'em up, Jack, for above a week; and I knows a little more than they think for; and now I just want to get one more knot undone. and then I shall lay it all afore the skipper. You're asleep, ain't you?"

"No, I ain't," I says, rousing up, for I had been next door to it.

"Well, I tell you what," he says, "they mean that gold—that's what they mean!"

"What, their own?" I says, getting interested; for though I chaffed him, I thought a good deal of what Tom Black said.

"No, no," he says—"the treasure; and I'm blest if I don't think as them three chests o' theirs is all on 'em dummies. Now, then, what d' yer think o' that, lad?"

I was so took aback for a bit, that I didn't know what to think; so I says, "What makes you think so?"

"What do they want to be such good friends with them four chaps for, when nobody else is there; and not know 'em when somebody's a looking on? What do they want to know so exactly where the ship is, and to get her place marked on the chart for? What do they pretend to know nothing about the sea, for, and always call every sheet and bit of tackle by the right name, and have their sea-legs as soon as they come aboard?"

I didn't say nothing.

"I tell you what it is, Jack Cross," he says, "it's my belief as there'll be a fight afore long, and p'raps a change o' skippers; and if so, why, the Lord ha' mercy on them two poor gals."

"Tom," I says, growing quite husky, "surely not quite so bad as that."

"Mate," he says, "there's fifty thousand pouud worth o' gold in them little boxes, and what some chaps would do for that—"

"What's the matter?" I says, for he'd stopped short.

He didn't answer, but leaned over and elapped his hand across my mouth, and of course I lay still as could be, listening.

After a minute, he takes his hand away, and says: "There's some devilment up, Jack Cross, and I'm hanged, mate, if I don't think it's on to-night."

He spoke so huskily, too, and seemed so warm, that I could feel my heart go "thud, thud," like a pump.

"Why, what's up?" I says.

"Mate," he says, "there's two o' them Sydney ehaps in the watch as relieved us; and when I stopped you, I know I heard some one a stealing up the eompanion-ladder."

"Phew!" I says, very softly. "What shall we do?"

"Let the captain know," says Tom.

"*If we can*," I says; for something struck me that if it was as he said, we should be stopped.

"Ah! if we can," he says; and we slipped out quietly, and were both ready in a minute.

"Hadn't we better rouse up these chaps?" I said, for there was half a dozen down beside us.

"Wait a bit," says Tom; "p'raps it's only a hum after all."

So we stole under the hammocks to the ladder, and as I was first, I crept up, raised my head above the combings, and looked round, but did not see anything particular; so I crawled quietly on to the deck, and waited for Tom. He was aside me in a moment, and we were beginning to feel rather foolish, and to think we had both of us better go down, when, as we knelt elose under the shade of the long-boat, we heard a bit of a seuffle aft and then there was a faint ery, and a heavy plunge in the water, and then another cry, but fainter.

"Hush!" says Tom, grasping my arm; and then several dusky figures ran by us, seemingly barefooted, for you could hear the "pad, pad" of their feet on the deek, and directly after there was another short scuffly noise—the sound of some one trying to shout with a hand held over his mouth—and then another splash in the water.

"Come on," says Tom; and I followed him, and we crept along by the bulwark, and then darted down the cabin stairs, stopping a moment to listen, and then we heard them closing the hatch we had come up, and there was the souud of rope being piled on it.

We were at the bottom in an instant, when I was seized by the throat, and a voiee growled: "Who's this? What's the ship's course altered for?"

"Look out Mr. Smith," hissed Tom; "munity! they'll be here in a moment."

"Damd nonsense," roared the old fellow, pushing by us and running on deck! and as we banged at the captain's and Major Hortou's door, we heard a gurgling ery, an oath, and a heavy fall. Direetly after, there was a rush down the stairs; and as Major Horton's cabin door opened, some one struck me a tremendous blow on the head, and I fell; but was conscious enough to see the Major, with a light in one hand and a pistol in the other, send one fellow down; to hear the piercing sereams from the two poor girls whom I could not help; and then to hear the sound of shots and oaths, and blows in the captain's cabin, for a few moments; and then all was still, except the shrieks of the poor girls; while directly after more light was brought, and I saw lying across a ehair, with his head and legs upon the floor, the body of the poor old Major; and then all seemed to be blank for a bit.

The next thing I recollect was hearing Hicks' voice giving orders, and I heard him say "Over with him;" and then there was the sound of a heavy body being dragged along the floor of the next cabin, and then I heard the head go "bump, bump" up the cabin stairs; then scrape along the deck; and then eame a heavy plunge in the water.

"That's the poor skipper," I thinks to myself: and just then somebody walked right over me, and into the cabin, and I saw it was Hicks.

"Serve this old beast the same," he says; and Phillips and Johnson takes hold of the poor old gentleman's leg, and drags him along; and as they knocked the chair down, there was a cry from the inner cabin.

"Silenee!" roared Hicks, dashing the but-end of his pistol against the door; and then I felt the body drawn over me, and the warm blood drip on my face, and smear across it, as it was dragged along. Then followed the "bump, bump" of the head up the stairs; the creeping, rustling noise on the deck; and then a splash told me the poor old gentleman was gone.

Now, just then I was in a sort of sleepy, dreamy state—half-witted, I may say. I could see and understand all that passed, and yet did not seem either in pain or afraid. I remember thinking that it would be either my turn or else Tom Black's next; for I supposed he was knocked on the head too, and lying in the captain's cabin; and I remember, too, feel-

ing very sorry for those two girls; and then two fellows caught hold of my legs, dragged me up the cabin stairs, across the deck, and then I felt some one give me a bit of a heave, and felt the shock as I struck the water; and then it was as if new life rushed through me, and as I rose to the surface, I struck out, and directly after felt the ship's side.

I suppose that one of the first things they must have done, and the thing which poor Tom and I heard, was to pitch the man at the wheel overboard; for the ship was rolling in the trough of the sea, very gently, for there was no breeze on; and very fortunate this was for me, as I was able to swim along the side and climb up on to the rudder-chains, where I had just strength enough to lash myself with my handkercher, when I turned dead-sick again, and nearly slipped back into the water. But, somehow or another, in a half-stupefied way, I managed to cling where I was, getting my legs well twisted round; and there I hung, drenched with the sea, shivering with the cold, but getting brighter and clearer in the head, which I now found was badly cut; but it soon stopped bleeding; and you may well suppose mine were not pleasant thoughts, holding on there under the stern of the ship—cold, and sick at heart, and waiting for the morning.

CHAPTER IV.

If any poor wretch ever longed for the coming of daylight, I was that poor fellow, as clung there feeling so weak and bad at times that I could have cried like a child; but after a bit I thought of my bacca, and got a bit in my mouth, and it did seem such a comfort. Being quite clear in my head now, and only in pain—pretty sharp pain, too, from the cut—I could think of all the events of the night without getting muddled and confused, as I did at first when I tried to; and now it seemed all clear enough, and just as poor Tom thought, for it was a deep-laid plot to get the treasure, and one which had succeeded only too well. And then I began to think about how many had been killed, and I counted up—two of the men in the watch; old Smith, the mate; the skipper; the poor old Major; and Tom Black, sir; and then I wondered whether they'd killed the poor girls; but at that same moment I thought about Hicks and Phillips, and a regular shudder, and a sense of going half mad, ran through me, so that for a few moments I felt half blind, as though blood ran to my eyes; and that's how I felt every time I thought of those two scoundrels.

The more I thought of the bloody deed of the past night, the more impossible it seemed; for though we used to hear tell of such things, and the old-salts knew many a pirate yarn, yet it didn't seem to belong to these times, and I almost fancied I was making a fool of myself.

But there was no deceit about it—worse luck—and soon I began to count up how many chaps were left; and I reckoned there'd be eight, "and not one of 'em as would turn pirate, I'd swear," I says to myself. And then I wondered what they'd do with them, for they were all caged up safe in the forecastle. "Why, they'll shove them in one of the quarter-boats with the ladies, and cast them adrift," I says.

Morning at last: first a faint light; then, a red glow; and then, up came the sun, seeming to make every wave a mass of jewels dancing in a flood of red gold, while the sky looked so assuring and sociable, that it seemed impossible that such a bloody deed should have been done in the darkness. Every warm ray served to cheer me up, and give me hope of life, till I thought again of what was to become of me; was I to be shot, or to fall off for the sharks, or be drowned, or what? But another glance at the warm sun and the bright sky cheered me on again: and I thought I'd wait till they sent the rest of the crew off in a boat, and then I'd swim off to them, and risk the sharks.

And now there seemed some moving about, for the rudder was shifted, and the ship made some way; but, directly after, it fell calm, and she swung round, so that I got the full glow of the warm sun, which began to dry me a bit, and warmed my stiffened and chilled limbs. Then I could hear them dashing water about, and swabbing the decks as busy as could be

"That's to get rid of the blood," I says, and soon after I hears a good deal of noise and talking, and swearing; and then there was a pistol-shot, and directly after a splash in the water. I saw a body and knew the face as that of a mate as had been in my watch—a good man, and true—at the same moment from above my head I heard a faint scream, and the whispering of voices, and then the closing of a window.

The sound of those voices revived me, so that I roused up, or I believe I should have slipped into the sea. I suppose I was weak from loss of blood, and besides I had never seen any horrors before; while there had been enough during the last few hours to upset any poor fellow. I must have gone: for I had tied my handkercher round my head, because the cut was painful.

By-and-by, I heard the boat lowered, and splash in the water; and after a bit, as if they were putting in provision and water, I heard her push off, and made ready for a swim, or else to shout to them. So I leaned out as far as I could, and watched till she came in sight; for I dared not let those on deck see me; but when at last I did see her, my heart seemed quite to sink, for there were only six men in her, and the young ladies were not there; while after a bit of study of the faces, I made out as it was the cook that was left behind.

"Poor gals, poor gals," I muttered to myself, and I shrunk back in the chains, and sat there thinking, and giving up all hope of going with the boat, for I didn't feel as if I could; and so, without seeing me, the poor chaps rowed away and at last got to be quite a little speck.

The heat of the day came and still it was calm; then the evening, and I had sat there with nothing to keep me but a bit of tobacco; and now I knew it would soon be sunset, for the sky was getting all glorious again. I had not heard any more of the young ladies though I fancied once the window opened, but from where I was, I could not climb up, nor yet see; and so I sat and waited meaning to climb on deck when it was dark, for I felt famished.

Every now and then, I could hear the fellows shouting and singing and it was evident that there was plenty of grog on the way. This set me thinking again about Hicks and Phillips and I could feel now as nothing was too bad for the villains: and I tried whether I could not climb up to the window where the ladies were, knowing all the time that I, single-handed, could do nothing. But I soon found out that I could not manage it, and made up my mind to wait till it was dark, when perhaps they could hang out something to help me.

I was sitting waiting for the night when all of a sudden I heard the window-glass up above me dashed out and the little pieces fell spattering into the water; and then I know for a few moments, I went mad and frothed at the mouth. Shriek after shriek, and the noise of struggling; prayers for mercy, help, pity, and all in the most heart-rending tones; the knocking together of furniture and breaking of glass; and still above all those pitiful cries for help, there came the angry voices of men and oaths; and once, I felt sure, blows; and still the cries continued, and all at once ceased. Then there was the loud banging of a door, and noise and swearing on the deck; and all the while I was holding my head tight against the side of the ship, to keep it from splitting, for it seemed as though my brain must burst through my skull.

After a bit I heard a loud wailing sob, and such a bitter cry as brought the pitying tears coursing down my rough cheeks' and that seemed to do me good, and I tried to make her as cried hear me. But I could not and then I listened again, and I heard a chocking voice say, "God! Father! forgive us, for we cannot live!" and then it was quite dark, and I heard in the stillness of the night those two sisters bidding one another good by, so sweetly and lovingly, and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth for a horrid chill ran through me, and I knew they were going to jump in. "Stop, stop," I cried at last in a voice that I didn't know for mine.

[Concluded in our next number.]

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No 12.

"Medicine Chests always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

In warring against the regular or Allopathic practice of medicine—in endeavoring to render it odious in the eyes of the people—in stigmatizing it as a system of cunning, fraud and crime—Dr. Bourne has no personal resentments or animosities to gratify; it is not its exponents but the system he is after. He believes that the course he is now pursuing in showing up that system by the opinions of its most distinguished professors, is not only legitimate but very effective in its effect upon the public mind.

In changing the programme for to-day, it is that still more damning proof may be brought forward in the following

REPORT OF A

TERRIBLE DEATH!

Communicated to the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*, Nov. 21, 1849, by Dr. Castle, an Apollathic physician of New York; which furnishes an illustration of Allopathic stupidity, ignorance and criminality too appropriate to my purpose to be overlooked, and unfortunately only too common to excite surprise in those whose duty it is to be conversant with such facts.

The Report is most circumstantial in its details, and aided by a medical writer of celebrity will be followed pretty closely. The subject was the well known reporter to Bennett's *Herald*, Dr. Houston, a man of nervous, sanguine temperament, very active, excitable, irritable: upon the impulse of the moment ready to perform the greatest action or to shrink from it in terror. Sept 4, 1849, at 4 o'clock A. M., was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and ejected from the lungs about 24 oz. blood. [32 oz. is regular butchery—Dr. B.] Salt and water administered by his family and the doctor sent for. *Will he bleed?* In the name of Apollathic stupidity, why should he bleed? The patient was already nearly dead from loss of blood. But hark! He comes! The Report says, "a vein in the arm was opened and about 24 oz. blood taken away!" "Laudanum to sustain the action of the heart was prescribed, in alternate doses every two hours, with tarter emetic and nitre for modifying any undue excitement upon the arterial system."

An ordinary bleeding, 12 oz.—full—large, 20. Why then this butchering waste of blood? Was Dr. H. a robust, hearty man in a high fever, full of active inflammation, abounding in surplus strength and excess of action, which required reducing? Hear, oh hear the Report! "Dr. Houston's position appeared to be most critical. In addition to the loss of 24 oz. blood from pulmonary exudation, his system was *collapsed*, his face and hands, and skin *cold, corrugated, pale*, and of a *peculiar purple hue!*" All the indications of advanced cholera! Why did he bleed? God pity the infatuation that can draw indications for bleeding from any of those symptoms. The Report says that "for some time the patient had labored under a fearful presentiment that he would die on the 15th Sept., and that he was living under the dread of a cholera atmosphere, and had been living and drinking freely to overcome his horror and depression." Could that furnish a reason for bleeding? The Report tells us "he was of strumous diathesis," or delicate, frail and *feeble* organization. The very last condition of humanity which should invite a blood-thirsty doctor's appetite.

Dr. Dixon's *Scalpel* has for its motto—"Nature is ever busy, by the silent operation of her own forces, endeavoring to overcome and cure disease. Her medicines are air, food, water, sleep. Their use is directed by instinct. And that man is most worthy the name of physician who most reveres her unerring laws." Should not Dr. Dixon have said, "bleeding, laudanum, tartar emetic, nitre?" By instinct leeches bleed, but not to relieve our maladies.

Dr. Houston is now fairly started. Let us see how he progresses. Laudanum has been given to sustain the action of the heart. But why? Because of the bleeding. Thus attempting to undo with one hand what the other *has just done!* Then again tartar emetic and nitre are alterated with the laudanum. Why? To keep down the action of the heart—introducting a third force to overcome the second as the second the first. Had the doctor been administering to a tan-vat he might have chanced the ruin of his hides.

A powerful bleeding to reduce arterial action; laudanum to stimulate and arouse it again; tartar emetic and nitre two deadly debilitating drugs—to *prevent* the opium from having the very effect for which it was given. Not a solitary reason save those above named, is assigned for this practice, therefore it is strictly logical, that if no laudanum had been given, no tartar emetic and nitre would have been required; and if bleeding had been let alone then no opium would have been necessary.

Three days have lapsed. No alternation in medication. We have added, as a beverage, toast water, and as nourishment, an occasional spoonful of arrow root. On the fourth night the Report states—"about 8 oz. blood were expectorated. The old puncture in the arm was again opened and from 12 to 16 oz. blood abstracted from the circulation!" This is on the system of competition, surely. The recipe must read this: for dangerous bleeding at the lungs, take once and a half, to twice from the arm! Or, if a man cut his foot with an axe and bleed three quarts, until he is *collapsed, corrugated, cold* and *blue*, nearly dead, bleed three quarts more and—*finish him!*

Four days more of laudanum, tartar emetic and nitre, making seven in all, after two copious bleedings from disease, and two far more so by the doctor. Nourishment, toast-water and arrow root. Of course he grows worse, but is hard to kill.

Now he begins to *see* sights: before, he had only felt them. "Passed a restless night and complained of insects and reptiles being on the bed," says the Report.

Sept. 12. Pulse 140. Catches at imaginary objects: worst kind of symptoms in all respects. Now the doctors (more than one now,) have surely determined that they have had enough of this practice; let us see. 13th Sept., symptoms same. Medicines as usual! Six P. M., glass of iced water with a teaspoonful of brandy. "Patient revived a little." Mark—this is the first drop of water and that slightly spoiled by the brandy. Eight P. M. "Patient restless; mustard poultice applied over the stomach." Oh! cruel! 10 P. M., 60 drops laudanum. 12 P. M., tarter metic and nitre! in increased doses! Depend on it he now quickens his speed! He travels fast! Sept.—14, one A. M. Pulse 160! Delirium increased, 4 and 6 P. M. *active cathartics*: Laudanum, tartar emetic, nitre, "as usual," with *poisonous* reptiles, "as usual." 15th, worse—medicines and sights as usual."

16th. Lucid intervals only momentary. The Report *now* says his fever partook of the typhoid character. Such it was from the first. Toast-water and beef tea were now discontinued and beefsteak and brandy ordered. Beefsteak and brandy for a dying man! He now sees "hideous monsters." He has had brandy you will observe, and the doctor was not the first, nor unfortunatly will he be the last, for whom brandy has created "hideous monsters." 17th, 8 A. M. Council of doctors. *Blister* on the abdomen, Medicines "as usual." 11 P. M. In a state of wildest excitement—uttering the most piercing exclamations! He attacked his attendants and required the exercise of physical force to keep him in bed. 11½, *expired!* Could it be otherwise? Nineteen hours after death, a post mortem examination was made, and *no evidence* existed that Dr. Houston died of any recognized disease. The only admormal condition which could be detected was styled "a drenched apoplexy of the lungs!" a most lucid idea, truly, to express a simple fact that there was a extensive effusion of serum into the cellular tissue and air cells of the lungs, induced by the extreme relaxation of the exhalents in the act of dying. The Report says "auscultation denoted no congestion," etc. So that if the lungs had been in a condition of "drenched apoplexy" during life, auscultation would have denoted *universal congestion.*

There was nothing necessarily fatal about this case; and the conclusion is irresistible that Dr. Houston died of "bleeding, laudanum, tartar emetic and nitre."

Observe, that in this case of burning fever and delirium, there was no bathing, washing, not even sponging the body with water: not a drop of water to drink. Not in the hidden recesses of the farther mountains—not buried in the depths of some vast wilderness, shut out from the acquisition of all possible light and knowledge, was this deed of ignorance and barbarism performed—No! but under the auspices of Europe and America—in the city of New York in the year 1849. Is there a just God? And shall such atrocious deeds escape their due recompense?

And now comes the question—would such treatment be administered on the threshold of 1867? Has not medical practice been reformed? Dr. Bourne answers that he believes atrocities equally as damnable have been perpetrated by medical men within the current month of December 1866. Reform in medical practice! Oh simpleton to entertain the thought! Reform in medicine must begin with the people, whose utter refusal to be tortured and trifled with, will alone force upon the regulars an abandonment of their detestable errors and criminal mal-practice, in so many cases. Why use medicines when disease can be cured by food, water and proper habits? as an experience of twenty-five years has proven to the satisfaction of Dr Bourne who has made thousands of converts to his views, ready to testify to all the blessings they have experienced, and that they have forever abandoned the drug system and drug doctors.

☞ At No 10 Masonic Temple, the Water Cure, upon Improved methods, is practiced by Dr. Bourne, whose rapid cures are sustained by permanent benefit.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

THE "UNCLEAN BOOK."

MR. SWINBURNE'S pamphlet entitled *Notes on Poems and Reviews*, in reply to his critics, has provoked by its tone of anger and defiance, a renewal of the attack with increased bitterness by a number of the London Journals. In answer to what the poet says in defence of *Anactoria*, namely that it was simply an attempt to render in English the spirit of the celebrated Second Ode of Sappho, the London *Review* says:

"Now we all know very well the nature of that Ode, and it is preposterous to allege in defence of a modern poet that it is written in the spirit of that ecstasy of insane passion. Such a plea only makes the offence worse, as it still more clearly shows what was the living author's intention and leading idea in the composition of his poem. In God's name—or, if that seem to Mr. Swinburne a superstitious adjuration, in the name of plain human reason and sense—what is the use of searching for the materials of poetry in house? Grant that Sappho made a wonderful poem out of a grevious aberration; is that any reason why a modern Englishman should seek to rival her in her Bedlam flights of erotieism? Mr. Swinburne says he despaired of translating the original, and, beng disturbed that such a marvelious revelation of mental and moral disease should be lost to English poetry, he 'tried instead to reproduce in a diluted and dilated form the spirit of a poem which could not be reprodueed in the body.' Now, this very 'dilution' increases the evil. Sappho's Ode is at any rate short, sharp, and sudden, and may be supposed (which is the greatest excuse that can be made for it) to have been wrung from her during an interval of hysterieal emotion. It bursts out, wild, quivering, involuntary, and is straightway silent for ever. On the other hand, the author of 'Atalanta in Calydon,' without even the palliation of a suffering however abnormal, or a desire however demented, deliberately sit down, and produces in cold blood an elaborate study of diseased passion. What Sappho has dismissed in the briefest form, Mr. Swinburne expands into a poem of 305 lines. His production is really far worse than its prototype, because it is more self-conscious, mingling the intelleet with the senses in a vieious union. Where the Lesbian simply cried out with an intolerable and monstrous pain, Mr. Swinburne investigates with a literary zest. He analyses, he curiously inquires, he lingers round every detail, he eontemplates his ease of morbid anatomy from every conceivable point of view; he exhausts the language of wantonness, and recruits himself in a riot of blasphemy. The latter, indeed, is an offence of which poor Sappho herself seems never to have been guilty, and it is therefore a perfectly gratuitious addition by Mr. Swinburne from his own mental stock. As regards his blasphemies, by the way, he seeks a refuge which will not avail him. He refers to the writings of Shelley, and more particularly to the 'Queen Mab.' The referenee is unfortunate. In the first place, Shelley, in his riper years, repudiated that poem, and sought an injunction in Chancery against its surreptitious publieation; in the second place, Shelley's opposition to established dogmas was undertaken with a grave and serious purpose. in the excellence of whieh there can be no doubt that he sincerely and devotedly believed. Whether he was right or wrong is nothing to the present argument. He had persuaded himself that the miseries of the world were mainly owing to certain opinions in religion and morals, and he eame forward as a reformer, to challenge those opinions, and to supplant them, if he could, with others whieh he regarded as more reasonable. Mr. Swinburne does nothing of the sort. He gives the service of his genius to no scheme, whether true or false, whether practicable or Quixotic, for the emancipation of mankind; he does not question any system of faith or morals, be it good or bad; he simply raves and curses. This is not only shocking; it is silly and boyish, because purposeless."

The Saturday *Review* takes the matter more calmly, though it is also inclined to find the guilty of sinning against the decencies and respectabilities. Mr. Rossetti, having come into the critical arena in the role of "Philo—Swinburne," and published an elaborate discussion of the charges brought against his friend and client, the journal last named, thus pleasantly comments upon the "situation:"

"It was quite right that the other side of the great Swinburnian controversy should be represented, and well represented. It was quite clear also that Mr. Swinburne was not able to do this for himself. The sad exhibition he made reeently in the way of self-defence almost disarmed even his enemies. Not only did he fail in the matter, but still more in the manner, of his vindication. Anything more harsh, ereaking, and unmelodious probably never came from a true poet's pen His tuneful voice was turned to the shrillest of screams, to which not the soft chords of his wonderful lyre, but the miaulings of a frenzied bagpipe, served as accompaniment. However, he is one of those to whom much will always be forgiven, and, we may add, who will always want all the forgiveness they can get. At the same time, we admit with all frankness that no critic worthy of the name supposes for a moment that any verdict arrived at, now or for some time to come, can in any sense be final. We remember the nonsense that was written about Shelley, and Keats, and Wordsworth; and we think it ought to make others, as we confess it makes us, cautious and grave. For good or for evil, the poems of Mr. Swinburne are a fact in English literature. And no hysterics or vapours will avail to send them out of it. As an able and well-weighed effort to assist and hasten the calm judgment of the future, we think Mr. Rossetti's criticism deserves praise."

The *Reviewer* thinks that Mr. Swinburne manifests an altogether exceptional poetic power when treative of forbidden subject, and that in *Anactoria*, which even Ms. Rossetti admits to be indefensible, he reaches the high-water mark of his inspiration. "Mr. Swinburne," he sums up, "can write on these topics as he can write on no other. And it comes to this—we must either ignore the most Swinburnian things he has ever writen, or admit him to be the most gifted, if not also the most indecent of erotie poets."

We do not propose, at present, to express our opinion on the question of the "deeency," or as the *Bulletin* phrases it, the "eleanness" of the poems. They are beyond all question "unclean" to the unclean. The prurient imagination, in search of food for prurient reverie, will be sure to find what it seeks for in this volume. So far as the charge of "blasphemy" is concerned, the following passage would secure a conviction before any tribunal in Christendom;

> Lo she was thus when her clear limbs enticed
> All lips that now grow sad with kissing Christ,
> Stained with the blood fallen from the feet of God,
> The feet and hands whereat our souls were pierced.
> Alas Lord, surely thou art great and fair,
> But lo her wonderfully woven hair!
> And thou didst heal us with thy piteous kiss;
> But see now, Lord; her mouth is lovelier.
> She is right fair: what has she done to thee?
> Nay, fair Lord Christ, lift up thine eyes and see:
> Had now thy mother such a lip—like this?
> Thou knowest how sweet a thing it is to me.

The following lines express more powerfully than it has ever been expressed before, at least in English verse, the sense of the terrible sway of unsympathizing law of fate and "Necessity" in the universe. To many they will seem impious—but they are, nevertheless, wonderfully powerful:

> For who shall change with prayers and thanksgivings
> The mystery of the cruelty of things?
> Or say what God ahove all gods and years
> With offering and blood and sacrifice of tears,
> With lamentation from strange lands, from graves
> Where the snake pastures, from scarred mouths of slaves,
> From prison, and from plunging prows of ships.
> Through flame-like foam of the sea's closing lips—
> With thwarting of strange signs, and wind-blown hair
> Of comets, desolating the mid air,
> When darkness is made fast by seals and bars
> And fierce reluctance of disastrous stars,
> Eclipse, and sound of shaken hills, and wings
> Darkening, and blind inexplicable things—
> With sorrow of laboring moons, and altering light
> And travail of the planets of the night,
> And weeping of the weary Pleiad's seven,
> Feeds the mute, melancholy lust of heaven.

The New York *Weekly Review* says that Mr. R. H. Stoddard has withdrawn from the regular editorial staff of the *Round Table*. Mr. Stoddard's department of that paper was the "Library Gossip," concerning American and English books and writers, and it constituted one of its most interesting and valuable features. The *Review* says: "The high tone and pure taste, which have constantly marked this department, furnish a guarantee, if any were needed, that Mr. Stoddard is in no way responsible for the unjust personal attacks and the misrepresentation of American society which have procured for the *Round Table* an unenviable distinction."

The following is a complete list of the works of Thackeray: "The History of Pendennis;" "The Newcomes;" "The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.;" "The Virginians;" "Vanity Fair;" "The Adventures of Philip on his way through the World;" "The Kickleburgs on the Rhine;" "Lovell the Widower;" "The Rose and the Ring;" "The Four Georges;" "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century;" "The Paris Sketch Book;" "Denis Duval"—unfinished; "The Irish Sketch Book;" "Roundabout Papers;" "The Great Hoggarty Diamonds;" "The History of Samuel Titmarsh;" "Mrs. Perkins' Ball;" "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends;" "Our Street"—a book of Ballads; and several volumes of Miscellanies, including the famous "Book of Snobs" and "Yellowplush Papers."

Bayard Taylor, has, it is said, been engaged by the *Atlantic Monthly* to make a fresh trip to Europe, and write a series of papers for that periodical.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is writing a novel for the *Atlantic*. The first part of it will be published in the January number. It is called "The Guardian Angel." It is a story of New England life.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Chimney Corner Papers" will be gathered into a volume and published soon. She is now occupied on a novel for the *Atlantic*.

A new weekly serial has been started in London, called *Country Words*, being "a North of England Magaziue of Literature, Science and Art.

Henry Ward Beecher is said to be engaged to write a serial work for Bonner's *Ledger*, to commence in January—quite a line of business for him.

Emerson's new volume of poems, which will be issued before Christmas, is entitled "May Day and Other Pieces."

James Russell Lowell is writiug a series of articles, in prose and verse, for the *Atlantic*, to be published next year. The statement that he is engaged on a novel is incorrect.

At an exhibition recently held in the city of Toledo, one of the objects shown was a complete edition of "Don Quixote," printed in microscopic characters, on fifty-four cigarettee papers, in four volumes.

The Eastern papers state that *twenty-seven thousand* copies of Jean Ingelow's poems have been sold in the United States. The fact is highly creditable to American taste and appreeiation.

Mrs. Wood, the author of "East Lynne," is writing a story of school life, entitled "The Orvill College Boys."

AMUSEMENTS.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.—On Saturday night a dramatization by a member of our city press, of Miss Braddon's novel entitled the *Captain of the Vulture*, was produced. A large audienee was present and the play went off satisfactorily, though it was a little "too talky" in some parts. On Monday the same play was produced, ruthlessly cut down, improved in some parts and ruined in others. The "carpenters' scenes" were clumsily managed and were not artistieally "dove-tailed" into the piece. Everyone who witnessed the performanee of this piece awarded great credit to the author for the artistic skill evinced in the arrangement of the last act, which was by far the best in the play. *Millicent's Husband* was put on the stage very well, and the snow storm in the second act was very effectively rendered. On Tuesday evening the extravaganza of *Ali Baba, or, Forty Thieves*, was produced. This piece was capitally played throughout; Lady Don made a most excruciatingly comical swell 'Abdallah,' and sang charmingly. Harry Jackson's impersonaton of 'Morgiana' was extremely funny and drew roars of laughter from the audience. On Monday *Arrah-na-Pogne*, the most popular play ever produced in San Francisco, will be presented, with Lady Don as 'Arrah Meelish,' George Pauneefort in his origiual character of 'The O'Grady,' H. D. Thompson in the character which he has made peculiarly his own—'Michael Freeney'—Mrs. Harry Jaekson as 'Fanny Power,' and the rest of the characters by the company. This play will be produced with all the original scenery and a numerous corps of supernumeraries.

SACRED CONCERT.—Rowland Hill when remonstrated with for allowing the congregation in his conventicle to sing pslams to profane melodies retorted: "I don't see any reason why the devil should monopolize all the pretty tunes." This was a very smart remark of Rowland Hill's, but it was not founded on fact. Much of the most beautiful music ever composed, has been adapted to words which set forth the glory of the Almighty. Sacred music has been hitherto, somewhat negleeted in San Francisco. To-morrow evening, M. and Mme. Heine will give a grand sacred concert at the Metropolitan Theatre. On this occasion Rossini's masterpiece, "Stabat Mater," will be presented. Miss Emma Howson has been engaged, and will sing Bauer's "Ave Maria." Miss Clelia Howson, the contralto, whose voice has been heard to so much advantage in secular music, will sing the beautiful arietta. "Oh, rest in the Lord," from Elijah. M. Heine will perform several of his most famous violin solos; Henri Herberte will sing the splendid aria, "Be thou Faithful unto Death;" John Howson, Frank A. Howson, R. Wunderlich and others, will assist in producing gems from Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Hayden and other grand masters, and a rich treat may be anticipated.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The wonderful Japanese gymnasts are about to take their departure for the World's Fair at Paris. The feats which they perform, have been pronounced "miraculous" by all who have witnessed them. To-night they close their engagement at the Academy of Music and so as a matter of course the house will be crowded. The tremendous ladder feat is of itself almost sufficiently surprising to warraut a trip to Japan to witness it.

THE HOWSON TROUPE and the Martinettis are playing at the Metropolitan to ordinary business. The Martinettis lowered their professional name, as well as that of the theatre, by giving a public masked ball last night, after their usual performance. The less of these affairs that occur there, the better it will be for the reputation of both.

By a curious coineidenee it appears that the coming year (1867) has been fixed upon by Mahommedans, Brahmins and various other sects, as well as some few Christians, as a period in the history of the universe to be marked by some great and marvelous change.

William Blake's Poems—the most complete edition—have just been published in London.

ASPHALTUM PAVEMENTS are being laid in front of many of our principal buildings. The Pacific Asphaltum Company, Mr. M. E. Fitzgibbon Superintendent, have just laid an Asphaltum sidewalk in front of the new Bank of California, corner of Sansome and California streets. The success of this Company in controlling the majority of the city work, is their best advertisement. The above mentioned job surpasses any work of the kind heretofore done in San Francisco. The floor of the interior of the Bank will be of the same material. The finest brick pavement was laid in front of the Lick House about five years ago, which is now in so bad a condition that it is shortly to be removed and an Asphaltum pavement laid down in place of it, as being the cheapest and most durable of pavements.

REMOVING TO KEARNEY STREET.—Frisboe & Scott's Music and Piano salesroom has been removed from No. 3 Montgomery street to 139 Kearney street, corner of Sutter. The agency of the Howe Sewing Machines has also been removed from the same locality to 137 Kearney street.

DR. FONDA—an oculist of high repute, and for the last seventeen years Principal of the La Fayette, (Ind.) Eye Infirmary—has established an Infirmary for the exclusive treatment of diseases of the eyes, at 223 Kearney street, in this city.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

THE old woman gave no alarm, called for no assistance, but silently and steadily applied herself to recalling Mrs. Carruthers to consciousness. She had no fear of interruption. Mr. Carruthers invariably went direct to the breakfast-room on returning from his morning tour of inspection, and Clare would not visit Mrs. Carruthers in her own apartment unasked. So Mrs. Brookes set the windows and doors wide open, and let the sweet morning air fan the insensible face, while she applied all the remedies at hand. At length Mrs. Carruthers sighed deeply. opened her eyes, and raised her hand to her forehead, where it came in contact with the wet hair.

"Hush, my dear," said Mrs. Brookes, as she made an almost inarticulate attempt to speak. "Do not try to say anything yet. Lie quite still, until you are better."

Mrs. Carruthers closed her eyes again and kept silent. When, after an interval, she began to look more life-like, the old woman said, softly.

"You must not give way again like this, for George's sake. I don't care about his wearing the coat. I know it looks bad, but it is a mistake, I am quite sure. Don't I know the boy as well as yon do, and maybe better, and don't I know his tender heart, with all his wildness, and that he never shed a fellow-creature's blood in anger, or for any other reason. But it's plain he is suspected—not he, for they don't know him, thank God, but the man that wore the coat, and we must warn him, and keep it from master. Master would go mad, I think, if anything like suspicion or disgrace came of Master George, more than the disgrace he thinks the poor boy's goings on already. You must keep steady and composed, my dear, and yon must write to him. Are you listening to me? Do you understand me?" asked the old woman, anxiously, for Mrs. Carruthers' eyes were wild and wandering, and her hand twitched convulsively in her grasp.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, "But I tell you, Ellen, he wore the coat—my boy wore the coat."

"And *I* tell yon, I don't care whether he wore the coat or not," repeated Mrs. Brookes, emphatically. He can explain that, no doubt of it; but he must be kept out of trouble. and you must be kept out of trouble, and the only way to do that, is to let him know what brought the strange gentleman to Poynings, and what he and master found out. Remember, he never did this thing, but, my dear, he has been in bad hands lately, you know that; for haven't you suffered in getting him out of them, and I don't say but that he may be mixed up with them that did. I'm afraid there can't be any doubt of that, and he must be warned. Try and think of what he told you about himself, not only just now, but when he came here before, and you will see some light, I am sure."

But Mrs. Carruthers could not think of anything. could not remember anything, could see no light. A deadly horrible conviction had seized upon her, iron fingers clutched her heart, a faint sickening terror held her captive, in body and spirit; and as the old woman gazed at her, and found her incapable of answering, the fear that her mistress was dying then and there before her eyes took possession of her. She folded up the newspaper which had fallen from Mrs. Carruthers' hand, npon the bed, replaced it in her pocket, and rang the bell for Dixon.

"My mistress is very ill," she said. when Dixon entered the room. "You had better go and find master, and send him here. Tell him to send for Dr. Munns at once."

"Dixon gave a frightened, sympathising glance at the figure on the bed, over which the old woman was bending with such kindly solicitude, and then departed on her errand. She found Mr. Carruthers still in the breakfast-room. He was seated at the table, and held in his hand a newspaper, from which he had evidently been reading, when Dixon knocked at the door; for he was holding it slightly aside, and poising his gold eye glass in the other hand, when the woman entered. Mr. Carruthers was unaccustomed to being disturbed, and he did not like it, so that it was in a tone of some impatience that he said:

"Well, Dixon, what do you want?"

"If you please, sir," replied Dixon, hesitatingly, my mistress is not well."

"So I hear," returned her master; "She sent word she did not mean to appear at breakfast. He said it rather huffily, for not to appear at breakfast was, in Mr. Carruthers' eyes, not to have a well-regulated mind, and not to have a well-regulated mind was very lamentable and shocking indeed.

"Yes, sir," Dixon went on, "but I'm afraid she's very ill indeed. She has been fainting this long time, sir, and Mrs. Brookes can't bring her to at all. She sent me to ask you to send for Dr. Munns at once, and will you have the gooduess to step up and see my mistress, sir?"

"God bless my soul," said Mr. Carruthers, pettishly, but rising as he spoke, and pushing his chair away. "This is very strange: she has been exposing herself to cold, I suppose. Yes, yes, go on and tell Mrs. Brookes I am coming, as soon as I send Gibson for Dr. Munns.

Dixon left the room, and Mr. Carruthers rang the bell, and desired that the coachman should attend him immediately. When Dixon had entered the breakfast-room, Clare Carruthers had been standing by the window, looking out on the garden, her back turned towards her uncle. She had not looked round once during the colloquy between her uncle and his wife's maid, but had remained quite motionless. Now Mr. Carruthers turned to address her.

"Clare," he said. But his niece was no longer in the room; she had softly opened the French window, and passed into the flower-garden, carrying among the sweet, opening flowers of the early summer, and into the serene air, a face which might have vied in its rigid trrror with the face up stairs. When Mr. Carruthers had come in that morning, and joined Clare in the pretty breakfast-room, he was in an unusually pleasant mood, and had greeted his niece with uncommon kindness, He had found everything in good order out of doors. No advantage had been taken of his absence to neglect the inexorable sweepings and rollings, the clippings and trimmings, the gardening and grooming. So Mr. Carruthers was in good humor in consequence, and also because he was still nourishing the secret sense of his own importance, which had sprung up in his magisterial breast, under the flattering influence of Mr. Dalrymple's visit. So when he saw Clare seated before the breakfast equipage, looking in her simple, pretty morning dress as fair and bright as the morning itself, and when he received an intimation that he was not to expect to see his wife at breakfast, he recalled the resolutiou he had made last night, and determined to broach the snbject of Mr. Dalrymple's visit to his niece without delay.

He talked to Clare in a pleasant tone, and presently asked her if she had been looking at the London papers during the last few days. Clare replied that she seldom read auything beyond the deaths, births, and marriages, and an occasional leader, and had not read even so much while she had been at the Sycamores.

"Why do you ask, uncle?" she said. "Is there any particular news?"

"Why, yes, there is," replied Mr. Carruthers, pompously. "There is a matter attracting public attention just now in which I am, strange to say, a good deal interested—in which responsibility has been laid on me, indeed, in a way which, though flattering—very flattering indeed—is, at the same time, embarrassing."

Mr. Carruthers became more and more pompous with every word he spoke. Clare could not repress a disrespectful notion that he bore an absurd resemblance to the turkey-cock, whose struttings and gobblings had often amused her in the poultry-yard, as he mouthed his words and moved his chin about in his stiff and spotless cravat. His niece was rather surprised by the matter of his discourse, as she was not accustomed to associate the idea of importance to society at large with Mr. Carruthers of Poynings, and cherished a rather settled conviction that, mighty potentate as he was within the handsome gates of Poynings, the world outside wagged very independently of him. She looked up at him with an expression of interest and also of surprise, but fortunately she did not give utterance to the latter and certainly predominant sentiment.

"The fact is," said Mr. Carruthers, "a murder has been committed in London under very peculiar circumstances. It is a most mysterious affair, and the only solntion of the mystery hitherto suggested is that the motive is political."

He paused, cleared his throat, once more settled his chin comfortably, aud went on, while Clare listened, wondering more and more how such a matter could affect her uncle. She was a gentle-hearted girl, but not in the least silly, and quite free from any sort of affectation; so she expressed no horror or emotion at the mere abstract idea of the murder, as a more young-ladyish young lady would have done.

"Yes, uncle?" she said, simply, as he paused.

Mr. Carruthers continued:

"The murdered man was found by the river-side, stabbed, and robbed of whatever money and jewellery he had possessed. He was a good-looking man, young, and evidently a foreigner; but there was no means of identifying the body, and the inquest was adjourned—in fact, is still adjourned."

"What an awful death to come by, in a strange country!" said Clare, solemnly. "How dreadful to think that his friends and relatives will perhaps never know his fate! But how did they know the poor creature was a foreigner, uncle?"

"By his dress, my dear. It appears he had on a fur-lined coat, with a hood—quite a foreign article of dress; and the only person at the inquest able to throw any light on the crime was a writer at an eating-house in the Strand, who said that the murdered man had dined there on a certain evening—last Thursday, I believe—and had worn the fur coat, and spoken in a peculiar squeaky voice. The waiter felt sure he was not an Englishman, though he spoke good English. So the inquest was adjourned in order to get more evidence, if possible, as to the identity of the murdered man, and also that of the last person who had been seen in his company. And this brings me to the matter in which I am interested."

Clare watched her uncle with astonishment as he rose from his chair and planted himself upon the hearth rug before the fireplace, now adorned with its summer ornaments of plants aud flowers, and drapped in muslin. Taking up the familiar British attitude, and looking, if possible, more than ever pompous, Mr. Carruthers proceeded:

"You will be surprised to learn, Clare, that the visit of the gentleman who came here yesterday, and with whom I went out, had reference to this murder."

"How, uncle?" exclaimed Clare. "What on earth have you, or has any one here, to do with it?"

"Wait until I have done, and yon will see," said Mr. Carruthers, in a tone of stately rebuke. "The last person seen in the company of the man alterwards found murdered, and who dined with him at the tavern, wore a coat which the waiter who recognised the body had chanced to notice particularly. The appearance of this person the man failed in describing with much distinctness, but he was quite positive about the coat, which he had taken from the man and hung up on a peg with his own hands. And now, Clare, I am coming to the strangest part of this strange story."

The girl listened much interested indeed, and with attention, but still wondering how her uncle could be involved in the matter, and perhaps feeling a little impatient at the slowness with which, in his self-importance, he told the story.

"I was much surprised," continued Mr. Carruthers, "to find in the gentleman who came here yesterday, and whose name was Dalrymple, an emissary from the Home Office, entrusted by Lord Wolstenholme with a special mission to me" —impossible to describe the pomposity of Mr. Carruthers' expression and utterance at this point—"*to me*. He came to request me to assist him in investigating this most intricate and important case. It is not a mere police case, you must understand, my dear. The probability is that the murdered man is a political refugee, and that the crime has been perpetrated" (Mr. Carruthers brought out the word with indescribable relish) "by a member of one of the secret societies in revenge lor the defection of the victim, or in apprehension of his betrayal of the canse."

"What cause, uncle?" asked Clare, innocently. She was not of a sensational turn of mind, had no fancy for horrors as horrors, and was getting a little tired of her uncle's story.

"God knows, my dear; some of their liberty, fraternity, and equality nonesense, I suppose. At all events, this is the supposition, and to ask my aid in investigating the only clue in the possession of the government was the object of Mr. Dalrymple's visit yesterday. The man who was seen in the company of the murdered man by the waiter at the tavern, aud who went away with him, wore a coat made by Evans of Amherst. You know him, Clare, the old man who does so much of our work here. I went to his shop with Mr. Dalrymple, and we found out all about the coat. He remembered it exactly, by the description, and told us when he had made it, two years ago, and when he had sold it, six weeks ago, to a person who paid for it with a ten-pound note with the Post-office stamp upon it. The old man is not very bright, however, for though he remembered the circumstance, and found the date in his daybook, he could not give anything like a description of the man who had bought the coat He could only tell us, in general terms, that he would certainly know him again, if he should see him; but he talked about a rather tall young man, neither stout nor thin, neither ugly nor handsome, dark-eyed and dark haired, in short, the kind of description which describes nothing. We came away as wise as we went, except in the matter of the date of the purchase of the coat. That does not help much towards the detection of the murderer, as a coat may change hands many times in six weeks, if it has been originally bought by a dubious person. The thing would have been to establish a likeness between the man described by Evans, as the purchaser of the coat, and the man described by the waiter as the wearer of the coat at the tavern. But both descriptions are very vague."

"What was the coat like?" asked Clare, in a strange, deliberate tone.

"It was a blue Witney overcoat, with a label inside the collar, bearing Evans' name. The waiter at the tavern, where the murdered man dined, had read the name, and remembered it. This led to their sending to me, and my being known to the authorities as a very active magistrate" (here Mr. Carruthers swelled and pouted again with importance), "they naturally communicated with me. The question is, now, how I am to justify the very flattering confidence which Lord Wolstenholme has placed in me. It is a difficult question, and I have been considering it maturely. Mr. Dalrymple seems to think the clue quite lost. But I am not disposed to let it rest; I an determined to set every possible engine at

work to discover whether the description given by the waiter, and that given by Evans, tally with one another."

"You said the inquest was adjourned, I think," said Clare.

"Yes, until to-day; but Mr. Dalrymple will not have learned anything. There will be an open verdict." (Here Mr. Carruthers condescendingly explained to his niece the meaning of the term.) "And the affair will be left to be unravelled in time. I am anxious to do all I can towards that end; it is a duty I owe to society, to Lord Wolstenholme, and to myself."

Clare had risen from her chair, and approached the window. Her uncle could not see her face, as he resumed his seat at the breakfast table, and opened his letters in his usual deliberate and dignified manner. Clare Carruthers turned her head from the window, and furtively watched her uncle during their perusal.

"I dare say we shall find something about the business in this," he said addressing his niece, as he took up a newspaper, but without turning his head in her direction. "Ah, I thought so; here it is. 'Mysterious circumstance, extraordinary supineness and stupidity of the police; no one arrested on suspicion; better arrest the wrong man, and tranqualise the public mind, than to arrest no one at all.' I'm not convinced by that reasoning, I must say. What? No reason for regarding this murder as a political assassination? Listen to this Clare; and he read aloud, while she stood by the window, her back turned towards him, and she listened, intently, greedily, with a terrible fear and sickness at her heart:

"'The supposition that this atrocious crime has been committed from political motives has, in our opinion, no foundation in probability, and derives little support from common sense. The appearance of the body, the firmness of the linen, the expensive quality of the attire, the torn condition of the breast and sleeves of the shirt, which seems plainly to indicate that studs, probably of value, had been wrenched violently out, the extreme improbability that an individual, so handsomely dressed as the murdered man, would have been out without money in his pocket, all indicate robbery at least; and if perhaps more than robbery, certainly not less, to have been the motive of the crime An absurd theory has been founded upon a peculiarity in the dress of the victim, and upon a remark made by the only witness at the inquest about his tone of voice. Nothing is more likely, in our opinion than a complete miscarriage of justice in this atrocious case. Suspicion has been arbitrarily directed in one channel, and the result will be probably, the total neglect of other and more likely ones. While the political murderer is being theorised about and "wanted," the more ordinary criminal, the ruffian who kills for gain, and not for patriotism or principle, is as likely as not to escape comfortably, and enjoy his swag in some pleasant, unsuspected, and undisturbed retreat.'

"Now, I call this unjustifiable," said Mr. Carruthers, in a tone of dignified remonstrance and indignation. "Really the liberty of the press is going quite too far. The government are convinced that the murder *is* political, and I can't see—"

It was at this point of Mr. Carruthers' harangue that he was interrupted by his wife's maid. When he again looked for Clare, she had disappeared, nor did he or any of the frightened and agitated household at Ponynings see the young lady again for many hours. Dr. Munns arrived and found Mr. Carruthers considerably distressed at the condition in which Mrs. Carruthers was, also a little annoyed at that lady's want of consideration in being ill, and unable to refrain from hinting, with much reserve and dignity of manner, that he was at present more than usually engaged in business of the last importance, which rendered it peculiarly unfortunate that he should have any additional care imposed on him—public importance, he took care to explain, and no less onerous than mysterious. But the worthy gentleman's pride and pompousness were soon snubbed by the extreme gravity of Dr. Munn's manner, as he answered his inquiries and put questions in his turn relative to his patient. The doctor was both alarmed and puzzled by Mrs. Carruthers' state. He told her husband she was very seriously ill; he feared brain fever had set in. Could Mr. Carruthers account for the fever in any way? No, Mr. Carruthers could not; neither could the housekeeper, nor Mrs. Carruthers' maid, both of whom were clearly questioned, as having more and more frequent access to that lady's presence than any other members of the household.

Had Mrs. Carruthers heard any distressing intelligence? had she received a shock of any kind? the doctor inquired. Mr. Carruthers appeared to sustain one from the question. Of course not; certainly not; nothing of the kind, he replied, with some unrepressed irritation of manner, and secretly regarded the bare suggestion of such a possibility as almost indecent. Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings receive shocks indeed! The doctor, who knew and disregarded his peculiarities, calmly pursued his inquiries undeterred by Mr. Carruthers' demeanor, and, finding that nothing particular had happened, acknowledged that, there being no apparent cause to which so sudden and serious an illness could be attributed, he was the more uneasy as to its probable result. Then Mr. Carruthers caught the infection of his alarm, and all the best side of his character, all the real love and appreciation of his wife, ordinarily overlaid by his egotism, came out in full force, and the staunchest stickler for domestic feality could not have demanded greater solicitude than the frightened husband exhibited.

In a wonderfully short space of time the house assumed the appearance which illness always gives. The servants went about their work whispering, and the sitting-rooms were silent and deserted. No one bestowed a thought on Clare. The attendants on the suffering woman, busily engaged in carrying out the orders given them by Dr. Munns, who remained for several hours with his patient—the alarmed husband, who wandered about disconsolately between his own library and his wife's room—all forgot the girl's existence. It was very late—within a few minutes of the usual dinner-hour—an inflexible period at Poynings—when Clare Carruthers crossed the flower-garden, entered the house by the window, through which she had left it, and stole gently up stairs to her own room. She threw her hat and shawl upon her bed, and went to her dressing-table. There she stood for some minutes before the glass, holding her disordered hair back with her hands—there were bits of grass and fragments of leaves in it, as though she had been lying with her fair head prone upon the ground—and gazing upon her young misery-stricken face. White about the full pure lips, where the rich blood ordinarily glowed, purple about the long fair eyelids and the blushing cheeks, heavy-eyed, the girl was piteous to see, and she knew it. The hours that had passed over since she left her uncle's presence in the morning had been laden with horror, with dread, with such anguish as had never in its lightest form touched her young spirit before, and she trembled as she marked the ravages they had made in her face.

"What shall I do?" she murmured, as though questioning her own forlorn image in the glass. "What shall I do? I dare not stay away from dinner, and what will they say when they see my face?"

She fastened up her hair, and bathed her face with cold water, then returned to the glass to look at it again; but the pallor was still upon the lips, the discoloration was still about the heavy eyelids. As she stood despairingly before the dressing-table, her maid came to her.

"The dinner-bell will not ring, ma'am," said the girl. "Mr. Carruthers is afraid of the noise for Mrs. Carruthers."

"Ay," said Clare, listlessly, still looking at the disfigured image in the glass. "How is she?"

"No better, ma'am; very bad indeed, I believe. But don't take on so, Miss Clare," her maid went on, affectionately. "She is not so bad as they say, perhaps; and, at all events, you'll use yourself up and be no comfort to Mr. Carruthers."

A light flashed upon Clare. She had only to keep silence, and no one would find her out; her tears, her anguish, would be imputed to her share of the family trouble. Her maid, who would naturally have noticed her appearance immediately, expressed no surprise. Mrs. Carruthers was very ill, then. Something new had occurred since the morning, when there had been no hint of anything serious in her indisposition. The maid evidently believed her mistress acquainted with all that had occurred. She had only to keep quiet, and nothing would betray her ignorance. So she allowed the girl to talk, while she made some trifling change in her dress, and soon learned all the particulars of Mrs. Carruther's illness, and the doctor's visit, of her uncle's alarm, and Mrs. Brookes' devoted attendance on her mistress. Then Clare, trembling, though relieved of her immediate apprehension of discovery, went down stairs to join her uncle at their dreary dinner. He made no comment upon the girl's appearance, and, indeed, hardly spoke. The few words of sympathy which Clare ventured to say were briefly answered, and as soon as possible he left the dining-room. Clare sat by the table for a while, with her face buried in her hands, thinking, suffering, but not weeping. She had no more tears to-day to shed.

Presently she went to Mrs. Carruthers' room, and sat down on a chair behind the door, abstracted and silent. In the large dimly-lighted room she was hardly seen by the watchers. She saw her uncle come in, and stand forlornly by the bed, then the doctor came, and several figures moved about silently and went away, and then there was no one but Mrs. Brookes sitting still as a statue beside the sufferer, who lay in a state of stupor. How long she had been in the room before the old woman perceived her, Clare did not know, but she felt Mrs. Brookes bending over her, and taking her hand, before she knew she had moved from the bedside.

"Pray go away and lie down, Miss Carruthers," the old woman said, half tenderly, half severely. "You can do no good here, no one can do any good here yet, and you will be ill yourself. We can't do with more trouble in the house, and crying your eyes out of your head, as you've been doing, won't help any one, my dear. I will send you word how she is the first thing in the morning."

The old woman raised the girl by a gentle impulse, as she spoke, and she went meekly away, Mrs. Brookes closing the door behind her with an unspoken reflection on the uselessness of girls, who, whenever anything is the matter, can do nothing but cry.

The night gradually fell upon Poynings, the soft, sweet, early summer night. It crept into the sick-room, and overshadowed the still form upon the bed, the form whose stillness was to be succeeded by the fierce unrest, the torturing, vague effort of fever; it closed over the stern pompous master of Poynings, wakeful and sorely troubled. It darkened the pretty chamber, decorated with a thousand girlish treasures, and simple adornments, in which Clare Carruthers was striving sorely with the first fierce trial of her prosperous young life. When it was at its darkest and deepest, the girl's swollen weary eyelids closed, conquered by the irresistible mighty benefactor of the young who suffer. Then, if any eye could have pierced the darkness and looked at her, as she lay sleeping, the stamp of a great fear upon her face, even in her slumber, and her breast shaken by frequent heavy sighs, it would have been seen that one hand was hidden under the pillow, and the fair cheek pressed tightly down upon it, for better security. That hand was closed upon three letters, severally addressed to the advertising department of three of the daily newspapers. The contents, which were uniform, had cost the girl hours of anxious and agonizing thoughts. They were very simple, and were as follows, accompanied by the sum which she supposed their insertion would cost, very liberally estimated:

"The gentleman who showed a lady a sprig of myrtle on last Saturday is earnestly entreated by her not to revisit the place where he met her. He will inevitably be recognized."

"God forgive me, if I am doing wrong in this," Clare Carruthers had said with her last waking consciousness. "God forgive me, but I must save him if I can."

[To be Continued.]

A THRUST AT OUR MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES.

THE San Francisco Correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, has a very indifferent opinion of the "breeding" of the head of our city government, as appears from the following in reference to their neglect to give a "reception," to Queen Emma on the occasion of her arrival here:

"Nevertheless it would have been more decent and respectful if the municipal authorities had taken some formal part in the reception, The mayor and supervisors did nothing, probably through *mauvaise honte* of the jokes of their constituents, or from a difference of opinion with Mr. Seward as to the respect due to a friendly power. It might have been expected that when the Secretary of State chose to extend his hospitalities to Queen Emma, the mayor of San Francisco might have accepted it as a precedent. But it was otherwise. Except the saluting of the Federal forts and war-ships and the courtesies of the collector, there was no formal reception. The municipal authorities did not go to the wharf, and the queen—a good-natured, amiable lady, whose instincts were sufficiently refined to notice the discourtesy—was received in solitary state, and conducted to her carriage and hotel by her consul, Mr. Hitchcock of San Francisco. A graceful opportunity of showing some courtesy toward a people from whom we expect so much and to whom we have done so little, a nation that must sooner or later become indentified with our own was lost, by our ridiculous policy of entrusting the conduct of a great city to the hands of underbred and underpaid nobodies.

"It is said that an occurrence as *mal-adroit* and boorish as this lost us the friendship of the late king, who was ejected from a car in New York on account of his color by a too sensitive Celtic conductor. Queen Emma has considerable political power by virtue of her intelligence and experience, and the court is already committed to the Oxford-Coutts-Staley-Reformed-Catholic-Church-of-England *quasi* political establishment at Honolulu. The Islanders are predisposed to like us and to hate the church, but they also have a superstitious love and loyalty for their king and the royal family, and it would have been at least politic, to leave courtesy out of the question, had we respected their instincts."

BREATHING.

EVERY person must breathe to live, and yet how few are aware of the full import of the act of breathing. Many seem to regard it as a mere exercise of the lungs, but even they have often no misgivings in curtailing this exercise in various ways, so as to prevent a full and regular expansion of the chest. Breathing is a twofold process. The lungs, during inspiration, take in atmospheric air as a vitality in food which mixes with the blood, and fits it for its various duties of supplying all the organs of the body with material for their growth and capacity to discharge their appropriate functions. In the second, the lungs in expiration give out another kind of air, which carries with it as its solid basis matters used, effete and no longer wanted, and the retention of which in the blood would be deleterious and before long, fatal.

These two parts of the process of breathing are always carried on together, and in assignable proportions the one to the other. There is a continual interchange of airs, or rather gasses, going on in the lungs. The oxygen of the air, the vitalizing portion, passes inwards through the fine membrane, the lungs, into the blood vessels, where it combines with the effete carbon and forms carbonic acid. This last passes outward through the pulmonary membrane, and, mixing with vapor extracted at the same time, it is given out from the lungs in expiration.

Our readers will have a better idea of the vital importance of regular and full breathing, when they learn that the material of supply, the oxygen of the atmospheric air, taken into the lungs amounts to four or five pounds in twenty-four hours, and the excreted and waste matter, carbon, the baser element of carbonic acid, amounts to between eight or nine ounces, or more than half a pound, in the twenty-four hours. It is easy to infer from these premises how the healthy must suffer from the want of pure air to supply oxygen, and of its constant renewal and movement by ventilation to carry off the deleterious carbon of the carbonic acid.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866.

WHY HAVE WE NO SATURDAY REVIEWS?

SUCH is the dolefnl inqniry of Mr. Richard Grant White in tbe New York *Galaxy*, to which the *Nation* curtly responds, "probably because they are not wanted." There exists in London a class of weekly papers, including the *Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, *London Review*, and others, which are far superior in certain respects to any weeklies in the United States, where indeed no paper of the same kind has ever been attempted until qnite recently. As the *Saturday Review* is, upon the whole, tbe best of these pnblications, Mr. White uses its name geuerically as the type of the entire class to which it belongs.

Some of the main characteristics of the class are, that they pnblish no stories, and as a general thing no poetry and no selections, except such as may be quoted from books reviewed. Their columns are occupied by able and well considered political articles, carefully written, dispassionate and caudid in tone if not in spirit; with clever and discriminating reviews of all the more noteworthy new publications, evincing fine scbolarship and high culture; and with essays upon literary, social, philosophical, and religious subjects, which are the very perfection, at least so far as style is concerned, of this species of writing. Wide as is the range of topics, all are bandled with apparent freedom and mastery, sometimes in a vein of satire that never degenerates into coarseness, sometimes with a bumor that is never permitted to become too broad, and sometimes with a sober gravity carefully guarded against dull didacticism on the one band, or the earnestness that seems to savor of vulgar zeal on the other. The prevailing tone of these select organs of aristocratic culture is throughout quiet, self-possessed, well-bred. They know how to be incisive without flippancy, and can, when the occasion seems to demand it, deliver the most stinging insults without any conventional violation of the canons of gentility. They do not deal in sentiment, and they shrink with sensitive horror from the exhibition of anything resembling enthusiasm. The rhetoric tbey employ is polished bnt not ornate, elegant but not showy, vigorous without strain or effort, and at the farthest possible remove from the oratorical style. Add to this that their pervading spirit is calmly cynical, untouched under any circumstances by a breath of passion, or even of emotion, and that the general tenor of all their teaching seems to be that there is nothing real or valuable under the sun except material comfort, high culture, and English aristocratic institutions, and the reader is in a condition to form a tolerably definite notion of what Mr. White means when he pathetically demands, "Why have we no Saturday Reviews."

Such being the literary article, we are inclined to agree with the *Nation*, that it does not exist, because there is as yet no effective demand for it; and we do not anticipate that any such demand will arise until long after this generation shall have passed away. Neither do we conceive that such a class of papers would be desirable in the United States so long as our present institutions endure, or that an increasing relisb for them ought to be regarded as a promising indication. The *blasé* cynicism that has learned to look witb hopelessness, if not with indifference or contempt, upon every effort to improve the condition of humanity that is not directed to mere material privations is a natural growth of a civilization that has reacbed its culminating point, and has proved a failure so far as the bighest aims are concerned; but is neither natural nor wholesome in a nation still in its infancy, and with its future opening grandly before it. In the man who has gone through tbe experiences of life, and who feels that he has fulfilled his possibilities, the calm of philosophic resignation, a calm undisturbed either by ambition or passion or enthusiasm is not ungracefnl; but the same temper in the youth just setting out upon his career would be morbid, unnatural, shocking.

Saturday Reviews are the fruit of English civilization after centuries of culture. When our stage of material development shall be somewbat more advanced, we shall donbtless have Saturday Reviews of our own—with the difference that they will be American and not English. Until then, we can well afford to dispense with them.

A QUARTETTE of soldiers who had lost limbs in battle recently gave a serenade, and sang "'Tis Sweet to be Re-membered."

LITERARY TASTES.

WE think it was Doctor Johnson who observed that by a wise provision of nature confidence ordinarily keeps pace with ability, a saying in illustration of which he cites the fact that fledgling birds never manifest a disposition to leave the nest until they are in a condition to fly. The maxim may bold good so far as physical prowess is concerned, but in the field of intellectual effort, the general rule seems to be that "confidence" altogether outstrips "ability." It is not often that a man wbo cannot swim voluntarily takes a plnnge into deep water, or that an individual who has never practised the manly art, however liberally endowed witb self-esteem and "approbativeness," can be induced, if he possesses tbe average modicum of common sense, to put on the gloves with an expert. In trials of this description the tests of success are apparent and infallible, and the conscquences of failure are immediate and often disagreeable. If a man professes to be able to lift a thousand pounds, his claim can easily be decided in such a manner as to put the question beyond dispute. If Jones boasts that he can "whip" Tompkins, or outrun him, the matter can be speedily aud decisively adjudicated in a twenty-four foot ring, or on a one mile race-track. But if a man professes to be an accomplished critic, or editor, or poet, a profound philosopher or an erudite scholar—if Jones arrogates superiority over Tompkins on the score of intellectual prowess, the matter is not so easily decided—at least not in such a way as to compel the acquiescence of the worsted party. A fencer who is run through the body by his opponent, or a pugilist who fails to "come to the scratch" wben time is called, can scarcely be conceived as claiming that he has achieved a victory; but when has it ever happened in the history of intellectnal contests that the defeated party and his adherents have confessed themselves vanquished?

There are many persons, of botb sexes, as we are credibly informed, wbo consider Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper a greater poet than Mr. Tennyson, and others who take more delight in tbe novels of T. S. Author and A. S. Roe, than in those of Charles Dickens. We have not the slightest doubt that if an admirably written article like tbat in the last *Saturday Review*, on "The Prosecution of Mr. Eyre," and another on the same subject, in the rhetorical style of the leaders, in a late San Francisco daily, were snbmitted to the judgments of our reading population, and a vote taken as to their respective merits, the admirers of the latter would be fonnd in a large majority. And certainly the majority who admire Mr. Tupper and Mr. Author, and wbo like to have their politics administered red hot, have a perfect right to consult their own tastes in the matter. Indeed, it is probably better that they should do so, than that they should allow themselves to be bullied by a supercilious minority into pretending that they admire what they do not appreciate, and wasting their time in reading that which does not interest or impress them. Probably the "Proverbial Philosophy" is calculated to be far more improving than Plato or Coleridge, to those who can glow with enthusiasm over the former, and would not understand the latter, just as sermons of as flimsy a texture as the popular Fourth of July oration often kindle a devotional glow in hearts that could not he toucbed by loftier and less passionate discourse.

[For the Californian.]

WITHERED ROSES.

'TIS long! long! Willie darling
That parted we have been,
And many weary changes
Have chilled our hearts since then.

Through all I've ne'er forgot you—
A radiant eager face,
Oft rises up before me,
Still clad in youthful grace,

As 'twas in life's bright morning,
With sunshine all aglow,
Of Autumn never dreaming,
Nor Winter's chilling snow.

We only felt how joyous
Receiving love, to live!
And then it was thrice blessed,
A rich return to give.

Deep lines now mark your forehead,
That brow once smooth and fair—
Perchance there's silver shining,
Amid your glossy hair.

And care with phantom's fingers,
So pityless and cold,
Has strained your quivering heart-strings,
Till they are worn and old.

Oh! withered rose! poor token—
Time yellowed, o'er and o'er—
Of what I never could forget,
Were *every month a year*.

MAY WESTWORTH.

The circulation of *The North American* is 2,000; of *Every Saturday*, 15,000; of *The Atlatic*, 50,000, and of *Our Young Folks*, nearly 60,000.

[For the Californian.]

VOICE OF THE BELL.

UP in my belfry, hung on high,
The world beneath, above, the sky,
There, rushing from my dusky throat,
With crash and clang and rolling note,
I chime and rhyme, and ceaseless cry,
How years and months and days go by:
O, ho! O, ho! ye men below,
O, list my voices as they flow.

Up in my belfry there on high,
To all, are born, who live, who die,
I count each hour that fleeting goes.
Swift couriers of joys or woes—
That guard the gates of time and death
The coming or the passing breath:
O, ho! O, ho! all men below,
I mark each footstep as you go.

The owl and I keep holiday,
And watch and listen while you pray,
And in the starlight we look out,
When ghosts like shadows glide about,
Yet flesh is blind and may not see
These things so plain to him, or me:
O, ho! O, ho! wise men below,
I keep time's records as you go.

My voices float o'er field or fell,
Where rolling forth they rise and swell,
And time's behests they throbbing tell,
To all things on the earth that dwell,
That from my icy lips must hear,
The passing bell for all things here:
O, ho! O, ho! all men below,
Improve my voices as they go.

X—X

LOCAL ART ITEMS.

ANOTHER picture by William Keith, exhibited at Snow & Roos' during tbe past week, has elicited much praise. The view is taken from tbe vicinity of San Rafael, looking across deep valleys and beyond the bay to the distant mountains on the coast. The scene is a brilliant sunset, with a warm and pleasant color diffused over the foilage, and richly tinting the far off hills and the clouds. The atmospheric effect is very fine, particularly that of the distance, and the management of the light and shade, in the immediate foreground, excellent. There is, however, a lack of clearness and distinctness in the foilage of the foreground, which, although well drawn, would bear a little stronger treatment. The work bears evideuce of deep study, not only of general effect, but of minnte details, and shows more correct drawing, and more careful finish than are generally displayed by water colorists; it is, perhaps, less pleasing than "Tamalpais" lately exhibited by the same artist, for here, the landscape possesses no such grand feature as is seen in that picture; nevertheless, in execution, it is a decided improvement, and shows to a greater extent the power of the artist.

Nast's "March through Georgia" continues to attract. It is a painting that well repays one visit; but we cannot say tbat it improves upon acquaintance. The little exhibition-room contains, however, many other pictures of widely different degrees of merit, numbering among the artist exhibiting, the names of Babcock, Hill, Mulligan, Denny, Sommer, Wandesforde, Williams, Arriola and Young. Three of Babbock's paintings, decidedly French in style, are in the collection; the first, representing a vase of flowers, is very perfect in drawing, beautiful in design and rich in coloring; another is a portrait of a very ugly fish, but painted to the life as one may tell at a glance; and the third, is the head of a girl whose style of beauty is not at all to our liking. The gems of the whole collection are two companion pictures of cabinet size, by Otto Sommers, of New York, representing deer: in one painting, drinking at a refreshingly cool and shady stream, and in the other, standing on the hill top.

Those who delight in the terribly tragic, may find pleasure in the contemplation of a large oil painting of an attack by savages upon a party of whites; the picture bears the name of Narjot, who is a stranger to San Franciscans, and whose works are likely to be as strange and unknown unless he adopts a lighter and more pleasing class of subjects and style of painting

Duncan's auction-rooms are hung with an immense number of pictures for sale; the greater part of them evidently an importation from Germany: but in the whole collection there are scarcely six pictures possessing originality or beauty in the slightest degree.

ASTRÆA.

THE OCEAN SIDE HOUSE—Is the name of a fine new house of entertainment, to be opened for public patronage, under the management of R. D. Scofield, on New Years's Day.

NEW MUSIC.—M. Gray, 609 and 613 Clay street, has just publisbed "When Lubin Sings," as sung by Miss Cleli Howson; composed by J. W. Hobbs.

An answer to "Ecce Homo" is promised. It will be called "Ecce Deum."

[For the Californian.]

JEM BARRETT'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY "TREM."

"A MERRY Christmas!" These words, spoken so often on Tuesday, December 25th 1866, in the streets of San Francisco in "the Golden State," set us to reflecting; we thought: even in this favored land there must be many to whom this Christmas will not be "A Merry Christmas"—many to whom it will only bring thoughts of Christmases in the past time which were indeed merry and happy. We, with these thoughts in our head, became sick of the conventional salutation "A Merry Christmas," and wandered down to the almost deserted City Front. Stern, grim-faced men met, and, extending their hands towards each other, gave utterance to the words which we have before mentioned. They conformed to custom. There was no "Merry Christmas" in their faces. It was evident that to them "Merry Christmas" was a bore, inasmuch as there was no business in it.

It was noontide; the stores were closing; the vessels lying at the wharves were deserted; all hands were off duty to enjoy a Merry Christmas. The houses of the moneyed men of San Francisco were being prepared for the reception of guests; the fine silver plate was being rubbed into a condition of dazzling brilliancy by the servant girl, who had been allowed, as a special privilege, to attend midnight Mass at the Cathedral, and thus religiously inaugurate her Merry Christmas. Thousands of turkeys, to whom Merry Christmas brings a relief of all their troubles—such as a scarcity of grasshoppers, terrible frights from rattlesnakes, and other ills that turkey flesh is heir to, were frizzling, comfortably stuffed, in thousands of ovens. The very latest invitations to dinner were being delivered, the most procrastinating of parents were purchasing at the late-closing stores the toys for the Christmas trees which were to delight their offspring, when we came upon Jem Barrett. We had reached the City Front, and were reflecting on the stillness which prevailed, when we observed a dog—a melancholy dog—who was wandering in the most objectless manner on a wharf, on which were several piles of lumber. This dog appeared dejected; he seemed as if he could not realize the fact that it was Christmastide, and did not appreciate that it was incumbent on him to run about wagging his tail and appearing jolly. We pitied the dog's ignorance of times and seasons, and were about to cultivate his acquaintance with a view to making Christmas merry to him by purchasing a beef-bone from a profane butcher who had kept his store open until after noon, when a sharp whistle from the side of a pile of lumber fronting the bay, attracted his attention, and, with drooping ears—ditto, tail—and diffident gait, the dog proceeded in the direction from whence the sound came.

We wished to make it a Merry Christmas for that dog as far as it lay in our power; not that the dog was prepossessing in appearance—on the contrary, mange, or some other disease, had caused a large portion of his hair to fall off, and unseemly bare places appeared on his body. The dog disappeared behind the woodpile. Hearing a voice, and fearing lest the dog, who had gained our sympathy, might have fallen into bad hands, we walked quietly up to the woodpile fully convinced that if any cruelty were attempted to be offered, *even to a dog*, on Christmas Day, it was our bounden duty to punch the agressor's head, even if he were a dog poisoner, engaged by the Pound Master—or the Pound Master himself. Looking round the corner of the woodpile we saw a man of apparently about thirty years of age, lounging in a graceful attitude on the logs. He had thrown his hat down on the ground, and was running his fingers through a mass of dark brown hair, which fell in short curls over a broad, white forehead. His hands were small and beautifully formed, his eyes were of a deep, dark blue; a small moustache shaded a mouth small and as finely-shaped as that of any woman. His coat was shabby, and his hat—a "stove-pipe"—had been so much brushed that the nap was nearly worn off.

It was evident to us at a glance that this man had "breed" in him. The dog was slowly making its way up to him; half fearful to trust him; he was licking his lips, crouching in the dust, and ever and anon feebly wagging his tail with a view of conciliating his new found acquaintance. The man was looking at the dog with a lazy, pleased expression. At length he snapped his fingers exclaiming, "A Merry Christmas. Come, my boy, come along; *we're* good friends!"

The dog sprang forward and lay down at his feet, wagging his tail and looking up in his face confidingly. The man, then patting the dog on the head, repeated "A Merry Christmas."

The dog wagged his tail.

"Ah, that's kind, but you've never been introduced to me. My name is Jem Barrett. Oh, all right; you wag your tail—you accept my acquaintance. Shocking bad coat you have on. 'Yes,' you say, 'so is yours.' That's true, my dog, and you are better off than I am. You, perhaps, are simply troubled with a slight cutaneous disease from bad diet, which has caused you to lose your coat. When you manage to get good food for a week or so, Nature will give you a new one. Look at me. Nature won't give me a new coat. Come, I see you are a dog of good breeding, in reduced circumstances What is left of your coat shows that you once had a good one. A thoroughbred skye-terrier? Eh? You wag your tail to say 'Yes.' Born of good parents? Wag again, yes. Your father, perhaps, belonged to the Lord Nosewho, who made his footman wash and comb him every day, and your mother might have been the bosom friend and companion of the Duchess of Dougesnaps. Ah, ah! another wag of the tail for 'yes,' eh? Give me your paw. Good dog! You *can* give a paw. Sit up. By gad, he sits up. Here is a dog of good ancestry; his hair (what he has left of it;) his eyes and his ears show it, a dog that has been educated to sit up, to give a paw, and perhaps to fetch and carry, reduced to this lamentable condition. I wonder what his name is? I had a dog that I called "Cupid." Here Cupid! He wags his tail, Oh, he's just like a man, he'll answer to any name when you invite him to dinner. Now, Cupid, here are you, as you confess and as I know a dog of first rate breed, and as you declare, and as I partly believe, a dog of good education, nearly starved and without a dinner on Christmas Day. Wag your tail will you, you scoundrel! Well here am I Jem Barrett, late—that is twelve years ago—a promising graduate of the first college in the country; born of good parents, I can have no real Christmas Dinner. I have two bits in my pocket. Ah, you understand me, and I have paid my room-rent for a week to come, we'll go home together, I'll buy a bit's worth of beef-steak, (yes, wag your tail you scoundrel, that isn't for you)—five cent's worth of lager—(*that* isn't for you)—a five cent loaf, (you wouldn't eat *that*, you rascal, hungry as you are; you'd rather go out and hunt for a dead horse,) and five cent's worth of beef bones for you, you old shabby coated, gentlemanly, well educated dog who has seen better days, and so you and I together will spend "A Merry Christmas."

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. DWINELLE AS A DOGMATIC THEOLOGIAN.

EDITORS CALIFORNIAN:

MR. JOHN W. DWINELLE, in a recent communication to the *Bulletin*, elicited by a criticism on a portion of his late address before the California Pioneers, makes the following assertions, some in express terms, others by necessary implication:

1st. That Lord Rosse's telescope when turned upon the nebulæ within its reach, instantly resolved them into fixed, starry points.

2d. That it thus gave the death blow to the "Nebular theory" propounded by Laplace.

3d. That this was the reason why the author of the "Vestiges of Creation" (published anonymously,) who had advocated this theory, retained his incognito.

4th. That Laplace was an "Atheist."

5th. That he was an "avowed Atheist."

6th. That the "Nebular theory" made him an Atheist.

7th. That Atheism is a necessary logical deduction from the Nebular theory.

8th. That the government of the universe is carried on by a system of interferences which take place whenever the interposition of a Supreme Intelligence becomes necessary.

9th. "That if God never *interferes* with the physical or human affairs of the universe, there is no need of a God."

As these propositions are put forward with confidence by has one who repels, with some asperity, the imputation that he not studied the subject, and who aspires to the position of a scholar, it may be well to devote a little space to their examamination.

1st. It is not true that Lord Rosse's telescope proved as would be inferred from Mr. Dwinelle's language, all the visible nebulæ to consist of clusters of stars; for the more distant groups resisted its powers. It may be urged that the discoveries thus effected render it probable that all nebulæ could be equally resolvable, if telescopes of sufficient power were brought to bear upon them. See, however, *Humboldt's Cosmos*, vol. 4, p 307. *Spencer's Essays*, "Nebular Theory," where the correctness of this deduction is disputed.

2d. These discoveries did not refute the "Nebular theory" of Laplace, which was a conjecture as to the original formation of the solar system by the condensation of nebular matter and the operation of the laws of gravitation, heat and motion. The advocates of the theory would certainly have added to its strength, if they could have pointed to similar processes now in operation in the world of space. But it does not follow that a theory of the genesis of the solar system is false, because we cannot substantiate it by existing analogies. This Nebular theory, so far from being exploded, is still held by the most eminent astronomers and physicists, as Herschel, De Morgan, Tyndall, Faraday, Spencer, and others. "The two hypotheses," says Humboldt, "(the Nebular theory of the origin of the system, and that of the condensation of nebulæ into stars) are not necessarily connected." *Cosmos*, vol. 4, p 303, citing Sir John Herschel, who states that "they stand in fact quite independent of each other."

3d. The same reason which induced the author of the *Vestiges* to publish it anonymously, probably led him to preserve his incognito. *Ecce Homo*, is a work which has had to encounter the same kind of ordeal as the *Vestiges*. Would it be fair to assert as a fact, that the author withholds his name from the public on account of the manner in which the *Quarterly Review* exposed his fallacies? As to the ridicule which would have been showered on the author of the *Vestiges*, had he been known, he could have well afforded to bear it, with a Humboldt, Herschel, Tyndall, Arago and Lardner to keep him company.

4th. De Morgan and Nichol severally assert that Laplace has expressed no Atheistical views. He was a man of science, not a theologian. He dealt with the laws of matter and did not speculate on final causes. Perhaps he was an Atheist, but as he has made no such declaration, it is rather harsh to fasten this imposition upon him.

5th. The assertion that he was an avowed Atheist is believed to be destitute of any authority. In "Laplace" in Cye. Univ. Biog., also in Knight's Cyclop., also article "Solar System," in latter.

6th. What authority is there for the assertion that the Nebular theory made Laplace an Atheist? Does Mr. Dwinelle mean that every advocate of this theory is an Atheist?

7th. It is surprising that Mr. Dwinelle should suppose that the adoption of the Nebular theory nullifies the Creator and leaves no room for the exercise of his agency. Why is it Atheistical to suppose that earth, sun and planets were once light bodies of nebulous matter, which in the course of ages have condensed to their present specific gravity? Since the eocene period, our earth has undergone enormous changes—changes of temperature—of proportions of land and water—of animal and vegetable life.—Why, then, is it Atheistical to suppose that untold centuries earlier than this period, this earth was in a still more rude, undeveloped and embryonic state? And if the earth, why not the sun and planets? Progressive development seems to be the love of all things here below; why should it not extend throughout creation? If a tree passes through various changes from germination to decay, why not a world also?

As to this theory, it was put forward with great diffidence simply as a hypothesis. Its philosophical merit is that it explains how, in accordance with known laws, the solar system might possibly have attained its present condition. Kepler thought the planets were kept in their places by presiding spirits. This theory disappeared when the law of gravitation was discovered, but as the theory of gravitation throws back one step the immediate agency of the Creator, which is all that the nebular theory does, the one seems just as atheistical as the other.

8th. Conceding the universe to be governed by an all-wise, all-powerful and perfect Being, it is difficult, without inconsistency, to suppose him *interfering* with the work of his hands. The class of thinkers to whom Mr. Dwinelle seems so bitterly opposed, regard every event as the result of established laws, and do not concede the doctrine of special divine interferences with an order of things foreknown and sanctioned by the Supreme Intelligence.

9th. If the divine government is not constant in its operation, but consists of a system of interferences with physical or human affairs, *what become of these affairs during the intervals of non-interference?* A human artificer interferes with his handiwork to correct some defect, to remedy some unforeseen difficulty, to effect some change in the *modus operandi*. The necessity of interference argues some imperfection or defect in the machinery, or the occurrence of some unexpected emergency which it is not adequate to overcome. But suppose an all-wise, all powerful artificer "in whom is no viriableness, neither shadow of turning," and what place is there for the hypothesis of interference? As to Mr. Dwinelle's idea that if the universe is not governed as he conceives it to be, there is no need of a God, we simply pass it by in "expressive silence."

Charles Lamb, in one of his letters to Southey, who had been assailing Leigh Hunt on the score of his assumed religious belief, remarks of one of Southey's arguments, as follows: "This is such a piece of theological hardihood as, I think, warrants me in concluding that when you sit down to pen theology, you do not at all consider your opponents; but have in your eye, merely and exclusively, readers of the same way of thinking as yourself, and therefore have no occasion to trouble yourself with the quality of the logic to which you treat them." X.

December 26th, 1866.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—A handsome stereoscope, with sets of California views, from Lawrence & Houseworths, was placed on our table on Christmas. Nothing could be fitter for a present to friends at the East, or more valued than these stereoscopic views of the magnificient scenery of California.

FULLER & MCCARTHY'S fourth reunion of their pupils, on Thursday evening last, was a happy festival for the juvenile votaries Trepsichore.

THE earth turns upon its axis, making one revolution every twenty-four hours, except in Mexico—there they have a revolution two or three times a day.

THAT EVENT AT SIR WALTER'S.

A FRIGHTFUL BUT VERY FASHIONABLE INCIDENT.

"WE were staying at Sir Walter de Courcy's, when it happened," she said. "Do you know Sir Walter? Charming person; a most distinguished person; a person whom if you met in the street, you could turn round and say to yourself, "that is certainly a person of consequence. He was made a baronet, I believe, by Edward the Black Prince; that is to say, at least, there was a baronetcy in the family so early as the battle of Crecy—well, if there were no such title, it may have been a knighthood—indeed it must have been; but odd it must have seemed (one can scarcely fancy it!) to have been entirely without baronets. He lives at Doon Hall, you know, in Suffolk; a most charming spot; quite an ancestral spot as it were; deer and fern, and park and glade, and armorial bearings in stone all over the front door. We went there in the late September. Do you sketch? Only photograph? Ah! you might have made a beautiful picture of that harvest moon shining upon those magnificent monarchs of the forest—I mean the oaks, of course—and also upon the elms. There was a very large party at the hall, besides ourselves, composed entirely of the first people of the county; and there were several great people from London, in addition to distinguished foreigners, and so on, whom one has read of in the *Morning Post*. There was the Count de Milletonneres, for instance; you remember the scandal about him and the Queen of Castile, but that was the Prince Donnerblitzen, by the by; well, he was at Doon likewise, and in fact there was almost everybody there worth knowing. Only, such figures as those unhappy foreigners did make of themselves when they went out cover-shooting! The Prince shot an exceedingly ugly owl in mistake for a hen pheasant, one day: with those immense silk nets over their game bags, it looked, as Lionel said, a good deal more like fishing than shooting—I mean Mr. Lionel de Courcy, Sir Walter's eldest son. He was the life and soul of the party, and the best waltzer, to my mind, that ever I danced with. Some people object, immensely, to the smell of tobacco, but really it is so general, that there must be something to be said on the other side of the question; and then, of course, he always smoked the very best. How he could ever have got himself engaged (indeed some do say that it isn't an engagement, but only that he wants to make it appear so) to that perky, little, supercilious, dowdy-looking (but there, I daresay she's a friend of yours, and I know nothing absolutely against her) Miss Emmeline Cecil, with her hundred thousand pounds, or something very nearly as dreadful of that sort. Well, with such a numerous party in the house, you may well imagine that the days passed pleasantly enough, and the evenings—when the men had done with their shooting stories, and there was dancing in the great hall, and a little champagne supper always afterwards—were certainly especially delightful. Positively, the house was so full, that, huge as it was, and dull and mysterious, and with the reputation of course of being haunted, I never once so much as dreamt of being afraid at night: to be sure, I slept with Eleanor Howard, who is as bold as a lion, and fears nothing in the world or out of it, with the exception of a black beetle, which, as you must have heard, has been the failing of her family ever since the Conquest, and one which they are excessively proud of—and we two used to sit up until the small hours with the Maitland girls, who occupied the next room. We had just parted from them at about two o'clock on a certain morning, and were about to open our own door, when who should we see coming out of Sir Walter's own room, at the end of the corridor, but a real, live burglar. He had a black mask on and a dark lantern, and he looked terrible beyond description, as you may believe. We rushed inside, and turned our key like lightning, so that I was on the sofa in hysterics, and Eleanor screaming murder through the keyhole at the pitch of her voice, within a half-minute; but though we roused the house by these methods almost immediately, our burglar had yet time to get out of sight. Of his presence there was, luckily for our reputation as witnesses, no possibility of a doubt, for the ladder by which he came still leant against Sir Walter's dressing-room window, and the marks of the intruder's soppy footprints—for it was a wet night out of doors—were plainly visible upon the carpets. Never shall I forget the scene of confusion which ensued. Prince Donnerblitzen came forth from his apartment in a silver-spangled dressing-gown, with the poker in his hand. The Count de Milletonneres—who came last, by the by, not having been able, in his valet's absence, and in the dark, to tie his neckcloth to his mind—appeared with a drawn couteau de chasse and in full costume and something over. He had forgotten to take his yellow silk night-cap off, and it was not becoming. Lionel, who, I am sorry to say, was sitting up in the smoking-room when the alarm was given, had a cigar in his mouth.

"Lord Senex, poor gentleman, would not have looked more than twenty years worse than he did the preceding evening, in spite of his having omitted to put on his wig, had he not left his teeth behind him. Nor were the ladies at all better prepared for general inspection than the other sex. Eleanor and myself being, by reason of our late hours, the only fortunate exceptions. The Maitland girls, indeed, might have appeared less dishevelled if they had chosen to do so; but they were charmed with the opportunity thus afforded them of letting their back-hair down, and showing all the world how long it was, an advantage they did not neglect. As for our friend Miss Emmeline Cecil, I confess that her appearance gave me some malicious pleasure on account of the reason which she gave us for that profusion of natural curls. 'It *will* curl,' she used to say, 'although I would give anything to wear it plain, like other people.' She was most accurately attired and perfectly self-possessed (the little wretch!) and beamed on her preserver, as she called him, Mr. Lionel, as bewitchingly as ever, except that she had omitted to remove her curl-papers. I really felt for her when she would first look in the glass and find it out. I confess, however, I could at first think of nothing but the burglar, and of the murder, that it was more than possible might yet be done. The gentlemen were dispersed whooping and hallooing all over the house, save one who kept watch in Sir Walter's dressing-room, lest the villain should endeavor to make his exit by that way. We ladies were all huddled together on the centre landing of the great staircase, where there is a large bay-window, used, they say, a good deal, for flirting upon ball-nights. I don't know the place myself, but with its couple of orange trees and conversation-chair, and heavy blue satin curtains upon either side, it looks, I must say, charming enough from the outside.

"Some of our party there assembled had doubtless very pleasant memories connected with this bower; but they were too much terrified to entertain them at such a time. What was going on elsewhere in the house was like some very horrible game at hide and seek, with the addition that the person who was to jump out upon the seekers (in the very terrifying manner peculiar to that game) would probably have a loaded pistol in one hand and a loaded stick in the other. As doors opened and shut the noise of the search increased or diminished, but we could almost always hear something of it in a—'There he is, Prince; give it him with the poker,' from Mr. Lionel, who enjoyed the hunt amazingly; or in the more serious—'Come out, you ruffian, or I'll shoot you like a dog,' from Sir Walter, when he imagined that the object of his pursuit was harboring in this or that dark corner. Once we heard a gun go off, and then a tremendous trampling of feet, which made us all cling to one another in terror; but the Count de Milletonneres appeared immediately afterwards to calm our fears by explaining that the weapon had gone off by accident.

"'We are now,' he added, 'about to search the cellars, ladies, and then—unless from an overstrained philanthropy you are yourselves concealing this gentleman—we shall not know where to look for him.'

"A little more opening and shutting of doors, a few calls for candles, a smothered voice or two from underneath the Hall itself, and then—silence. We were now left entirely unprotected, and out of the reach of masculine aid.

"'Gracious goodness!' cried Miss Emmeline, 'only think if the gentlemen should have looked over him somewhere, and he were to come out upon us now!'

"This was precisely the idea which we were each of us endeavoring to banish from our minds, and which, expression having been thus given to it, repossessed us with redoubled strength. I do not suppose that thirteen women ever passed such a quarter of an hour in company before. There was not a single word spoken by any of us till the gentlemen re-appeared. The search was then given up as utterly fruitless, and we retired to our respective rooms just as it was about getting daylight.

"The worst part of this terrible story remains behind. When the housemaids went about their work the next morning, they found in that bay window upon the stairs, and within one of those curtains in front of the flirting-place, the list-slippers which the burglar had worn over his hob-nailed shoes; the prints of which were visible under the window he had escaped by.

"The robber had been standing—in the blue satin curtain—in the very centre of us during all those weary hours. He had listened to our conversation, and been the subject of it—the receptacle of our fears and our re-assurances. Nay, it is more than probable that we had leant against him confidentially, under the very false impression that he was only a curtain peg. Certainly no individual of his position in the social scale was ever in the intimate and domestic society of so many ladies of fashion before. Miss Emmeline, in particular, had made no stranger of him; but, as I have observed, had even exhibited her luxuriant tresses en papillote.

"The Count de Milletonneres persists in stating that we purposely concealed this unhappy wretch from his pursuers."

THE NAVIGATION OF THE AMAZON.—The Amazon river, with its many tributaries, extending for thousands of miles through South America, offers a fine field for navigation. Nine steamboats, it is said, now make up the steam mercantile marine of the Valley of the Amazon, together with some smaller vessels on the upper waters. These are owned by a company that formerly had the monopoly of the navigation of the great river, but now it is open to the competition of the whole world.

THE LECTURES OF PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

A BOSTON correspondent writes: "Have I room left to tell of Agassiz's lectures before the Lowell Institute? Though the subject be icebergs and glaciers, and the cogitations most erudite, abstract, and minute, Professor Agassiz is a more fascinating speaker than Ristori; he makes you more appreciate and love those numb lumps of ice which float down from the pole, than Ristori makes you love the greatest and fieriest woman's heart of history—heart whose rage subdued kings and planted religions, and whose benign warmth fostered the genius of Shakspeare, Bacon, and Sidney, till they shone and shall shine as beacon lights for all the ages.

"Professor Agassiz proposes, in a course of twelve or fourteen lectures, to sketch the results of his late Brazilian tour; but in the one to which I listened on Friday, the fourth of the course, he strayed off upon his glacial theory, till he found himself floating upon an ice-raft up the Connecticut river valley, in pre-Adamite times. It is refreshing to see how the professor believes in his glaciers; he dandles and praises them, as a mother will dandle and praise her only child. He says, pityingly, that some persons conceive the only office of glaciers has been to deposit boulders upon the land. He does not understand the dullness of such as fail to discern that the world was battered into shape and rendered habitable by glaciers. His first chapter of Genesis reads: "In the beginning, God created—a glacier; and glaciers divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above; and glaciers caused the waters which were under the heavens to be gathered together unto one place, and made the dry land appear—and it was so—on and on, till Adam and Eve and the serpent floated into Eden on a glacier, and thus a glacier brought sin into the world, and all our woe.'

"But, raillery apart, there is in the speech of Agassiz, besides its warmth, a sincerity, simplicity and clearness, which not only enchain the attention, but convert the reason. One might listen to him as a study for style. Unconsciously he takes us to the fountain-head of eloquence. We may close Blair, and leave our 'Spectator' on the shelf; for lo,

> "The crystal clearness of an eye kept single;
> Shames all the frauds (arts) of man."

"What a contrast between his direct, crisp sentences, which in three lines present a theory, and the hazy, bewildering, and bewildered, diluted and re-diluted chapters of such writers as the 'Country Parson.' Agassiz will write the whole theory of the creation upon your thumb nail; the parson takes twenty pages of the *Atlantic* to tell how on such a day of the week, month, and year, upon such a figure of the carpet, under such a constellation of the heavens, his dog—or, as the ancients might say, Canus—proof of this being found in manuscript 127, page 16, in the Bodleian library—his dog rose up and shook himself. Let us choose, let us choose!

"I must leave for another letter to tell of the ice-raft, and how you of the Connecticut river valley were warmed into life by a glacier."

MEN OF ABILITY.

THE reasoner is the man of talent, who accumulates facts, investigates their relation, decides upon their value, and employs them as materials from which to deduce and apply theories. His liability to error arises from his want of faith in everything which is not logically proved. The man of genius, feeling by impulse or instinct that certain things are true, may commit the error of reasoning backwards, and insist that other and different facts must necessarily be in immediate relation with the particular law of the truth of which he is convinced. He may be led to contemn the slower process of induction, and is naturally led to depend more upon his impulses than his reason, and to insist that the emotions he experiences, the ideal perceptions he enjoys, shall be the law of universal life.

The man of genius is the poet and the artist, the discoverer, the philosopher at his highest. He believes in the possibility of yet greater things than have ever yet been accomplished. He gives his life to the effort to realize ideas, instinctively feeling that the ideas are in unison with established laws. When they are realized, we know so too, and that the impulses, the instincts of genius were prophetic. The poet of genius does not invent beauty in outward things, but he discovers a quality which has always existed, and he also discovers a melodious form of words, which once discovered, we all acknowledge to be in exact harmony with the beauty itself. There is a law of beauty, depend upon it; and the pleasures of the eyes and the imagination are in exact harmony with the words which the true poet selects. The man of genius has quicker perceptions, and acts as interpreter of partially-veiled truths.

That genius should be Bohemian, as the phrase goes, is assuredly a paradox. Genius is rightly a crown of glory to those who are possessed of it, not a license for degradation. The possession of genius is trust indeed, involving the responsibility of instruction in the highest matters, of "teaching the nations how to live." Whether the gift be to indite the mighty line, to wake the strain which comes upon the ear like the sweet south breeze, to reconcile the contradictions, and supplement the researches of philosophy, or to lead the despouding and doubtful to "fresh fields and pastures new," the man of genius should be conscious of his high calling as a teacher of high laws, and remember that the cloud-capped mountain which rears its head nearest to the sun, has a base upon the earth broad and firm, proportioned to its height.

S.T-1860-X.

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They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded my self very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

MAYER'S BAZAAR is one of the features of San Francisco. Here can be found the greatest variety of watches, jewelry, silver-plated ware, guitars, music-boxes, concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, and articles of *bijouterie* for presents or mementos for both ladies and gentlemen. Here, too, you can purchase at prices that defy competition. The present stock must be reduced, and the proprietors are determined to sell so low that the prices asked cannot be objected to. Those heavy cased silver watches from the American Watch company, so celebrated for their correct time and superior workmanship, can be bought at Mayer's Bazaar at the company's prices. Superior French opera-glasses of great magnifying power for sale or hire. Family clocks, musical instruments, and every description of fancy goods at reduced rates at *MAYER'S BAZAAR*, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

Holiday Goods of every variety—toys, fancy articles suitable for gifts and presents; jewelry, rings, pins, musical boxes, French goods, Japanese goods, etc., can be purchased cheaper at Mayer's Bazaar than at any other place in San Francisco.

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert. 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Genuine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

N. B.—Cloaks, Basques, Zouaves and Dresses of every description made to order in the latest style. Prices as cheap as possible.

Real Point Collars,.....worth $7 00 for $3 50
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MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with

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With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

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H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

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Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

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FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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S. ROSENBLATT'S, opposite the Occidental Hotel, is the only Store where GENUINE FRENCH CASHMERE BROCHE SHAWLS are sold. Beware of self-styled manufacturers.

Broche Shawls at $25, as good as sold elsewhere at $50.
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BASE BALL.—SOME TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

The base ball epidemic is raging fearfully all over the country. While cities have it the worst, not a villiage, settlement or "corners," has escaped the infection. For years "one-old-cat" and "two-old-cat" have held their place among boys at school, but bat and ball passed away with school-boy days, until recently, when base ball has suddenly been discovered to be one of the most healthful exercises, as well as the choicest amusement, extant. Weak young men, who were hardly adequate to walk aroand a billiard table during one game, a short time ago, now chase the flying ball "a-field" like wild Indians, or bat it with a vigor and precision that would knock down an ox. They are indifferent to broken fingers, callous to blistered hands, and will risk having their heads knocked off their shoulders, so enthusiastic are they in their new-found recreation.

Matches are being played between rival clubs all over the country, frequently excitiug great interest. It will die out like all spasmodic efforts of the sort, and then what next? Supposing "Blind Man's Buff" should be the next game that is resuscitated aud made to be the rage. Then we should have clubs starting up all over the country for the encouragement and cultivation of that noble and invigorating game. We should have the "Buckeye Blind Man's Buff Club," and the "Excelsior Blind Man's Buff Club." and many other variously entitled Clubs of Blind Buffers.

It would be found to be excellent for the eyes, and hardening as to the shin, besides developing to the greatest possible degree the sense of touch. A field could be prepared for the accommodation of the players, with artificial ditches, skillfully arranged for the Blind Buffer to fall into, and artificial fences for him to tumble over, in chasing the Buffers who are not blinded. It can be seen at a glance (by everybody except the blindfolded Buffer. who isn't supposed to see anything), that in this game, amusement could be blended with healthful and invigorating exercise to a greater degree than in any other game now known. While the blind Buffer is strengthening his muscles by tumbling into ditches, and developing activity by climbing out again, the other Buffers and the spectators will be kept in a constant roar of laughter, which the best medical authority declares to be most conducive to health.

There is another advantage in "Blind Man's Buff," the ladies, bless their dear little hearts, could participate in it. The objections that they have to Base Ball and Cricket couldn't be urged against Blind Man's Buff. There would be a delicious gratification (Oh! so feminine) in blinding the eyes of their male friends. Then, of course, pretending to be blinded themselves, there would be a little corner of a mischievous eye peering under the handkerchief, just enough to prevent them falling over obstructions, you know, if the attentive and watchful masculine arm did not, and contrive to be caught by just the right one. Of course the kissing that follows the act of catching or being caught, which juveniles practice, would have to be dispensed with in this case—that is postponed.

The play of the "Miller" might be added to our out-door amusements. It is simple enough, and can be played by both sexes. The miller stands in the center of a circle formed by taking hold of hands, and as the players "swing round the circle," they sing:

Happy is the miller that tends to the mill,
The mill goes round, and he gathers what he will—
A hand on the hopper, and a hand on the bag,
The mill goes round and he cries out—GRAB!

At the word "grab" the gay and festive miller makes a dart and captures a timid maiden, who has been swinging around the circle, innocently trolling her simple air, and leads her, all blushes and resistance, to the center, when he salutes her (the blast of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the rattle of drums, might be well introduced at this point) and retires to the ring, leaving her, the sweet little "miller-ess" with a hand in the hopper, etc., who is entitled to the next "grab."

Both sexes could participate in the above game and enjoy it greatly. It is not as developing to the muscle, perhaps, as base ball, but the exercise of singing in the open air would be advantageous to the lungs.

There are other games that might be introduced, Give "Hi spi" a chance, and "Gool" and "tag," each of which abounds in invigorating exercise and fun, and is capable of being brought to a high degree of scientific perfection.—*Cincinnati Times.*

A FAST STORY.

AN ENGLISHMAN was bragging of the speed of English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at bis side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in Eogland. The engine bell was rung as the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down bis companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innoceotly inquired the Yankee.

"We are approacbing a town," said tbe Englishman; "they have to commence riuging about ten miles before they get to a station, or else tho train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I soppose they hnven't iuvented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead ol the sound. the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee. "Why, we've got one firm in San Francisco that has alone imported this season a half a million dollars' worth of Toys and Fancy Goods. They have Talking and Kicking Dolls, born with a full-grown head of hair and teeth in their mooths, saying 'Papa' and 'Mamma', al-o, Mechanical Toys, that run by tbemselves, and lots of other Toy wonders too numerous to mention."

"Indeed! is that so? Who is the firm that have tbe Dolls saying 'Mamma'?" exclaimed the Englishman, very much excited.

"Why, have you never heard in all your travels of FELDBUSH & CO., Wholesale Store, 307 California street, and Retail Store, 207 Montgomery street, San Francisco, where you can save 25 per cent. in purchasiog? Fact, I can assure you, as all the goods in their store, 307 California street, and all that is to arrive, must be sold on or before Christmas, on account of some changes in their business. I know it is true, and, if you doubt my word, you call at FELDBUSH & CO.'S, and see for yourself."

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

OPTICAL GOODS.

Spectacles,
In fine Gold Frames with improved Pebbles and Glasses.

Eye Glasses,
Of every description to suit all conditione of sight.

Opera and Field Glasses,
Matchless for sharpness of definition and portability.

Children's Microscopes,
Of great power and at very low prices.

Students' Microscopes,
Finely mounted, in neat boxes, and of high power.

Children's Magic Lanterns,
The most complete instrument ever imported, with views very fine.

Stereoscopes,
The most wonderful, instructive, and amusing instrument ever introduced.

Novelties in Optical Goods,
Just received, direct from manufactnrers, at very low prices,

☞ Don't buy your presents before you have visited the Store of LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH, Opticians, 317 and 319 Montgomery street.

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Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
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FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.
Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA, GENUINE, IN 5 LB. and 10 lb. boxes, at
HASKELL & BUCKELEW'S Tea Store,
514 Market street, through to Sutter,
3 doors below Metropolitan Market street.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

OUR HOLIDAY GOODS
HAVE ARRIVED
BY STEAMER OF DECEMBER 2d, and we have now on hand a superb stock of goods suitable for
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PRESENTS.
SILVERWARE, in every article for the Table.
DIAMONDS, in all styles of Ornaments now worn.
WATCHES, Plain, Elaborate, or set with Diamonds.
JEWELRY, Newest styles from Europe and the East, set with Amethyst, Coral, Cameo, Etruscan, Garnet, and Pearl.
ALSO,
CHILDREN'S JEWELRY, in great variety—not expensive, yet tasteful and durable.
ALSO.
CHILDREN'S SILVER GOODS, such as Cups, Bowls, and Plates; Knife, Fork and Spoon in cases; Coral and Bells, etc.
BARRETT & SHERWOOD,
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Holiday Candy!
An immense Assortment of
CANDY, OF ALL KINDS AND QUALITIES, has been manufactured for the Holidays by Messrs. *CANTY & WAGNER*, wholesale and retail Confectioners, No. 113 MONTGOMERY STREET.
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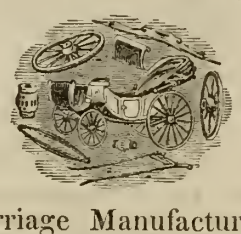
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Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

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CLOAK HOUSE
ON THE PACIFIC COAST.
We have constantly on hand a large and well-selected stock of
Silk, Cloth, & Velvet
CLOAKS!
☞ Which we are selling at prices to suit all. ☜
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Show Work of All Kinds,
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NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.
The TREES AND SHRUBBERY are classified and named.
ADMISSION TO ALL PARTS OF THE GARDEN,.....25 CENTS.
These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars. Also, by Montgomery and Mission Omnibuses.
☞ Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS.

GROCERIES AT WHOLESALE PRICES, IN LOTS TO suit family trade, at
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Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

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A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

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D. N. & E. Walter & Co., 303 California street.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

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H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
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Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

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Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
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Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
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Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

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J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

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Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
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Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

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Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
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A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

Josh Billings on Owls.—Josh Billings says of owls: Burds is God's choristers. Tew the lion he gave majesty, tew the elephant strength, tew the fox cunning, and tew the tiger deceit. But to the burds, his pets, he gave buty and song. The owl is a game burd; he can whip anything that wears feathers—after dark. He is a wise burd, a cross between a Justice of the Peace and County Supervisor. He is a stiff burd, and sits up as stiff as a exclamation. He is a luxurious burd, and feeds on spring chickens. He is a long-lived burd, and never was nown to take death natrally. He is a hardy burd and groze tuff by bileing. He is a honest burd, and always shows an open countenance. He is a prompt burd, and satisfize at onst his outstanding bill. He is a comfortable burd, and alwaz sleeps in feathers. He is an attentive burd, and during the day can alwaze be found in. He is a festive burd, and don't come home till morning. Thus the owl is a mistaken emblem of solitude and sadness; if we dig into his natur closely, he is emphatically one of the boys, and belongs to the club.

Yankee Courtship.—One evening as I was sitting by Hetty, and had worked myself up to the point of popping the question, sez I:

"Hetty, if a fellow was to ask you to marry him what would you say?"

"That would depend on who asked me."

Then sez I, "Suppose it was Ned Willis?"

Sez she: "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you."

That kinder staggered me, but I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so sez I, agen:

"Suppose it was me?"

And then you ought to see her pout up her lip, and sez she:

"I don't take no supposes."

Well, now, you see, there was nothing for me to do but to touch the trigger and let the gun go off. So bang it went. Sez I:

"Lor, Hetty it's me. Won't you say yes?"

And then there was such a hallabaloo in my head I don't know zactly what tuk place, but I thought I heard a "Yes" whispered somewhere out of the skrimmage.

Theresa Sick.—Theresa is sick—Theresa, the great singing woman, alto in voice, broad in song, broadissimo in illustrative gesture. Some of the little chroniclers have entitled her the "Patti of the multitude," and charitable French appreciation finds the title witty. It surely is not specially apt. This quaintly howling creature has been for two winters the applauded vocalist of high fashionable saloons of Paris, and has been honored with appropriation and gift jewelry from Napoleon. It is a sad topic of general town-talk that this prima beldame of the Alcszar must keep silent for a month, and go southword for the healing of her brazen throat.

London is troubled to obtain a supply of pure water. The water-level in the wells is constantly sinking. The Thames water is very impure. Eminent engineers think it is settled that artesian-wells cannot be relied on to furnish a supply. Mr. Bateman, who has had large experience in hydraulic engineering, proposes as the best plan that water should be brought from the headwaters of the Severn, in the mountain ranges of Cader Idris and Plynlimmon in North Wales. He would collect the waters into lakes, one of which would be larger than Loch Katrine. The entire length of the aqueduct would be 183 miles.

Married Life.—Do not run much from home; one's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well-pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always to please one another. Consider what the word "wife" expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this!

To remove stains from the character.—Get rich.

H. A. COBB. R. A. SINTON.

COBB & SINTON,

H. A. COBB, - - - Auctioneer.

407 California street.

REAL ESTATE SALE DAY,.....TUESDAY.

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY.....January 15th, 1867.

AT 12 O'CLOCK,

At Platt's Hall,

SPECIAL

GRAND CREDIT SALE

OF

2000 Homestead Lots

25X100 FEET EACH.

TERMS:

ALL SUMS OVER $600, ¼ Cash; ¼ In One Year; ¼ In Two Years; ¼ In Three Years.

All Sums Less than $600, ¼ Cash, balance 1 Year.

Deferred Payments Bearing 10 Per Cent. Interest Per Annum, and Secured by Mortgage on Premises.

Title—United States Patent.

THE LANDS cover the most beautiful locality in the city of San Francisco, embracing what are familiarly known as the

O'NEIL AND HEALEY TRACTS,

Famous for productiveness of soil and freedom from the prevailing winds and fogs of the city, as well as for picturesque and beautiful views.

APPROACHES AND ROADS TO THE LANDS.

The Bay View shell road leads directly through the property, while the "Potrero and Bay View horse railroad" is far advanced in construction, and under heavy forfeiture to be completed and running through the tracts by 1st July next, by which latter route the distance from the City Hall is just the same as that passed over the by North Beach and Mission Railroad to its terminus on Folsom street.

Lithographed Maps gratis at our office, and at office of H. F. Williams & Co., 638 Clay street.

COBB & SINTON, Auctioneers,
407 California street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

December 29th—GOLDEN AGE, Captain W. F. Lapidge, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Captain Gray.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,

From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867,

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship

SAN FRACISCO,

(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The AMERICA will sail on January 25th.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

OSACJA JAPAN TEA. A FRESH LOT, IN 5 LB. boxes, just imported, by

HASKELL & BUCKELEW,
514 Market street.

Great Reduction in the Price
OF
FURNITURE
At the Warerooms of
J. PEIRCE & CO.,
Nos. 415, 417, 419 California street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

WE NOW OFFER until the FIRST OF JANUARY, our entire stock of Furniture, Etc., Etc., at

EXTREMELY

Low Rates!

A large portion of it consists of articles manufactured and imported expressly for

HOLIDAY GIFTS,

Combining Utility and Beauty, and at PRICES GUARANTEED TO BE LOWER THAN THE LOWEST heretofore offered on this Coast.

J. PEIRCE & CO.,
415, 417 and 419 California street.

BRANCH STORES—No. 715 Market street between Third and Fourth, and Main street, Stockton.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND

IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

A Big Thing and no Humbug.

OF THE THOUSANDS OF COMPOUNDS BEFORE the public, "RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA" for the Hair, alone, does just what it promises.

Hon. Warren Chase, the Spiritualist Lecturer, says:

"My hair and whiskers have been many years gray. RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA has restored both to their original color, black, and covered the baldness on the top of my head with a fine growth of black hair. I have several friends who have used it with the same results, and I cordially recommend it as one of the few medicines that will do what its labels and circulars claim for it. WARREN CHASE."

October, 1865

Call for RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA, and for your own pleasure and comfort do not be put off with anything else, "said to be just as good."

JOHN F. SNOW,
24 Post street, San Francisco,
Agent for the Pacific Coast.

ALSO,

Coloring, Cleansing and Restoring of

FEATHERS, KID GLOVES, SILKS, FURS, WOOLENS, ETC.,

24 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny,
SAN FRANCISCO.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

Martha Washington HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND **Hair Dresser**

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.

Second—Will not Color the Skin.

Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.

Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.

Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.

Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.

Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.

Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure, but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S
Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast

REDINGTON & CO.'S
Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea-sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

THE TELEGRAPH—AS A PRACTICAL JOKER.

A GENTLEMAN telegraphed to Philadelphia for Webster's Dictionary. His correspondent replied: "Why do you wish Webster's Unabridged, when Worcester is preferred?" etc., The operator at the Harrisburg rail road office received it. "Why do you wish Webster on a bridge?" etc.,

Original—"Betty Willistein died this morning; funeral to-morrow."

Bulled—"Betty Waller will be down this morning; furnish conveyance."

A gentleman at St. Louis wishing to intercept the steamer at Memphis on her way down, telegraphed as follows: "To John Gillespie, Clerk of the Western World, Memphis." etc., Jack received it: "John Gilles, pie clerk." etc., It was delivered on board, but the captain asserted he had no official in charge of the pies; so a message went back: "G. B. A., to John Gilles, pie clerk."

Here is one to show that not all the humors of the telegrapb arise from the telegraphers themselves; A gentleman sent the following from Kingston. N. Y., the eastern terminus of the Deleware and Hudson Canal Company, to Honesdale, Pa.: "To J. W. B. Honesdale: Your horse died this morning after writing you a letter. SIG."

The following dialogue was recently overheard passing over a newly-opened line,

Plug in the rural districts to operator at head office (loq)—"Please don't bear so hard on your key when you send to me."

Operator—"Why not?"

Plug—"Because it tears the paper on my machine when it marks!"

The recipient of the astounding scientific reply hasn't ventured to work on that circiut since.

In the summer of 1864, a telegraphic order was sent to Washington by Gen. McCallum. Superintendant of Military Railroads, to Major Wantz, at Binghampton, New York, to forward one hundred and fifty railroad men to Washington at once.

The despatch, when it reached its destination, read "1,500 men." Such a demand was considered extraordinary, but in those days of "military necessity" strange things were always expected, and the men were soon collected, and on their way South, wondering into what part of Dixie they were to clear a way for Uncle Sam's iron horses. But the surprise of the Superintendant was still greater when they arrived, and a search was immediately instituted for the operator who made the mistake.

As it cost about $13,000 to transport the men to Washington, and the expense of keeping them there was not less than $2.000 per day, it seemed likely to prove a serious affair to somebody. It was ascertained that the mistake occurred in transmission between New York and Binghampton, but before the investigation was concluded, an order came from Gen. Sherman, then at Dalton, Georgia, to send bim one thousand railroad men immediately, and so the blunder resulted in good to the Government, and the telegraph was saved from censure.

A telegram was handed in at one of the western New York offices. for transmission not long ago, which read as follows: "Own to the whether the vig is split."

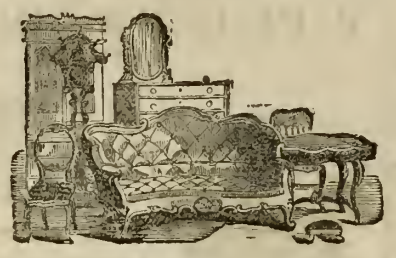
The writer was the captain of a lake steamer engaged for an excursion trip, and his message, on being carefully considered, was found to mean, "Owing to the weather, the voyage is spoiled."

Also, another dispatch, written by a German, which read, "I have re sufft puttger and gack." which we found should be, "I have received picture and check."

Another operator received the following dispatch last winter: "Don't send oysters till turkey," which should have read, "Tuesday" instead of "Turkey."

About two years ago, a "night owl" received the signature of a California message which he was repeating, as "The ordor of roses." The next morning we found his copy and had the message repeated, giving the signature: "Theodore Rose."

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,



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LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

Furniture
AND
Bedding!

508, 510, 518 & 528 Washington St.

LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
SAN FRANCISCO.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.
PRICE 50 CENTS.
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
Cor Sansome & Commercial streets.
Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA AND YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS.
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla"
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

TIME & LABOR SAVED BY USING
Standard Soap Company's
CELEBRATED
WASHING POWDER.

This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.
It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.
Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S.
MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET,
San Francisco.
☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Pale, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 *First street, opposite Minna,*
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,
Shoulder Braces, etc.,
FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,
AT
GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S
NEW YORK BRANCH
Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,
(Opposite the Russ' House,)
J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.
Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc

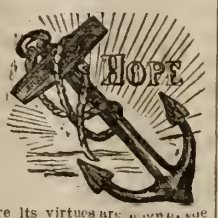
GREAT TRIUMPH!!
STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Sou's Factory, New York.

McNALLY & HAWKINS,
Plummers and Gas Fitters,
Have removed their place of business to the new store on MARKET STREET, adjoining the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum,
Where they will keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GAS FIXTURES, PLUMBING MATERIALS, etc.
Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, AND FOR THE RELIEF OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE.



SO wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other Expectorant is too apparent to escape observation and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this having gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.
We can only assure the public, that its quality is carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.
Great numbers of clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our remedies, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Aeents below named furnish gratis our AYERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the complaints they cure.
Those who require an *alterative medicine* to purify the blood will find AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA the remedy to use. Try it once, and you will know its value
Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
CRANE & BRIGHAM. San Francisco,
and all Dealers.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?
IF YOU DO, GO TO
411 CLAY STREET,
BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.
PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by
M. D. CARR & CO.

STERETT & CUBERY,
PRINTERS,
533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*
B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY
We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,
AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:
"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:
Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,
For General Family Use, The

IS THE BEST.
[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

HENRY HILLS & CO.,
MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.
Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice. We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.
Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

JOHN GORMAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
No. 619 Merchant street,
Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

WILSON & EVANS,

No. 513 Clay street,
Importers and Dealers in
FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.
WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY
NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.
WILSON & EVANS.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

REMOVAL!

Wightman & Hardie's

DRY GOODS AND CARPET WARE-HOUSE

HAS REMOVED

To No. 220 Sansome Street,

TWO DOORS SOUTH OF CALIFORNIA.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

THIS COMPANY being no longer bound by the Rates of the Board of Underwriters is now ready to Insure against Loss and Damage by Fire, ON AS REASONABLE TERMS as any other responsible Company.

The Lowest Possible Rates compatible with SAFETY will be charged.

Call at this office before insuring elsewhere.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, President.

B. ROTHCHILD, Secretary.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
238 *Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

REDUCTION IN RATES.

THE TARIFF OF RATES HERETOfore established by the Board of Fire Underwriters being virtually suspended, this Company are prepared to take desirable risks at such Reduced Rates as are consistent with the security of both Insurer and Insured.

D. J. STAPLES,
Vice President.

CHAS. R BOND, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

MISS WOODS,
Dress and Cloak Maker,

CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Over Hinckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which renderen an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial

---

COME AND SEE ME!

Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,

Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street,)

Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.

Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Sets, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $2. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents

☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.

N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful

---

OSACJA JAPAN TEA. A FRESH LOT, IN 5 LB. boxes, just imported, by
HASKELL & BUCKELEW,
514 Market street.

DR. HUMPHREYS'
Homœopathic Specifies

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always reuder satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants.....	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults...	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis.....	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach.....	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods..	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains...	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding.....	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing.....	50
22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings.....	50
24	cures *General Debility* and Nervousness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions....	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel.....	50
" 28	cures *Seminal Emissions* and Debility.	1 00
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker.....	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life.....	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and hook.....$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and hook..... 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and hook..... 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
101 Battery street, corner of Clay, San Francisco

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED
BY USING

Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,

Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of

CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb 6, 1866.

MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.

Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

MR. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.

Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.

San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.

TO F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HOHR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Wholesale Agents, CRANE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & Co., SAN FRANCISCO.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,

LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of LEWIS McGLAUFLIN, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 12th day of December A. D. 1866, Notice is hereby given, that THURSDAY, the third day of January A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said Lewis McGlauflin, deceased, and for hearing the application of Emeline McGlauflin, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same. WM. LEOWY, Clerk,

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

San Francisco, December 13th, A. D. 1866.

MESSRS. WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Petitioner. n15 3t

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA, GENUINE, IN 5 LB. and 10 lb. boxes, at
HASKELL & BUCKELEW'S Tea Store,
514 Market street, through to Sutter,
3 doors below Metropolitan Market street.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY MILES, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of HARRIET MILES, the Administratrix of the Estate of HENRY MILES, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the Estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Henry Miles, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 14th day of January, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate to the heirs of said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 14th day of January A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

December 13th, A. D. 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 13th day of December, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES MCCABE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

d15 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. REED, et als, Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L. LIEN, PETER S McNIEL, SARAH J McNIEL, EDWARD SPRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be decreed and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six.

Int. Rev. Stamp. Cancelled. 5cts. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk
By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL.]

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of JONATHAN P. CLARK, deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Joseph E. Clark, Executor of the last will and testament of Jonathan P. Clark, deceased, praying for an order to sell certain mining stocks belonging to said estate, at public or private sale.

It is ordered that the seventh (7th) day of January, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of this Court, at the Court House in the city and county of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said application, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby directed to appear before me, at the time and place specified, to show cause if any they have, why an order should not be granted to the said Executor to sell such mining interests, shares or stocks as are set forth in said petition and as belong to said estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

December 7th, A. D. 1866. d8 5t*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY A. WALSH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of Crane & Boyd, attorney at law, in the city and county of San Francisco.

ADELAIDE WALSH,
Administratrix of Estate of Mary A Walsh, deceased.

San Francisco, November 27th, 1866

CRANE & BOYD, Attorneys, S. W. corner Clay and Montgomery streets. d1 5t

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM F. HAMILTON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of William F Hamilton, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of Estate of William F. Hamilton, deceased.

December 1st, 1866. d1 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix and Executor of the last will and testament of GIOVANNI MONTEVERDE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of A. D. Splivalo, No. 430 Jackson street, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

RAMONA ARDONEY MONTEVERDE,
Executrix.
GIUSEPPE CORDEVIOLA, Executor.

San Francisco, December 15, 1866. d15 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, *vs.* PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M PRINCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.]

D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH McGUIRE deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Edward McGuire, the Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 7th day January, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 7th day of January, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

December 6th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 7th day of December A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. CROCKETT, WHITING & NAPTALY, Attorneys for Petitioner. d8 5t

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IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 15th day of January, A. D., 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 15th day of January A. D., 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, December 4th 1866. d8 5t

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE, - - - PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON, - - - - - TREASURER.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, December 29th,

LAST PERFORMANCES OF ALI RABA, OR THE FORTY THIEVES.

MONDAY EVENING, December 31st,
Grand Revival of Boucicault's Grand Scenic Irish Drama,

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

This play has been for several weeks in preparation and will be produced with all its original and startling effects, and with the following challenge cast:

Arrah Meelish, with all the original Songs, Lady Don
Shaun, the Post, - - - - - H. Edwards
The O'Grady, (original cast) Mr. George Pauncefort
Michael Feeney, (original cast) H. D. Thompson
Fanny Power, - - - - Mrs. Harry Jackson
Winterbottom, - - - - Harry Jackson

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - $1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - 50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - 25

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

T. MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor and Manager

THE LAST NIGHT!

THE JAPANESE

Will perform for the LAST TIME THIS EVENING, when will be presented several of the
MOST WONDERFUL TRICKS AND FEATS
Ever offered to the public.
☞ Remember this is THE LAST NIGHT! ☜

TICKETS FIFTY CENTS. CHILDREN HALF-PRICE.

Dress Circle and Parquet, $1; Family Circle, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. No extra charge for Reserved Seats.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

SUNDAY EVENING.... December 30th.

MR. AND MME. HEINE'S
FIRST GRAND PERFORMANCE
OF
Sacred Music!

Assisted by
MISS EMMA HOWSON, HENRI HERBERTE,
MISS CLELIA HOWSON, FRANK HOWSON,
R. WUNDERLICH.
F. A. HOWSON, - - - - - Conductor

Professor EVANS will preside at the Organ.

PROGRAMME.

Overture, - - - - - - - Orchestra
Aria—Creation, - - - - - - Hayden
Frank Howson.
Violin Solo—Adagio in F, - - - - Beethoven
M. J. Heine.
Arietta—O, rest in the Lord, - - - Elijah
Miss Clelia Howson.
Aria—Be thou faithful unto death, St. Paul, Mendelssohn
Henri Herberte. (Violincello Obligato by F. A. Howson.)
Aria—Ave Maria, - - - - - Bauer
Miss Emma Howson. (Violincello Obligato by J. Howson)
Violin Solo, for one string—Moses in Egypt, - Paginini
M. J. Heine.

PART SECOND.

Rossini's celebrated STABAT MATER, with an effelent Chorus, Orchestra, etc.
The Solo Parts of which will be sustained by the Misses Howson, Henri Herberte, Frank Howson and R. Wunderlich.

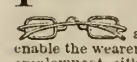
Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - $1
Parquette, - - 50c. Gallery, - - 25c
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain rises at 8, precisely.
No Extra charge for Reserved Seats.

"SHERMAN'S March Through Georgia."

ADMISSION, - - - TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THOS. NAST'S GREAT PAINTING now on Exhibition at the Fine Art Gallery of SNOW & ROOS,
219 Montgomery street, (Russ Block.)

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT.



PERFECT SPECTACLES exactly suited to the Eyes will enable the wearer to pursue the most minute employment, either by day or artificial light, without creating that sense of weakness or fatigue to the organ generally complained of by those using ill suited or common Spectacles.

PRICE of Perfect Glasses, $2 50, and upward. Sent pre-paid to any post office on the Coast. Applicants by mail will receive a circular containg directions, etc.

Address C. MULLER, Optician,
205 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

DR. FONDA SAN FRANCISCO EYE INFIRMARY,

PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED, EXCLUSIVELY for the treatment of all diseases of the EYES, and for the past seventeen years Principal of the La Fayette (Ind.) Eye Infirmary.

P. W. FONDA, M. D.,
Surgeon in charge Infirmary,
223 Kearny street between Bush and Sutter.

THE OCEAN SIDE HOUSE

WILL BE OPEN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, UNDER the management of R. D. SCOFIELD.

LIST OF LATE PUBLICATIONS

JUST RECEIVED BY

A. ROMAN & CO.

Sunnybank. A Novel. By Marion Harland.
Longfellow's Prose Works. New Edition. 4 vols. 12mo.
The Vision of Sir Launfal. Beautifully Illustrated.
Bitter Sweet. New Edition Finely Illustrated.
Cotter's Saturday Night. Illustrated.
Evangeline. With 10 new Illustrations by Felix O. C. Darly.
The Doctrine of a Future Life. By Wm. R. Alger.
Culprit Fay. With 100 Illustrations by Arthur Lumley.
Ogden's U. S. Tariff for 1866.
Roses and Holly. A Gift Book for all the Year. Elegantly Illustrated.
Holy Types. By Joseph A. Seiss.
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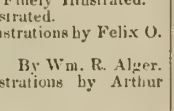

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one half of the common property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to and be delivered to this plaintiff; and that the care, custody and education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendant may, by order of this Court, be restrained and enjoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant be ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF KARL GOTTLIEB WERTHSCHUTZKY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Karl Gottlieb Werthschutzky, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, state of California.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Karl Gottlieb Werthschutzky, d29 5t

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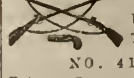

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VOLUME VI, No 7. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 5, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

The Ethics and Æsthetics of Public Dinners; An Explanation; A Critical Notice of Charles Dickens' Christmas Story Mugby Junction; Bob Barnacle, Skipper of Cod-Cove; Literary Gleanings and Gossip; Good Night to the Season; A Sour Sermon; Gossip for the Ladies; "Black Sheep;" An Ocean Waif. "Lion's Mouth;" San Francisco Newspaper Correspondents in the Eastern and Western States; A Court Scene in San Francisco; More "Manifestations" among the Furniture; The Toast of the Press responded to by Mr. Samuel Williams; Extraordinary Spiritual Manifestations in the "Alta" Office; Amusements, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

A Court Scene in San Francisco.

(*Enter Judge.*) SHERIFF.—Heavy, 'ery, 'cry; Disrig Court Judishl Disrig 'snow open pursuant to adjournment.

JUDGE.—(Reads) Swinney vs. Smith.—G. F. & W. H. Shop, and J. W Winer for Piffs., and L. Delos and H. E. Hightone for Defts.

WINER.—Ready, your Honor.

HIGHTONE.—We ask for a continuance, if the Court please, for this reason—one of our most impor—

WINER.—We object stremously to a continuance, if the Court please. If your Honor could scan the mighty and exhaustive preparations we have made for this, the most important controversy of any age, resembling only in extent and scale the marshalling of the gorgeous legions of the Ottoman Porte as he marches under the banner of the crescent with stupendous grandeur from the gates of Istamboul, your Honor would hesitate before—

JUDGE.—One moment, sir.

WINER.— ——would hesitate—

JUDGE.—Sit down, sir; the Court is speaking. This Court sir, I would have the member of the bar understand, never hesitates. Responsibilities are evaded by some tribunals—some retire their opinions before the criticism—always unjust—of the Press—but this Court, never. Proceed, Mr. Winer

HIGHTONE.—But your Honor we have an affid—

JUDGE.—One moment, sir. I desire it to be understood that when the mind of the Court is being instructed by the suggestions of a member of this bar that any attempt to interrupt the abalienation of thought from the mind of the latter to the intellect of the former, is at variance with all the conventions of professional decorum. Proceed, Mr. Winer, the Court will see that the current of your thought is not again intercepted.

WINER.—Preparations on so magnificent a scale could not be made without the expenditure of fabulous treasure. Like Cleopatra, we have dissolved the magnificent treasures of a princely client in the organization of our case, and have to-day entered this tribunal—more illustrious than the historic forum of the eternal city—to seek for justice from our ignoble adversary. As well ask Olympian Jove to stay the flight of Mercury leaping forth, full fledged, from out his brain, as to seek through the aid of principles of law to delay the examination of this case. We stand here to-day engirdled with more than all the glorious privileges of the ancient, as in super-eminent grandeur and pride, he said, "I am a Roman." We call for justice, without which the most illustrious of earth's titled regality is less than nothing—with which the most indigent and lowly of her myriad sons is elevated to the pinnacle of equality with the empurpled, ermined monarch on his gemmed and jeweled throne of royal state. Better for our client that he cast himself before the mighty Juggernaut of the benighted Hindoo and be crushed to death, than to have this continuance granted in the face of our more than regal expenditure, of months of wearied professional, Herculean labor, the fretting of the brain, and the exhaustion of the physical man.

G. F. SHOP.—In addition to what Mr Winer has said for its object being to prevent the continuance I cannot see what is the object. The point of this thing is that they seek, that is, for the purpose of delaying us in going to trial and we contend that it cannot be done. Your Honor remembers that in the case of Jay vs. Doe what your Honor said was that our object was to procure the evidence in order so that the other side could not prevent the delay. I say that's conclusive; they can't go behind that.

L. DELOS.—This matter cannot be determined by authorities from Cleopatra or the Ottoman Porte, however applicable they might be as illustrations in an oration before an agricultural fair in the interior. The case of Jones vs. Towne is conclusive on this subject, and ought to end all discussion. If my colleague here was not a young man I should have no fear of the result of this application, but young men never know anything and are so presumptuous withal that they imperil every case they have anything to do with. Young men never ought to be lawyers. I never studied law till I was forty and I suppose I am to-day the first lawyer in the State without any exception.

JUDGE.—The Court grasps this subject completely. The relation of the parties to this suit is very simple and there is only one question I desire discussed. Suppose, Mr. Delos, that an application for a continuance is made based on an affidavit containing all the requisites called for by the legislative department of the Government except one and that the defect so existing is a conclusive reason why the Court ought not to grant the continuance. Suppose, too, that that reason is not urged by counsel opposing the motion but that their opposition is placed on other untenable grounds, should the Court accede to the motion or deny it upon the ground that the affidavit is defective in its structure?

L. DELOS.—I came here, if the court please, to argue this motion—not to answer legal conundrums, and I insist—

JUDGE.—Mr. Delos, the language you have just used is offensive to the Court, and—

L. DELOS.—But your Honor, I—

JUDGE.—Silence, sir. In the judicial department of our Government, under the Constitution, nothing is so essential to the due administration of justice as a complete deference and submission to the will of the Court. To permit language to be used such as that just uttered in the presence of the Court, is destructive of the very foundation of our entire judicial system. Mr. Sheriff commit Mr. Delos to the County jail for one month.

L. DELOS.—This is the first time—

JUDGE.—Silence, sir, don't you hear me? Mr. Clerk enter a fine of one thousand dollars against Mr. Delos, and strike his name from the roll. Attorneys must understand that this Court does not handy words. The language of the fishmarket is inappropriate to this Court, however much it may be indulged in in other tribunals. Do you desire to say anything, Mr. Hightone?

HIGHTONE.—Yes, your Honor. There is one topic of inquiry that has suggested itself to my mind—and I would here remark *en passant* that my mind has always from childhood, been peculiarly constituted for the solution of legal problems—and that is, that our affidavit has not yet been read. It may commence, your Honor, if the error into which your mind seems to have lapsed as to a defect in its structure. (Aside to a lawyer behind) that's a capital joke, isn't it?

JUDGE.—It is unnecessary to read the affidavit However, much ordinary intellects may require the assistance of such aids, in order to the entire comprehension of legal propositions, the mind of the Court has no need of such dependence. It grasps intuitively the whole subject in all its breadth and scope, and is now prepared to decide the entire question. Constitutional provisions are always to be construed *in pare materia*, and, if the bar would devote the thorough attention to that rule that the Court has, they would become more competent to perform the duties belonging to their sphere of making suggestions to the Court. That simple test is decisive of this application. I do not propose to reason this topic out through all its ramnifications, but if the bar would examine it, they would arrive at the same conclusion as the Court. The application is denied.

More "Manifestations" among the Furniture.

We find the following paragraph going the rounds of the press:—

"A young girl of thirteen, in Paris, Miss Dumesnil, is said to be imbued with a fluid of an extraordinary attractive power, which attracts all objects of wood which surround her Chairs and tables are instantly attracted towards her when she approaches near to them. She has only become possessed of this attractive faculty for the last few weeks. The phenomenon has been witnessed by many persons to whom she is known, and the Faculty will probably be called upon to give explanation in regard to it. The writer adds that a great personage has sent for the girl, to be convinced of the truth of the extraordinary accounts which have obtained publicity respecting her. The girl is employed as a wood polisher, and lives with her parents, who are poor people."

To us there appears nothing at all extraordinary in the above. The words;—"The girl is employed as a wood polisher," explain anything that might else appear mysterious. Miss Dumesnil has no doubt in the course of her occupation, polished many hundreds of chairs and tables, and the chairs and tables which "are instantly attracted towards her when she approaches them" are doubtless some of those which have been polished by her laying on of hands, flannel, sweet oil, etc., and approach her to express their gratitude. Just let Miss Dumesnil be put in a strange furniture store where none of the furniture she had polished was, and not a table or chair would wag a leg. Pshaw! the "mysteries of Spiritualism" are very easily explained after all if people will only take time to think about them.

"Alta" Latin.

The writers engaged on the *Alta*, tear the dead languages like ghouls, befoul them like obscene harpies. The literary critic perpetrates the following in Sunday's issue:

"The *Galaxy* defends Swinburne and lauds Walt Whitman to the skies. *Arcades est ambo;* but Swinburne is gentlemanly and scholarly even in his vices, and Whitman adds to the license of the sensualist the manners and tastes of a rowdy.

Was there no little boy commencing to learn Latin Grammar at hand to tell the literary critic of the *Alta* not to stick *est* in between *Arcades* and *ambo*, and thus say "both Swinburne and Walt Whitman *is* Arcadians?" "Blackguards both" was what he intended to say, and having some misty idea of "*Arcades ambo*" being used to express that idea, he thought to show his classical knowledge by adding *est*.

The Toast of "The Press" Responded to by Mr. Samuel Williams.

The Press may esteem itself fortunate when on being toasted at a dinner, a worthy member of the body is found present to return thanks for the compliment in becoming terms. The toast of "The Press" was the fourteenth regular toast at the "Grand China Mail Banquet," given on the last day of the past year at the Occidental Hotel. This toast was not, on this occasion, responded to—as has too often been the case—by some snatcher up of trifles of news in the shape of an uneducated "local reporter." One of the editors of the *Bulletin*, the best newspaper published on the Pacific Coast, arose on behalf of "The Press." Mr. Samuel Williams responded. Mr. Samuel Williams is a gentleman respected by all who know him for the many good qualities which he possesses; no more reputable member of the Press—as regards private character and kindness of heart—can be found; therefore all the members of the Press present were pleased when they saw Mr. Samuel Williams rise to respond to the toast. The first words which Mr. Samuel Williams, one of the editors of the San Francisco *Bulletin* uttered, were these:

"The Press is proud to find itself in such good company. For once, at least, in spite of its plebeian origin, it has the *entrée* of "our best society.'"

We must state here, that the report which is afloat, to the effect that Mr. Samuel Williams was interrupted here is untrue. There were no cries from the gentlemen of the Press present of, "speak for yourself, Mr. Williams," "I've never been a printer's devil," "Plebeian origin he blowed," "Do you think the toast of 'The Press' means a printing press with rollers and ink?" "Don't insult Shakspeare," etc., etc., which mischievous people have declared were uttered. We do not believe that Mr. Williams heard any such remarks even if any such were made. Mr. Samuel Williams, after alluding to a remark made to him by Mr. Moore, English Consul at Beyrout, when he, (Mr. Samuel Williams,) was traveling in Syria, gave full rein to his fancy and told those present what he had imagined while sitting engaged in eating his dinner. He said:

"I expect to be greeted on my arrival at Hongkong by the familiar salutation of "Have a cab, sir?"

In San Francisco the familiar salutation is, "Hack, sir?" but let that pass. Mr. Williams, with a careful remembrance of the advertising patrons of the *Bulletin*, said:

"I expect to have my eyes regaled by that inspiring symbol of civilization, 'Try Ward's Shirts;' to see 'Hostetter' and 'Chevalier's Life for the Hair' staring at me along the lines of Chinese railroads, in Chinese omnibusses, and in Chinese hotels and restaurants; and to see 'Plantation Bitters' placarded in mammoth letters on the great Chinese Wall."

After an allusion to Squarza, (which did not do him a cent of good as he has sold out,) a kind remark about the *Spirit of the Times*, for which Borneck should be grateful, a slight advertisement of the Cliff House, a suggestion that Martin's is the best place to lunch, (for which Martin should certainly stand Veuve Clicquot,) a kindly mention of Maguire's Opera House and an allusion to the *News Letter*, (which should entitle Mr. Williams to a seat in the first avitor which starts,) the representitive of the Press closed his speech. Now this was an after dinner speech, and had Mr. Williams not made use of the expressions.—"The Press is proud to find itself in such good company. *For once, at least*, in spite of its *plebeian* origin, it has the *entrée* of our *best society*," we would not have criticised it. The opinion which we expressed of Mr. Williams at the commencement we adhere to, but we maintain that he evinced very bad taste in many portions of his speech.

Extraordinary Spiritual Manifestations in the "Alta" office.

The public have been already made aware of the fact that at half-past three o'clock on Thursday morning, the first and fourth pages of the *Alta* were "pied" while on their way to the press room. Every one was sorry to hear this; every one admired the energy evinced by the proprietors in causing the matter destroyed to be again set up so speedily that the paper was issued by 9 o'clock. A report that this accident to the forms took place in consequence of the car on which they were placed breaking down, has been industriously circulated. It is well known that the proprietors of the *Alta* have given but little assistance to the doctrine of Spiritualism, which they consider baleful as tending to increase insanity in our midst. Therefore it is not to be wondered at, that the proprietors thought fit to conceal the real cause of the misfortune which befel their forms from the public. As the facts of the case have, however, come to our knowledge—whether naturally or super-naturally we decline to state—we make them public. On the morning of Thursday, the forms had been securely locked up under the personal supervision of John McComb, who understands his business as foreman too well to run any risks. They had been placed in a substantially built and almost new car, (beautifully varnished and ornamented with silver mountings,) when a burst of triple thunder rolled through the composition room, (which is more like a parlor than a workshop,) a lurid flash of blue fire surrounded the chases in which the forms were bound; the solid masses of heavy metal sprang into the air and fell face downward on the floor; raps were heard in all parts of the room; shrieks of demoniacal laughter were heard; the deed was accomplished. The proprietors of the *Alta* are all well aware of the cause of these manifestations; but for the reason above mentioned they have suppressed the facts. THE GHOST OF THE FLAG PIED THE FORMS OF THE ALTA.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SHADOW LIGHTENED.

LONG before Mr. Carruthers, impelled by the irresistible force of routine, which not all the concern, and even alarm, occasioned him by Mrs. Carruther's condition could subdue, had issued forth upon his daily tour of inspection, Clare's letters had been safely posted, by her own hand, at the village. The large white-faced clock over the stables at Poynings striking six as Clare Carruthers returned, with a faint flutter of satisfaction that her errand had been safely accomplished, contending with the dreariness and dread which filled her heart. She put away her hat and cloak, changed her dress, which was wet with the dew, and sat down by the door of the room to listen for the first stir of life in the house.

Soon she heard her uncle's step, lighter, less creaky, than usual, and went out to meet him. He did not show any surprise on seeing her so early, and the expression of his face told her in a moment that he had no good news of the invalid to communicate.

"Brookes says she has had a very bad night," he said, gravely. "I am going to send for Munns at once, and to telegraph to London for more advice." Then he went on in a state of subdued creak, and Clare, in increased bewilderment and misery, went to Mrs. Carruthers's room, where she found the reign of dangerous illness seriously inaugurated.

Doctor Munns came, and early in the afternoon a grave and polite gentleman arrived from London, who was very affable, but rather reserved, and who was also guilty of the unaccountable bad taste of suggesting a shock in connection with Mrs. Carruthers' illness. He also was emphatically corrected by Mr. Carruthers, but not with the same harshness which had marked that gentleman's reception of Dr. Munn's suggestion.

Before the London physician made his appearance, Clare and her uncle had met at breakfast; she took her place opposite her uncle with a face whose pallor and expression of deep-seated trouble even that unobservant and self-engrossed potentate could not fail to notice. He did observe the alteration in Clare's look, and was not altogether displeased by it It argued deep solicitude for Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings—an extremely proper sentiment; so Mr. Carruthers consoled his neice, after his stately fashion, acknowledging, at the same time, the unaccountable vagaries of fever, and assuring Clare that there was nothing infectious in the case—a subject on which it had never occurred to the girl to feel any uneasiness. The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the post, and Mr. Carruther's attention was again drawn to the subject of the murder and the possibility of promoting his own importance in connection with it. Clare's pale face turned paler as her uncle took up the first letter of the number presented to him by Thomas, footman, that official looking peculiarly intelligent on the occasion; for the letter bore the magic inscription, "On Her Majesty's Service," and the seal of the Home Office.

Mr. Carruthers took some time to read the letter even with the aid of the gold eye glasses. It came from Mr. Dalrymple, who wrote an abnormally bad hand even for a government official. The irrepressible pompousness of the man showed itself even in this crisis of affairs, as he perused the document, and laid it down upon the table under the hand armed with the eye-glasses. "Hem! my dear," he began, "this letter is connected with the matter I mentioned to you yesterday. You remember, I dare say, about the murder, and the inquiry I was requested by the government to make at Amherst."

Oh yes, Clare remembered; she had been very much interested. Had anything since transpired?

"Nothing of any moment. This letter is from Mr. Dalyrimple. The gentleman who came here, as I told you, from Lord Wolstenholm."

Clare, still breathless, bowed. There was no use in trying to accelerate Mr. Carruthers' speech. He was not to be hurried.

"He writes to me that the Home Secretary regrets very much the failure of our inquiries at Amherst, in eliciting any information concerning the only person on whom suspicion has as yet alighted. He informs me that, as I expected, and as I explained to you yesterday"—Mr. Carruthers paused condescendingly for Clare's silent gesture of assent—"the jury at the coroner's inquest—it closed yesterday—have returned an open verdict, wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, and the police have been instructed to use all possible vigilance to bring the criminal to light."

"Have they learned anything further about the dead man?" asked Clare, with a timid look, half of anxiety, half of avoidance, towards the newspaper, which Mr. Carruthers had not yet opened, and which no member of the family would have ventured to touch unsanctioned by the previous perusal of its august head.

"About the murdered man? No, I believe not. Mr. Dayrimple further informs me that the fur-lined coat, and all the other less remarkable articles of clothing found on the body, are placed in the hands of the police, in the hope of future identification. There is nothing more to be done, then, that I can see. Can you suggest anything, Clare?" Mr. Carruthers asked the question in a tone almost of banter, as though there were something ridiculous in his expecting a suggestion from such a quarter, but with a very little real anxiety nevertheless.

"I—I really do not know, uncle," returned Clare; "I cannot tell. You are quite sure Evans told you all he knew?"

"Everything," replied Mr. Carruthers. "The clue furnished by the coat was very slight, but it was the only one. I am convinced, myself, that the man who wore the coat, and was last seen in company with the murdered man, was the man who committed the murder." Clare shivered. "But," continued Mr. Carruthers, in an argumentative tone, "the thing to be established is the identity of the man who wore the coat with the man who bought it six weeks ago."

A bright flush rose on Clare's cheeks—a flush of surprise, of hope. "Is there any doubt about that, uncle?" she asked. "The waiter described the man, didn't he? Besides no one would part with an overcoat in six weeks."

"*That* is by no means certain," said Mr. Carruthers, with an air of profound wisdom. "Artists and writers, and foreigners, and, generally, people of the vagabond kind, sell and barter their clothes very frequently. The young man whom Evans describes might have been any one, from his purposeless, indistinguishable description; the waiter's memory is clearer, as is natural, being newer."

"And what is the description he gives?" asked Clare, firmly.

"You will find it in the weekly paper, my dear," returned Mr. Carruthers, stretching his hand out towards the daily journal. "Meantime, let's see yesterday's proceedings."

At this moment the footman entered the room, and informed him that Mr. Evans, the tailor, from Amherst, wished to be permitted to speak to him as soon as convenient. With much more alacrity than he usually displayed, Mr. Carruthers desired that Evans should be shown into the library and declared his intention of going to speak to him immediately.

"I have no doubt, Clare, that he has come about this business," said Mr. Carruthers, when the servant had left the room. With this consolatory assurance, he left her to herself. She snatched up the newspaper and read a brief account of the proceedings of the previous day—the close of the inquest, and some indignant remarks upon the impunity with which so atrocious a crime had, to all appearance, been committed, which wound up with a supposition that this murder was destined to be included in the number of those mysteries whose impenetrability strengthened the hand of the assassin, and made our police system the standing jest of continental nations. How ardently she hoped, how nearly she dared to pray, that it might indeed be so! She lingered in the breakfast-room waiting for her uncle's return. Three letters lay on the table still unopened, and when Clare looked at them she found they were addressed to Mrs. Carruthers, and that two of the three were from America. The post mark on each were New York, and on one were stamped the words "Too late."

"She is too ill to read any letters now, or even to be told there are any," thought Clare, "I had better put them away, or ask my uncle to do so."

She was looking at the third letter, which was from George Dallas; but she had never seen his writing, to her knowledge, and the two words, which he had written on the slip of paper she had seen, being a christian and surname, afforded her no opportunity of recognising it as that of Paul Ward; when Mr. Carruthers returned, looking very pompous and fussy.

"I shall communicate with the Home Office immediately," he began. "This is very important. Evans has been here to tell me he has read all the proceedings at the inquest, and the waiter's description of the suspected individual tallies precisely with his own recollection of the purchaser of the coat."

"But uncle," said Clare with quick intelligence, "you told me the man's evidence and Evans' description were as vague as possible. Indeed, I was struck by what you said. 'A description that describes nothing,' were your words."

"Yes, yes, I remember, of course, my dear," replied Mr. Carruthers, graciously, "but then, you see, I am bound to communicate with the Home Office. If Mrs. Carruthers' illness did not render my absence improper and impossible, I should go to London myself, and lay the matter before Lord Wolstenholme; but, as I cannot do that, I must write at once." Mr. Carruthers, in his secret soul, regarded the obligation with no little dread, and would have been grateful for a suggestion which he would not have condescended to ask for.

"Then I will leave you, uncle,' said Clare, making a strong effort to speak as cheerfully as possible, "to your task of telling the big wigs that there's nothing more to be done or known down here. You might make them laugh, if such solemn, grand people ever laugh, by telling them how the rural mind believes two vaguenesses to make a certainty, and make them grateful that Evans came to you, and not to them, with his mare's nest of corroborative evidence."

Clare's fair face was sharpened with anxiety as she spoke, despite the brightness of her tone, and she had narrowly watched the effect of her words. Her uncle felt that they conveyed precisely the hint he required, and was proportionately relieved.

"Of course, of course," he answered, in his grandest manner; and Clare moved towards the door, when, remembering the letters, she said,

"There are some letters for Mrs. Carruthers, uncle. I fancy she is too ill to see them—two are from America; will you take them?"

"I take them, Clare, why?" asked her uncle, in a tone of dignified surprise.

"Only because, being foreign letters, I thought they might require attention—that's all," said Clare, feeling herself rebuked for a vulgarity. "They come from New York."

"Probably from Mr. Felton," said Mr. Carruthers, pointing the gold eye-glasses at the letters in Clare's hand with dignified coldness, but making no attempt to look at them nearer.

"You had better lay them aside, or give them to Brookes or Dixon. I never meddle with Mrs. Carruthers' family correspondence."

Clare made her escape with the letters, feeling as if her ears had, morally speaking, been boxed; and diverted, for a little by the sensation from the devouring anxiety she had felt that Mr. Carruthers should communicate in the tone which she had tried to insinuate with the dignitaries of the Home Office.

The door of Mrs. Carruthers' room was open, and the curtain partly withdrawn, when Clare reached it. She called softly to Dixon, but received no reply. Then she went in and found the housekeeper again in attendance upon the patient. To her inquires she received from Mrs. Brookes very discouraging replies, and the old woman stated her conviction strongly that it was going to be a very bad business, and that Clare had much better go to the Sycamores.

"You can't do any good here, Miss Carruthers," said the old woman; and Clare thought she had never heard her speak so steamily and harshly. "I don't know that anyone can do any good; but you can't anyhow, and the fever may be catching."

Clare's eyes filled with tears, not only because she loved Mrs. Carruthers, not only because another trouble was added to the crushing misery that had fallen upon her, but also because it hurt her gentle nature keenly to feel herself of no account.

"No," she said, in a low voice, "I know I am of no use, I am not her child. If I were, I should not be expected to leave her. And," she added, bitterly, for the first time treading on forbidden ground, "more than that, if it were not for me her son might be with her now, perhaps."

"Hush, hush, pray," whispered Mrs. Brooks, with a frightened glance at the bed; "don't say that word! She may hear and understand more than we think."

Clare looked at her in bewilderment, but obeyed her, and asked no questions.

"These came just now," she said; "my uncle desired me to give them to you."

She put the letters into the old woman's hand, and crossed the room, leaving it by the opposite door, which communicated with Mrs. Carruthers' dressing-room. As she passed through the inner apartment, which opened on the corridor, she observed that the portrait of George Dallas, which had hung upon the wall as long as she remembered the room, was no longer there.

The hidden anguish in her own heart, the secret which was chrushing her own young spirit, made the young girl quick to see and interpret any sign of similar sorrow and mystery.

"Mrs. Brookes has taken away her son's picture," Clare thought, as she slowly descended the stairs, "and she dreads his name being mentioned in her presence. Dr. Munns asked if she had had a shock, and seemed to impute her illness to something of the kind. There is something wrong with George Dallas, and the two know it,"

When Miss Carruthers left her, Mrs. Brookes broke the seal of one of the letters without a moment's hesitation, and read its contents, standing sheilded from any possible observation by the invalid by the curtains of the bed. The letter contained only a few lines:

"I am going away out of England, for a little while, my dearest mother," George Dallas wrote. "It is necessary for the transaction of my business; but I did not know it would be so when I last communicated with you. Write to me at the subjoined address. your letter will be forwarded."

The address given was Routh's, at South Molton street.

The old woman sighed heavily as she read the letter, and then resumed her attendance on her patient.

The day waned, the London physician came and went. The household at Poynings learned little of their mistress' state. There was little to be learned. That night a letter was writ-

ten to George Dallas, by Mrs. Brooks, which was a harder task to the poor old woman than she had ever been called upon to fulfill. With infinite labor, she wrote as follows:

"My dear Master George. Your letter has come, so I know you are not in England, and I am not sure but that some one else may see this. Your mother is very ill, in consequence of what she has seen in the papers. I do not believe it is as bad as it seems, though how bad that is, thank God, no one but your mother and I know, or can ever know, I hope and trust. Think of all the strongest and most imploring things I could say to you, my own dear boy, if it was safe to say anything, and if you can put us out of suspense, by writing, not to her, not on any account to her, but to me, do so. But if you can't, George—and think what I feel in saying that *if*—keep away, don't let her hear of you, don't let her think of you in danger. Anyhow, God save, and help, and forgive you.

"Your affectionate old Nurse,

"ELLEN."

The days went on, as time travels in sickness and in health, and there was little change in Mrs. Carruthers, and little hope at Poynings. The fever had been pronounced not infectious, and Clare had not been banished to the Sycamores. No fresh alarm had arisen to agitate her, no news of the suspected man had been obtained. The matter had apparently been consigned to oblivion. With the subsidence of her first terror and agitation, a deeper horror and dread had grown upon Clare. Supposing, as it seemed, that he was safe now, Paul Ward was still a guilty wretch, a creature to be shunned by the pure, even in thought. And the more she felt this, and thought of it, the more frankly Clare confessed to her own heart that she had loved him, that she had set him up, with so little knowledge of him after their chance meeting, as an idol in the shrine of her girlish fancy—an idol defaced and overthrown now, a shrine for ever defiled and desecrated. She was glad to think she had warned him; she wondered how much that warning had contributed to his security. She strove hard to banish the remembrance of him in all but its true aspect of abhorrence, but she did not always succeed; and, in the innocent girl's dreams, the smile, the voice, the frank kindly words would often come again and make her waking to the jarring gladness of the morning terrible. A shadow fell upon her beauty, the gleeful tone died out of her voice; the change of an indelible sorrow passed upon the girl, but passed unnoticed by herself or any others.

The days went on, as time travels, in sorrow and in joy: and at length change came in Mrs. Carruthers, and there was hope at Poynings. Not hope, indeed, that she could ever be again as she had been, beautiful and stately in her serene, and honored matronhood, in her bright intelligence and dignity. That was not to be. She recovered; that is she did not die, but she died too much of the past. She was an old woman from thenceforth, and all her beauty, save the immortal beauty of form, had left her very quiet, very patient and gentle, but of feeble nerves, and with little memory of the past, and little attention or interest in the present, she was the merest wreck of what she had been. Her faithful old servant was not so much distressed by the change as were her husband and Clare. She had her own reasons for thinking it better that it should be so, For many days after convalescence had been declared, she had watched and waited, sick with apprehension for some sign of recollection on the part of the patient, but none came, and the old woman, while she grieved with exceeding bitterness over the wreck of all she so dearly loved, thanked God in her heart that even thus relief had come. None had come otherwise. George Dallas had made no sign.

So the time went on, and summer was in its full pomp and pride when preparations were being made on a scale suitable to the traveling arrangements of magnates of the importance of Mr. Carruthers of Poynings for a continental tour, recommended by the physicians in attendance as a means for the complete restoration of Mrs. Carruthers. The time named for the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers had nearly arrived, and it had just been arranged that Clare should remain at the Sycamores during their absence, when Mr. Carruthers startled Mrs. Brookes considerably by asking her if she could inform him where a communication might be expected to find Mr. George Dallas?

"I do not consider it proper that the young man should be left in ignorance of his mother's state of health, and her absence from England," he said, with less stateliness than usual; "and though I do not inquire into the manner and frequency of his communications with Mrs. Carruthers, I believe I am correct in supposing he has not written to her lately."

"Not lately, sir," replied Mrs. Brookes.

The result of this colloquy was that Mrs. Brookes gave Mr. Carruthers Routh's address at South Molton-street, and that Mr. Carruthers addressed a short epistle to George Dallas, in which he curtly informed his step-son that his mother, having just recovered from a dangerous illness which had enfeebled her mind considerably, was about to travel on the Continent for an indefinite period, during which, if he (Mr. Carruthers) should see any cause for so doing, he would communicate further with Mr. George Dallas. This letter was posted on the day which witnessed the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers "and suite" (as the County Chronicle was careful to notice) from Poynings; and Mr. Carruthers felt much conscious self-approval for having written it, and especially for having timed the writing of it so well. "Sooner, he might have made an excuse of it for coming here," thought the astute gentleman; "and it would have been heartless not to have written at all."

For once in his life, Mr. Carruthers of Poynings had written a letter of importance.

CHAPTER V.—IN THE MUIDERSTAAT.

High houses, board, jolly, and red-faced, standing now on the edges of quays or at the feet of bridges, now in quaint trim little gardens, whose close-shaven turf is gaudy with brilliant bulbs, or over-shadowed by box and yew, but always fringing the long, shallow, black canals, whose sluggish waters scarcely ripple under the passing barge. Water, water, everywhere, and requiring everybody's first consideration, dammed out by vast dykes and let in through numerous sluices, spanned by nearly three hundred bridges, employing a perfect army of men to watch it and tend it, to avail themselves of its presence and yet to keep it in subjection; for if not properly looked after and skillfully managed, it might at any moment submerge the city; avenues of green trees running along the canal banks and blooming freshly in the thickest portions of the commerce-crowded quays; innumerable windmills on the horizon; picture-galleries rich in treasures of Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, and Teniers; dockyards, where square and sturdy ships are built by square and sturdy men, in solemn silence and with much pipe-smoking; asylums, homes, almshouses, through which a broad stream of well-administered charity is always flowing. A population of grave burghers, and chattering vrows, and the fattest, shiniest, and most old-fashioned children; of out-landish sailors and Jews of the grand old type, who might have sat, and whose ancestors probably did sit, as models to Rembrandt; of stalwart bargemen and canal-tenders, of strangers, some pleasure-seeking, but the great majority intent on business; for whatever may be the solemn delights of its inhabitants, to a stranger accustomed to other capitals there are few gaieties to be met with in the city to which George Dallas had wended his way—Amsterdam.

To George Dallas this mattered very little. Of the grosser kinds of pleasure he had had enough and more than enough; the better feelings of his nature had been awakened, and nothing could have induced him to allow himself to drift back into the slough from which he had emerged. It was on the first morning after his arrival in Amsterdam, actuated by surroundings in an extraordinary degree, he had, while in London, been completely fascinated by the combined influence of Routh and Harriet; and had he remained with them he would, probably, never have shaken off that influence, or been anything but their ready instrument. But so soon as he had left them the fascination was gone, and his eyes were opened to the degradation of his postion, and the impossibility, so long as he continued with his recent associates, of retrieving himself in the eyes of the world—of being anything to Clare Carruthers. This last thought decided him—he would break with Stewart Routh; yes, and with Harriet, at once! He would sell the bracelet and send the proceeds to Routh with a letter, in which he would delicately but firmly express his determination and take farewell of him and Harriet. Then he would return to London, and throw himself into business at once. There was plenty for him to do at the *Mercury*, the chief had said, and——No! he must not go back to London, he must not expose himself to temptation; at all events, until he was more capable of resisting it. Now, there would be Routh, with his jovial blandishments, and Deane, and all the set, and Harriet, most dangerous of all! In London he would fall back into George Dallas, the outcast, the reprobate, the black sheep, not rise into Paul Ward, the genius; and it was under the latter name that he had made acquaintance with Clare, and that he hoped to rise into fame and repute.

But though the young man had, as he imagined, fully made up his mind as to his future course, he lounged through a whole day in Amsterdam before he took the first step necessary for its pursuance—the negotiation of the bracelet and the transmission of the money to Routh. At last it was absolutely necesary that some action should be taken, and George consulted the polyglot waiter of the hotel as to the best means of disposing of some valuable diamonds which he had with him.

The question was evidently one to which the polygot waiter was well accustomed, for he answered at once, "Diamants to buy is best by Mr. Dieverbrug, in Muiderstratt." That he was a diamond merchant in a large way of business, speaking English, frequently visiting England, and likely to give as good, if not a better price than any one else in the trade. The polyglot added that he himself was not a bad judge of what he persisted in calling "dimants;" and as this speech was evidently a polite hint, George showed him the stones. The polyglot admired them very much, and pronounced them, in his opinion, worth between two and three hundred pounds a valuable hint to George, who expected Mr. Dieverbrug would call upon him to name his price, and if any absurd sum was asked, the intending vendor might be looked upon with suspicion. George thanked him and set out to visit Mr. Dieverbrug.

The Muiderstraat is the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam. The day was fine, and nearly all the population was either standing outside its doors or lolling at its windows, chaffering, higgling, joking, scolding. George Dallas walked slowly along with difficulty, threading his way through the various groups, amused with all he saw, and speculating within himself as to the probable personal appearance of Mr. Dieverbrug. The diamond-merchant, George imagined, would probably be an old man, with grey hair and spectacles, and a large hooked nose, like one of Rembrandt's "Misers," seated in a small shop, surrounded by the rarest treasures exquisitely set. But when he arrived at the number which the polyglot had given him as Mr. Dieverbrug's residence, he found a small shop indeed, but it was a bookseller's, and it was not until after some little time that he spied a painted inscription on the door-post, directing Mr. Dieverbrug's visitors's to the first floor, whither George at once proceeded.

At a small wooden table, on which stood a set of brass balance weights, sat a man of middle height and gentlemanly appearance, dressed in black. The Hebraic character was not strongly marked in any of his features, though it was preceptible to an acute observer in the aquiline nose and the full red lips. He raised his eyes from a small red leather memorandum-book or diary which he had been studying as Dallas entered the room, and gave his visitor a grave salutation.

"Am I addressing Mr. Dieverbrug?" said Dallas in English.

"I am Mr. Dieverbrug," he replied, in the same language, speaking with perfect ease and with very little foreign accentuation, "at your service."

"I have been recommended to come to you. I am, as you have probably already recognised, an Englishman, and I have some jewels for sale, which it may, perhaps, suit you to buy."

"You have them with you?"

"Yes they are here;" and George took out his cherished case and placed it in Mr. Dieverbrug's hand.

Mr. Dieverburg opened the case quietly, and walked with it towards the window. He then took out the stones and held them to the light, then taking from his waistcoat-pocket a small pair of steal nippers, he picked up each stone separately, breathed upon it, examined it attentively, and then replaced it in the case. When he had gone through this operation with all the stones, he said to George:

"You are not a diamond merchant?"

"No, indeed!" said Dallas, with a half-laugh; "not I."

"You have never," said Mr. Dieverbrug, looking at him steadfastly from under his bushy eyebrows—"you have never been in a jewel-house?"

"In a jewel-house?" echoed George.

"What you call a jeweller's shop?"

"Never have been in a jeweller's shop? Oh yes, often."

"Still you fail my meaning. You have never been in a jeweller's shop as employé, as assistant?",

"Assistant at a jeweller's—ah, thank you! now I see what you're aiming at. I've never been an assistant in a jeweller's shop, you ask, which is a polite way of inquiring if I robbed my master of these stones! Thank you very much; if you have that opinion of me, perhaps I had better seek my bargain elsewhere." And George Dallas, shaking all over, and very much flushed in the face, extended his hand for the case.

Mr. Dieverbrug smiled softly as he said, "If I had thought that, I would have bid you go about your business at once. There are plenty of merchants at Amsterdam who would buy from you, no matter whence you came; but it is my business to ask such questions as to satisfy myself. Will you have back your diamonds, or shall I ask my question?"

He spoke in so soft a tone, and he looked so placid and so thoroughly uncaring which way the discussion ended, that George Dallas could scarcely forbear laughing as he replied, "Ask away."

"Ask away," repeated Mr. Dieverbrug, still with his soft smile. "Well then, you are not a jeweller's employé; I can tell that by your manner, which also shows me that you are not what you call swell-mob-man—rascal—escroc. So you come to me with valuable diamonds to sell; my questions are: How do you get these diamonds? Who are you?"

For an instant George Dallas paused in his reply, while he felt the blood rise in his cheeks. He next looked Mr. Dieverbrug straight in the face as he said, "These were family diamonds, I inherited them from my mother—who is dead—and was advised to come over hear to sell them, this being the best market. As to myself, I am a literary man, a contributor to newspapers, and an author."

"Ah, ha! you write in newspapers and books? You are feuilletonist, author?" And as Mr. Dieverbrug said these words, he took up a stick which stood by the side of the fireplace and thumped heavily on the floor. His thumping seemed to awaken a kind of smothered response from the regions below them, and before George Dallas had recovered from his surprise the door was opened, and an old gentleman of fantastic appearance entered the room—a very little man, with an enormous head, which was covered with a tight-fitting little

senll-cap, large eyes glaring ont of silver-rimmed speetaeles, a sallow puckered face fringed with a short stubby white beard, a large aquiline nose, and thin tight lips. Buttouing immediately under his ehin and reaching to his feet—no very long distauce—the little man wore a greasy red flaunel gaberdine dressing-gown, with flat horn buttons in a row down the front, underneath which appeared a dubiously dirty pair of flannel stoekiugs and bright red leather slippers. With one hand the little man leaned ou an ivory-handled crutch stick; in the other he carried a yellow-paper covered book—Tauehuitz edition of some English author. As he entered the room he gave a sharp, rapid, eomprehensive glauee at George through his spectacles, made him a deferential bow, and theu took up his position in the elosest proximity to Mr. Dieverbrug, who at onee addressed him iu Dutch with much volubility.

When they had finished their parley, during which both of them looked at the diamonds and then at George, and then waived their fingers in each other's faees, and beat the palms of their hands, and shrugged their shoulders as though they never intended their heads to be again seen, Mr. Dieverbrug turned to George, and said. "This is is my brother-in-law, Mr. Schaub, who keeps the bookseller's shop beneath us. He is agent for some English booksellers and newspapers, and knows more about authors than you would think. It is no object of us to disguise to you that he brings his experienee to aid me in deciding whether or not I eonsider myself justified in making a dealing with you for these stones."

"Thanks! I eomprehend perfectly, and, of eourse, cannot object; though," added George, with a smile, "I am afraid I have not as yet made sufficient mark in English literature to render me a classic, or even to have gained a eontinental reputation for my name. Stay, though. Mr. Schaub, if I remember rightly, is agent for one London paper to which I have eontributed under my signature—the *Mercury*, Mr. Schaub? I thonght so, and perhaps you have seen some articles there signed Puul Ward?"

"M-ja! m-ja! Wass von die 'Strangers in London,' von Paul Ward, am Nordjten, Hollandisehen, Deutschen seapeople, von sailors would call zum visitiren?"

"That's it, sir! Descriptions," eontinued George, turning to Mr. Dieverbrug, "of the foreign sea-going populations of London."

"M-ja, of Highway, of Shadcliffe, Ratcliffe, Shadwell, vot you call! M-ja, of Paul Ward writings I am acquaint."

"And you are Paul Ward?" asked Mr. Dieverbrug.

"I am that apparently distinguished person," said George.

Then Mr. Dieverbrug and Mr. Schaub plunged pell-mell into another conversation, in which, though the tongues rattled volubly enough, the shoulders, and the eyebrows, and the fingers played almost as important parts, the result being that Mr. Dieverburg turned to George and said, "I am quite satisfied to undertake this affair, Mr. Ward, from what my brothin-law has said of your position. Another question is, what shall I give you for the stones?"

"From what your brother-in-law has said of my position, Mr. Dieverbrug," said George, "it will, I presume, be apparent to you that I am uot likely to be much versed in such matters, and that I must, to a great extent, be depeudent on you."

"But you have some notion of price?"

"I have a notion—nothing more."

"And that notion is—?"

"Well, I imagine the worth of the stones is about two hundred and fifty pounds!"

At these words Mr. Schaub gave a short sharp scream of horror, plunging his hands up to the elbows in the poekets of the red-flannel gaberdine, und glaring at George through the silver-rimmed glasses, Mr. Dieverbrug was not so wildly affected; he only smilled the soft smile a little more emphatically than before, and said:

"There is now no doubt, my dear sir, even if we had doubted before, of your living in the regions of romance! These must be Monte Christo diamonds, of M. Dumas' own setting to judge by the value you place on them—eh?"

"Wass won hondret fifty is vat worths," said Mr. Schaub.

But fortified in his own opinion of the polygot waiter, who evidently had not spoken without some knowledge, George at once and peremptorily declined his bid, and so to work they went. The stones were had out again, re-examined, weighed in the brass balances, breathed upon, held up to the light between the steel pincers, and at length, after a sharp discussion, carried on with the most vivid pantomime between the brothers-iu law, Mr. Dieverbrug consented to buy them for one hundred and eighty pounds, and George Dallus accepted his offer. Then from the recesses of a drawer in the little wooden table Mr. Dieverbrug produced a cash-box and counted out the sum in Dutch coin and gulden notes, und handing it to George; and shaking hands with him, the transaction was completed.

After disposing of the diamonds to Mr. Dieverbrug, George Dallas was followed down stairs by Mr. Schaub who drew him into his den of a bookseller's shop, with the suggestion that he had best change the money into English.

"I'm not going back to Londou, Mr. Schaub," said Gearge, after a few moments' puzzling over the old man's meaning, "but I shall want to change this money, as I must send some of it, the larger portion, to England by to-night's post, and I am going to the bank to change it."

"Wass! der bank! der nousenee! It is the old Schaub vot will change! Give de goot rates and all! Der Schaub vill change die gulden for den bank notes."

"It does not matter to me much who ehanges it, so long as I get the proper value!" said George, with a laugh, "and if the old Sehaub, as you call yourself, can give me bank-notes for a hundred and forty pounds, I'll say done with you ut onee!"

"Wass vat wos 'done' mit me for hundret forty pounds! See—first will make the door to. Let das folk call miser old Schaub, but not let das folk see vot old Sehaub misers. Ha ha!"

So saying, the old gentleman closed the door of the shop and locked it carefully. Then he retired to the baek of the counter, removed several heavy old books from one of the shelves, and unlocked a secret closet in the wall. When he turned again to George, whom he had left on the other side of the counter, he had a little roll of English bank-notes in his hand. From this he selected four notes—two of the value of fifty and two of twenty pounds. These he handed to Dallas, reeeiving the equivalent in Dutch money.

"I am very much obliged to you indeed, Mr. Schaub," said George. "By doing this for me, you have saved my going to the bank, and a good deal of tronble."

"Obliged to him is not at ull, mien goot freund Vart—Paul Vart," said the old gentleman. "Miser das tolk ealls old Schaub, but it is not that; he has his leetle commissions, vy not he as well as banks? Goot deal of money pass through old Schaub's hand, and of vot pass uone go clean through, always von little shticks to him fingers.

That night George Dallas wrote to Stewart Routh, enclosing him the money, and telling him that literary engagements had sprung up which might perhaps keep him some little time from London. The letter dispatched, he felt a different man. The tie was loosed, the coupling-chain was broken! No longer enthralled by a debt of gratitude to vice, he could try what he could do to make a name—a name which his mother should not blush to hear—a name which should be murmured with delight by Clare Carruthers.

[To be continued.]

[For the Californian.]

A SOUR SERMON.

BY PRENTICE.

"SHALL not the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table?"

During the holidays I have tried to keep my eyes and ears open, my head clear, and my heart as full of charity for humanity as it is capable of holding.

I was rewarded for keeping in this condition of mind, by seeing many things by me unseen before.

I beheld proofs innumerable, of the truth, that as yet mankind are by no means willing that "The dogs shall eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

You see I have lately turned my attention to scripture. Totally depraved and horribly wicked as I am, in an orthodox point of view, still, I find the occassional perusal of the Bible profitable and pleasant.

On Christmas and New Years, I beheld in the streets, multitudes of sad, weary, disappointed men, whose memory carried them back to the Christmas and New Years of "Old Lang Syne." They were made more miserable by contrasting the present with the past.

Many of these poor souls would gladly have partaken of a New Year's dinner in some family circle, and been warmed with cheerfulness by a drop of sympathy.

Many a New Year's dinner was devoured with all due stiffness and frigidity; the guest being at the time surrounded by that oppressive atmosphere of boredom, peculiar to the American "Holiday."

Had you gone out into the highways and byways, taken one of these poor wretches at random, stuffed him with roast turkey and oyster sauce on general principles, you might have baptised him with astonishment and gratitude, and "laid up for yourself treasures in Heaven."

Not so. The dogs were not allowed to partake of the crumbs which fell from their master's table. The masters gorged themselves to repletion, for fear the dogs might get a crumb. All this too, after coming from church, where the minister in your behalf earned his salary by thanking the Almighty for his goodness during the past year, while you cursed the sermon for its lack of brevity, or dozed, or reflected on the price of grain, or the rise and fall of stocks.

I saw watches presented to those who did not need watches, and plate to those having any amount of platter to spare. The rich exchanged costly presents among each other, and imagined themselves benevolent; but the crumbs doled to suffering humanity were few and far between.

The dogs were obliged to go out in the street and gnaw the cast off bones reposing in the unpicturesque gutter. E're next morn, many of the dogs themselves reposed in the gutters.

I heard numerous wishes for a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year," but in many cases the wishes were mere words. They would not bear the weight of a five cent piece.

When we go to Heaven, we may then get a little rest from the cares of business, and have a little time to send a few crumbs, not merely to those hungry for turkey, but to those starving for a word of sympathy and kindness. Until then, we shall look well to the riches which Providence has committed to our care, and duly beat, scold, and drive off those miserable dogs who would eat from the crumbs falling from their master's table.

I may preach a sweet sermon in this place again next Sunday.

AN EXTRA ROAR FROM THE "LION'S MOUTH."

San Francisco Newspaper Correspondents in the Eastern and Western States.

The *Times* has done good. The *Alta* and the *Bulletin* have been roused into a most energetic state. The *Alta* has a wonderfully gifted correspondent, resident in New York, and the *Bulletin* has one equally gifted in Chicago. The *Alta's* New York correspondent addresses the readers of that staid mercantile organ as "my dear Californians," and then says:

"To begin with: how much more satisfactory, when a body *has* to write a letter, to begin with 'My Dear,' or 'My Darling,' or 'My Beloved So and So,' and then have the fair object before one's gaze, or 'mind's eye,' during the whole time devoted to the epistle! But, then, I console myself with this thought—that perhaps not one little duck will be reading my letter, but many, many laughing eyes will look at these lines, and may be grow merrier: and then, again, they may possibly grow sad—for I feel somewhat grave to-night gentle reader. How can a sentimental body like myself feel otherwise, when the wind is howling round, and rattling the window sash as it does this evening?"

The rest of the letter, as well as the foregoing, leads us to the conclusion that the *Alta's* New York correspondent is an old maid addicted to drink, and that she was in a state of maudlin inebriation when she wrote the letter which appeared in Monday's issue. After mourning over the frequency of reports of divorce cases in the New York newspapers, the correspondent (he, she or it) says:

"To think of a man who has once sworn to protect a woman, who has taken a fair young girl to his heart and she has become the mother of his children; then to think of his hawking her frailties (if she really has them) before the public, to be published in every newspaper."

It must be a she, who is "hawking her frailties (which she most decidedly has, in the way of ungrammatical compositions and want of common sease)to be published in the *Alta*," This correspondent ends her letter thus:

"I have just been called from my letter by the cry of my baby-boy; for you must know, dear reader, that 'correspondents' have babies as well as any 'other man,' and that at a shrill little cry they will run as quickly to the nursery as the little wee thing's own mother. Oh the holy, tender thoughts that gather round the cradle! Just one glance at that sleeping child has made me feel as if I had been plunged in a bath of the waters of Innocence and had come forth purer and better. Surely, she who is baptised with the sacred name of mother, must be holier and better than the childless, for from association with the little cherubs, she must gather the sweet fragrance from their innocent young lives. Now I must cease this baby talk or I shall receive the anathemas of all the old maids and bachelors."

This is a nice sort of correspondent for the *Alta*. Poor old Granny *Alta!* She is, after a spasmodic effort to become sensible, relapsing into her dotage.

The *Bulletin's* "own correspondent," in Chicago, is certainly a man, and a man who understands his business. He devotes fifty-nine lines of his letter to an elaborate puff of the Nicolson pavement (which, at the rate of the *Call's* charges for * notices, should certainly bring him in $14. 75 in gold). The latter portion of his letter is devoted to abuse of John Woodard, one of the pioneer actors and theatrical managers of California, of whose career in this State, the Sacramento *Union*, sometime ago published a detailed account. We fear that both the *Alta* and *Bulletin* have been unhappy in their choice of correspondents; the latter's did not sign himself "R," nor did the former's sign himself "F," but their letters suggested those initals as being respectively appropriate.

Postage Paid!

The *Alta* of Monday says in its telegraphic column:—"Prepaid list of all promiaent persons, including members of Congress, graduates of West Point, etc., who joined the Rebellion will be sent to the House on reassembling." We don't exactly understand what the above announcement means. It may mean that the army of spies and informers sent South to make up the list of the men worth money who joined the rebellion have been paid before hand, or it may only mean that the list will be sent in "postage pre-paid."

LAURA CUPPY—Will lecture on Spiritualism and answer the religious objections thereto, on Sunday evening at Maguire's Opera House. Admission to Dress Circle and Parquet, 25 cents: Gallery 10 cents—merely enough to cover the expenses of house and gas. Questions will be solicited at the close of the lecture.

REMOVAL.—Dr. H. A. Benton has removed to Congress Hall building, Bush street, adjoining the Russ House, where he has procured increased facilities and advantages in medical and bath rooms. See his card.

AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC is now ready for delivery, gratis, by all Agents, to all who call for it.

Among the problems of high science which the Doctor presents in it, is the startling assertion that the friction of tides upon its surface, retards the earth's revolution upon its axis, or holds it back with a force of 6,000 millions of horse powers. Hence it is easy to see that without some counter force, the globe must rotate slower and slower, until its revolutions wholly cease. Then with perpetual night on one side, and a degree of cold far below any now known, we should have on the other a "fervent heat" from the sun, which would melt the rocks and make the mountains run like water. But we need feel no alarm. He shows a counter poise which nearly balances this resistance, and will maintain, substantially, the present mundane condition, through ages upon ages yet to come.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

LONGFELLOW'S LATEST.

"FLOWER-DE LUCE,' is the somewhat fanciful title of Longfellow's new volume of poems. The book includes "Palingenesi's," "Bridge of Cloud," "Hawthorne," "Kambula," "Killed at the Ford," "The Bells of Lynn," and other poems that have appeared during the past few years in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The following lyric is one of the most beautiful and characteristic things in the volume:

Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirr and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

Born to purple, born to joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence,
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And, winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse who, far from crowded cities,
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reeds the artless ditties
That come to us in dreams,

O, Flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O, Flower of Song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet.

From the last edition of Praed's Poems, we select the following most graceful and characteristic piece, entitled:

GOOD NIGHT TO THE SEASON.

'So runs the world away.'—*Hamlet.*

"Good night to the Season! 'Tis over!
Gay dwellings no longer are gay,
The courtier, the gambler, the lover,
Are scattered like swallows away:
There's nobody left to invite one
Except my good uncle and spouse;
My mistress is bathing at Brighton,
My patron is sailing at Cowes;
For want of a better employment,
Till Pouto and Don can get out,
I'll cultivate rural enjoyment
And angle immensely for trout.

* * * * *

Good night to the Season!—the dances,
The fillings of hot little rooms,
The glancings of rapturous glances,
The fancyings of fancy costumes;
The pleasures which fashion makes duties,
The praisings of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at Beauties,
The tedium of talking to Mutes;
The female diplomatists, planners
Of matches for Laura and Jane;
The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
The ice of his Lordship's champagne.

* * * * *

Good night to the Season!—the Toso
So very majestic and tall;
Miss Ayton, whose singing was so-so,
And Pasta divinest of all;
The labour-in vain of the ballet
So sadly deficient in stars;
The foreigners thronging the Alley,
Inhaling the breath of cigars;
The *loge* where some heiress (how killing!)
Environed with exquisites sits,
The lovely one out of his drilling,
The silly ones out of their wits.

Good night to the Season!—the splendor
That beamed in the Spanish Bazaar;
Where I purchased—my heart was so tender—
A card-case, a pasteboard guitar,
A bottle of perfume, a girdle,
A lithographed Riego, full-grown,
Whom bigotry drew on a hurdle
That artists might draw him on stone;
A small panorama of Seville,
A trap for demolishing flies
A caricature of the Devil,
And a look from Miss Sheridan's eyes.

Good night to the Season!—the flowers
Of the grand Horticultural Fête,
When boudoirs were quitted for bowers,
And the fashion was—not to be late.
When all who had money and leisure
Grew rural o'er ices and wines,
All pleasantly toiling for pleasure,
All hungrily pining for pines,
And making of beautiful speeches,
And marring of beautiful shows,
And feeding on delicate peaches,
And treading on delicate toes.

Good night to the Season!—Another
Will come with its trifles and toys
And hurry away, like its brother,
In sunshine, in odor, and noise.
Will it come with a rose or a briar?
Will it come with a blessing or curse?
Will its bonnets be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter,
Or fonder of wrong or of right,
Or married or buried?—no matter;
Good night to the Season!—good night!"

AMUSEMENTS.

Maguire's Opera House.—On Monday evening *Arrah-na-Pogue* was produced. It proved a good card. This play had such an immense run when it was first presented in this city, its reproduction naturally lead to comparisons between the original cast and the new one. With the single exception of Lady Don, who did not, in spite of her beautiful singing, appear to suit the public taste in the part of "Arrah Meelish," as well as did Mrs. Sedley Brown, the new cast was better than the old one. Lady Don's brogue was entirely too slight for a stage Irish peasant girl, and she lacked in sprightliness of manner, in the first scenes. In the pathetic portions of the play she was far more successful. The "Shaun the Post," of Henry Edwards, was generally pronounced to be an improvement on that presented by Charles Wheatleigh; it was ruder and more boisterous; the brogue more rich and full, and was on the whole, a truer conception of the character than that formed by Mr. Wheatleigh. George Pauncefort assumed his original character of "Colonel Bagenal O'Grady," and played it as well as ever; H. D. Thompson, the original "Michael Feeny," appeared delighted to once more find himself in the part in which he gained so much fame. Pierpont Thayer made all that it was possible to make out of the character of "Beamish M'Coul," and was far ahead of his predecessor in the part. Mrs. Harry Jackson, who can play any part well, made many good points in that of "Fanny Powers." The barn scene was better worked up than before, and the barn-door jig, by "Oiny Farrel," (G. Pardey) and "Katy Welsh," (Miss Emma Miles) was an immense success. Harry Jackson's "Winterbottom" was an inimitable representation of the cockney flunkey, and caused roars of laughter. Great credit is due to Mr. Graves for the perfect manner in which this piece was placed on the stage. The last scene, painted by Torning, was very beautiful. On Friday evening, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, after having been played to a succession of crowded houses, was withdrawn, and the comedy of the *Rivals*, and the farce of *A Loan of a Lover*, were produced on the occasion of the benefit of the British Benevolent Society of California. The cast in the *Rivals* comprising Lady Don, as "Lydia Languish;" H. Edwards, as "Sir Anthony Absolute;" G. Pauncefort, as "Captain Absolute," and Harry Jackson as "Bob Acres;" we may safely prophesy that the performance was admirable, though unable, in consequence of the Californian going to press at an early hour, to give an account of it.

This afternoon *Arrah-na-Pogue* will be presented. Monday and Wednesday will be the last two evenings but one on which Lady Don will appear; on Wednesday she will take her farewell benefit. On Thursday the adapation of *Le Famille Benoiton*, which under the title of *The Fast Family*, met with such success at Wallack's Theatre, New York, will be produced with an admirable cast. Charles Reade's dramatization of his novel *Never too Late to Mend*, will probably be produced during next week if the scenery can be prepared in time.

The Sacred Concert—Given at the Metropolitan Theatre last Sunday night was well attended Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which constituted the whole second part of the programme, was a very satisfactory performance; and the different solos, concerted pieces and choruses, sung by the Misses Howson, Messrs. Herberte, Wunderlich and Frank Howson, with the assistance of several good male and female voices in the chorus, and accompanied by Prof. Evans and a string quartette, were received with hearty applause. The first part of the programme consisted of the Overture to Zampa, rather badly played (for want of rehearsal, we presume) by the aforesaid string quartette and piano: an Air from the *Creation* by Frank Howson; an Arietta from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, by Miss Clelia Howson; a tenor Air from *St. Paul*, by Mr. Herberte, with 'cello obligato by F. A. Howson; and Bauer's *Ave Maria*, by Miss Emma Howson, with violin obligato by John Howson. We are glad to record a perceptible improvement in the performances of this talented family, and especially in those of the two young ladies, since their arrival here; and we shall watch their progress in music with increasing interest. We have left till the last any mention of what was to many the most attractive part of the programme—the violin and piano performances of M. and Mme. Joseph Heine, consisting of Beethoven's Adagio in F and Paganini's variations (for one string) on the Prayer from *Moses in Egypt*; also, in response to an *encore*, Vieuxtemp's Variations, for violin without accompaniment, on "Days of Absence;" all rendered with the fine artistic feeling and perfect execution which we have noticed on previous occasions, although we think M. Heine was troubled with strings of inferior quality, and perhaps also affected, in his delicate organization, by the want of musical sympathy in the audience. Such music as that of M. and Mme. Heine can only be given in perfection to an audience thoroughly genial and appreciative, and we fear it will be a long time before such an audience will be a *large* one in this city. A small but handsome and comfortable hall, where chamber music could be given without great expense, to those who really love it, is a great desideratum; the new Mercantile Library Building will contain a hall of this description, but it will not be completed for several months; meantime Music must wait.

The second Sacred Concert of M. and Mme. Heine, will be given at the Metropolitan Theatre to-morrow evening. To hear M. Heine's performance of intricate pieces of music is a treat seldom vouchsafed to our citizens. The perfection of his harmonies is wonderful. The programme offered is a rich one. Some of the most brilliant gems among the works of the old masters will be produced. Want of space prevents us from expatiating on the excellence of the entertainment offered. Henri Herberte, the most popular *tenor* in the State. has been engaged, and will sing Rossini's "Cujus Amina," and other solos.

The Academy of Music.—The Japanese gymnasts, who have just left us, delighted thousands. No sooner have they departed, than the Imperial Troupe of Japanese Conjurors make their appearance. It was universally confessed that the gymnastic feats of the troupe, now in Sacramento, surpassed any ever before performed in this country. Now we are promised, in addition to still more astonishing gymnastic feats, a series of mysterious conjuroring feats, which might puzzle Mosses himself. As the stay of these, the original artistes, is to be limited to three days, it is safe to prophesy that on Monday, Tuesday and Weduesday evenings, the Academy will be thronged.

The Alamania Masquerade Ball—This association will give its second Annual Subscription Masquerade, at Platt's Hall, on the evening of Saturday, January 19th instant. The names of the Committee, from whom only tickets can be obtained, are published in their announcement in our paper. Their first entertainment, last year, at the Academy of Music, was the most *recherché* affair of the season. The Tornings have been called into requisition to decorate the Hall, at the expenditure of $1,000; two bands of music have been engaged; and, like their last ball, the coming one of the *Alamania* Association, will certainly be the sensation of the season.

The Social Entertainment of the B'nia Berith association, in aid of the fund of the Ladies' United Hebrew Benevolent Society, is to take place on Tuesday evening, January 15th instant, at Platt's Hall. It will be remembered that the Society gave an entertainment some two months ago, at which they performed *Black Eyed Susan* very effectively, followed by one of the best social entertainments of the season; the proceeds of which was devoted to the cause of benevoleuce.

Turn Verein.—This association inaugurated their new Hall on O'Farrell street, with a New Year's Festival. Their gymnastic performances showed great nerve, strength and proficiency, and elicited frequent applause. At the conclusion of these exercises dancing followed until a late hour. The entertainment was a very sociable and enjoyable one.

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No 13.

"Medicine Chests always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

The Allopathic system of medicine is a system of cunning, fraud and crime. Dr. Bourne has so stigmatized it during twenty-five years or more. *Cunning*, because it is so devised that the fraud which it perpetrates has for ages obscured the intellect of those whom it oppresses. A *fraud*, because while it professes to be a good and to bless mankind has been its most grievous curse. A *crime*, because in the darkening catalogue of human woes, it stands prominent for its butcheries by lancet, leech and poison. George Washington was bled to death. So was Gen. Taylor. Gen. Harrison was sacrificed. So also Lord Byron, a bitter enemy to medical practice. Bulwer would have shared the same fate but for a fortunately acquired knowledge of Water-Cure. Dr. J. Kearney Rodgers, of New York was fairly butchered a few years since, through culpable ignorance of his medical attendants, and the list might be extended through all ages and among all mankiud.

The character of the ageuts employed by medical practitioners also deserves a thorough notice, more extended than my space will permit.

Webster defines Poison as "auy agent capable of producing a *morbid, noxious, or dangerous effect* upon anything endowed with life. *All medicines* possessing sufficient activity to be of much value, are always poisons in inordinate or excessive quantities; and *everything poisonous* is capable of proving medicinal, in suitably reduced quantities. The ancient Greeks employed the same word both for a *medicine* and a *poison.*"

In Hooper's Medical Lexicon you may read: "All the metallic preparations are uncertain, as it depends entirely upon the state of the stomach whether they have no action at all, or operate with *dangerous violence.*"

The learned Dr. Cheue writes: "Minerals are the most destructive to animal bodies that malice can invent; beyond gunpowder or even spirituous liquors, for not only nature has provided none such, but as poisons in venomous creatures, to kill their enemies. They become iron bristles, nails and lancet, darting perpendicularly into the solids of the body, so as quickly to tear, rend and destroy; and can therefore never be proper for food or physic. Whereas galvanical or vegetable productions have none of these bad properties, and are, consequently, designed both for food and the sick."

The list of poisons in use by the Allopathic Physician, embraces *every known poison.* Air, earth and water have been ransacked to furnish everything odious, nauseous, filthy and destructive, and the practice partakes of this quality of their medicines.

To the Sick.—Cures without medicines, and in almost all cases guaranteed, if so agreed, for a stipulated fee; and that does not mean patchwork. Twenty-five years of observation and active experience enables Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, to offer the sick the above desirable terms.

☞Fifteenth year in San Francisco. Removed only twice in about twelve years.

AN OCEAN WAIF.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

[*Concluded from last week's paper.*]

[The clipper ship *Southern Star*, from Sydney to Liverpool, with a few passengers, and a large shipment of Government gold, is taken possession of by mutineers in the night—headedby Hicks and Phillips and three other passengers and second by a number of confederates who had shipped as a portion of the crew—for the purpose of securing the gold on board. The Captain, Mates, and two sailors are killed and thrown overboard. Major Horton—who is also killed in the melee—and his two daughters were the only other passengers. John Cross, a sailor on the ship and the narrater of this story, while defending his officers, recieves a cutlas wound on the head which renders him insensible. He is thrown overboard, but revives on striking the water and swims to the rudder chains for support; where he remains secreted from view all day. The other sailors are sent off in a boat, but the two Misses Horton are retained on board by the mutineers. As night comes on Cross makes himself known to the young ladies in their state-room over his head.]

CHAPTER IV—[*Continued.*]

"WHO spoke?" I heard from above me.

"Hush!" I whispered, leaning out as far as I could,—"hush! it is me,—John Cross."

"Pray—pray, save us! For heaven's sake, help!"

"Yes, yes!" I said; "but speak low, or we shall be heard.—Miss Mary?"

"Yes," cried the voice, eagerly.

"Is there a rope of any kind there?"

There was silence for a minute, and then she said, "No!"

"Are you listening?" I said.

"Yes, she whispered.

"Then take the sheets from the cots, and tie them tightly together, and then fasten one end to the table; tightly, mind."

I waited while I could hear her busily toiling, but in a few moments, the voice whispered despairingly, "I can never tie them tightly enough."

"Never mind," I said; "only tie them, all you can find, together, and lower them down."

Soon after, something white was lowered from the cabin window, and hung down, swuying backwards and forwards; and at last, after many tries, I reached it. More and more came down, till there was far more than I wanted, when I made the knots fast, and whispered to her to draw up. "Now," I said, "as soon as it is tight, twist all you have round the table-leg, and hold on."

In a few minutes, I found the sheet-rope would bear my weight, and directly after, I was holding on by the cabin-window, with those two poor girls clinging, crying, to me, and begging me to save them.

I felt most mad, as I looked at them by the light of the cabin lantern. Hair torn down; dresses half dragged from their shoulders; while, right across the face of Miss Mary was a mark as of a blow, while her poor lip was cut and bleeding.

"O, pray—pray, save us!" she cried, putting her poor hand on mine, as I clung there.

"As I hope God may save me," I said; "or I'll die for you."

And then there was silence for a few moments; and if I had dared, I should have kissed the soft hand that nestled against mine so trustingly, but I thought it would be cowardly, and I did not.

"And now," I whispered, "I'm going on deck."

"Ah! don,t leave us," sobbed Miss Madeline.

"It is to try what I can do to get you away," I whispered; and then the poor girl, who seemed half fainting, sank down, kneeling on the floor, and her sister leaned over her, and said to me, "We'll pray for you, Cross."

"Then I shall succeed,' I said, for I felt that I should; and so I left them, feeling nerved to have done anything in their defence.

I soon was over the poop, and crawling close under the bulwarks, when I found that the man by the binnacle-light was fast asleep, for the ship made no way at all. I stopped in the darkness for a few minutes, listening. and could hear voices in the fore-cabin; and it was evident there was a good deal of drunkenness and carousing going forward. Half a dozen staunch, well-armed fellows could have secured the ship, I felt sure, as I opened my knife that hung by a lanyard to my waist, and then shoving it open in my belt, I crawled to the skylight, and looked down into the passengers' cabin, where I could see Hicks, Phillips, and two more playing cards, while, another lay on the bulkhead asleep. It was a good thing I had no pistol in my hand, or I should have had that Hicks' blood upon my head then.

I crept away from the skylight and under the bulwarks again, though it was as dark as pitch, and began making my way towards the other boat as hung from the davits; when all at once, some one had me by the throat, and tried to turn me on my back: but I was too quick, for I had my knife against his ribs in a moment, and hissed out, "You're a dead man if you stir."

That was sharp practice, for we were both on our knees close against the bulwarks, and I could feel his hot breath right in my face, as he must have felt mine. Just then, he gave a bit of a shift, and my knife pricked him, for I meant what I said then; but the prick made him start so that he got a got the better of me, and had tight hold of my hand which held the knife.

"Now, you murdering, piratical scoundrel," he hissed between his teeth; and I began to feel that if I didn't look sharp I should have the worst of it. "Now, give up the knife, you dog, or I'll strangle yon, if it's only for poor Jack's sake."

"Hullo!" I says in a whisper, slackening my hold.

"Hullo!" he says in a whisper, slackening his hold.

"What, Tom, matey!" I says.

"What, Jack, old lad!" he says; and I'm blessed if we didn't hug each other like two great gals.

"Why, I thought they knocked you on the head," I says.

"Why, I see them pitch you overboard," he says.

"Yes," I says: "but I got on the rudder-chains."

"Ah!" he says; "and in the tussle I was knocked down; but I got down below after, and got in that empty water-cask. I ain't been out a quarter of an hour."

"Who's on deck?" I says.

"Only that chap at the wheel," he says, "for I've been all round."

And then we had a whisper together for five minutes, which ended in our creeping up to where the boat hung.

"There's water in her," says Tom.

"And there's safe to be some biscuit in the locker," I says.

"But," says Tom, "hadn't we better stop and hide? We shall be starved."

"Tom, mate," I says; and then I whispered to him about what I'd heard and what I'd seen, when he stopped me.

"Hold hard, mate," he says; "just see if the boat-hook and the oars are in. I'm with you."

Everything was in its place; and then cautiously we let go the falls, and began slowly to lower down the boat, meaning to fasten the lines at last, and slide down. The blocks ran easy enough, but on such a silent night, do what we could, there was some noise; and at last one of the shieves gave such a chirrup, that the noise in the cabin stopped, and we stopped too; and directly after, some one came up the cabin stairs, and on deck; and as we cowered close together under the bulwarks, holding on to the ropes, and trembling lest we should let them slip ever so little, Hicks—for I knew his step—walked close by us right forward, and then back on the other side, where he kicked the man by the wheel savagely, and spoke to him once or twice, but there was no answer, and then muttering to himself, he went below again.

"That was close," said Tom, for he had almost brushed against us; and then we each took a long breath, and, amidst a good deal of noisy talk, the boat kissed the water, and we lashed our ropes fast.

"Now, if we only had some more prog," said Tom, "I wouldn't care."

"Don't stop, mate," I says; "there's lines in the locker, and p'raps they've something in the cabin."

"All right, says Tom; und he slid over the side, and was in the boat in a moment; but not without rattling one of the oars, and I trembled again for fear he should have been heard. But all was quiet, and the next moment I was beside him: and as we couldn't unhook the boat, I cut the ropes fore and aft, and then Tom slowly worked her along and under the cabin window where those demons were sitting; then past the window of the captain's cabin, round the rudder, and then there was a joyful cry, for I had fast hold of the sheets hanging down.

"Make her fast with the painter, Tom," I said; and up I went, and next minute stood between those two poor creatures, both of them clinging to me in that sad way—it was pitiful.

"Hush!" I said—"not a sound;" and then drawing up the sheet, I just looked at the knots, and made it fast round Miss Madeline, for Miss Mary would not go first. Poor girl, she tried all she could to help me; and so, she creeping out herself, I lowered Miss Madeline down into the boat, and the shaken sheet told me all was right.

"God bless you for this," whispered Miss Mary, as I made the sheet-rope fast round her. "Be kind to us, for we are in your hands."

I didn't say anything, but I did kneel down and kiss her hand that time. She was a deal more active than her sister; and in another minute, I had her lowered down into the boat, and Tom cast off the sheet.

"Shy down some blankets," he whispered; and I dragged those out that were in the cots, and threw them down, and the pillows too. On the table were biscuit, cheese, meat, and cake, and these I slipped into a pillow-case, and lowered down. In the lockers, too, were biscuit tins, and two wicker-covered bottles; and these I lowered down, for I felt safe now, knowing how soon I could slip down, and that the ladies were out of danger; for I knew, if discovered, pursuit would be vain in the dark. So, as fast as I could, I lowered down cases of preserved meat, and wine, and everything of use that I could find in the lockers, when, giving a glance round, I thought, now I'll go. I thought the sheet-rope might come in, though, as an awning, so I stooped down to untie it, meaning to slip it round the leg after, and slide down with it double. so that I could then loose one end, and draw it after me. It was hard work, though, for the knots had been strained; and I kneeled at last, and tried my teeth; but they were no good; and I pulled my knife out of my belt, cut the knot, drew up enough so as it should give double, and was passing it round the leg, when I heard a noise, started up, and leaped on one side, just as Hicks stood in the door, and fired at me. He had lowered his revolver to cock for another shot, but he had not time, for I was on him in an instant, with my knife driven deep into his throat and chest; and then, as he fell with a wild gurgling cry, I wrenched out the knife, dragged to the floor, and was out of the window, just as Tom was climbing up by means of the boat-hook, for he could not reach the sheet.

"Back," I says,—"back quickly, and cast off the painter; and while he was getting out of my way, I had time enough to see Hicks give two or three clutches at the carpet, and then lie still. The moment after, I was in the boat, and with one tremendous shove, sent her yards away from the ship, as it were into a thick bank of darkness.

"Lie down," I whispered to the ladies; and Madeline crept to her sister's feet, while Tom and I got out the oars, and as quickly as possible paddled away, not daring to make a sound, for there was a noise on board, and three or four shots were fired at random out of the cabin window. Then we could see them on deck, and some one fired a pistol off again; but the bullets never came near us.

"They're going to try and launch a boat, I expect," said Tom with a chuckle; "and there's the dingey, as 'll hold two comfortably; and as for the long-boat, I don't think they'll get her over the side to-night."

"Pray — pray, row fast," cried Miss Mary. "Can't we help?" and she moved forward as if to get to an oar.

"God bless you, no, miss!" I said in a whisper; "we'll bend to it directly." And then we paddled a little farther off, till I thought they couldn't hear the oars in the rowlocks, when we both bent to it, and rowed stroke for stroke for a good hour, and all on right through the thickest darkness I ever saw, and long after the lights in the cabin window of the good ship *Southern Star* had disappeared.

All at once Tom stopped, and threw in his oar.

"What is it?" I says.

"Matey," he says, "I haven't had bit nor sup since tea last night; and I think we shall work better after somethin'."

I hadn't thought of it before; but I knew how weak I felt, and so I pulled in my oar too, and Tom pulled up one of the biscuit-tins, and found the cheese and a bottle.

"Lend me your knife, Jack," he says, and my hand went naturally enough to my belt; but the moment after I shuddered, and told him to break the cheese, pretending I could not get at it.

Just as we pushed off, I could see by the cabin lights that Miss Madeline had crept down at her sister's feet; but I found they were sitting side by side; so I got one of the blankets over them, and then, after a deal of persuading, managed to get them to take some of the biscuit and cheese, and some wine. Tom and I took a sup each, and put our biscuit and cheese on the seat by us, and made ready for a start again, eating as we went on, and then rowing as true as we could, so as to keep the boat's head the same way; and without any more stoppage, for we knew what trouble those poor gals were in, starting as they were at every splash we laid down to our work, and rowed on, hour after hour, right away into the thick darkness.

CHAPTER V.

I suppose it must have been the Devil put it into my head, for while I was busy lowering things down into the boat, I thought how easy it would be to get upsides with the murdering party as were in the ship. I'd only got to turn over the cabin lantern, and she'd soon have been in a blaze, when they would have had enough to do to save themselves, and the treasure must have gone to the bottom. But I shouldn't have done such a thing, and in another minute I should have been helping to shove off the boat, if that Hicks hadn't rushed on to his death; that was a terrible thing to think on, not but that he deserved it richly, and I knew what I did was in self-defence, and for the sake of them two poor gals.

I should say it was about twelve o'clock when we laid to at it, and rowed straight off right away into the thick darkness, with not a sound to be heard but the "lap, lap, lapping" of the water against the boat's stem, and the splash and rattle of our oars. There wasn't a word spoken, for we wanted all our breath, and knew well enough that all depended on our being well out of sight of the ship when day broke; and of course they would be sweeping the offing with a glass. What I was most afraid of was, that we might get rowing in a circle, and not get far enough off, when we knew what would be the end of it if they once caught sight of us. It quite made me give

a shudder and lay back at my oar, till Tom said "Steady!" when steady it was again.

There seemed something awful and solemn about that night: what with the horrors we had been through, and one thing and another, I felt quite outer sorts; and the still darkness we were driving through, far out there in the midst of the great ocean, seemed to hang heavy-like upon me, so that I did not care to speak. A regular, long, steady pull, hour after hour, and all that while not a star to be seen, while I could barely distinguish my mate Tom when I looked over my shoulder, for there wasn't a breath of wind stirring. At last the pull began to tell upon us both, so that we were glad to take another sup apiece of the wine; but that did not take us long, and we were off and away again faster than ever.

By and by the clouds began to tinge, and we then knew what we didn't know before, that we were pulling due north; and then, almost all at once, up came the sun, and shone upon them two poor things fast asleep,—worn out, as they sat in the bottom of the boat, with their arms tight round one another, and their poor faces that pale and bad, it was pitiful. Up came the sun higher, and there was the sea heaving gently and curling over, and all glowing with the most beautiful colors. But we had no thought for the glowing morning, for there was something else to take our attention,—there lay the ship plainly to be seen in the distance, and I knew if a breeze sprung up, she must soon overhaul us. If the darkness had only kept on, I shouldn't have cared, but there it was, a bright, glowing morning; and I knew, if they looked out for us they must see us; our only hope being that, half drunk overnight, they might be hours yet before they roused up; and then, dispirited with the loss of their head man, they mightu't care about pursuit.

"Wash your face, Jack," says Tom in a whisper, as we lay to, looking at the ship, now standing out quite plain on the horizon,—"wash your face and hands, mate."

I looked at my hands, and gave a shudder, for they were all over blood, while I suppose my face was in the same state, and it wasn't from the cut as I had on my head. So I leaned over the side, and had a good dip in the cool, pleasant water; and while I was drying myself on my handkercher, Miss Mary gave a sigh, and opened her eyes, and looked at me as if she didn't know where she was, nor anything about it; but, directly after, the color began to come into her cheeks, and she reached over her hand to me, and I kissed it; and then she reached her hand over to Tom, and he did the same; and of course we did it roughly, but Miss Mary seemed to know what we meant, and she gave us a sweet, sad smile, and then kissed her sister, and woke her.

We were dead beat, both us, Tom and I; but I gave a look at the poor old *Star*, and so did Tom, and we quite understood one another, and rowed on with a quiet, steady stroke, for we were too tired to make a spurt. I got the ladies to sit down in the bottom of the boat, so as to show as little as we could, and then we kept on till they begged of us to stop and have something by way of breakfast. You see Miss Mary had ranged the pillows and blankets, and made a place for her sister to lie down, for the poor gal was so ill she could hardly hold up her head; and then she had stowed the stores about a bit handy, and made things straight, in a way just as if she hadn't been a delicate lady as had never known trouble before. And now, as I said afore, she and her sister begged of us to stop and have some breakfast.

But we couldn't do it. I knew that every yard now was as good as a mile by and by, and though I felt ready to drop, it was pull steady, though we had a freshener as we went on.

I didn't think as they knew the ship was in sight, for nothing was said about it; but as she was passing a cup of wine over to Tom, Miss Mary leaned her hand upon my shoulder, and whispered: "Don't let my sister know that the ship is in sight."

How that poor girl did work to cheer up the other, as she lay there; and to have looked at her, you would not have thought she had a trouble upon her, for she had a cheerful word for us all; and as I dragged away there at my oar, it seemed to me that we must have got an angel in the boat.

I did not want to make any more show than I could help, or I would have soon made an awning over where the ladies sat; but as the day wore on, we laid a blanket across an oar, and sheltered Miss Madeline, for the sun came down fierce. I could have hoisted the sail, too, and let the light breeze which now just touched us, give us a help along; but I darn't; and I'd just taken hold of my oar again, when I saw that the *Star* had some sails shook out, and was making towards us head on.

I couldn't help it: if my life had been at stake, that groan must have come; and just then there was another behind me. I turned sharp round just as Tom's oar hit me in the back, and there was the poor fellow swooned right away.

I laid the oars in, and Mary came and helped me, when between us we got him laid in the bottom of the boat; and then, while putting him comfortable, I found what I didn't know before—that his head was regularly laid open, and there had he been working till he dropped, without saying a single word, or giving a groan. We bathed it, and tore up one of the sheets, and tied it up; and after a bit, he seemed to come to a little, but it was only to talk wildly, and throw his arms about, and stare. So when we had done all we could for the poor fellow, we made a sort of shelter over him; and then, as I was shading his eyes, and looking out toward the *Star*, to see what way she made, I found as I couldn't see her, and that things looked swimming and misty-like, and then back I went across the thwarts, as if struck down. But I wasn't long so, for I soon came to; and as I did so, and the horrible, deathly sick feeling went off, I felt the blood come up in my face with a rush, for there was Mary bending over me, and those soft, white hands were bathing my face; while twice over there was a tender, pitying tear fell upon my cheek.

"Poor fellows! what you have suffered for us," she said, as I got up.

"It was that crack on the head, you see, miss," I said.

"What! were you wounded, too?" she exclaimed.

"O, not much," I said; "not much, miss. One of those blackguards knocked me down in the scuffle. But," I said, trying to put a good face on the matter, though I could not help feeling better as I said it—but, I'm only a common, thick-headed sailor."

"Hush!" she said, with such a quiet, dignified way as she could put on when she liked—"hush! Don't speak like that, when you have acted so nobly, so heroically, and—and—may God bless you for it!" And here her voice seemed to break down, and she turned away her head for a minute; but directly after, she was quiet, and still, and reserved again, and tearing up some more of the sheet, as if to make bandages.

"Let me look at your head," she says all at once; and though I was against it, and didn't want he to, she would examine it; and cut away the hair with a tiny pair of scissors, and then bathed it, and bound it up; and I suppose it was a bad cut, for if I didn't go right off again just as she'd bound it up, and only came to feeling sick and done up, and without a bit of life in me hardly. After mid-day the sun came down fiercer and fiercer, so that we were all soon parched with thirst, and glad of the water, as there was fortunately a good drop of; and Mary wetted our lips for us from time to time, for after about an hour I gave up, and was obliged to lie still.

And all this time the ship came slowly nearer, and Mary told me from time to time as I asked her, and she did it, too, without moving a muscle; and at last, toward evening, when we knew they must see us as they came slowly on, Mary kneeled down by me to put the bandage more comfortable, and then whispered to me, with her face and lips, too, quite white: "Was any one killed last night when you escaped?"

I couldn't do anything else, and so I said—"yes."

"Who was it?" she said again in a voice that didn't seem to belong to her.

"It was his own fault," I said: "it was to save my own life."

"Was it that fiend who shot poor papa?" she whispered.

"Yes," I said; and then she closed her eyes for a bit, and did not speak; but after a time she leaned closer to me, so that I could feel her breath upon my face, and then she whispered; "We shall be taken again, shall we not?"

I could not answer, but I knew that if the wind freshened ever so little they would be alongside us by dark. But she wanted no answer, for she read it all in my face.

"God bless you, brave, noble man!" she said; "then we must join poor papa;" and then she seemed as if she would say something more, but did not speak for perhaps half an hour; when, as the wind freshened a little, and the ship came nearer to us, she spoke again in a whisper.

"You know, if we are taken, what is in store for us; and I suppose," she said mourufully, "they will not be merciful to you."

I gave my head a shake.

"Then," she said, with quite a smile on her beautiful lips, "I want you to promise, on your oath as a man, that we shall not—poor sister and me—fall alive into the hands of those monsters."

"What do you mean?" I says, feeling all of a tremble, and with the sweat standing on my forehead. "What do you mean?"

"For God's sake—for the sake of your own mother—by all you hold dear and holy," she whispered, "kill us both."

"I couldn't—I couldn't," I groaned.

"Would you sooner see me do it?" she said, quietly.

I could not speak, for I felt choking. I could do nothing but gaze in a wild sort of way at the beautiful creature who was talking so calmly and patiently of death.

"There is no mercy from those monsters," she said,—"so promise;" and she took both my hands, and I promised; for the blood seemed to rush through my veins again as she held my hands, and I thought of the cries and prayers I heard as I hung on by the rudder-chains, and then I felt that I should sooner clasp her in my arms, and plunge overboard, than that one of those ruffians should ever again lay a finger upon her.

"I swear it," I says; and then, with a choky, husky voice I says: "And you'll forgive me?"

"Yes," she says; "and pray for you. And now I feel calm."

On came the ship, with the wind freshening every minute, so that our little boat began to dance a little on the waves The sun sunk down lower and lower, and the cool breeze seemed quite to revive me, so that I sat up, and then helped Miss Madeline to sit up as well; when, with poor Tom fast asleep, I sat down in the stern-sheets waiting for the end, with those well-born ladies, one on each side, clasping my hands, and trusting to me to save them, but not from death. In the calm of that golden, glorious evening there was more then one prayer said aloud by a sweet and touching voice, as I sat thinking how hard it was to die so young; and there we sat, with the vessel coming nearer and nearer, but not to touch our boat, for with the boat-hook near at hand I was ready to drive out a plank or two when I saw it was time; and there we sat waiting for the end.

CHAPTER VI.

"Another quarter of an hour, and then death," I muttered as I thought to myself; but they both heard it, and Miss Mary looked up in my face with so sweet and heavenly a smile as she said: "Yes, dear friend; and rest where there is no more sin and suffering, no more pain and sorrow. But a little while, and we shall be at peace."

It was not for such as me to answer her; but her sweet calmness seemed to nerve my arm, and as the ship came nearer and nearer, I drew the boat-hook closer to my hand, and laid it across the boat. The sun was now just dipping, and, roused and excited as I felt then, it seemed to me that the broad red path which stretched along the waves would be the one we should take; and certain as death then seemed, I don't know that I felt to dread it so very much, for there was so much pity, so much sorrow for the young and beautiful girls by my side.

"Very soon now," said Miss Mary; and with a wild, strange look, she laid her hand upon my knife, which stuck in my belt, and taking it, tried, with her tender fingers, to open the great blade, while her sister, seeing the movement, covered her face with her hands, and slipped fainting off the seat.

"Poor Maddy! good-by!" said Miss Mary, kneeling by her, and kissing her pale face; and then she glanced at the ship, and then fixed her eyes on mine as I held the great open-bladed knife in my hand. "I will not flinch," she whispered.

"Not with this," I said hoarsely; "it's stained with his foul blood;" and cutting the lanyard which held it, I threw it overboard. "No," I says, "I could not do that; we'll go down together."

As I looked at her, I remembered some words I had read in the Testement about seeing Stephen's face shine like the face of an angel. I've said that hers was an angel's face, but if I had thought so before, how much more did it seem so now, in its sad, mournful beauty, with her bright golden hair hanging down loose, and the deep glow from the setting sun, half beneath the water, full upon her; and the sight of this made me hesitate, for it seemed impossible that man could wrong one so beautiful; and though my hand was stretched out to take hold of the boat-hook; when she saw what was passing, and whispered, "Your promise!" and then I called up those dreadful cries again; seized the boat-hook, and stood up, watching the bearing down of the ship, with the water foaming beneath her bows, and the golden sunlight seeming to creep up her masts till all below was in shadow; and nearer and nearer she came, as though to run us down.

I gave one look at Miss Mary, whose eyes were now closed; and with clasped hands, and a sweet smile playing on her lips, she kneeled by her sister, waiting for the end, now so near.

And nearer and nearer still came the ship in the gathering shadows, for we were where there was no twilight, but a quick change from day to night. I could see plainly the faces on board, and see that preparations were being made for shortening sail. They saw me standing up with the boat-hook, and, I suppose, thought I meant to hook on when they brought up, but, in another minute, it would have gone through the bottom of the boat with a crash. I looked towards poor Tom, who lay asleep; Miss Mary was still on her knees, beside her fainting sister: and I felt that the moment had come; when, with a prayer for mercy—one learned years upon years before, and which now came rushing to my lips—I raised the pole. The ship would pass within a few yards of us; but it was almost dark already, and as she came dashing down, the breeze seemed to freshen as if by magic; and as the old *Star* swept by, my arm sank to my side, and I fell on my knees in the boat, muttering: "Saved, saved!" and then I laughed, for I knew what our old ship was and that she would shoot by far enough before they could bring her to under their clumsy management, and I knew it would be night, for even now it was dark.

The change from despair to hope was so sudden and stunning; but a hand laid upon my arm roused me, and I explained how it all was, and that there was yet a chance of life. Then I set to and considered a little, and tried to think what was best to do; but for a bit my brain was all in a whirl, and I could do nothing.

(Concluded on Tenth Page.)

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867.

THE ETHICS, AND ÆSTHETICS OF PUBLIC DINNERS.

A DINNER was given in this city on New Year's Eve "in commemoration of the opening of direct steam navigation with China and Japan," which was so badly managed, and proved to be such a heavy affair, that it gives rise to some considerations relating to the morals and fine arts of public dinners. Manners, say the French, are minor morals; in this case the subject matter also belongs to the fine-arts, and we shall therefore treat it both ethically and æsthetically under one head.

In point of morals, and also of the fine-arts, such an entertainment should be what it promised to be when the subscribers paid for their tickets, a social dinner, served at the appointed time, promptly dispatched, and devoted to the purpose announced in the programme. In point of fail, the dinner in question was not served until three-quarters of an hour after the time appointed, when all the guests were over-hungry, and excessively fatigued from having cooled themselves for an hour in the corridor of the hotel; and then the courses were dispatched so slowly that they did not keep pace with the appetite of the guests, and needlessly delayed the commencement of the speaking for a good half-hour; and, finally, the whole entertainment was perverted into an immense puffardo of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. When it was arranged that the local Superintendent of that Company in answer to a complimentary toast, should call to the floor of his successor the attorney of the Company, who should consume a good half-hour in lauding the Company, and putting in a plea for its release from its engagements, then it follows that one of two things is true, either that the committee of arrangements provided an annoyance for their guests by consenting beforehand to this programme, or that the Company committed a breach of propriety both upon the committee and upon the assembly. We appreciate the eloquent ability of their counsel, we would advocate the cause of the Company itself, and are in favor of the Sandwich Islands being left out of their route to China, but, in the name of the Prophet, let us have some propriety even in public dinners. Instead of the Company's resolving 250 guests at a public banquet into a grand jury paying $13 a head as jury fees, let that corporation get up a dinner to itself, and send around free tickets, and then we will be bound that the guests will be patient, and bring in a verdict of acquittal if the Company puts itself on trial before them. When guests, even at a public dinner are annoyed, they will vent their annoyance in some manner.

"Four hundred and seventy-five thousand passengers transported by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company!" said the celebrated Mr. Colborne, who was present, "at ten dollars a head, that is four millions seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; at $100 per head it is forty-seven millions five hundred thousand dollars; at $133 per head, it is sixty-two millions; add about half as much more for freight, it is ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS secured by the Company for passengers and freight in nineteen years, which is tolerably fair pay, and shows why its stock is quoted at 172 in New York." But, as we said before, we are in favor of the Company, and are ready to dead-head its dinners and even its passenger tickets on all suitable occasions.

ALother fatal defect in the entertainment was the number and the character of the pre-arranged speeches. Seventeen toasts on such an occasion was a deadly number, too many by half. No one seems to have had the right or the courage to say to the distinguished speakers, "we wish you to confine yourself to ten minutes," but on they all went and discoursed generally for a full half hour, and it was consequently half past two before they got through. Good speeches, all of them, in their way, but somehow it seemed as if each one had written out his speech and memorized it, and that some one had taken the manuscript and given it to some daily paper in whose office it was already in print for publication the next morning. A speaker under such circumstances cannot speak naturally or appropriately. He resembles one strapped to the bed of Procroustes, his scalp touching the head rail, and his heels the foot rail; he cannot depart from his written speech, nor can he take advantage of those incidents which grow out of the assembly itself, and which, and only which, give life, sparkle and zest to the entertainment. There was but one of the regular speeches which appeared free from this evident constraint, and that was Mr. Barnes', which seemed to come up spontaneously from the incidents of the evening, like the sparkling bubbles on the surface of an effervescing spring; evidently not written out or memorized; and, *very remarkably*, not reported at all in the *Alta* of next morning!

The æsthetics of public dinners demand that after the heavy ordinance of the opening by the President, to whom is assigned the duty of giving all the statistics of the occasion, and which duty was in this instance discharged with great taste and propriety by Gov. Low, the rest of the speeches should be short, pungent, to the point, and humorous, in a degree, in reference to the events of the evening. Long speeches, and memorized discourses are out of place; like stale champaign they do not exhilarate, but merely stupify. What will our New York friends think when they read all those long discourses as specimens of the lively wit and humor of a San Francisco gathering in honor of one of the greatest wants of the age? What will they say when they learn that almost all those speeches were memorized, and many of them read from manuscript? What will be their surprise to learn that absolutely no opportunity was given for any volunteer toasts, or to call out the celebrities present who were not down on the programme, but, that after the regular toasts were through, the solemn orators of the occasion solemnly retired with the body of the assembly, leaving His Excellency the Governor presiding, and wholly unsupported except by a single attendant who "stood by him to the last."

There is another matter belonging to the fine-arts of public dinners which it is worth while to know. Gentlemen are expected not to get drunk at table in the early part of the evening; nor to call for the President by his surname before the dinner is fairly served; nor is it quite *en regle* to interrupt the programme by calls for favorite speakers, before the regular toasts have been duly dispatched; in fine, perhaps it would "pay" to send a special agent to New York or some other great city, to learn how to conduct a public dinner in a Metropolitan fashion. One might study the matter and name of the speech delivered by Mr. A. A. Low, of New York, on the occasion, with great profit.

It is needless to say that Gov. Low, although subjected to many annoyances, presided with great dignity and grace, and was wanting in no respect to the occasion.

AN EXPLANATION.

THE New York *Weekly Review* makes the following explanation of the appearance in that paper of a number of Mr. Stoddard's poems, written for, and originally published in the CALIFORNIAN, with the heading "Written for the *Weekly Review*." The San Francisco CALIFORNIAN says:

"'My Friend,' a poem by Charles Warren Stoddard, originally written for THE CALIFORNIAN, and published in it several months since, appears in the number of the New York *Weekly Review* of September 15th, as a contribution for that paper. This is not the first instance in which poems of Mr. Stoddard, which first appeared in THE CALIFORNIAN, have been republished as 'original' in the *Review*. We are quite at a loss as to the explanation of such a proceeding."

The explanation is simple, and we trust it will prove satisfactory. The two or three of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard's poems that have appeared in the *Review* were sent to us, in their author's manuscript, by one of his friends in this city, with the intimation that Mr. Stoddard would like to have them published. We printed them, therefore, as contributions, not knowing that they had ever been published elsewhere. No person is in fault for a natural misunderstanding.

Inasmuch as Mr. Stoddard never sent the manuscript of these poems to New York, or entrusted it to any person for that purpose, or intimated to any person his wish to have the poems published in the *Review*, the "explanation" however "simple," still leaves a little mystery behind it. However, as Mr. Toots says, "It's of no consequence."

EDUCATION TO BE ADAPTED TO THE INDIVIDUAL.—The great secret of education is to develope the faculties of an individual; for it may happen that his real talents may be hidden and buried under his education. A decided character, however, is repugnant to a particular pursuit, yet delighting in another; an indifferent lawyer might be an admirable architect. At present all our human bullion is sent to be melted down in a university, to come out, as if thrown into a burning mould, a bright physician, a bright lawyer, a bright devine; in other words, to adapt themselves for a profession, preconcerted by their parent. By this means we may secure a titular profession for our son; but the true genius of the avocation, the bent of the mind, as a man of great original powers called it, is too often absent. Instead of finding fit offices for fit men, we are perpetually discovering on the stage of society, actors out of character

OUR NEW POSTAL AGENT.—Mr. B. C. Truman, who recently arrived overland to assume his duties as Special Postal Agent for this coast, was formerly the war correspondent of the *New York Times*, and was at one time a member of the staff of Andrew Johnson when he was Military Governor of Tennessee. His present position is only a change from staff to post, that is all.

A CRITICAL NOTICE OF CHARLES DICKENS' CHRISTMAS STORY MUGBY JUNCTION.

THANKS to the enterprise of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the well known Boston publishers of Charles Dickens' Christmas Number of *Household Words*, was published in America seven days prior to its appearance in England. "Mugby Junction" occupies one entire number of *Every Saturday*. A larger proportion of this Christmas story than is usually the case, is from the pen of Charles Dickens, he having in addition to the introduction story, written two sketches: "The Boy at Mugby" and "The Signal-man." Roads diverged in seven directions from Mugby Junction. One stormy night a traveler, on whose luggage is painted "Barbox Brothers," arrives at the junction and gets out of the train instead of pursuing his journey further. A brief soliloquy makes the reader acquainted with the history of Barbox Brothers, or rather that of the sole representative of the firm, Young Jackson who paces to and fro on the platform at Mugby Junction in an objectless manner. We are told that Barbox Brothers had been a bill-broking firm. Young Jackson had just closed up all that was left of the firm and retired from business a hardened man. Besides bill-broking, other things had hardened Young Jackson: the only woman he ever loved had eloped with the only friend he ever had, and the two were married. Here we have a nice piece of work cut out for Mr. Charles Dickens. Young Jackson has to be softened. Mr. Dickens' favorite recipe for softening a hard man is to bring him in contact with a crippled damsel or a strangely smart and eccentric child. Young Jackson being a peculiarly hard case in consequence of having been so long engaged in the bill-broking line, is found to require *both*. Young Jackson makes the acquaintance of Lamps at the Junction, and tries to derive some amusement from him as he sits in the cabin where he keeps his carriage lamps. Mugby Junction is a very dull place, but still Young Jackson stays there because he has no wish to go anywhere in particular. Lamps failing him in consequence of his business engagements, Young Jackson wanders about among the few cottages which surround the Junction. Out of one of these cottages he sees a crowd of children proceeding:

"Ascending a gentle hill of some extent, he came to a few cottages. There, looking about him as a very reserved man might who had never looked about him in his life before, he saw some six or eight young children come merrily trooping and whooping from one of the cottages, and disperse. But not until they had all turned at the little garden gate, and kissed their hands to a face at the upper window: a low window enough, although the upper, for the cottage had but a story of one room above the ground.

Now, that the children should do this was nothing; but that they should do this to a face lying on the sill of the open window, turned towards them in a horizontal position, and apparently only a face, was something noticeable. He looked up at the window again. Could only see a very fragile though a very bright face, lying on one cheek on the window sill. The delicate smiling face of a girl or woman. Framed in long bright brown hair, round which was tied a light blue band or fillet, passing under the chin.

He walked on, turned back, passed the window again, shyly glanced up again. No change. He struck off by a winding branch-road at the top of the hill,—which he must have otherwise have descended,—kept the cottages in view, worked his way round at a distance so as to come out once more into the main road and be obliged to pass the cottages again. The face still lay on the window-sill, but not so much inclined towards him. And now there were a pair of delicate hands too. They had the action of performing on some musical instrument, and yet it produced no sound that reached his ears."

After some days he finds himself in the cottage. The face which he has seen is that of Phœbe—Lamps' daughter—who disabled by a fall when an infant, has been confined to her bed ever since. She is now about thirty, is patient and happy. She teaches the children and occupies herself with lace making. When Lamps comes in and discovers young Jackson who is called at the Junction "The Gentleman from Nowhere," the following takes place:

"Upon my word, my dear," said Lamps then to his daughter, looking from her to her visitor, "it is such an amaze to me, to find you brought acquainted with this gentleman, that I must (if this gentleman will excuse me) take a rounder."

Mr. Lamps demonstrated in action what this meant, by pulling out his oily handkerchief rolled up in the form of a ball, and giving himself an elaborate smear, from behind the right ear, up the cheek, across the forehead, and down the other cheek to behind his left ear. After this operation he shone exceedingly.

"It's according to my custom when particular warmed up by any agitation, sir," he offered by way of apology. "And really, I am throwed into that state of amaze by finding you brought acquainted with Phœbe, that I—that I think I will, if you'll excuse me, take another rounder." Which he did, seeming to be greatly restored by it.

All Mr. Dickens' readers will be in ecstacies of delight at the above. They will say, "now isn't that like Dickens!" "that's Dickens all over!" and otherwise express their satisfaction at Lamps' "rounders." Young Jackson's visits to Phœbe have a softening effect on him; she leads him to reflect that there may be some occupation for him in life and determines to explore the seven roads.

What he heard from the Boy at the Refreshment Room, the signal-man on No 1, Branch Line, the engine-driver on No 2, Branch Line and others are written by Phœbe and himself.

He first makes a trip on the main line to "a great ingenious town" for the purpose of puchasing a key-concertina like a minature piano to rest occasionally in the place of the lace cushion that Phœbe may amuse herself by picking out tunes on it. After he has concluded his researches at the heads of the seven roads, Phœbe advises him to return again to "the great ingenious town."

"Would you miud taking that road again, sir?" she asked with hesitation.

'Not in the least; it is a great high road after all.'

'I should like you to take it,' returned Phœbe, with a persuasive smile, 'for the love of that little present which must ever be so dear to me. I should like you to take it, in remembrance of your having done me so much good; of your having made me so much happier! If you leave me by the road you traveled when you went to do me this great kindness,' sounding a faint chord as she spoke, 'I shall feel, lying here watching at my window, as if it must conduct you to a prosperous end, and bring you back some day.'

'It shall be done, my dear: it shall be done.'

So at last the gentleman for Nowhere took a ticket for Somewhere, and his destination was the great ingenious town.'"

As soon as he arrives at the end of his journey, after having left the crippled damsel, who has done so much to soften him, he meets the extraordinary child:

"Although he had arrived at his journey's end for the day by noon, he had since insensibly walked about the town so far and so long that the lamp-lighters were now at their work in the streets, and the shops were sparkling up brilliantly. Thus reminded to turn towards his quarters, he was in the act of doing so, when a very little hand crept into his, and a very little voice said,—

'O! If you please, I am lost!'

He looked down, and saw a very little, fair-haired girl,

'Yes,' she said, confirming her words with a serious nod. 'I am indeed. I am lost.'

Greatly perplexed, he stopped, looked about him for help, descried none, and said, bending low:

'Where do you live, my child?'

'I don't know where I live,' she returned. 'I am lost.'

'What is your name?'

'Polly.'

'What is your other name?'

The reply was prompt, but unintelligible.

Imitating the sound as he caught it, he hazarded the guess "Trivits?"

"O no!" said the child, shaking her head. "Nothing like that."

"Say it again, little one."

An unpromising business. From this time it had quite a different sound.

He made the venture, "Paddens?"

"O no!" said the child. "Nothing like that."

"Once more. Let us try it again, dear."

A most hopeless business. This time it swelled into four syllables. "It can't be Tappitarver?" said Barbox Brothers, rubbing his head with his hat in discomfiture.

"No! It ain't," the child quietly assented.

On her trying this unfortunate name once more, with extraordinary efforts at distinctness, it swelled into eight syllables at least.

"Ah! I think," said Barbox Brothers, with a desperate air of resignation, "that we had better give it up."

"But I am lost," said the child, nestling her little hand more closely in his, "and you'll take care of me, won't you?"

The child is a very strange child, an impossible child, but "*so* like Dickens." She teaches Young Jackson to build card houses, to tell stories—Fairy stories in which, though untrue, there is no harm, snubs Young Jackson, makes him blush; (Young Jackson is probably about fifty; "Young" was the name given him by his god-fathers and god-mothers,) and altogether behaves as no child but a Dickens child ever did behave. But she is very charming. "*So* like Dickens." She is like "Little Nell," like the impossible infant "Johnnie" in *Our Mutual Friend*, who made his will, being aware that death was at hand, prepared himself to meet it with Christian resignation, bequeathing his toys to the infant who lay in the next bed to his by holding out a horse and saying, "him."

Polly is fetched by her mother who turns out to be the only woman Young Jackson ever loved, who married the only friend he ever had. When he went into the music store to buy the Key-concertina for Phœbe, she was there; she heard him say he was going back to Mugby Junctiou and laid for him day after day at the station in the great ingenious town, hoping he might return. When she at length met him she told Polly to go and tell him she was lost. She begs Young Jackson to forgive Nesham her husband. She says:

"I was very young, he was young too, and in the ignorant hardihood of such a time of life we don't know what we do to those who have undergone more discipline. You generous man! You good man! So to raise me up and make nothing of my crime against you!—for he would not see her on her knees, and soothed her as a kind father might have soothed an erring daughter—thank you, bless you, thank you!"

Young Jackron has become quite softened, he takes Polly back to Tresham and blesses all of them.

No one can imaginehow prettily Dickens tells this story which we have so cruelly garbled and have hardened as much as Young Jackson was softeued—they must read it for themselves. The end of it was:—

"He went back to Mugby Junction, and in point of fact he established himself at Mugby Junction. It was the convenient place to live in, for brightening Phœbe's life. It was the convenient place to live in, for having her taught music by Beatrice. It was the convenient place to live in, for occasionally borrowing Polly. It was the convenient place to live in, for being joined at will to all sorts of agreeable places and persons. So, he became settled there, and, his house standing in an elevated situation, it is noteworthy of him in conclusion, as Polly herself might (not irreverently) have put it,

There was an Old Barbox who lived on a hill,
And if he ain't gone, he lives there still."

In the account of the Refreshment-room, given by "The Boy at Mugby," Mr. Dickens constantly forgets that it is not he, Mr. Dickens, but "The Boy at Mugby," who is speaking. This sounds like "The Boy:"

"You should hear Our Missis give the word 'Here comes the Beast to be Fed!' and then you should see 'em indignantly skipping across the Line, from the Up to the Down, or Wieer Warsaw, and begin to pitch the stale pastry into the plates, and chuck the sawdust sangwiches under the glass covers, and get out the —ha ha ha!—the Sherry—O my eye, my eye!—for your Refreshment."

"The Boy," however, must be as extraordinary as one of the Dickens female children, who would thus describe a scene where a Frenchman tries to help himself to a glass of brandy from the decanter, and is attacked by the missis:

"The foreigner turned pale, stepped back with his arms stretched out in front of him, his hands clasped, and his shoulders riz, and exclaimed: 'Ah! Is it possible this? That these disdaineous females and this ferocious old woman are placed here by the administration, not only to empoison the voyagers, but to affront them! Great Heaven! How arrives it? The English people. Or is he then a slave? Or idiot?'"

That doesn't sound like "the Boy." Neither does the following description of an American—though it is a bad enough caricature to emanate from a small boy who had never met an American—sound like the utterance of "The Boy at Mugby."

"Another time, a merry, wideawake American gent had tried the sawdust and spit it out, and had tried the Sherry and spit that out, and had tried in vain to sustain the exhausted natur upon Butter-Scotch, and had been rather extra Bandolined and Line surveyed through, when, as the bell was ringing, and he paid Our Missis, he says, very loud and good-tempered: "I tell Yew what 'tis, ma'arm. I la'af. Theer! I la'af. I Dew. I oughter ha' seen most things, for I hail from the Onlimited side of the Atlantic Oeean, and I haive traveled right slick over the Limited, head on through Jee-rusalemm and the East, and likeways France and Italy, Europe Old World, and am now upon the track to the Chief Europian Village: but such an Institution as Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, afore the glorious Tarnal I never did see yet! Aud it I hain't found the eighth wonder of monarchieal Creation, in finding Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, all as aforesaid, established in a country where the people air not absolute Loo-naticks, I am Extra Double Darned with a Nip and Frizzle to the innermostest grit! Wheerfur—Theer!—I la'af! I Dew, ma'arm. I la'af!" And so he went, stamping aud shaking his sides, along the platform all the way to his own compartment."

That would be a very bad specimen of a stage Yankee. "I am Extra Double Darned with a Nip and Frizzle to the innermostest grit," is not an American oath. "The Boy at Mugby" was probably dashed off in a hurry to fill up. Though it is an admirable satire on the Railway Refreshment Saloons of England, it is a careless production as purporting to emanate from the "The Boy." "The Signal-Man" is a thrilling tale. "The Engineer," by Amelia B. Edwards, is extremely well written. and the interest is worked up to a telling climax. We have said enough to prove that "Dickens' Christmas Story Mugby Junction," will please all who read it, but at the same time we have been bold enough to attempt to criticise even Charles Dickens, whom we as well as most other people consider the greatest novelist living.

TREM.

[For the Californian.]

BOB BARNACLE, SKIPPER, OF COD-COVE.

THE RECORD OF AN EXTINCT KINDRED.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

BOB BARNACLE was once touched to the quick. He saw his mother laid away, and put turf above her, yet only said, "She was too good for the world; he knew she was better off there." Tough as he was, he seemed to mellow and to soften a little, like a peach in the sun, when he turned his fiery face upward and said, "there." He seemed almost to follow after the fair soul of his old mother with his searching eye.

His long time chum, Luke Scupper, as bold a man as ever *chawed* blubber, he saw in turn *chawed* by a living representative of the *blubber* aforesaid. Skipper Bob was blue for three days and three nights, but at the expiration of that brief season of mourning he awoke to life, and his old self again, remarking with a certain degree of satisfaction, "*that* fish got his belly-full when he took in Luke Scupper."

Then his delicate, good Mary, sickened and fell away, some said with longing after little Luke abroad upon the seas with his rough father.

When the boy came to gladden the old sailor, he talked much of his swallowed friend, and said "his name is good to hear, and to hear often," so the lad bore it after him; but his affinity to the deceased Scupper was as the pearl to the oyster, nothing closer.

So Mary perished of love and longing; bleeding to death as it were, of the cleft artery of love, that broken, found no stop or bandage, or nourishment to heal and satisfy.

Bob Barnacle, Skipper of Cod-Cove, he hugged the little orphan closer, and beat the frail bark like a rough sea, in enormous demonstrations of fondness. Little Luke had like to have been crushed in the strong arms of his father, but he loved to feel the pain of that rude man's embrace—it was so honest and convincing. He pawed him with clumsy tenderness, like a dog, and Luke endured it without murmur, for he was comforted.

Thus Luke lay in his father's arms, while he, Bob Barnacle, Skipper of Cod-Cove, lay off and on about the cottage, darkened and desolate, and full of the wailing of complaining waters, that were old friends to him.

"He thanked God they could still sing to him and cheer him," while Luke, the motherless, moaned on his breast.

Time went by, and Bob Barnacle, Skipper of Cod-Cove, and little Luke, now grown slender and white with a youth's lawful longings, that seemed to stretch him too rapidly, hung together like vine and branch.

How soon, poor vine, already thinned with clipping and transplanting, and the chill of death, and the fire of doubt and fear. How soon was thy last frail ligament swept away, thy limb lopped off, and thou sorely withered in the recoil of stricken love.

There came an hour when Luke seemed dying, with no ills. Only the incessant calling of something spiritual, and the desire to follow after that still voice—these sapped the fragile plant. Silent often since his mother's death, nothing earthly interested or employed his mind. Could it be in that divorce of death, the only one God sanctions, his wise decision gave the custody of that child to her?

Luke died as the flower dies, folding himself for death as for a sleep. Life went out quietly, fading like one snow-flake falling upon the warm wrist. His spirit seemed drawn up to God in a ray of glory, as a water-drop out of the great sea. And being just, as no man could doubt, he was made perfect in the eye of the Lord. * * * * * Bob Barnacle, Skipper of Cod-Cove, what of him?

Touched to the quick once in his life, he was tried and found not wanting. At Luke's grave skipper Bob, now childless, bowed for a moment, and was shaken like the oak; but when he rose, strong to do battle, and withstand it, his brown face glowed with the fine beauty of bronze. It was like some grotesque figure upon a stained window, lit from within, and that light shone from the altar-candles. He stood as one singing in the midst of the fiery-furnace seven times heated.

Luke was his faithful and unswerving needle, and Luke's death sealed his course. He turned to him now, as to a star, translated.

He was not wrecked; his mind never once swung at anchor or tossed among rocks and shoals—he knew his chart and kept it. Late in life, when his head was white as the snow-hills of Labrador, he quit the sea, as a mother quits her child, knowing it to be able to take care of itself. Yet then he was not cast down or fretful. He was ashore, an old hulk, battered and weather-beaten, but not a wreck. He condemned himself and complacently laid up; still his ribs and transoms never failed him. There was no settling to one side, no warping of timbers, no gradual decay, and he was sustained to this endurance by his steadfast faith. He felt:

"The bright little cherub that sits up aloft
To watch o'er the life of poor Jack,"

was his Luke—born of dew of his youth out of the womb of the morning. So his days multiplied in peace. He talked often and mostly of his Luke—or of poor Mary and the good mother, long since dead. Nor was the late Mr. Scupper, mariner, forgotten or suffered a reasonable digesting. He insisted to the last, with a sort of mournful exhilaration, that "Luke Scupper was probably the least digestible of his former friends."

When skipper Bob did go to pieces, as we each must, he went all at once, every part of him, and the sea took the fragments to herself, as her own well beloved and foster child. And that strong soul, loosed suddenly, as an eagle is set free—with exultation and confidence sped heavenward.

Rest his timbers. Bob Barnacle, skipper of Cod-Cove; royal father of little Luke, and true son of the sea, *Vale! Vale! Vale!*

San Francisco, December, 1866.

THE SECOND BEST CONCERT OF THE SEASON.—On New Year's Eve a rather delightful reunion of the musical artists and *dilettanti* of San Francisco, took place at Charley Smith's. The major portion of "The Twelve" were present. Professor Evans presided at the piano, and glees, choruses and songs, were sung in a manner which delighted the select few present. Mr. Henri Herberte sang the splendid descriptive song of "Rizzio," which the public have never as yet heard. Mr. Wunderlich sang the beautiful song, "The White Squall," words by the late Major Richard Johns, of the Royal Marines Light Infantry, (falsely attributed by an unscrupulous music stealer in this country, to Barry Cornwall.) music by George Barker. A capital cold collation was provided by those who originated the entertainment, and numerous bowls of punch concocted on scientific principles, were disposed of and unanimously endorsed. Alas! The holidays are over.

ON OCEAN WAIF.

(Continued from Seventh Page.)

It was now dark, but not like the night before, for the stars shone out brightly overhead, and there was a brisk breeze blowing. I could just make the ship out, and could see that they had bronght up; but felt sure that we could not be seen. Once I thought I heard a shout; then there was the flash of a gun; and then the fools began to burn blue-lights, thinking, I suppose, that we were flies ready to go and burn our wings. But I saw my way clear now; and set to work, and shipped the rudder as well as I could in the dark; cleared and stepped the little mast; and before long had the sail set, with a reef in it, for the breeze blew fresh; and then knowing pretty well where the ship lay, shaped to give her the go-by in the dark; when I felt sure they would wait about all night, and with the breeze then on, and the long dark hours before me, I hoped yet to get clear off.

Just then, they burned another blue-light; and I hove several points off, and kept on till we were far enough, when I put the boat's head before the wind; when she seemed to leap through the water, and dashed away like a live thing. Another blue-light far astern, and then another when we were a mile or two off, and again another faint glow far astern, and then I fancied I saw another, but it must have been but fancy, for the bright stars overhead shed the only light that we could see.

"Only pray for this wind to keep up, miss, and we'll never see the *Star* again."

"Then are we saved indeed?" whispered a voice; but it was not her; and on speaking again, I found that Mary had given up at last, and was now sobbing in her sister's lap, when she, the poor weak one, roused up directly, and was soothing and comforting her sister, who had held up so long and so bravely.

The little boat scudded away before the wind, at a rate that seemed to lend fresh vigor to me every moment. Soon after Mary was sitting calm and quiet beside me as I steered, so as to get all the speed out of the boat I could; and after a bit, in the stillness of that bright and beautiful night, she offered up a simple prayer, and so sweet and touching that it brought tears from my eyes, unused enough to such weakness; but then I had been wounded, and had had a hard time of it. I'd heard prayers read often enough by the captains I'd sailed with, and been to church times enough, but never heard words like those, that seemed to move the heart, as they offered thanks for our preservation from so great a peril, and prayed forgiveness for our desperate resolve. And then there was a deep silence among us for some time, and the brisk breeze bore us along gallantly, so that one's heart seemed to bound with the boat, and it was all I could do to keep from shaking out more sail.

After a while, Mary crept forward, and saw to poor Tom, who still lay in a heavy sleep; and then forced some biscuit, wine, and water upon me; when I made that an excuse for getting them both to take some, and I wanted them to try and get some rest. But no; they both said they would sit with me, and they did, too, all through that long night, when that breeze, which was truly for us the breath of heaven, never once failed, but bore us bravely on, and on, with hope rising in our breasts, till we saw the stars pale, the glow in the east, and the sun once more leap up, and shed the golden path across the waters, now dancing with life!

Although we were going so free, before the sun rose I downed the sail, and when there was the full daylight, I looked long and anxiously for the ship, and again and again sweeping the horizon well: but there was not a mast in sight, and so I told those anxious ones, whose lips were quivering, and who dared not ask the question. "Not a sail in sight," I said; and I up with our own once more; and away we went over the bright and dancing waters, while so great was the change which had now come over me, that, in spite of calling myself a fool for fancying it, I could not help looking at a pale face at my side, and thinking how sweet it would be to go on sailing like this forever. But directly after, there came another change over me, and I felt bitter, and sorrowful, and dull, and I couldn't tell myself why it was, unless it was because I was such a poor common man, though it had never seemed to matter before.

CHAPTER VII.

I contrived an awning this day, and on we still bounded before the wind, for the breeze held good, keeping as steady as could be. The ladies slept by turns, and watched by turns poor Tom, who seemed, poor fellow, to be getting worse and worse, and we unable to do more than tend him lovingly; and we did, too, for he had been like a brother to me; but all seemed no use, and the poor fellow lay at last quite light-headed. It was no use; I could do no more. I kept up to the very last, and until I felt myself going to sleep every minute, when Mary took the tiller out of my hand, declaring she could steer, ordered me to lie down.

I didn't want to do so, but I knew I must sleep sooner or later, so I gave her a word or two of instruction, and she promised to call me if there was the least need; and then, with the sun just sinking, I lay down, to be asleep in an instant—a deep sleep—for I was worn out: but I only seemed to have just lain down when I opened my eyes again to see the sun rising, Mary pale and quiet-looking, with her white hand clasping the tiller, and the little boat still going free before the wind.

I jumped up, for I was savage and ashamed of myself, and asked her why she had not woke me.

"I was only too glad to have been of some use," she said, and then she gave up the tiller; and after Madeline had brought out some of the provision, they both lay down, and had a long sleep.

And so we sailed on for days and days, steering nearly due north, in hope of making land or crossing the path of some vessel; and then it fell calm. Poor Tom had been tended with all the care we could give to him, but in spite of all we did, he grew worse and worse; and at last, when he recovered his senses a bit, he was so weak and feeble that we could scarcely catch his words. He talked to us, too, a good deal and did not seem sorrowful or unhappy, though he said he knew he was going.

"I've been no good to you!" he said to Mary as she was kneeling down weeping by his side one evening when there was not enough air to make the sail flap—"I've been no good to you, but I did what I could. Put her head a bit more to the west, Jack," he added, and just managed to take Mary's hand, and put it to his lips; and then "Jack," he says, "you have had it all to do, mate, and you have got it to finish; and I won't ask my old mate to swear, but you'll do what is right by them both, won't you?"

"Ay, my lad," I said, "I will," and the water came in my eyes as I said it; for he spoke so that I was afraid something was very nigh indeed.

"Then I shall go easy, Jack, mate, for I am going to give up the number of my mess;" and then he was silent for a bit, till Miss Mary sobbed quite aloud, and said she was going to lose a dear true friend.

"No," said Tom, smiling sadly, "only a poor sailor, Miss, as tried to do his duty by you, and broke down; but Jack here will take my watch for me; and God bless you all, for I don't think I shall see the sun go down again."

"Come, Tom I says, "try and look up, mate;" but it was done in a cheerless way, and the poor fellow only smiled sadly.

"It was that chap Hicks as did for me, mate," he said; and then he looked hard at me, and we understood one another, for he looked as he did that morning when he told me to wash the blood off my face, and somehow or other I could not help feeling glad I had made an end of the villain who gave my poor mate his death-blow

And my poor Tom lay half-sleeping, half-waking, all that calm night, and I watched by him till just as the sun was beginning to rise, when he seemed to quite wake up, and stared out toward the east, as it had been called.

"What is it, mate?" I say, lifting his head on my arm and taking his hand.

"Tell them I'm ordered aloft, Jack," he whispered; and then, with quite a smile upon his face, my poor mate closed his eyes and dropped off into his long sleep; and there, with the sun shining upon his face, I didn't know it, he went off so quietly, till I heard the young ladies sobbing behind me, when I gently laid his head down, and sat at his side with my face in my hands for sometime, for Tom Black and I were old shipmates.

It was a sad blow that to fall upon our little ship's company; but I did all as I knew my poor mate would have liked, and as I know he would have done by me. I lashed him up in one of the sheets, with a shot at his feet—one that had been in the boat for ballast—and at sundown, Miss Mary said some prayers over the poor fellow, and then, with a more sorrowful heart than ever I felt before, I hove my poor mate overboard, and then sat down in the bows, feeling as if I did not mind how soon it was me as was called, till I thought of what I had promised poor Tom, which was to do my duty by them as was in my charge; when I roused up, tried to make all ship-shape, and waited for the wind, which soon came, and and away we dashed again all that night.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Put her head a bit more to the west, Jack," said poor Tom, and I did; and taking turn and turn with me, Miss Mary gave me a watch below, or, of course, I could not have held up; and one day—the second after poor Tom went—I was dreaming about what was the case, namely, that our supply of water was out, when I felt my arm shook, and waking up in a fright, I found that Miss Mary had thrown the wind out of the sail, and there she was, looking frightened and horrified-like at a vessel standing right across our course.

O, what shall we do?" she cried.

"Frigate," I says, "man-o'-war," as I took a good look at the stranger.

"What! not the *Star?*" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"No," I says, taking the tiller, and running down towards the stranger; but though we were out of water, I could not help doing it with a heavy heart, for it seemed that a great change was coming. But those two loving heart were together, and when I saw them praying, I kept my eye upon the frigate and would not show what was passing in my own mind.

In a couple of hours we were along side, and the boat was hoisted on board, and the ladies had the cabin given up to 'em; but it fell to my lot to tell the story of our sufferings, and I did to the captain and some of the officers, for it was a Queen's ship. I saw the captain frown more than once, and get up in a hasty fretful way, and begin to walk up and down the room till I'd done, when he says, "My man, we must have you, if you'll stay with us."

A few days after, we were at the Cape, where the captain stopped to land the ladies, of whom I had seen but very little since we went on board the frigate, for they hardly left the cabin, though it was wonderful what respect the officer paid them, and how kind everyone was to me, specially when they saw how them two ran to speak to and shake hands with me when they did come on deck.

I thought it all over; what the captain had said, and all about it; and I went to see the ladies once by their own invitation, while they were staying at a gentleman's house: and I felt more low and sad than ever when I saw them dressed in deep mourning, for it brought all the scenes up again of that unlucky voyage; but I tried to rouse up, for though no scholar, and only a sailor, I knew as it was now time to wake up from a sort of wild dream as I had been in.

So I said "good-by" to them, and they both cried at our parting, and made me promise that I would go to see them when I was in England; for I knew that their passage home was taken, and I had made up my mind what was best; and I told the ladies I was going to join the frigate. It was a sad afternoon that, and they seemed both of them cut to the heart to say "good-by," and I was too. But the words were said at last, and they each gave me a little ring to wear upon my handkercher for their sake; and then, when I was coming away, Miss Madeline first put both her hands in mine, and put her face up as naturally and tenderly as a little child would, and then kissed me; and then Miss Mary put both her hands in mine—little white, soft hands in my rough, horny palms—and she, too, with a childish, loving innocence, and with the tears running down her cheeks, said "good-by," and she, too, kissed me as a dear sister would a brother.

There was a feeling as of something chocking in my throat as I tried to say the parting words, for I was now quite awake from the sort of dream that of late had come on me at times, and I hurried away.

We did not return to England for two years after that; but before I had been ashore—almost as soon as we were in port—there was some one on board as wanted to see me, and I was soon standing face to face with a tall, sharp eyed, officer-looking gentleman, who told me his name was Captain Horton; and he shook hands heartily, and thanked me for what he called my gallant behavior to his sisters. He said I was to go and see them, and he left a letter from the young ladies and their address; and when he went away told me, and gave it me on a paper, that there was fifty pounds for me in one of the banks whenever I liked to draw it; and also, that I was never to want for a friend while he and his sisters lived; and then he shook hands, and left me standing thinking of the by-gone, and looking at the letter he left.

It said I was to go and see them; and there was a good deal in it about the past, and what she, too, called my gallant behavior, when it was nothing more than my duty. And she said, too, that they would ever pray for my welfare, and begged that I would keep the money for their sake. The letter and the money lie together in my chest; and so sure as I take 'em out and look at them, I get in that dreamy way again; and at times, in the long watches far away at sea there's a bright face with golden hair floating round it, which seems to smile on me, and it's there too in calm or storm; and when I've hung over the bulwarks thinking, and calling back all the troubles of that sad voyage, I've thought, perhaps, that if I had been something better than a common sailor, what I felt might have been love.

And now you have it all down, sir, though I can't tell you what became of the *Southern Star*, though I've always thought as she went to the bottom from being badly handled.

The great slumbering volcano, Popocatapetl, has recently been explored by a party which reports the crater accessible. Millions of tons of sulphur are lying in there, and in many places in a pure state. It can be carried to the summit of the volcano, and from thence to the base of that eternally snow-crowned mountain, at an expense of only 50 cents the hundred pounds. The value of 100 pounds in Mexico is $10. The crater is big enough to hold several cities, but it is not probable that any will be built there at present.

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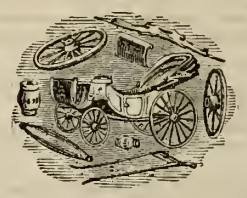

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An exchange congratulates those persons who intend to cross the Atlantic for the purpose of visiting the Great Exhibition at Paris next year, that every preparation is being made to insure their comfort. The prefect of the Seine, aware of the fact that crowds are liable to develope epidemics, has bought four hundred acres of land near Paris for the accommodation of foreigners' bodies in the event of the reappearance of the cholera.

Mr. Swinburne, in his new book, is always talking of scorching kisses, and says of one of his peculiar heroines :

"I dare not always touch her, lest the kiss
Leave my lips charred."

One of his critics suggests that there is a parallel to this in literature, in the case of the well-known monkey, who

"Married the baboon's sister.
Smacked his lips and then he kissed her,
Kissed so hard he raised a blister;
She set up a yell!"

A drunken fellow, sitting on the steps of a church in Boston, the cold wind blowing chillingly round the corner :—"If Heaven (hic) tempers the wind to the (hic) shorn lamb, I wish the lamb (hic) was on this corner."

A consumptive gambler in Denver City has bet $50 against a coffin that he will die before January.

A young lady in New Orleans inquired for limbhorn bonnets. She was too modest to say Leghorn.

"How dreadful short the days are!" as the woman said when she let her breakfast dishes stand till she had read a novel.

Setting the police on the watch for meteoric showers, in all the principal cities, is supposed to have prevented its appearance.

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The TREES AND SHRUBBERY are classified and named.

Admission to all parts of the Garden,.....25 cents.

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Wood and Coal delivered FREE of charge to any part of the city.

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The Security of the Stock Plan, with all the Advantages of the Mutual System.

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AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos

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Great Reduction in the Price

OF

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At the Warerooms of

J. PEIRCE & CO.,

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WE NOW OFFER until the FIRST OF JANUARY, our entire stock of Furniture, Etc., Etc., at

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A large portion of it consists of articles manufactured and imported expressly for

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Combining Utility and Beauty, and at PRICES GUARANTEED TO BE LOWER THAN THE LOWEST heretofore offered on this Coast.

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MEYER JONASSON'S,

THE LARGEST

CLOAK HOUSE

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

We have constantly on hand a large and well-selected stock of

Silk, Cloth, & Velvet

CLOAKS!

☞Which we are selling at prices to suit all.☜

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Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

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FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

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Holiday Candy!

An immense Assortment of

CANDY, OF ALL KINDS AND QUALITIES, has been manufactured for the Holidays by Messrs. *CANTY & WAGNER*, wholesale and retail Confectioners, No. 113 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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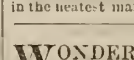

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Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

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D. N. & E. Walter & Co., 303 California street.
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William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
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Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
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Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
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V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
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Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
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Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

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EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND

IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

***Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,

422 Kearny street,

Between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction,

No.	1 cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations	0 25
"	2 cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
"	3 cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
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"	6 cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
"	7 cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
"	8 cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
"	9 cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
"	10 cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
"	11 cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
"	13 cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
"	14 cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
"	15 cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
"	16 cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
"	17 cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
"	18 cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
"	19 cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
"	20 cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
"	21 cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
	22 cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
	23 cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
	24 cures *General Debility* and Nervousness	50
"	25 cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
"	26 cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
"	27 cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
"	28 cures *Seminal Emissions* and Debility	1 00
"	29 cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
"	31 cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
"	32 cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
"	33 cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
"	34 cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES

35 vials, morocco case, and book	$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book	8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book	6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

101 Battery street, corner of Clay, San Francisco.

TRUMP & BRADY,

No. 615 Market street,

In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,

STEAM AND GAS FITTING,

PLUMBING, Etc.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

WHAT SHOULD BE WORN AND WHAT SHOULD NOT.

Ladies must make up their minds to wear short petticoats and narrow crinolines, for before long no fashionable lady will be seen walking along the streets with a train. The court and aristocratic circles in Paris have set the example, only it is probable that they will abandon entirely the colored petticoat, and replace it definitely with one cut from the same material as the dress. The arrangement of this new style of toilet (with two skirts, so to speak) will be as follows: First, a petticoat will be made to reach as far as the knee with any material that is convenient; to this will be joined a deep border of the same material as the dress. The border is plain at the edge, and if any trimming is desired, it is placed above the straight hem. The second or upper skirt is very narrow round the hips, and is cut out at the edge in large round scallops. This edge is occasionally varied according to taste by cutting it in squares like the top of a battlement, or in vandykes or festoons; but, whatever form it assumes, it is always bordered either with velvet, gimp, or a narrow silk fringe.

Bands made partly of satin and partly of velvet are now sold for petticoat trimmings. They are very handsome, and are advantageous in this respect—they can be easily imitated and mounted by a skillful maid without the aid of a professed dressmaker, and also pieces of velvet and satin, that may have lain by as too small for other purposes, can now be utilized for trimming winter petticoats; the narrower the alternate strips of velvet and satin are the better is their effect.

Dresses are now made with basquines which are simulated with trimming. When the trimming is of rather a heavy description, such as either thick silk or chenille fringe, or a pinked-out ruche, the illusion is complete, and the effect leads one to suppose that the dress has a basquine. This simulated basquine naturally fits well, being the bodice.

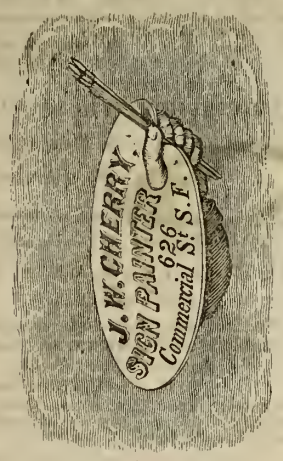
The Gabrielle or Princess form of dress which has been so very popular, has by no means dethroned the small jackets; and now that ladies have found out what an exceedingly useful garment a small jacket is, they will cling to the fashion pertinaciously. They are still made without sleeves for dressy toilets, and of lace with sleeves for wearing over low dresses. Beads are so fashionable that they are imitated in gimp, particularly the white beads which have been lavished on black gimps. The effect is pretty, but these simulations possess a great advantage over the reality in being lighter than the glass and jet beads.

There are no evening dresses without a peplum. They make them of crape embroidered in silk, or covered with a rain of gold or silver beads. The prettiest we have seen in a peplum of white crape spangled with coral beads, with a coral fringe all round. Those striped white stuffs which they call *sultane*, are employed to make very dressy day peplums. They are then made high with large sleeves, or evening peplums, serving as opera cloaks. With tarlatane dresses, which are much worn at parties, they put on tight silk peplums; with *gaze de Chambery* dresses peplums are of the same material. Tight peplums are often cut with five points, two upon the sides and three behind, so that it is no more a peplum but a variety of basque, still it is very graceful when the points are not too long. A fringe of silk or weeds remains a charming trimming.

Silk materials continue to be very dear in Paris, and yet they often serve merely as a groundwork for the reception of copious designs in jet beads, applied with elegant taste, is the latest novelty in the way of Parisian dress; we have just seen such a dress, belonging to a lady who is well known as one of the leaders of the fashion, and we were assured that a fortnight was passed by the needle woman engaged for the application of the beads. It is almost needless to add that such a robe is rather heavy to the wearer, and extremely expensive.

A collection of new ornaments for dresses and bonnets has just been brought out by several of the principal *marchands de nouveautes*. These ornaments consist of silk and lace, tastefully combined to suit the color of the dress, and they will certainly for a time replace the beautiful artificial flowers which have so long enjoyed the almost exclusive patronage of the *haut ton*.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES AT



PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

Manufacturer of

Saddles, Harness and Collars,

North-west corner Davis and Commercial streets.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

A good assortment, made from the best Materials, in the highest style of Workmanship, constantly on hand.

Manufacturing and Repairing done promptly, on reasonable terms. ☞Country Trade solicited.

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ARCHITECT,

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Opposite the entrance of the Russ House,

San Francisco.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

624 Clay street, San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

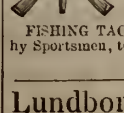
SAN FRANCISCO.

SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM.

FIRST PREPIUM FOR 1864, 1865 and 1866.

538 Washington street, below Montgomery.

ROBERT LIDDLE & CO.,



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FISHING TACKLE, and all the appurtenances required by Sportsmen, to be found here.

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COBB & SINTON,

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407 CALIFORNIA STREET.

REAL ESTATE SALE DAY,.....TUESDAY.

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY.....January 15th, 1867.

AT 12 O'CLOCK,

At Platt's Hall,

SPECIAL

GRAND CREDIT SALE

OF

2000 Homestead Lots

25X100 FEET EACH.

TERMS:

ALL SUMS OVER $600, ¼ Cash; ¼ In One Year; ¼ In Two Years; ¼ In Three Years.

All Sums Less than $600, ¼ Cash, balance I Year.

Deferred Payments Bearing 10 Per Cent Interest Per Annum, and Secured by Mortgage on Premises.

Title—United States Patent.

THE LANDS cover the most beautiful locality in the city of San Francisco, embracing what are familiarly known as the

O'NEIL AND HEALEY TRACTS,

Famous for productiveness of soil and freedom from the prevailing winds and fogs of the city, as well as for picturesque and beautiful views.

APPROACHES AND ROADS TO THE LANDS.

The Bay View shell road leads directly through the property, while the "Potrero and Bay View horse railroad" is far advanced in construction, and under heavy forfeiture to be completed and running through the tracts by 1st July next, by which latter route the distance from the City Hall is just the same as that passed over the by North Beach and Mission Railroad to its terminus on Folsom street.

Lithographed Maps gratis at our office, and at office of H. F. Williams & Co., 638 Clay street.

COBB & SINTON, Auctioneers,
407 California street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

December 29th—GOLDEN AGE, Captain W. F. Lapidge, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Captain Gray.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,

From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867,

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship

SAN FRACISCO,

(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The AMERICA will sail on January 25th.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,

Up stairs, San Francisco

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

Between California and Pine

STOCKDALE HOUSE,

Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.

H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

Martha Washington HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.

Second—Will not Color the Skin.

Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.

Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.

Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.

Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.

Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.

Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded or the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast

REDINGTON & CO.'S

Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea-sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

THE COURTIN'.

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

'Agin the chimbly crooknecks hung,
An' in among 'em rusted
The queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her;
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she was in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full as rosy agin
As the apples she was peelin',

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him further,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal, no; I come designin'——'
"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrow's i'nin"

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told you, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin;"
Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister!*
The last words pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up and kist her.

When ma himehy, upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot, pale as ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fndy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

James Russel, Lowell.

I CANNOT SING THE NEW SONGS.

I cannot sing the new songs,
They are such wretched stuff;
Of coarseness and insanity
I've had my *quantum suff.*

Why must I long when singing
For changes—in a word,
Desire to be a daisy,
Or wish to be a bird?

I cannot sing the comic songs,
They make me sick and sad—
But the ballads of the drawing-room
Are twenty times as bad!

A BOSTON CONGREGATION TREATED TO A WALTZ OR TWO.—In one of the smaller halls of Boston there is on exhibition a curious musical instrument from Germany, called the orchestrion, like an organ in outward aspect, and like a music-box in a cylinder movement, operated by clock-work. On Saturday night the proprietors wound it up, ready to be started at the Monday afternoon concert, but on the intervening Sunday the hall was occupied by a religious society, and during the time of meeting, something jarred the instrument so that it began to play. The piece was a waltz, and the audience listened in amusement—the preacher with consternation. No one knew how to stop it, and the obstinate machine went on playing one piece after another in steady succession, until some ingenious sympathizer with the interrupted meeting found a means to get inside and unhook one of the weights.

THE St. Paul papers mention a joke perpetrated upon several hundred star gazing meteor-watching people of that city, by some wags, who procured a dozen sky-rockets and a number of Roman candles, and at once commenced sending them up in the darkness, to the astonishment of hundreds of beholders, who considered the pyrotecnic exhibition as the regularly-advertised shooting stars. The comments of many observers were amusing, and not a few still contend that the meteoric shower of 1866 was far superior to the demonstration in 1832, because in the former the stars were of many brilliant colors.

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

Furniture
AND
Bedding!

508, 510, 518 & 528 Washington St.

LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
SAN FRANCISCO.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.
PRICE 50 CENTS.
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
Cor Sansome & Commercial streets.
Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA AND YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS.
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla"
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

TIME & LABOR SAVED BY USING
Standard Soap Company's
CELEBRATED
WASHING POWDER.

This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.
It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.
Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S.
MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET, San Francisco.
☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Pale, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 *First street, opposite Minna,*
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,
Shoulder Braces, etc.,
FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,
AT
GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S
NEW YORK BRANCH
Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,
(Opposite the Russ' House,)
J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.
Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!
STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

McNALLY & HAWKINS,
Plummers and Gas Fitters,
Have removed their place of business to the new store on MARKET STREET, adjoining the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum,
Where they will keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GAS FIXTURES, PLUMBING MATERIALS, etc.
Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, AND FOR THE RELIEF OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE.

SO wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other Expectorant is too apparent to escape observation and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this having gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.
We can only assure the public, that its quality is carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.
Great numbers of clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our remedies, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AYERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the complaints they cure.
Those who require an *alterative medicine* to purify the blood will find AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA the remedy to use. Try it once, and you will know its value.
Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?
IF YOU DO, GO TO
411 CLAY STREET,
BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.
PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by
M. D. CARR & CO.

STERETT & CUBERY,
PRINTERS,
533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*
B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY
We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,
AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:
"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:
Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,
For General Family Use, The

IS THE BEST.
[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

HENRY HILLS & CO.,
MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.
Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice. We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.
Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

JOHN GORMAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
No. 619 Merchant street,
Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

WILSON & EVANS,

No. 513 Clay street,
Importers and Dealers in
FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Ball and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY
NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.
WILSON & EVANS.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

REMOVAL!

Wightman & Hardie's

DRY GOODS AND CARPET WAREHOUSE

HAS REMOVED

To No. 220 Sansome Street,

TWO DOORS SOUTH OF CALIFORNIA.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

THIS COMPANY being no longer bound by the Rates of the Board of Underwriters is now ready to Insure against Loss and Damage by Fire, ON AS REASONABLE TERMS as any other responsible Company.

The Lowest Possible Rates compatible with SAFETY will be charged.

Call at this office before insuring elsewhere.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, President.

B. ROTHCHILD, Secretary.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
238 *Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

REDUCTION IN RATES.

THE TARIFF OF RATES HERETOfore established by the Board of Fire Underwriters being virtually suspended, this Company are prepared to take desirable risks at such Reduced Rates as are consistent with the security of both Insurer and Insured.

D. J. STAPLES,
Vice President.

CHAS. R BOND, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

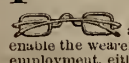
Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT.



PERFECT SPECTACLES EXactly suited to the Eyes will enable the wearer to pursue the most minute employment, either by day or artificial light, without creating that sense of weakness or fatigue to the organ generally complained of by those using ill-suited or common Spectacles.

PRICE of Perfect Glasses, $2 50, and upward. Sent pre-paid to any post office on the Coast. Applicants by mail will receive a circular containg directions, etc.

Address C. MULLER, Optician,
205 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

COME AND SEE ME!

Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,

Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street,)

Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.

Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Sets, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $2. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents.

☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.

N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

OSACA JAPAN TEA. A FRESH LOT, IN 5 LB. boxes, just Imported, by

HASKELL & BUCKELEW,
514 Market street.

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED
BY USING

Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,

Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of

CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb 6, 1866.

MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.

Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

MR. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.

Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.

San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.

TO F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Wholesale Agents, CRANE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

MISS WOODS,
Dress and Cloak Maker,

CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Over Hinckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial

---

MARTIN GROSTETTA,

LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH McGUIRE deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Edward McGuire, the Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 7th day January, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Elizabeth McGuire, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 7th day of January, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

December 6th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 7th day of December A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

MESSRS. CROCKETT, WHITING & NAPHTALY, Attorneys for Petitioner. d8 5t

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IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Edmond O'Loughleu, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 15th day of January, A. D., 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 15th day of January A. D., 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, December 4th 1866. d8 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY MILES, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of HARRIET MILES, the Administratrix of the Estate of HENRY MILES, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the Estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Henry Miles, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 14th day of January, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate to the heirs of said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 14th day of January A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

December 13th, A. D. 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 13th day of December, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES MCCABE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

d15 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. REED, et als, Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L. LIEN, PETER S. MCNIEL, SARAH J MCNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be decreed and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six.

Int. Rev. Stamp. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Cancelled. 5cts. } By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL.]

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summone, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one half of the common property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to and be delivered to tois plaintiff; and that the care, custody and education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendant may, by order of this Court, be restrained and enjoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant be ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general belief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply ro the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judical District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]

PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Notice is hereby given by the undereigned, Executrix and Executor of the last will and testament of GIOVANNI MONTEVERDE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of A. D. Splivalo, No. 430 Jackson street, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

RAMONA ARDONEY MONTEVERDE,
Executrix.
GIUSEPPE CORDEVIOLA, Executor.

San Francisco, December 15, 1866. d15 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, *vs.* PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; other wise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELLED.]

D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]

J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of JONATHAN P. CLARK, deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Joseph E. Clark, Executor of the last will and testament of Jonathan P. Clark, deceased, praying for an order to sell certain mining stocks belonging to said estate, at public or private sale.

It is ordered that the seventh (7th) day of January, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of this Court, at the Court House in the city and county of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said application, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby directed to appear before me, at the time and place specified, to show cause if any they have, why an order should not be granted to the said Executor to sell such mining interests, shares or stocks as are set forth in said petition and as belong to said estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

December 7th, A. D. 1866. d8 5t*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF KARL GOTTLIEB WERTHSCHUTZKY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Karl Gottlieb Werthschutzky, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Karl Gottlieb Werthschutzky, d29 5t

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE, - - - PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON, - - - - - TREASURER.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
January 5th, 1867.

Boucicault's Grand Scenic Irish Drama,

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

This play has been for several weeks in preparation and has been produced with all its original and startling effects, and with the following challenge cast:

Arrah Meelish, with all the original Songs, Lady Don
Shaun, the Post, - - - - - H. Edwards
The O'Grady, (original cast) Mr. George Pauncefort
Michael Feeney, (original cast) H. D. Thompson
Fanny Power, - - - - Mrs. Harry Jackson
Winterbottom, - - - - Harry Jackson

MONDAY AND TUESDAY—
Last Night but one of LADY LON.
WEDNESDAY—
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Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - 25

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Pine street, below Montgomery.

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On account of the positive departure of the Tronpe for New York on the steamer of the 10th instant.

☞ Arrival of the Imperial Company of Twenty Male and Female JAPANESE GYMNASTS, TUMBLERS, ACROBATS, and

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Under the direction of the renowned
PROFESSOR RISLEY.

The Management respectfully begs to announce that the above Company, direct from the

IMPERIAL COURT OF JAPAN,

Will have the honor of appearing before the public of San Francisco on

MONDAY EVENING.....January 7th,

When will be performed several of the most Marvelous Feats ever attempted by any performers in the world, throwing into the shade everything hitherto attmpted.

An entire change of performance every evening.

Dress Circle and Parquet, $1; Family Circle, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. No extra charge for Reserved Seats.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

SUNDAY EVENING.....January 6th.

MR. AND MME. HEINE'S
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Sacred Music!

Assisted by
HENRI HERBERTE.

A full Orchestra of 16 instruments.

Conductor, - - - - Charles Schultz,

Will play a selection of Overtures, and selections from Oratorios between the Solo performances of M. and Mme. Heine.

PROGRAMME.

Overture,—The Poet and the Peasant, - - Sappee
Solo Piano—Sonata in C sharp minor, - Beethoven
Mme Ada Heine.
Violin Solo—Rock of Ages, - - - Vieuxtemps
M. J. Heine.
Aria—My soul to God,... Henri Herberte.... Clappison
Solo Piano—Story of a Broken Heart, - - Gottschalk
Mme. Ada Heine.
Duet—Violin and Piano, - - - Beethoven
M. and Mme. Heine.
Aria—Cujus Anima, - Henri Herberte, - Rossini
Overture, - - - - - - Orchestra
Solo Violin—Air Varie, - - - - - Paganini
M. Joseph Heine.
Overture, - - - - from William Tell

Dress Circle and Orchestra - - - - $1
Parquette, - - - 50c. Gallery, - - - 25c
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain rises at 8, precisely.
No Extra charge for Reserved Seats.

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THE SECOND ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
MASQUERADE BALL
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ALEMANNIA
Will take place
AT PLATT'S MUSIC HALL,
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The Hall will be beautifully decorated by Messrs. A. & T. Torning.

Chris Andres' and the Second Artillery Band have been engaged for Concert and Dance Music.

Spectators' Tickets to be had of the undersigned Committee:

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E. S. FREEMAN, 425 Sacramento street.
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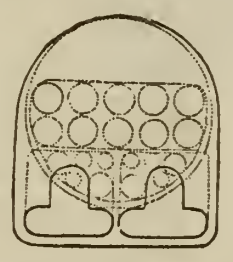

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All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

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SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
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TO THE SICK!
Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years (15th (1866) in San Francisco,) enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free, call or send for circulars.

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ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco, California.

STUDIES WILL BE RESUMED IN THE ABOVE INstitution on the 2d of January, 1867. The cost of Tuition and Board for the scholastic Year of from ten to eleven months will be only one hundred and seventy-five dollars ($175), and twenty-five dollars (25) for washing and mending of linen, etc. No extra charges of any kind, except for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars ($3) a month each. In case of withdrawal (except for sickness or parents leaving the country), the party will forfeit a Quarter Session, or the remaining portion of the Half Term. The Pension to be paid at least half yearly in advance; also, such sum to be deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of each student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses, such as books, clothes, etc. No student will be received without such deposit. For further information application may be made to P. J. GREY, President.

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Culprit Fay. With 100 Illustrations by Arthur Lumley.
Ogden's U. S. Tariff for 1866.
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Utterly Wrecked. By Henry Morford.
Barth and Rogers on Auscultation and Percussion.
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San Francisco

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS SMITH, deceased.

Order of Publication on Application for Order of Sale.

On reading and filing the petition of Christian Schrieber, Administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased by the payment of such debts.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court Room thereof, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 4th day of February 1867, to show cause, if any they have, who an order should not be granted to said Administratior to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 2d, 1867. j5 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the Estate of ALFRED RODMAN and ELOISE RODMON, Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by John C. Merrill, the Guardian of the estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, Minors, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of his said wards, that it would be beneficial to the said wards that such real estate should be sold at private sale.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estates, appear before this Court at the Court Room thereof at the Court House in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 4th day of February, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before said hearing of said petition in the THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

January 2d, 1867.
D. P. BARSTOW, Esq., Attorney for Guardian. j5 5t

ESTATE OF LOUIS McGLAUFLIN, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Estate of Louis McGlauflin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at her residence, No 773 Brannan street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

EMELINE McGLAUFLIN, Executrix.

San Francisco, January 5th, 1867.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Executrix. j5 5t

NOTICE.

DR. H. A. BENTON HAS REMOVED FROM 109 Montgomery street to Congress Ball building, Bush street, adjoining the Russ House. Having had good success in cures and a fair business for the time, but the past six or eight months there has been some surrounding objections to contend with, (particularly in the location) he resolved to remove and practice his own system, without medicines, (except Homœpithic, if needed)—believing after twenty years' experience eminently and successfully, that ALL CURABLE cases can be CURED by the great EQUALIZER, ELECTRO-MAGNETISM, in some of its forms if properly applied.

Office and Rooms, 28 and 29. Vapor Bath Rooms, 24 and 25.

Grand Reduction!
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS!
MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
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Under the Lick House.

SILKS.

BONNET'S BEST BLACK SILKS reduced from $5 to $4 per yard
PONSON'S BEST BLACK SILKS reduced from $4 50 to $3 50 per yard.
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GROS DE NAPLES COLORED SILKS reduced from $4 to $3 per yard
GROS DE LYON COLORED SILKS reduced from $4 50 to $3 50 per yard.
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INDIA TAPIS reduced from $600 to $100.
INDIA OPEN CENTRE reduced from $300 to $200.
INDIA OPEN CENTRE reduced from $200 to $150.
INDIA OPEN CENTRE reduced from $150 to $100.
FRENCH CASHMERE LONG reduced from $500 to $350.
FRENCH CASHMERE LONG reduced from $150 to 100.
FRENCH CASHMERE LONG reduced from $100 to $75.
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FRENCH CASHMERE SINGLE reduced from $50 to $35.
PAISLEY CASHMERE LONG reduced from $75 to $50.
PAISLEY CASHMERE LONG reduced from $60 to $40.
ONE RUSSIAN SABLE CAPE AND CUFFS reduced from $700 to $600.

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EMPRESS CLOTHS, Plaid and Plain, reduced from $1 50 to $1 per yard.
EMPRESS CLOTHS, Plaid and Plain, reduced from $1 25 to 75 cents per yard.
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OTTOMAN VELOURS, POIE DE CHEVRES, REPS, Crepes, Biarritz, Etc.

LACES.

Point de Venice Set reduced from $200 to $150.
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Point Rond reduced from $75 to $50.
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Point d' Angleterre reduced from $30 to $20.
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Lace Handkerchiefs,
Lace Collars,
Lace Barbes,
Lace Berthens,
Lace Capes.
Point Applique, Chantilly, Guipure, Cluny, Valenciennes, Chambray, Etc., by the yard.

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Reduced from $700 to $350
Chantilly Lace Flounce reduced from $300 to $150.
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Guipure (for Trimming of Shawls) reduced from $150 to $110.
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CLOAKS.

Velvet Circulars,
Velvet Basquines,
Silk Cloaks of every style,
Astrakan Circulars,
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Balbriggan Hosiery,
English Hosiery, in Cotton and Merido, for Ladies and Children.

FRENCH HOSIERY.

A full assortment of Merino and Flannel Vests and Drawers for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

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Embroidered Collars and Cuffs, a la Shakspeare.
Plain Linen Handkerchiefs, for Gentlemen.
Clear Lawn; Plain and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, for Ladies and Children.

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Barnsleys, Linens and Damasks,
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Etc., Etc., Etc.

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Velvet Table Covers,
Jucquart Table Covers, Etc., Etc.

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Poplins, Empress, Ottomans, Crepes, Velonrs, Barpours, Tamise, Merinos, Thibets, Bombazines, French and English Alpucas, Crapes, Collars; Sleeves, Handkerchiefs, Etc.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.,
RETAIL STORE,
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107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE STREET;

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 8 }
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. }

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 12, 1867.

TERMS, { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

The Signal Man, a story by Charles Dickens; Literary Tumblers; Enigma, by "Mark Twain;" A Plea for Laziness, by Prentice; Spiritualism and Religious Tailoring; Reviews of "Poetry of the Pacific," "Every Day Life," M. Pierre Cauwet's "Poetry." "A New Route to China and Japan;" "Lion's Mouth;" The Unfortunate Literary Critic of the Alta; Scientifically Manufactured Milk; Board of Education Economy; Taciturn John Bright; Amusements, etc; Poetry—The First Snow Fall, by James Russell Lowell; Moods, by Charles Warren Stoddard; Heliotrope, by Ina D. Coolbrith.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale" IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

Taciturn John Bright.

John Bright in a letter to Cyrus M. Field written shortly after the Cable Banquet says:—

"I wish I could have been at the dinner, *for my reluctance to make a speech* would have been overcome by a desire to say something about you and about the cable, and its immense significance both to our old world and to your new one."

We cannot refrain from italicising the words in which John Bright alludes to his unfortunate failing. Everyone may not perhaps be aware that John Bright when be does manage to overcome bis reluctance to make a speech, commences:—

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking. What tortures John Bright must have undergone during the past fifteen years! He has still not quite overcome his reluctance to make a speech. How happy would the Derby Ministry be if John Bright's reluctance to make a speech became insurmountable! However reluctant John Bright may be to make a speech, no one who has once heard him can be reluctant to stand hour after hour to listen to one of his speeches. There are so few of the public men of England who understand the art of addressing, the public moving to their sympathies, charming away their reason by appealing to their hearts, and in fact taking them captive by the ears that John Bright may well be considered a dangerous opponent by the Tory party. Lord Derby makes speeches that read extremely well in the *Times*, Disraeli's speeches are masterly specimens of intellectual oratory, and are altogether admirable—in print; but this dangerous John Bright, whenever he "overcomes his reluctance to make a speech," gains the hearts of his hearers. Even those who are utterly opposed to the sentiments which he is uttering are carried away by the sweetness of his voice, the grace of his gestures and the earnestness and seeming truthfulness with which he speaks. There is not the slightest taint of raut in John Bright's style. He clinches his arguments with as little manifestation of effort as the ponderous steam power hammer flattens at a blow half a ton of iron—this same power-hammer is at the same time capable of cracking the shell of a nut with such well regulated power that the kernel is left unbruised. John Bright's pow rs of oratory resemble in some measure, the mechanical powers of the steam hammer. When John Bright overcomes bis natural taciturnity, we may expect to hear some important speeches from him on the subject of Reform in England, a subject in which be is much interested and on which be would doubtless have spoken ere this had he been able to overcome his reluctance to making a speech.

Board of Education Economy.

The Board of Education appear inclined to practise a style of economy which is characterized by sensible people as "saving at the spile and letting out at the bung hole." They have evinced the most reckless extravagance in building ornamental school houses, they now propose to "economize" by reducing the salaries of the teachers. The lady teachers as a rule, are now paid about $67 a month; a waiter girl in a lager beer saloon is paid $75 a month. It is proposed for the sake of economy, to reduce the pay of the educated ladies engaged in the arduous task of teaching lower still. Mr. Pelton stated that "he could fill a number of positions at $25 a month." He spoke somewhat as follows:

"I am assured, that some of those who have made applications for teachers will work for even half salaries. for six months to come. Why not employ those ladies at low salaries? I undertake to say, that I can fill every position in this department with good and efficient teachers for $25 a month each"

Why not indeed? Why not get a number of unfortunate women to teach for $10, $8, nay, for $5 a month if possible? Why not turn out all the paid teachers and get "philanthropic ladies" who think it "such interesting work to hear the little dears say their lessons," to undertake to teach in the public schools. By all means reduce the salaries of the patient long suffering schoolmistresses who have earned the love and admiration of all the good mothers of San Francisco. Glorious news! The school system of San Francisco can be successfully carried out; lady teachers can be procured at $25 a month! We trust that before this "economy" is carried into execution, a pugilistic exhibition will be given at the American Theater for the benefit of the Board of Education, and subscription lists will be opened in all the rum shops in the city.

Scientifically Manufactured Milk.

The *Bulletin* is again on the war path in pursuit of the milkmen. It rejoices that the milk trade has been seriously injured by its anti-swill-milk editorials. It says:

"We are now informed that numbers of families which at one time purchased milk as it was offered to them, without knowing from whom it came or of what it consisted—whether compounded of chalk, whiting, drugs or putrid slops—have commenced keeping cows."

We rejoice with the *Bulletin*. "No family without a cow" is our motto. Let every mother of a family sell her piano and buy a cow. If there is no yard attached to the house, if the roof is flat let it be sown with grass and thus form a pasture for the cow who can be hoisted up to its elevated grazing ground by pullies. The *Bulletin* admits the fact that in some cases it is inconvenient, not to say impossible, for a family to have a private cow, and laments that the destruction of thousands of children from swill-milk still continues in consequence of the Courts having decided that the Board of Supervisors were not possessed of sufficient powers to prevent the feeding of cows on swill. The *Bulletin* confesses with grief that this is the case, but it says:

"A milkman may concoct a compound from chalk, rennet, or other deleterious ingredients, and sell it to whom he pleases, and it is doubtful whether he can be punished for so doing. There is no question but hundreds of gallons of milk are daily compounded in this city, saying nothing of that furnished by cows fed upon slops, garbage, etc., which is injurious for healthy men to consume, much more for small children. But what is to be done? Not one of these men can be punished under our lax system of administering the laws. In some countries simply selling milk diluted with pure water is punished by imprisonment and fine, but in enlightened San Francisco nothing can be done with a man who adulterates it with pernicious ingredients."

It begs our legislators, if they allow milkmen to poison children with swill-milk, to at least forbid the use of chalk! It concludes thus:

"If we cannot rid ourselves of the nauseous stuff furnished by slop fed animals, we should at least prohibit that made from chalk, etc"

The *Bulletin* should strenuously urge the passage of laws forbidding the adulteration of *all* articles of food, instead of grumbling at a little chalk. It is rather doubtful whether a milk manufacturer ever uses rennet, which the *Bulletin* terms a "deleterious ingredient," in making imitation milk. Rennet, which is the stomach of a calf, or the sour milk found in its stomach, is used in congulating milk for the purpose of making cheese. The *Bulletin* is not well informed in the art of manufacturing milk. The science is, as yet, in its infancy, but we may hope that the day is not far distant when wholesome, nutritious milk will be produced by scientific appliances, without the aid of a cow. We hear that Lucien Tracol, of Bourg Argental, near St. Etienne, has discovered a method of manufacturing silk, direct from the mulberry tree, without the intervention of the silkworm. This is as it should be. It is humiliating to think that in these days when science is making such gigantic strides, our silk dresses have all to pass through the bowels of a worm. Why should we submit to wait for our milk until it has gone through the inside of a cow? We will soon change all this. *Vive la Science! A bas la Nature.* We will produce our silk direct from the mulberry leaves, and our milk from grass How much stock is the *Bulletin* willing to take in a Patent Milk Company, which will turn out as good milk as was ever drawn from the most delicately fed Alderney? No chalk used! Pure milk laid on in pipes in every house. This company will probably be incorporated very shortly after the first "avitor" has made a trip from San Francisco to New York.

The Unfortunate Literary Critic of the Alta.

When the fox lost his tail in a trap, he did not run about calling the attention of his companions to his loss, but concealing it as far as possible by remaining seated strove to persuade them to cut their tails off. The literary critic of the *Alta* does not display the wisdom of the fox. We, in the "Lion's Mouth," last week called attention to a very gross error which was made by him. He wrote, *Arcades est ambo*. We asked:

"Was there no little boy commencing to learn Latin Grammar at hand to tell the literary critic of the *Alta* not to stick *est* in between *Arcades* and *ambo*, and thus say 'both Swinburne and Walt Whitman *is* Arcadians?' 'Blackguards both' was what he intended to say, and having some misty idea of '*Arcades ambo*' being used to express that idea, he thought to show his classical knowledge by adding *est*"

The critic, instead of wisely remaining silent, declares that we showed "hypercriticism" in pointing out this error. He says;

"The 'Lion's Month' of the *Californian*, in commenting upon an erroneous quotation in this column—an error obvious enough not only in its grammatical but its metrical construction—unfortunately informs its readers that '*Arcades*' means 'blackguards.' The critic should have obtained a safer knowledge of the quotation than that afforded by Byron's amusing translation:

'*Arcades ambo, id est*, blackguards both!'

There is a kind of hypercriticism which smacks less of the pedant than of the pupil, flushed with 'Andrews & Stoddard,' which we are sorry to see taking the place of honest criticism in the *Californian*. We trust, however, that 'the ladies will not be afeard of the lion.' Underneath the mask may be recognized 'Snug the Joiner' or 'Bottom the Weaver,' anxious to play the lion's part and assume his voice, but not altogether rid, perhaps, of the ass's head."

The error was indeed very obvious in this *un*-grammatical construction. We did not inform our readers that "*Arcades*" meant "blackguards"; we said that the critic intended to apply *Arcades ambo* in the sense of "blackguards both"—a sense in which it is indeed very frequently applied. We perceive that the literary critic of the *Alta* is better read in the English than in the Latin classics; therefore it would be as well if the next time he wished to quote Virgil he availed himself of a very excellent metrical translation by the late Mr. Dryden. Neither "Snug the Joiner," nor "Bottom the Weaver," is at present employed in joining and weaving rhymes for the CALIFORNIAN.

The Bulletin Squarely Expresses Itself in Favor of Negro Suffrage.

There has been too much beating about the bush, practiced by California newspapers with regard to negro suffrage. The *Bulletin*—the best paper in the State—has expressed itself squarely with reference to this question. It quite approves of the extension of the suffrage to the negroes of the District of Columbia. It says:

"It is, of course, obnoxious to a great majority of the white citizens: but emancipation and the extension to blacks of common privileges in public vehicles, were even more obnoxious, if possible, and as the Columbians become reconciled to these reforms they will soon learn not only to acquiesce in impartial suffrage, but to wonder that it ever appalled them."

Will the *Bulletin* now stand up boldly in favor of granting the right of suffrage to the many intelligent, well educated negroes who are residents in this State? The law has decided that the blacks have common privileges with the whites in public vehicles in this State. Will the *Bulletin* say that "as the Californians become reconciled to these reformers, they will soon learn not only to acquiesce in impartial suffrage, but to wonder that it ever appalled them?" If the *Bulletin* does this, we will believe in its honesty. It can scarcely claim that the negroes of the District of Columbia are better fitted by education to exercise the rights of suffrage than the peaceable, orderly, intelligent colored men resident in this State We shall see.

A Libel on Americans.

The *Bulletin's* lady correspondent in Paris is indignant at the manner in which Americans are libeled by English people. She says:

"When I was in London about a month ago I heard an English lady rail at what she called the United States people, and declare they were so disgusting in their habits that she thanked God she always crossed to Canada in a troop-ship and not a Cunard steamer, the deck of which, she alleged, is always covered with saliva. A number of persons present might have swallowed her statement had not the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who happened to be present, asserted that it was a very curious thing that he never yet saw an American spit, although at the places of the Ministers and Consuls above named he had met hundreds from nearly every city in the United States.

It was indeed a lucky circumstance that the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* happened to be present, and was able to state that "*he* never yet saw an American spit!" These English people who have so many national airs and glory in them, are constantly sneering at Americans, who they declare can always be distinguished from all other nationalities by their devotion to the spit-toon, the most favorite of Mational airs.

Religious Advertising.

We hate to treat religion—of any kind—in an irreverent spirit. We object to the following paragraph which appeared in that first-class morning paper, the *Times*, on Wednesday last, as tending to reduce professors of religion to the level of Japanese conjurers, learned pigs, tragic actors, Fenian lecturers, and other professionals.

"RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.—Rev. A B. Earle, the celebrated evangelist, arrived from Sacramento last evening. The revival in Sacramento has exceeded any such work on this coast, and still continues. Mr. Earle goes to Petaluma to-day to commence labor there to-night."

It doesn't seem to us exactly right to call Mr. A. B. Earle "*the celebrated* evangelist." "Evangelists" should not be advertised in exactly the same manner as circus performers.

A Committee of One.

At the last meeting of the Fenian Brotherhood in San Francisco a Center, a Secretary and a Treasurer were elected and seven persons were appointed as a "Committee of Safety." The great Head Center Stephens some little time ago appointed himself as a "Committee of Safety"—a committee of one, to provide for the safety of No 1. No report has as yet been received from this committee, but it is supposed that it has fully accomplished the object for which it formed itself.

Important to Printers.

J. J. Knowlton & Co., the advertising agents so well known to, and remembered by nearly all the newspaper proprietors in the State, advertise that they have received a large quantity of printers' ink which they will dispose of in quantities to suit. Considering the large quantities of ink which printers have used for the sole benefit of J. J. Knowlton & Co., we trust that this firm will dispose of their ink on liberal—if not equally liberal terms.

The Difference.

President Johnson's favorite political movement is "swinging round the circle." The Fenian Circle are at present anxious to get a chance to swing the Center.

HELIOTROPE.

TAKE those heliotropes away—
How I hate their purple bloom;
Fling the casement wide, I pray—
I'm faint with their perfume.

Cruel odors, born of tears!
Would you know what they recall?—
From the springtime of my years
Comes a dream of evenfall.

In a garden by the sea;
There's a new moon in the sky,
And the vine-leaves airily
Rustle o'er me where I lie.

And a figure, fair and light,
O'er the greensward seems to float:
Little maiden robed in white,
With those blossoms at her throat.

All their fragrance mingling with
That soft muslin's every fold:
With the thrillings of her breath,
And her hair's warm, rippling gold.

Oh, how blindly love believes!
I, to act its silly part:
Stealing from her breast the leaves,
To be hidden next my heart.

To be worn with prayers and tears:
Giving strength to eager hands
Through the labor of lone years
In the far and foreign lands.

Pah—their stifling, odorous weight!
Beaded knots of amethyst,
Spiced jewels that I hate!
False as were the lips I kiss'd!

Friend—if aught remains untold,
By those blossoms be it said,
Take them: in their purple fold.
Youth and hope and love lie dead.

INA D. COOLBRITH.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VI.

HE paid his bill at the Amsterdam hotel and started for the Hague, where he remained for a fortnight, enjoying himself in the laziest and pleasantest manner, lounging in the picture gallery and the royal library, living remarkably well, smoking a great deal, and thinking about Clare Carruthers, and in odd half hours, after breakfast or before he went to bed, doing a little literary work, transcript of his day's observations, which he sent to the *Mercury* with a line to Grafton Leigh, telling him that private affairs had necessitated his coming abroad, but that when he returned he would keep the promise he had made of constant contributions to the paper; meanwhile, he sent a few sketches just to keep his hand in. In reply to this letter he received a communication from his friend Cunningham, telling him that his chief was much pleased with the articles, and would be glad, as George was so near, if he would go over to Amsterdam and write an account of the starting of the fleet for the herring-fishery—an event which was just about to come off, and which, owing to special circumstances at the time, excited a peculiar interest in England. In this letter, Cunningham enclosed another, which he said had been for some time lying at the office, and which, on opening, George found to be from the proprietors of the *Piccadilly*, presentiog their compliments to Mr. Paul Ward, stating that they were recommended by their "literary adviser," who was much struck by the brriliancy and freshness of so much of Mr. Paul Ward's serial story as had been sent in, to accept that story for their magaziue, regretting that Mr. Ward's name was not yet sufficiently well-known to enable them to give him the sum he had named as his price, but offering him, on the whole, very handsome terms.

So, it has come at last! No longer to struggle on, a wretched outsider, a component of the "ruck" in the great race for name, and fame, and profit, but one of the select, taking the leading place in the leading periodical of the day, with the chance, if fortune favored him, and he could only avail himself of the opportunity so long denied, and call into action the influences so long prompting him, of rendering himself from month to month an object of interest, a living something, an actual necessity to thousands of people whose faces he should never see, and who would yet know of him and look with the deepest interest on the ideal creatures of his fancy. Honor, wealth, fame, love! not all your riches, Capel Carruthers, not your country position, not your territorial influence, not your magisterial dignity, nor anything else on which you pride yourself, shall be half as sweet to you as the dignified pride of the man who looks around him, and seeing himself possessed of all these enviable qualities, says; "By my own hand, by the talent which God has given me, and by his help alone, unaided by birth, or riches, or influence, I have made myself what I am!" The crisis in George Dallas' life had arrived, the ball was at his feet, and with the opportunity so urgent oo him, all his desultoriness, all his lazy dilettanteism vanished. He felt at last that life was real and earnest, and determined to enter upon it at ouce. With what big schemes his heart was filled, with what quixotic dreams his brain was bursting! In his own mind his triumphant position in the future was so assured, that he could not resist taking an immediate foretaste of his happiness, and so on the very day of the receipt of Cunningham's letter a box containing some very rare Japanese fans, screens and china, was dispatched anonymously, addressed to Miss Carruthers. The cost of these trifles barely left George Dallas enough to pay his fare back to Amsterdam. But what of that? Was he not on the high road to fortuue, and could he not make money as he liked?

At Amsterdam the polyglot waiter placed in his hands a letter which had been more than a week awaiting him. George glanced at its superscription, and a shadow crossed his face as he recognised Routh's hand-writing. He had looked upon that connection as so completely cut assunder, than he had forgotton his last communication necessitated a reply—an acknowledgement of the receipt of the money at least—and he opened the letter with an undefined sensation of annoyance. He read as follows:

S. M. Street, June—' 18—.

"Your letter, my dear George, and its enclosure is 'to hand.' I am ten years older than you in years and thirty years in experience, and I know what heart-burnings and worries, not merely for yourself alone, but for others very, very dear to you, you have had in raising this money which you have sent to me, You thought it a debt of honor, and consequently moved Heaven and earth to discharge it, and you knew that I was hard up—a fact which had an equally irritating effect upon you. As to the honor——Well, not to mince matters, it was a gambling debt, purest simple; and when I reflect, as I do sometimes—Harriet knows that, and will tell you so—I know well enough that but for me you would never have been led into gambling. And then, as to my being hard up, I don't mind telling you—of course in the strictest confidence—that Tokenhouse-yard is a tremendous success! It was a tight time some months ago, and no mistake; but I think we have weathered the storm, and the money is rolling in there splendidly: so splendidly and so rapidly that—again in the strictest confidence—I am thinking of launching out a little and taking up the position which—you'll know I'm not bragging, old boy—my birth and education warrant me in assuming. I have grovelled on long enough, Heaven knows, and I want to see myself, and, above all, I want to see my wife out of the reach of—Well, I need not dilate to you on what circumstances have lowered us to, and what we will now float above. So, as good luck is nothing unless one's friends share in it, I want to say to you, as delicately as I can, 'Share in mine!' Don't be in a hurry to send me back that money, don't be too proud—that's not the word, George—I should say don't fear to remain in my debt, and, if occasion should arise, let me be your banker for further sums. I can stand the racket, and shall be only too glad to be called upon to do so,as some slight way of atoniug for having led you into what cannot be looked upon by anyone, I am afraid, as a reputable life. I won't say any more on this head, because there is no need. You will know that I am in earnest in what I have said, and you will receive the fifty pounds which I have enclosed herein in the spirit io which they are sent—that of true friendship. You will be a great gun some day, if you fulfill the promise made for you by those who ought to know about it; and then you will repay me. Meanwhile, depend on it that any draft of your's on me will be duly honored.

"And so you are not coming back to London for sometime? It seems an ungenerous thing in a friend to say, but upon my soul I think it the wisest thing you can do is to remain abroad, and widen your knowledge of life. You have youth and health, at your time of life the powers of observation are at their freshest and strongest, all you want is money, and that you shan't want, if you accede to the suggestion I have just made. You will store your mind in experience, you will see all sorts and varieties of men, and as you have nothing particular to bind you to England, you could thoroughly enjoy your freedom, and return with a valuable stock of ideas for the future benefit of the British reading public. *Allez toujours, la jeuneise!* which, under its familiar translation of 'Go it while you're young!' is the best advice I can give you George, my dear boy. During your absence, you will have shaken off all your old associations,and who knows but that the great bashaw, your step-father, may clasp you to his bosom, and leave all his acres to his dearly beloved step son, G. D.? Only one thing! You must not forget Harry, and you must not forget me! If all works right, you will find us very differently situated from what you have ever known us, and you won't be ashamed to recognise us as friends. You would laugh if you could see me now, solemnly rebuking my young clerks for late attendance at the office, and comporting myself generally with the greatest gravity and decorum. And to think what we once used to be. Tell it not in Gath! 'By advices last received,the produce of the mines has been twenty-two thousand oitavas, the gain whereof is, etc., etc.' That's the style now!

"Harriet is well, and, as ever, my right hand. To see her at work over the books at night, one would think she had been born in the Brazils, and had never heard of anything but silver mines. She sends kindest regards, and is fully of my opinion as to the expediency of your staying away from London. No news of Deane; but that does not surprise me. His association with us was entirely one of concurrence, and he always talked of himself as a wanderer—a bird of passage. I suppose he did not give you any hint of his probable movements on the day of the dinner, when I had the ill-luck to offend him by not coming? No one ever knew where he lived, or how, so I can't make any inquiries. However, it's very little matter.

"And now I must make an end of this long story. Good-by, my dear George. All sorts of luck and jollity, and happiness attend you, but in the enjoyment of them all don't forget the pecuniary proposition I have made to you, and think sometimes kindly of

"Your sincere

"STEWART ROUTH."

A little roll of paper had dropped from the letter when George opened it. He picked it up, and found two Bank of England notes for twenty pounds and one for ten pounds.

George Dallas was but a man, very warm hearted, very impressionable, and when he read Stewart Routh's letter he repented of his harshness to his friend, and accused himself of having been precipitate and ungenerous. Here was the blackleg, the sharper, the gambler, actually returning some of his legitimate winnings, and placing his purse at his acquaintance's disposal, while his step father——But then that would not bear thinking about! Besides, his step father was Clare's uncle; no kindness of Routh's would ever enable him George, to make progress in that direction, and therefore—— And yet it was deuced kind in Routh to be so thoughtful. The money came so opportunely, too, just when, with his Hague excursion and his purchases, he had spent the balance of the sum derived from the sale of the bracelet, and it would have been scarcely decent to ask for an advance from the *Mercury* office or the *Piccadilly* people. But it was a great thing that Routh advised him to keep away from England for a time—a corroboration, too, of Routh's statement that he was going into a different line of life—for of course with his new views an intimacy with Routh would be impossible, whereas he could now let it drop quietly. He would accept the money so kindly sent him, and would do the account of the herring fishery for the *Mercury*, and he would get on with the serial story for the *Piccadilly*, and—Well, he would remain where he was and see what turned up. The quiet, easy-going, dreamy life suited George to a nicety; and if he had been a little older, and had never seen Clare Carruthers, he might, on very little provocation, have accepted the Dutch fair niente as the realisation of human bliss.

So, having to remain in Holland for some few days longer, and needing some money for immediate spending, George Dallas bethought him of his old friend Mr. Schaub, and strolled to the Muiderstraat to see him.

"Vat! you here still? You not back gone to your own land, Vart? You do no more vairks, Vart, you vaste your time in Amsterdam—Paul Vart!"

"No; not that," said George, laughing; "I have not gone home, certainly, but I have not lost my time. I've been seeing to your country and studying character. I've been to the Hague, and I dare say I shall be able to make something of what I saw there. You'll be pleased to hear I am going to write a story for the *Piccadilly*—they've engaged me."

"Wass *Peek a-teelies* was goot," said Mr. Schaub; "better as *Mercury*—bigger, higher, more stand!"

"Ah! but you mustn't run down the *Mercury*, either. They've asked me to write a description of the sailing of your herring fleet. So I must stop here for a few days, and I want you to change me a Bank of England note."

"Ja, ja! with pleasure! Wass always likes dis Bank of England notes; ist goot, and clean, and so better as dirty Austrish Prussich money. Ah! he is not the same as I give you other day! He is quite new and clean for twenty pounds! Ja, ja," he added after holding the note up to the light, "his vater-mark is raight! A. F.! Vot is A. F., 17 April? Ah, you don't know! You don't become it from A. F.? Of course not! Vell, vell let me see die course of 'Change—denn I put him into my leetle stock von English bank note!"

The old man took up a newspaper that lay on the counter before him and consulted it, made a rapid calculation on a piece of paper, and was about to turn round toward the drawer where, as George remembered, he kept his cash-box, when he stopped, handed George the pen from behind his ear, dipped it into the ink, and said:

"Vell, just write his name, Vart—Paul Vart, on his back

—And his date of month. So! Vart—Paul Vart!—ist goot! Here's die guldens."

George Dallas swept the gold pieces into his pocket,nodded to the old man, aud left the shop. Mr. Schaub carefully locked away the note, made an entry of its number and amouut in his ledger, and resumed his reading.

CHAPTER VII.—A DILEMMA

South Molton street had apparently a strong attraction for Mr. James Swain. He would hang about the precincts of the house in which Routh and Harriet lodged, and evinced an extraordinary preference for the archway in the vicinity as a dining-room. He might have been seen at irregular hours devouring hunches of bread and cheese, within the shelter of the archway, in the most unsophisticated attitudes, and with great apparent enjoyment. Mr. James Swain's face was not free from the underlying expression of care and anxiety which is always to be found by the careful observer in the countenance of the London street-boy, but it had more than the usual complement of sauciness, cunning, readiness, and impudence.

The boy had quite an attraction for Mrs. Routh, who would smile at him when she passed him in the street, nod pleasantly to him occasionally from her window, and frequently sent him of errands, for the doing which she rewarded him with a liberality which appeared to him astounding munificence. Mr. James Swain was of a temperament to feel kindness, neglected street-boy though he was, and he had been wonderfully impressed by the womanly compassion which had spoken to him in Harriet's gentle tones on the morning of their first meeting and had looked out of all the trouble and foreboding in her blue eyes. His interest in the Routh household, however, antedated that event, and received not only an additional access, but a fresh coloring from it, and an acute observer would have seen an evidently struggle of some sort was going on in the mind of the frequenter of South Molton street, and the seeker of odd jobs.

Routh, also, was not without interest for Jim Swain. Perhaps he watched him even more closely than he watched Harriet, but if he did. it was with totally different feelings. Routh had considerable powers of self command, and could always be civil and apparently good tempered, no matter what his real humor might be, when it accorded with his interests to be so. But he was not a man to treat inferiors with courtesy, or to refrain from rudeness and brutality where they were safe, aud unlikely to do him any discredit. Consequently, servants and other recipients of the outporiugs of his temper hated him with a vivid cordiality. Jim, the street-boy, had been employed by him occasionally, and had formed, apart from certain other knowledge he had gained concerning Mr. Stewart Routh, the worst opinion of that gentleman's dispositiou and character.

"He's a bad'un, anyhow," the boy muttered, as he watched Mr Routh letting himself into the house he iuhabited with his latch-key, having previously taken a handful of letters from a postman at the door. "An ill-lookin' dog, too. Scowled at the letters," as if he was agoin' to eat 'em. P'raps they're love-letters. I shouldn't wonder. now, as the lady is a pinin' for some 'un else, and he's jealous, and gets hold on all the letters to catch her out."

This bright idea, which Jim Swain derived from his habitual reading of penny romances, devoted to the delineation of the tender passion, afforded him considerable gratification, and he had already consumed several minutes and a cold sausage while turning it over in his mind, when Harriet Routh came out of the house, and passed him, as he leaned against the wall under the archway. She was very pale and quite absorbed in thought, so that, though the lad respectfully pulled a tuft of his tousled hair in salutation, she did not perceive his presence.

"She's not like the same woman," mused Mr. James Swain; "she's gone as white as anything; looks just as if she'd had to get her own livin' for ever so long, and lound it precious hard to git, too. If he's jealous of her, and a ill treatin' of her, blowed if I won't peach! No, no, I won't, though, leastways not yet, 'cause I can't without lettin' out on myself, too; but," said the boy, with a long look which softened the cunning of his face strangely, "I would like to know as she was happier than I think she is."

In the wide city of London there was not another human being to feel any such wish in connection with Harriet Routh. She was quite alone. She had so willed it, and circumstauces had aided her inclination and her resolve. In the life which her husband had adopted, and she had accepted, iutimacies, friendships, were impossible. The only relation between them and their kind was the relation between the swindler and his dupes, always a merely "business" connection, aud generally very brief in its duration. Harriet had not a female friend in the world. Her husband's male friends saw her seldom, and were not observant or interested in the health, spirits, or appearance of any but themselves; so there was no one but the street-boy to note the change that had passed upon her. Routh, indeed, observed it; with the bitter, selfish impatience of his character, and silently resented it. But only silently: he made no comment, and Harriet, for the first time, failed to nterpret his feelings.

She *was* changed. Changed in face, in manner, in voice, in the daily habits of her life. The light had faded from her blue eyes, and with it their color had paled. Her cheek had lost its roundness, aud there was something set and stony in her face. It had been calm, now it was rigid. Her voice, still low and refined, was no longer musical. and her words were rare. Personal habits are tenacious, and rarely yield, even to strong mental excitement, or under the pressure of anxious care, and Harriet, always neat and careful in her simple dress, was neat and careful still. But a close observer would have marked the change even in this respect. She cared for her looks no longer. An ill-assorted ribbon, or ill chosen color, would once have been impossible to Harriet Routh; but it was all the same to her now. What were the symptoms of the moral change that had passed upon her as distinctly as the physical? They were rather those of intensification than of alteration. Her determination had assumed a sternness which had not before marked it, her identification of herself with Routh had become more than ever complete. The intensity of the passion with which she loved him was hardly capable of increase, but its quiet was gone.

She had been much alone of late. Routh had been much and profitably occupied. The affairs of the new company were progressing favorably, and Routh's visits to Flinders were frequent and well received. He had other things of the sort on hand, and his finances were in a flourishing condition. He was on the road to success, after the fashion of modern successes, and if his luck did not change, all the respectability which attaches to a fortunate speculation was on the cards for Stewart Routh. No restoration to his former place was possible, indeed; but Routh cared nothing for that, would, perhaps, not have accepted such a restoration had it been within his reach. Struggle, scheming, shifts, and the excitement consequent thereon, were essential to him now; he liked them; the only game he could play, with any relish was the desperate one. To what extent he had played it was known only to himself and Harriet, and he was beginning to be afraid of his confederate. In all that concerned the business of Stewart Routh's life, Harriet's conduct was still the same as before—she was still industrious and invaluable to him. But the occupations which had filled her leisure hours were all neglected now, the lonely time was no more lightened by the pursuits which her early education and her natural tastes had endeared and rendered habitual to her. One of two moods now possessed her,either uncontrollable restlessness or absorbed brooding. She would start off, when Routh had left her, and walk for hours through the crowded thoroughfare, out into the suburbs of London, or up and down the most distant and least-frequented parts of the Parks, returning home weary and footsore, but with torturing sense of restlessness unsubdued. Or, when she was alone, she would sit for hours, not in a selected position of comfort, but anywhere, on the first seat that came in her way, her head drooping, her eyes fixed and vacant, her hands closely clasped and lying in her lap, her fair low brow contracted by a stern painful frown. From either of these two moods she rarely varied; and even in Routh's presence, one or the other would master her at times. It chanced that on the day when Jim Swain had seen Routh return to his lodgings, and take some letters from the postman, the restless fit had come very strongly upon Harriet, and she had gone to her room to dress herself for walking, when Routh unexpectedly returned. He went into the sitting room, and concluding she would be down stairs presently, waited for her, reading the letters in his hand frowningly the while. But Harriet had passed quietly down the stairs and gone out, without re-entering the sitting-room, and Routh waited in vain. At length he sought her in her room, and not finding her, he angrily rang the bell, and asked the servant if she knew anything about her. She did not, and Routh dismissed her, and began to stride about the room, uttering very uncalled-for objurgations on women who were never in the way when they were wanted. As he passed the window, his eye fell upon Jim Swain tranquilly eating bread and cheese, as he leaned against the opposite railings. Routh looked at him again more closely, and again; finally, he took up his hat, went down stairs, out of the door, and across the street, close up to the boy.

"Hollo, you sir!" he addressed him roughly. "What are you doing here?"

Mr. James Swain eyed his questioner with no pleasant or grateful expression of countenance, aud replied, curtly:

"Nothin'!"

"What brings you here, then?" continued Routh.

"I ain't a doin' you any harm, am I?" answered the boy, all his native impudence brought out in a moment by the overbearing manner of Routh. "It ain't your street, I believe, nor yet your archway, as I knows on; and if I choose to odd job on this here lay, I don't hurt *you*, do I?"

The saucy manner of the lad did not anger Routh; he hardly seemed to notice it, but appeared to be entirely possessed by some struggling remembrance not of a pleasing kind, if his expression afforded any correct clue to it.

"Have you seen a lady come out of No. 60 since you have been about here?" he asked, passing by the boy's saucy remarks as if he had not heard them.

"Yes, I have. I saw the lady as lives there, not two minutes after you came in. She went that way." And he pointed down the street.

"Had she anything in her hand? Did she look as if she was going out for a walk, or out shopping?"

"She hadn't no basket or bag, and she warn't partickler dressed; not as nice as she dressed sometimes. *I should* say," continued Mr. Jim Swain, with an air of wisdom and decision, "as she was goin' for a constitootional, all by herself, and uot to shop nor nothin'."

Routh's attention had wandered from the boy's words and was fixed upon his face.

"Have I ever seen you before?" he asked him, abruptly.

A sudden rush of color dyed Mr. James Swain's face, even through the varnish of dirt which hid its surface, as he replied with a little less than his customary boldness:

"Yes, sir, you've seen me, though in course you ain't likely to remember it. You've giv' me many a penuy, and a sixpence too, and the lady."

Again Routh looked steadily, but covertly, at him under his thick brows. He was evidently eager to ask him some question, but he refrained, restrained by some powerful motive. Jim looked uneasily up and down the street, moved his feet about restlessly, turned his ragged pockets inside out, letting loose a multitude of dirty crumbs, and displayed a fidgety inclination to get away from South Molton street.

"Well," said Routh, rousing himself from his abstraction, "we're going to move next week, and you can come and do the odd jobs for us. if you like."

"Thankee, sir," said Jim, who was very respectful now, and touched his ragged cap as if he had quite altered his opiuion of the speaker.

"What day shall I come, sir?"

"I don't exactly know," said Routh; "you can call and ask the lady." And then he gave the lad a shilling, to Jim Swain's intense surprise, and, crossing the street, once more let himself in at the door of No. 60. Having reached the sitting-room, Stewart Routh sat down by the window and fell into a fit of musing as deep as those in which Harriet Routh passed hours away.

Mr. James Swain went briskly down the street, pleasautly eouscious that the unexpected windfall of the shilling had released him from the labors of his calling for the day, and determined to proceed at once to lay it out to the greatest advantage.

"Wotever is he up to *now?*" Thus ran the street-boy's thoughts. "I'm sure he's jealous, or he wouldn't be coming home unexpected, and a watchin' of her like that. Ain't he a brute just? And a willin too? Well, I'm glad I ain't *sure*—I'm very glad I ain't *sure*."

With this enigmatical phrase, Mr. James Swain abandoned his mental colloquy, and directed his thoughts to more immediately personal matters.

Routh was still sitting by the window when Harriet returned, and with the first glance at his face she saw that something new had occurred.

"I did uot expect you home until six o'clock," she said, as she laid aside her bonnet, and stood by his side, laying her hand tenderly upon his shoulder.

"No," he returned; "I came home to get some papers for Flinders about the Tunbridge Canal business; but you have them, Harry, and you were out."

"Well?" she said, calmly, looking at him with questioning eyes. "What has happened, Stewart?"

"This," he returned, slowly, and without meeting her gaze. "As I came in I met the postman with this letter. Read it, aud tell me what is to be done."

She sat down close beside him, and took the letter he held toward her. It was addressed to George Dallas, to the care of Routh, and it was, in fact, the letter which Mr. Carruthers had written to step-son prior to his departure from Poynings. As Harriet read, her right hand sought her husband's, and held it tightly. The old look of quiet resolution, the old expression of confident resource, came into her face. She read the paper twice before she spoke.

"Stewart," she said, "this is only another head of the hydra, and we had counted them, had we not? What we have to decide is, whether this letter shall be suppressed, or whether it must be forwarded to Georgo Dallas. At first sight, I see no possibility of suppressing it without infinite danger, but this is only first sight, and we may see more clearly afterwards."

"Dallas has never said anything to you about letters from his mother, has he?" asked Routh.

"No," replied Harriet, "not since his second letter, when he said he supposed she was testing his repentance and good conduct, and that he would not write until he could give her some proof of both."

"Get the old woman's letter, and let us read it again."

Harriet went to her writing-table, opened a drawer, and took a paper from its recesses. It was the letter which Mrs. Brookes had written to George Dallas. The two read it carefully, aud Harriet spoke first.

"We can only conjecture the meaning of this, Stewart;

but, as I make it out, it means that the proceedings at the--inquest"—she paused almost imperceptibly, then went on, in a steady tone--"awakened his mother's fears It was lucky he told us the story of his mother's anxiety about his coat, or we should have failed to catch the clue. Now I read the riddle thus: Mrs. Carruthers has been dangerously ill in consequence of the shock of the discovery, but she has not betrayed her knowledge or suspicions. A good deal of time has been gained, and under any circumstances that is a priceless advantage. The question now is, can any more time be gained? Can George Dallas be kept in ignorance of the appearances against him any longer? The suppression of the old woman's letter was an easy matter. It is ill-written, you see, as servant's letters usually are, indistinctly addressed, and generally unimportant. But a letter written by Mr. Carruthers of Poynings is quite another matter. It must come out, some time or other, that it was not received, and he is precisely the man to investigate the matter to the utmost. No, no, the letter must be sent to Dallas."

She spoke firmly, but her eyes were dreamy and distant. Routh knew their expression, and that some expedient, some resolve, was shaping itself in her mind. He sat quite silent until she spoke again.

"The first thing we have to do is to ascertain with all possible exactitude the real condition of Mrs. Carruthers, where she is at present, and whether we are right in supposing her fears were excited. This letter is not calculated to bring George home, I think. Of course, if it had reached him before they left Poynings, he would have come at once; but, see, Mr. Carruthers writes on the 10th, and says they are to start on the 11th. This is the 13th. What is the postmark?"

"Dover," said Routh, handing her the envelope.

"Posted after they left England, no doubt," said Harriet. "Stewart, there is just one thing to be done. Let us move from this at once. It is only doing so a little sooner than we had intended. Then, if we decide on suppressing the letter, its loss may be accounted for, even to the satisfaction of Mr. Carruthers. This while we consider what must be done."

"Yes," said Routh, "I think that will be wise; but I do not see my way out of the danger of his return, if he returns when he has received the letter. He will go down to Amherst at once, and will discover the suspicion, and at once take steps to clear himself of it."

"Perhaps so," said Harriet, and her face darkened. "But he may not find that so easy. I hope he will not put himself into the danger; but if he does--" She paused, and looked thoughtfully into her husband's face, while a quick shudder crept over her. He saw the look in her eyes, he felt the quiver in her hand, and frowned darkly.

"Don't take to melodrama, Harriet, it's so unlike you, and doesn't suit you. Besides it's too late in the day for that kind of thing now."

She took no notice of the ungracious speech, but still stood looking thoughtfully at him. He rose, letting her hand drop from his shoulder, and walked up and down the room.

"Stewart," she said, gently, "you must not be impatient with me if I am not as ready of resource as I was. However, I think I see what ought to be done in this emergency, and I am quite sure I can do it. I will go to Amherst, find out the true state of things there, see the old woman at Poynings, who will gladly receive me as a friend of George Dallas, and then, and then only, can we decide whether this letter is to reach him or not."

"By Jove! Harry, that's a splendid idea," said Routh, "and there can't be any risk in it, for Dallas would take your doing it as the greatest kindness. *You* not so ready of resource as you were? You're more so, my girl—you're more so."

There was a little wonder in the look she turned upon him, a little surprise at the lightness of his tone, but not a ray of the pleasure which his perverted praise had once given her.

"This is the best thing to do," she said, gravely, "and I will do it at once I will go to-morrow morning."

"And I will get our traps moved, and put up at the Tavistock till you come back. You can pack this evening, I suppose, Harry?"

"Oh yes," she answered. "I shall be glad of this occupation."

"And you'll do it more easily without me," said Routh, whom no crisis of events, however serious, could render indifferent to his individual comforts, and to whom the confusion of packing was an image of horror and disgust, "so I shall dine out, and leave you to your own devices. Here, you had better lock these up." He took the letters from a table on which she had laid them as she spoke, and held them towards her.

She drew a step nearer to him, took the papers from his hand, then suddenly let them drop upon the floor, and flung her arms wildly round Routh's neck.

"Harriet, Harriet," he said "what's this?" as he strove to lift her face, which she held pressed against his breast with terrible force. She answered him with a groan—a groan so full of anguish, that his callousness was not proof against it.

"My love, my darling, my brave girl, don't don't!" was all he could say, as he bent his head over her, and held her tightly to him. For several moments she stood thus; then she lifted her white face, put up her hands and drew his face down to hers, kissed him with kisses which thrilled him with an unknown sense of fear and doom, and instantly releasing, left him.

Mr. James Swain got the promised old job in South Molton-street sooner than he had expected it, for calling at No. 60, according to Mr. Routh's instructions, to ask the lady when his services would be required, he was informed that she had gone away, and he was to carry down the boxes to be conveyed to their destination in the van then standing at the door. Jim performed his duty with a perturbed spirit.

"Gone away, is she?" he said, over and over again. "Now I should like to know where she's gone, and wot for. I hope he ain't be up to nothin' agin her, but I don't trust him, and I ain't a goin to loose sight of him for longer then I can help, if I knows it, until she's safe back *some*wheres."

"That funeral is largely attended for a small town," said Harriet Routh to the waiter at the inn at Amherst, who was laying the cloth for her dinner. She was sitting by a window on the ground floor, and idly watching the decorous procession as it passed along the main street, to the huge admiration of gaping boys and gossiping nursemaids.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the man, gladly seizing the opportunity of approaching the window, and having a peep on his own account.

"He was very much respected, was old Mr. Evans; no one in the town more so. He gave the best of measures, and used the best of materials, and a charitable man, not a constanter at meetin', though uncommon deaf latterly, ain't in Amherst."

Harriet looked inquiringly at the speaker.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, you're a stranger, of course, and don't know nothin' about poor old Evans. He were a tailor, ma'am, at Amherst, man and boy, for fifty year and more, and got a deal of custom, which they do say no tailor here won't have for the future, seein' as they can't compete with the Sydenham suits."

Harriet made no comment upon the man's little discourse, and he left the room. When she was alone, she smiled a smile not good to see, and said, half aloud:

"I remember how they used to talk about Providence, and providential interventions on behalf of the good, long ago, when I used to fancy I believed in Providence, and when I certainly did believe in the existence of the good. I wonder what these people would call *this?* If it is a providential intervention, the theory has two sides."

(*To be Continued.*)

THE FOUNDRIES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

We presume that few of the vast number of strangers who annually visit our City ever think of including among the metropolitan curiosities worthy of being included in their sight seeing round the extensive iron foundries of San Francisco—unless indeed they are directly interested in the business, and have orders for machinery and engine work to be filled for different parts of the State, or for the adjacent Territories. Yet these foundries and machine shops, of which we have some fifteen or twenty, including brass foundries, are well worth the examination of the intelligent and curious stranger. Among the most extensive and noteworthy of these establishments are the "Miners,'" the "Fulton," and the "California" foundries, all of which are now busily engaged in casting iron fronts for the new Merchants Exchange, Pacific Insurance Company, and Murphy, Grant & Co.'s new building corner of Sansome and Bush streets, besides filling orders for the country. Over one thousand men are employed in these foundries in the moulding and casting departments alone. Among the brass foundries are those of W. T. Garratt and Gallagher & Weed. These two are busy casting Steamboat and City Fire Department work. Meantime the boiler makers (including the Neptune and Portland works) are doing a large amount of business for Steamers, and also for quartz and flour mills. Theodore Kollenbergh has been employed by the Mint authorities with the designing and manufacture of all the work required by the Branch Mint of this City; and his establishment at 416 Market street is exclusively devoted to the designing and construction of mechanical, philosophical, and inventors' models. Probably there is no city in the United States where better work of this kind can be turned out, than in San Francisco. Certainly no city of the same size can pretend to compete with us in this field.

A Complete skeleton of the North American Mastodon has been unearthed at Cohoes, New York. All the essential parts of the frame seem to be at hand. Careful measurements of scientific gentlemen who had examined the remains, show that they belong to an animal that must have stood at least fifteen feet high, and measured some twenty odd feet in length, independent of the tusks, which of themselves are eight feet long.

There are water leaves in the lakes of Brazil forty feet long and fifteen feet wide.

AMUSEMENTS.

Maguire's Opera House.—Lady Don's engagement closed on Wednesday evening, when she took a benefit, playing in *Sweethearts and Wives* and the farce of *Brother Bob*. Lady Don took her departure for the East on the steamer of the 10th inst., having had no reason to feel dissatisfied with her success in California. On Thursday evening, Charles Reade's dramatization of his novel, *It is Never too Late to Mend*, was produced. This drama was placed on the stage in admirable style. The mechanical effect, scenery and music, were all perfect. The first scene representing an English farm-yard was very well arranged, the chickens, the pigeons, the dog and the horse, appeared quite up in their parts and acted better than did some others who had been longer on the stage. The drama as a literary production, will serve as a warning to clever novelists who may fancy that because they can write novels which people read with pleasure, they are therefore capable of writing plays which will be listened to patiently. A great portion of the dialogue in this play is very stupid and tedious George Pauncefort played the part of "George Fielding" very neatly. Henry Edwards was extremely clever in his impersonation of "Thomas Robinson," and Harry Jackson made the most of the comic part of "Peter Crawley." Mrs. Harry Jackson played the character of "Josephs" beautifully, bringing out the pathetic points in a manner which affected the sensibilities of the audience. Miss Julia Corcoran made an interesting "Susan Merton," and the other parts were filled satisfactorily. The Farm Yard, the Rocky Glen with waterfall and rivulets by moonlight, and the concluding scene were extremely beautiful Mr. Graves deserves great credit for the manner in which he produced this drama. It will be repeated this afternoon and evening. On Monday evening Miss Jennie Parker, who arrived from New York by the last steamer, will commence an engagement opening in *The Colleen Bawn*. Miss Jennie Parker has arrived here unheralded by mammoth bills—she may prove another Elfin Star Angels' visits come unawares.

The St. Joseph's Church Concert.—Benefit concerts are too often got up in such a manner as to afford but little satisfaction to those who attend them, save that which they derive from the consciousness that the money which they have spent, will be devoted to a good purpose. Those who were present at the concert given for the benefit of St. Joseph's Church and School, at Platt's Hall, on Thursday evening, could not flatter themselves that they had bestowed much money in charity. The concert given on this occasion was good in every particular. M. Joseph Heine, the Blind Paganini, and Mme. Heine, the accomplished pianiste, volunteered their services for this concert; the fine *soprano* singer, Miss Emma Howson, and the charming *contralto*, Miss Clelia Howson, also gave their valuable services. The concert was an immense success. M. Joseph Heine's performance of Wianiawski's Russian airs, roused the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm seldom called forth by instrumental music. M. Heine's violin playing is so wonderfully sympathetic; his touch is so delicate; his bowing so extraordinary that all confess the presence of an artiste and a genius. Mme. Ada Heine, in spite of the disadvantage of a square instead of a grand piano having been provided, astonished all present by her wonderful execution of intricate pieces of music. The favorite *tenor*, Henri Herberte, on this occasion sang Cherry's famous descriptive song entitled "Will-o'-the Wisp," to which we have before referred, and also his celebrated song "The Anchor's weighed," which won him a triple *encore*. Altogether this concert was a grand success. The quartettes, by Messers. Wunderlich, Swift, Norblom and McCabe, were attractive features in the programe, and received the applause which they merited.

The Alemannia Masquerade Ball.—The Alemannia masquerade ball last year, was noted for the splendor of the costumes, the unexceptionably good conduct of those present, the fine music and the tasteful decorations of the ball-room. The utmost circumspection is exercised by this Association to the end that the Alemannia masquerade balls may be free from the objectionable features too often observable in these entertainments This year's ball which is announced to take place at Platt's Hall on Saturday evening, promises to be one of the most fashionable affairs of the season. The Hall has been beautifully decorated for this occasion by Messrs. A. & T. Torning, at an expense of over $1,000.

Maguire's Academy of Music.—Those who witnessed the performances of the first troupe of Japanese gymnasts, believed that their feats could not be surpassed. The Imperial Troupe have eclipsed their predecessors, In conjuring tricks, feats of strength and gymnastic performances, they surpass any other performers in the known world. Night after night the Academy is crowded from pit to dome, to see these artistes who have now, for the first time in three thousand years, left their country.

Metropolitan Theatre.—The pantomime of *Mazulm*, with its wonderful tricks and transformations, has proved a hit. The new ballet divertisement of the *Prima Donna*, is very beautiful. The Howsons and Willie Edouin have performed several farces in admirable style. The *Magic Pill* is in preparation.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

A FRESH BATCH OF "CALIFORNIA POETRY."

"POETRY of the Pacific; Selections and Original Poems from the Poets of the Pacific States, Edited by May Wentworth" is the title of a volume of some four hundred pages, which we find upon our book table. The volume bears the imprint of a mysterious association, styling itself the "Pacific Publishing Company, 305 Montgomery street," of the existence of which we were not before aware. Some seventy "California poets" are represented in the book, the great majority of whom are quite unknown even to our local public as writers. All the poetry contained in the volume, might have been printed upon fifty pages, the remainder consisting of verses of various grades of excellence, from such as every person of moderate culture and sensibility can indite for ladies' albums, to such ineffable twaddle as the following:

"A REVERIE."

BY WASHINGTON AYER, M. D.

When starry light the azure fills
With voiceless melody,
And moonbeams melt upon the hills,
And quiver on the sea.

Alone I tread the busy streets,
Unmindful where I be,
As then my heart in sadness beats,
Life seems so strange to me.

And yet some weird emotion thrills
The heart once full of glee,
And leads me far o'er slumbering hills,
Beyond bright lakes and sea.

And there the sportive scenes of youth—
Those spectres of the past,
Come dancing 'round my path forsooth,
In fleecy shadows cast;—

And lead me where the fern is gray,
Through pastures bright and green,
Where violets along the way
And buttercups are seen.

Again o'er dimpled hills I stray,
Along the shady mead,
And chase the butterfly away,
Upon my willow steed.

But oh! what dreamy spell is this?
What waude ing of the mind?
My early sports and youthful bliss
Leave but this dream behind.

Then up! by daily toil beguiled!
Nor slumber by the stream,
Where phantoms lead the simple child
In innocence to dream.

Life is at best a lingering death,—
A journey not of miles,—
And hope, the only rainbow wreath,
Is wrought of tears and smiles.

The labor of the fleeting years
Is all we have to give:
Then up! and drive away the fears,
And dying, learn to live!

The editress has performed her task of selection, in a far more Catholic spirit than that by which Mr. Harte was guided in compiling his *Outcroppings*, and she has not been restrained by any excess of fastidiousness from giving a place and a hearing even to the most inferior verse writers whose productions have appeared in the daily papers. Her selections from Pollock, Lyman Goodman, and several others, have been more liberal and more judicious than those of Mr. Harte, and the poems by these writers, and by Emily Lawson, Ina D. Coolbrith, and Frank Soule, which the volume contains are of themselves amply worth its price. Its value, however, would be enhanced rather than diminished by the omission of at least two thirds of its actual contents, consisting as it does for the most part of verses utterly destitute of poetic merit of any kind. To the writers above named, and also to Isabel Saxon, a much larger proportionate space should have been given; but the compiler seems to have been actuated by a good natured desire to gratify the vanity of the entire mob of our indigenous rhymsters by allowing them to see their names and productions in a printed book—and probably she has acted with policy in so doing. No doubt her volume will have a larger sale than Mr. Harte's more exclusive compilation.

Having quoted about the worst poem in this volume, it is but fair that by way of offset, we should quote the best, correcting certain typographical errors and misreadings in the published version:

OLIVIA.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

What are the long waves singing, so mournfully, evermore?
What are they singing so mournfully, as they weep on the sandy shore?
"Oliv.a, oh, Olivin!"—what else can it seem to be!
"Olivin, lost Olivia, will never retu n to thee!"
"Olivia, lost Olivia!"—what else can the sad song be?
—"Weep and mourn, she will not return, she cannot return to thee!"

And strange it is, when the low wind sighs, and strange, when the loud winds blow,
In the rustle of trees, in the roar of the storm, in the sleepiest streamlets flow,
Forever, from ocean or river, ariseth the same sad moan.
—"She sleeps, let her sleep, wake her not—it were best she should rest—and alone."
Forever the same sad requiem comes up from the sorrowful sea.
For the lovely, the lost Olivia, who can not return to me!

Alas! I fear 'tis not in the air, or the sea, or the trees, that strain,
I fear 'tis a wrung heart-aching, and the throb of a tortured brain,
And the shivering whisper of startled leaves, and the sob of the waves as they roll;
I fear they are only the echo of the song of a suffering soul—
Are only the passionless echo of the voice that is ever with me,
—"The lovely, the lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"

I stand in the dim gray morning, where once I stood, to mark
Gliding away along the bay like a bird, her white winged bark;
And when, through the Golden Gate, the sunset radiance rolled,
And the tall masts melted to the thinnest threads in the glowing haze of gold,
I said, "to thine arms I give her, oh kind and shining sea,
And in one long moon from this June eve, you shall let her return to me."

But the wind from the far spice islands came back and it sang with a sigh—
"The ocean is rich with the treasure it has hidden from you and the sky.
And where, amid rocks and green sea-weed the storm and the tide were at war,
The nightly-sought waste was still vacant, when I looked to the cloud and the star;
And soon the sad wind and dark ocean unceasingly sang unto me,
"The lovely, the lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"

Dim and still the landscape lies, but shadowless as heaven;
For the growing morn, and the low-west moon on everything shine even,
The ghosts of the lost have departed, that nothing can ever redeem;
And Nature, in light, sweet slumber, is dreaming her morning dream.
'Tis morn, and our Lord has awakened, and the souls of the blessed are free.
Oh come from the caves of the ocean—Olivia return unto me.

What thrills me?—what comes near me? Do I stand on the sward alone?
Was that a light wind or a whisper?—a touch, or the pulse of a tone?
Olivia! whose spells from thy slumber, my broken heart sway and control,
At length bring'st thou death to me, dearest—or rest to my suffering soul?
No sound but the psalm of the ocean—"Bow down to the solemn decree—
"The lovely, the lost Olivia will never return to thee!"

And still are the long waves singing, so mournfully evermore;
Still are they singing so mournfully, as they weep on the sandy shore—
"Olivia—lost Olivia!"—so ever 'tis doomed to be—
"Olivia—lost Olivia—will never return to thee."
"Olivia, lost Olivia"—what else could the sad song be?—
"Weep and mourn, she will not return—she can not return to thee."

These verses have been compared to Poe's "Annabel Lee," but they are in fact, far finer than that poem. Their full beauty and power are not ordinarily felt at a first perusal, except by persons of an exceptionally poetical temperament. The slight element of the supernatural, that is introduced in the stanza commencing—

"What thrills me?—what comes near me?

evinces the true genius of the writer. Such effects are beyond the reach of mere talent, even when aided by taste, and enriched by culture. We do not know of any American poet, living or dead, who has produced anything of a similar kind, equal to Pollock's "Olivia."

M. PIERRE CAUWET'S "POESIES."

We find upon our book table an elegantly printed volume of poems in French, by Pierre Cauwet, published by Henry Payot of 640 Washington street, San Francisco. The volume comprises some two hundred pages, embracing nearly a hundred pieces on a great variety of subjects, and evincing very considerable poetical talent. In his preface, the author expresses his sense of the rashness of the enterprise upon which he embarked in publishing such a work in the midst of a community like ours, intelligent, yet intensely utilitarian, and so absorbed in the realities of life as to have but little time or interest to devote to the cultivation or enjoyment of literature. Among the compatriots of the author however, and that small portion of our population that can boast an acquaintance with the French language, we think the volume will meet with a cordial reception. Many of the poems are thoroughly Californian in spirit and local coloring. Of these, the following, dated at Scott's Valley, August 1866, is an average specimen:

MATINEE CALIFORNIENNE.

Mille bruits sortaient des buissons sonores;
Les buissons chantaient une ode au ciel bleu;
Le ciel bleu riait à la rose aurore,
Et Phœbus ouvrait son portail de feu.
Oh! le gai printemps, fleur de la jeunesse!
Il volait dans l'air un parfum d'ivresse,
Et du bord des mers aux sommets brûlants
Tout ce que Dieu fit, couleur et sculpture,
La vie entonnait l'hymne à la nature
Dont tous les couplets ont quatre mille ans!

Phœbé, la déesse au regard de marbre,
S'en allait pensive au Nord ténébreux;
An vent matinal, il pleuvait de l'arbe
Des gazouillements d'oiseaux amoureux.
Oh! le gai beau jour! c'était un dimanche;
La Sierra mettait sur sa robe blanche
Une écharpe d'or et de diamants,
Et quelque Tircis, au fond des clairières,
Menait les moutons d'une Deshoulières,
Et sifflait au bois de vieux airs charmants.

La porte s'ouvrit, et puis la fenêtre;
Une belle fille y vint et s'assit.
Un rimeur passait; en voyant paruître
La fille aux yeux bleus, le rimeur sourit.
Oh! le gai visage! où volait son âme?
A qui songeait donc la mignonne femme?
Était-ce au poëte? au fermier voisin?
Les poëtes sont la vanité même.
A qui son regard disait-il: Je t'aime!
Et quel doux penser agitait son sein?

Un instant après, dans l'allée ombreuse,
Le poëte vit l'enfant au front pur;
Penchée ou debout, rimée ou songeuse,
Il suivait ce front étoilé d'azur.
Oh! le gai matin, la saison nouvelle!
Dans les gazons verts quoi donc cherchait-elle?
Un bijou perdu, rubis, perle ou fleur?
C'était une fleur, cette fleur que brille
Dans tous les vingt ans; mais, ô belle fille!
Cette fleur d'amour ne fleurit qu'au cœur!

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

To Mrs. F. MacCrellish, Secretary to the Protestant Orphan Asylum—Madam: The Builders' Insurance Company direct me to place two hundred dollars in your hands, for the use of the Protestant Orphanage, which enjoys the advantage of your protection. At the same sitting the Directors voted two hundred dollars to the Roman Catholic Orphans, on Market street, and other sums also to other deserving charities.

Many persons in the community look upon these donations as advertising tricks, having in view merely notoriety and effect. They come to this conclusion naturally enough, because it is so strange a thing to see a corporation with a *soul*. The nature of corporations generally, as manifested by their acts and doings, proving that they are destitute of both heart and soul. Now, Madam, the Builders' Insurance Co. will prove, ere twelve months shall pass over, that they have not only a soul in their corporate body, but that they will infuse souls into all the corporations around us, and they apply to Woman, rather than to man, to effect the transmigration.

There is much, very much, to be done in this part of the world, for the interests of humanity, especially the training of the young, which seems to be left mostly to the care of woman; for the men around us appear intent only on the acquisition of wealth, or of political power—things ephemeral. 'Tis woman's mission to cling to the helpless and the unfortunate. Her heart is the last refuge of affrighted truth, and from her lips return to the perturbed world the dove of charity and beneficence.

Respectfully, Madam, your very obedient servant,
THOMAS MOONEY, President.
California street, near Sansome, December 24th, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM SOCIETY,
San Francisco, Dec. 31st, 1866.

Thomas Mooney, Esq.—Dear Sir: Permit me, on behalf of the Board of Managers, to tender to you, and through you to the Company you represent, their thanks for your generous donation of $200, which was most gratefully received.

It comes most opportunely at this time of need, and it is a pleasant thought to know there are those who are ever ready to contribute to the support of a cause that appeals so nearly to the sympathy of all. Thanking you for your kind advice and the interest you feel in our well being, with the orphan's thanks, I am, respectfully,

MARY P. MACCRELLISH, Sec'y P. O. Asylum.

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No 14.

"MEDICINE CHESTS always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

LAYING ON OF HANDS.—Animal Magnetism, or, to express it in more elegant terms, Physical Magnetism—"Mesmerism"—now styled "Laying on of Hands," dates back to the infancy of history, and presents nothing new to day. It possesses, in addition to its interesting psycological phenomena, some valuable powers in disease: but as a *curative agent* in any marked form of positive disease it is almost or quite valueless. The judgment of mankind and *experience* in all ages has so proved it.

DR. BOURNE, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, San Francisco practices an IMPROVED system of Water-Cure which embraces the true natural philosophy, recognizing the fact that sound lungs, sound stomach, an active skin, pure air, pure food, proper habits, proper clothing constitute the sole state and appliances of health. *No medicines* whatever, mineral or vegetable, as all active medicines are positive poisons.

☞ In almost all cases DR. BOURNE guarantees perfect cures, for a stipulated fee, but especially in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Fever and Ague, Paralysis, Dropsy, Erysipelas, etc.

READING, AND BATHING BY STEAM "at one and the same time," is one of the original contrivances of Dr. BOURNE, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street which has been observed during some dozen years greatly to the satisfaction of all active minds. The arrangement is as ingenious as it is agreeable to those who employ the Baths. *

MEDICINES.—This branch of my investigation and review of the medical system, is so voluminous, as well as so important, that my time has not permitted me to give it the attention it demands, during the past week. Next week, if possible, it will receive due notice—together with surgical operations.

COBB & SINTON will hold a grand credit sale of 2,000 homestead lots in the O'Neil and Haley tracts, at Platt's Hall on Tuesday, January 15th instant. These lots lay on the water-front to the south of the Potrero, right in the pathway of the city's growth, with United States Patent title, and are probably at the present time the best investment in real estate in the County of San Francisco. For terms of sale, size, and other particulars, see advertisement on 16th page.

The Bay View Park Railway, now in course of construction, will pass through these lots and will probably be finished within a few months from the present time, and must soon advance the value of all the building lots in that vicinity from three to five hundred per cent.

SHARP.—Mr. L. B. Dell, the well known active agent for the Phœnix Insurance Co., signed his commission as agent on the 8th ultimo—which commission was publicly "revoked" on the date of the 9th, by the local manager of the Phœnix. Elsewhere in our paper Mr. Dell, by card, informs those who have been his patrons for years, that "he is ready to effect insurance, and furnish information on insurance matters free of charge.

KOHLER, CHASE & Co's new Piano and Music Warerooms, No. 421 Montgomery street, next door to A. Roman & Co's., will be thrown open to the public to-day. These gentlemen are agents for Chickering & Sons' Piano Fortes, and Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs; and will keep on hand an extensive stock of Musical Merchandise and Instruments, American and Foreign Sheet Music, etc.

MESSRS. BRIGNARDELLO, MACCHIAVELLO & Co., the extensive manufacturers of Maccaroni, Vermicelli, and Farina, publish on our sixteenth page a very neat and appropriate coat of arms, formed by the representation of premium medals, awarded them for the superiority of their manufactured articles.

THERE are 137,000 persons in Brooklyn who do business in New York. The difference between the number of people that reside in New York, and those doing business there, is 179,000.

THE SIGNAL-MAN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(From his new Christmas Story, "Mugby Junction.")

"HALLOA! below there!"

When he heard a voice thus calling to him, he was standing at the door of his box, with a flag in his hand, furled round its short pole. One would have thought, considering the nature of the ground, that he could not have doubted from what quarter the voice came; but, instead of looking up to where I stood on the top of the steep cutting nearly over his head, he turned himself about and looked down the Line. There was something remarkable in his manner of doing so, though I could not have said, for my life, what. But, I know it was remarkable enough to attract my notice, even though his figure was foreshortened and shadowed, down in the deep trench, and mine was high above him, and so steeped in the glow of an angry sunset that I had shaded my eyes with my hand before I saw him at all.

"Halloa! below!"

From looking down the Line, he turned himself about again, and, raising his eyes, saw my figure high above him.

"Is there any path by which I can come down and speak to you?"

He looked up at me without replying, and I looked down at him without pressing him too soon with a repetition of my idle question. Just then, there came a vague vibration in the earth and air, quickly changing into a violent pulsation, and an oncoming rush that caused me to start back, as though it had force to draw me down. When such vapor as rose to my height from this rapid train, had passed me and was skimming away over the landscape, I looked down again, and saw him refurling the flag he had shown while the train went by.

I repeated my inquiry. After a pause, during which he seemed to regard me with fixed attention, he motioned with his rolled-up flag towords a point on my level, some two or three hundred yards distant. I called down to him, "All right!" and made for that point. There, by dint of looking closely about me, I found a rough zigzag descending path notched out: which I followed.

The cutting was extremely deep, and unusually precipitate. It was made through a clammy stone that became oozier and wetter as I went down. For these reasons, I found the way long enough to give me time to recall a singular air of reluctance or compulsion with which he had pointed out the path.

When I came down low enough upon the zigzag descent, to see him again, I saw that he was standing between the rails on the way by which the train had lately passed, in an attitude as if he were waiting for me to appear. He had his left hand at his chin, and that left elbow rested on his right hand crossed over his breast. His attitude was one of such expectation and watchfulness, that I stopped a moment, wondering at it.

I resumed my downward way, and, stepping out upon the level of the railroad and drawing nearer to him, saw that he was a dark sallow man, with a dark beard and rather heavy eyebrows. His post was in as solitary and dismal a place as ever I saw. On either side, a dripping-wet wall of jagged stone, excluding all view but a strip of sky: the prospective one way, only a crooked prolongation of this great dungeon; the shorter prospective in the other direction, terminating in a gloomy red light, and the gloomier entrance to a black tunnel, in whose massive architecture there was a barbarous, depressing, and forbidding air. So little sunlight ever found its way to this spot, and it had an earthly deadly smell; and so much cold wind rushed through it, that it struck chill to me, as if I had left the natural world.

Before he stirred, I was near enough to him to have touched him. Not even then removing his eyes from mine, he stepped back one step, and lifted his hand.

This was a lonesome post to occupy (I said), and it had riveted my attention when I looked down from up yonder. A visitor was a rarity, I should suppose; not an unwelcome rarity, I hoped? In me, he merely saw a man who had been shut up within narrow limits all his life, and who, being at last set free, had a newly-awakened interest in these great works. To such purpose I spoke to him; but I am far from sure of the terms I used, for, besides that I am not happy in opening any conversation, there was something in the man that daunted me.

He directed a most curious look towards the red light near the tunnel's mouth, and looked all about it, as if something were missing from it, and then looked at me.

That light was part of his charge? Was it not?

He answered in a low voice: "Don't you know it is?"

The monstrous thought came into my mind as I perused the fixed eyes and the saturnine face, that this was a spirit, not a man. I have speculated since whether there may have been infection in his mind.

In my turn, I stepped back. But in making the action, I detected in his eyes some latent fear of me. This put the monstrous thought to flight.

"You look at me," I said, forcing a smile, "as if you had a dread of me."

"I was doubtful," he returned, "whether I had seen you before."

"Where?"

He pointed to the red light he had looked at.

"There?" I said.

Intently watchful of me, he replied (but without sound), Yes.

"My good fellow, what should I do there? However, be that as it may, I never was there, you may swear."

"I think I may," he rejoined. "Yes, I am sure I may."

His manner cleared, like my own. He replied to my remarks with readiness, and in well chosen words. Had he much to do there? Yes: that was to say, he had enough responsibility to bear; but exactness and watchfulness were what was required of him, and of actual work—manual labor—he had next to none. To change that signal, to trim those lights, and to turn this iron handle now and then, was all he had to do under that head. Regarding those many long and lonely hours of which I seemed to make so much, he could only say that the routine of his life had shaped itself into that form, and he had grown used to it. He had taught himself a language down here—if only to know it by sight, and to have formed his own crude ideas of its pronunciation, could be called learning it. He had also worked at fractions and decimals, and tried a little algebra; but he was, and had been as a boy, a poor hand at figures. Was it necessary for him, when on duty, always to remain in that channel of damp air, and could he never rise into the sunshine from between those high stone walls? Why, that depended upon times and circumstances. Under some conditions there would be less upon the Line than under others, and the same held good as to certain hours of the day and night. In bright weather, he did choose occasions for getting a little above these lower shadows; but, being at all times liable to be called by his electric bell, and at such times listening for it with redoubled anxiety, the relief was less than I would suppose.

He took me into his box, where there was a fire, a desk for an official book in which he had to make certain entries, a telegraphic instrument with its dial face and needles, and the little bell of which he had spoken. On my trusting that he would excuse the remark that he had been well educated, and (I hoped I might say without offence) perhaps educated above that station, he observed that instances of slight incongruity in such-wise would rarely be found wanting among large bodies of men; that he had heard it was so in workhouses, in the police force, even in that last desperate resource, the army; and that he knew it was so, more or less, in any great railway staff. He had been, when young, (if I could believe it, sitting in that hut; he scarcely could,) a student of natural philosophy, and had attended lectures; but he had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down, and never risen again. He had no complaint to offer about that. He had made his bed, and he lay upon it. It was far too late to make another. All that I have here condensed, he said in a quiet manner, and his grave dark regards divided between me and the fire. He threw in the word "Sir," from time to time, and especially when he referred to his youth, as though to request me to understand that he claimed to be nothing but what I found him. He was several times interrupted by the little bell, and had to read off messages, and replies. Once he had to stand without the door and display a flag as a train passed, and make some verbal communication to the driver. In the discharge of his duties I observed him to be remarkably exact and vigilant, breaking off his discourse at a syllable, and remaining silent until what he had to do was done.

In a word, I should have set this man down as one of the safest of men to be employed in that capacity, but for the circumstance that while he was speaking to me he twice broke off with a fallen color, turned his face toward the little bell when it did not ring, opened the door of the hut (which was kept shut to exclude the unhealthy damp,) and looked out towards the red light near the mouth of the tunnel. On both of those occasions, he came back to the fire with the inexplicable air upon him which I had remarked, without being able to define, when we were so far asunder.

Said I, when I rose to leave him: "You almost make me think that I have met with a contented man."

(I am afraid I must acknowledge that I said it to lead him on.)

"I believe I used to be so," he rejoined, in the low voice in which he had first spoken; "but I am troubled, sir, I am troubled."

He would have recalled the words if he could. He had said them, however, and I took them up quickly.

"With what? What is your trouble?"

"It is very difficult to impart, sir. It is very, very, difficult to speak of. If ever you make me another visit, I will try to tell you."

"But I expressly intend to make you another visit. Say, when shall it be?"

"I go off early in the morning, and I shall be on again at ten to-morrow night, sir."

"I will come at eleven."

He thanked me, and went out at the door with me. "I'll show my white light, sir," he said, in his peculiar low voice, "till you have found the way up. When you have found it, don't call out! And when you are at the top, don't call out!"

His manner seemed to make the place strike colder to me, but I said no more than "Very well."

"And when you come down to-morrow night, don't call out! Let me ask you a parting question. What made you cry 'Halloa! Below there!' to-night?"

"Heaven knows," said I. "I cried something to that effect—"

"Not to the effect, sir. Those were the very words. I know them well."

"Admit those were the very words. I said them, no doubt, because I saw you below."

"For no other reason?"

"What other reason could I possibly have?"

"You had no feeling that they were conveyed to you in any supernatural way?"

"No."

He wished me good night, and held up his light. I walked by the side of the down Line of rails (with a very disagreeable sensation of a train coming behind me,) until I found the path. It was easier to mount than to descend, and I got back to my inn without any adventure.

Punctual to my appointment, I placed my foot on the first notch of the zigzag next night, as the distant clocks were striking eleven. He was waiting for me at the bottom, with his white light on. "I have not called out," I said, when we came close together; "may I speak now?" "By all means, sir." "Good night, then and here's my hand." "Good night, sir, and here's mine." With that, we walked side by side to his box, entered it, closed the door, and sat down by the fire.

"I have made up my mind, sir," he began, bending forward as soon as we were seated, and speaking in a tone but a little above a whisper, "that you shall not have to ask me twice what troubles me. I took you for some one else yesterday evening. That troubles me."

"That mistake?"

"No. That some one else."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know."

"Like me?"

"I don't know. I never saw the face. The left arm is across the face, and the right arm is waved. Violently waved. This way."

I followed his action with my eyes, and it was the action of an arm gesticulating with the utmost passion and vehemence; "For God's sake clear the way!"

"One moonlight night," said the man, "I was sitting here, when I heard a voice cry 'Halloa! Below there!' I started up, looked from that door, and saw this Some one else standing by the red light near the tunnel, waving as I just now showed you. The voice seemed hoarse with shouting, and it cried, 'Look out! Look out!' And then again 'Halloa! Below there! Look out!' I caught up my lamp, turned it on red, and ran towards the figure, calling, 'What's wrong? What has happened? Where?' It stood just outside the tunnel. I advanced so close upon it that I wondered at its keeping the sleeve across its eyes. I ran right up at it, and had my hand stretched out to pull the sleeve away, when it was gone."

"Into the tunnel," said I.

"No. I ran on into the tunnel, five hundred yards. I stopped and held my lamp above my head, and saw the figures of the measured distance, and saw the wet stains stealing down the walls and trickling through the arch. I ran out again, faster than I had run in (for I had a mortal abhorrence of the place upon me,) and I looked all round the red light with my own red light, and I went up the iron ladder to the gallery atop of it, and I came down again, and ran back here. I telegraphed both ways: 'An alarm has been given. Is anything wrong?' The answer came back, both ways: 'All well.'"

Resisting the slow touch of a frozen finger tracing on my spine, I showed him how that this figure must be a deception of his sense of sight, and how that figures, originating in disease of the delicate nerves that minister to the functions of the eye, were known to have often troubled patients, some of whom had become conscious of the nature of their affliction, and had even proved it by experiments upon themselves.

"As to an imaginary cry," said I, "do but listen for a moment to the wind in this unnatural valley while we speak so low, and to the wild harp it makes of the telegraph wires!"

That was all very well, he returned, after we had sat listening for a while, and he ought to know something of the wind and the wires, he who so often passed long winter nights there, alone and watching. But he would beg to remark that he had not finished.

I asked his pardon, and he slowly added these words, touching my arm:—

"Within six hours after the Appearance, the memorable accident on this Line happened, and within ten hours the dead and wounded were brought along through the tunnel over the spot where the figure had stood."

A disagreeable shudder crept over me, but I did my best against it. It was not to be denied, I rejoined, that this was a remarkable coincidence, calculated deeply to impress the mind. But it was unquestionable that remarkable coincidences did continually occur, and they must be taken into account in dealing with such a subject. Though to be sure I must admit, I added (for I thought I saw that he was going to bring the objection to bear upon me,) men of common sense did not allow much for coincidences in making the ordinary calculations of life.

He again begged to remark that he had not finished.

I again begged his pardon for being betrayed into interruptions.

"This," he said, again laying his hand upon my arm, and glancing over his shoulder with hollow eyes, "was just a year ago. Six or seven month passed, and I had recovered from the surprise and shock, when one morning, as the day was breaking. I, standing at the door, looked toward the red-light and saw the spectre again." He stopped, with a fixed look at me.

"Did it cry out?"

"No. It was silent."

"Did it wave its arm?"

"No. It leaned against the shaft of the light, with both hands before the face. Like this,"

Once more I followed his action with my eyes. It was an action of mourning. I have seen such an attitude in stone figures on tombs.

"Did you go up to it?"

"I came in and sat down, partly to collect my thoughts, and partly because it had turned me faint. When I went to the door again, daylight was above me, and the ghost was gone,"

"But nothing followed? Nothing came of this?"

He touched me on the arm with his forefinger twice or thrice, giving a ghastly nod each time:

"That very day, as a train came out of the tunnel, I noticed, at a carriage window on my side, what looked like a confusion of hands and heads, and something waved. I saw it just in time to signal the driver, Stop! He shut off, and put his brake on, but the train drifted past here a hundred and fifty yards or more. I ran after it, and, as I went along, heard terrible screams and cries. A beautiful young lady had died instantaneously in one of the compartments, and was brought in here, and laid down on this floor between us."

Involuntarily I pushed my chair back, as I looked from the boards at which he pointed, to himself.

"True, sir. True. Precisely as it happened, so I tell it you."

I could think of nothing to say, to any purpose, and my mouth was very dry. The wind and the wires took up the story with a long lamenting wail.

He resumed. "Now, sir, mark this, and judge how my mind is troubled. The spectre came back, a week ago. Ever since, it has been there, now and again, by fits and starts."

"At the light?

"At the Danger-light,"

"What does it seem to do?"

He repeated, if possible with increased passion and vehemence, that former gesticulation of "For God's sake clear the way"

Then, he went on, "I have no peace or rest for it. It calls to, me, for many minutes together, in an agonized manner, 'Below there! Look out!' It stands waving to me. It rings my little bell—"

I caught at that. "Did it ring your bell yesterday evening when I was here, and you went to the door?"

"Twice."

"Why, see," said I, "how your imagination misleads you. My eyes were on the bell, and my ears were open to the bell, and, if I am a living man, it did NOT ring at those times. No, nor at any other time, except when it was rung in the natural course of physical things by the station communicating with you."

He shook his head. "I have never made a mistake as to that, yet, sir. I have never confused the spectre's ring with the man's. The ghost's ring is a strange vibration in the bell that it derives from nothing else, and I have not asserted that the bell stirs to the eye. I don't wonder that you failed to hear it. But *I* heard it."

"And did the spectre seem to be there, when you looked out?"

"It WAS there."

"Both times?

He repeated firmly: "Both times."

"Will you come to the door with me, and look for it now?

He bit his under lip as though he were somewhat unwilling, but arose. I opened the door, and stood on the step, while he stood in the doorway. There, was the Danger light. There, was the dismal mouth of the tunnel. There, were the high wet stone walls of the cutting. There, were the stars above them.

"Do you see it?" I asked him, taking particular note of his face. His eyes were prominent and strained; but not very much so, perhaps, than my own had been when I had directed them earnestly toward the same point.

"No," he answered, "It is not there."

"Agreed," said I.

We went in again, shut the door, and resumed our seats. I was thinking how best to improve this advantage, if it might be called one, when he took up the conversation in such a matter-of-coarse way, so assuming that there could be no serious question of fact between us, that I felt myself placed in the weakest of positions.

"By this time you will fully understand, sir," he said, "that what troubles me so dreadfully, is the question, What does the spectre mean?"

I was not sure, I told him, that I did fully understand.

"What is its warning against?" he said, ruminating, with his eyes on the fire, and only by times turning them on me. "What is the danger? Where is the danger? There is danger overhanging, somewhere on the Line. Some dreadful calamity will happen. It is not to be doubted this thire time, after what has gone before. But surely this is a cruel hunting of *me*. What can *I* do?"

He pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped the drops from his heated forehead.

"If I telegraph Danger, on either side of me, or on both, I can give no reason for it," he went on, wiping the palms of his hands. "I should get into trouble, and do no good. They would think I was mad. This is the way it would work:—Message: 'Danger! Take care!' Answer: "What Danger? Where?' Message: 'Don't know. But for God's sake take care!' They would displace me. What else could they do?"

His pain of mind was most pitiable to see. It was the mental torture of a conscientious man, oppressed beyond endurance by an unintelligible responsibility involving life.

"When it first stood under the Danger-light," he went on, putting his dark hair back from his head, and drawing his hands outward across and across his temples in an extremity of feverish distress, "why not tell me where that accident was to happen—if it must happen? Why not tell me how it could be averted—if it could have been averted? When on its second coming it hid its face, why not tell me instead: 'She is going to die. Let them keep her at home?' If it came, on those two occasions, only to show me that its warnings were true, and so to prepare me for the third, why not warn me plainly now? And I, Lord help me! A mere poor signal-man on this solitary station! Why not go to somebody with credit to be believed, and power to act?"

When I saw him in this state, I saw that for the poor man's sake, as well as for the public safety, what I had to do for the time was, to compose his mind. Therefore, setting aside all question of reality or unreality between us, I represented to him that whoever thoroughly discharged his duty, must do well, and that at least it was his comfort that he understood his duty, though he did not understand these confounding Appearances. In this effort I succeeded far better than in the attempt to reason him out of his conviction. He became calm; the occupations incidental to his post as the night advanced, began to make larger demands on his attention: and I left him at two in the morning. I had offered to stay through the night, but he would not hear of it.

That I more than once looked back at the red light as I ascended the pathway, that I did not like the red light, and that I should have slept but poorly if my bed had been under it, I see no reason to conceal. Nor, did I like the two sequences of the accident and the dead girl. I see no reason to conceal that, either.

But, what ran most in my thoughts was the consideration how I ought to act, having become the recipient of this disclosure? I had proved the man to be intelligent, vigilant, painstaking, and exact; but how long might he remain so, in this state of mind? Though in a subordinate position, still he held a most important trust, and would I (for instance) like to stake my own life on the chances of his continuing to execute it with precision?

Unable to overcome a feeling that there would be something treacherous in my communicating what he had told me to his superiors in the Company, without first being plain with himself and proposing a middle course to him, I ultimately resolved to offer to accompany him (otherwise keeping his secret for the present) to the wisest medical practitioner we could hear of in those parts, and to take his opinion. A change in his time of duty would come round next night, he had apprised me, and he would be off an hour or two after sunrise, and on again soon after sunset. I had appointed to return accordingly.

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the field-path near the top to the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself, half an hour on and half an hour back, and it would then be time to go to my signal-man's box.

Before pursuing my stroll, I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down, from the point from which I had first seen him. I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

The nameless horror that oppressed me, passed in a moment, for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made The Danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft, a little low hut, entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

With an irresistible sense that something was wrong—with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fatal mischief had come of my leaving the man there, and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did—I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

"What is the matter?" I asked the men.

"Signal-man killed this morning, sir."

"Not the man belonging to that box?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the man I know?"

"You will recognize him, sir, if you knew him," said the man who spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head and raising an end of the tarpaulin, "for his face is quite composed."

"O! how did this happen, how did this happen?" I asked, turning from one to another as the hut closed in again.

"He was cut down by the engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better. But somehow he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad bay. He had struck the light, and had the lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel, his back was toward her, and she cut him down. That man drove her, and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom."

The man, who wore a rough dark dress, stepped back to his former place at the mouth of the tunnel.

"Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir," he said, "I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective-glass. There was no time to check speed, and I knew him to be very careful. As he didn't seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call."

"What did you say?"

"I said, Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's sake clear the way!"

I started.

"Ah! it was a dreadful time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes, not to see, and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no use."

Without prolonging the narrative to dwell on any one of its curious circumstances more than on any other, I may, in closing it, point out the coincidence that the warning of the engine-driver included, not only the words which the unfortunate signal-man had repeated to me as haunting him, but also the words which I myself—not he—had attached, and that only in my own mind, to the gesticulation he had imitated.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen or seventeen letters.

My 16, 14, 3, 4, 6, 9, 15, is something or other, in a general way.

My 2, 11, 7, 14, is something else.

My 9, 6, 4, 10, 15, 11. is the other thing.

My 6, 16, 8, 14, 9, 3, 2, 1, 11, is most anything.

My 5, 3, 9, 14, 7, 3, 1, 11, 5, 6, 16, 2, 13, is most anything else.

My 4, 2, 16, 9, is a good deal like some of the things referred to above, though in what respect it has baffled even me to determine.

My 9, 3, 8, 12, is—is—well, I suppose it *is*, although I cannot see why.

Now, if anybody can cipher out that enigma, he is an abler man than I am, notwithstanding I got it up myself. It would be a real favor if some one would try, however. I have figured at it, and worked at it, and sweated over it, until I am disgusted, and *I* can make neither head nor tail of it. I thought it was rather neat at first, but I do not like it so well, now that I can't find out the answer to it. It looks rather easy at a first glance, but you will notice that the further you get into it the more it widens out.

This is my first effort in the enigma line, and, to speak the plain truth, I am considerably stunned at my own success. I do not seem to have just got the hang of this sort of thing, somehow. But I offer the entertaining little trifle to your readers for what it is worth—it may serve to amuse an idle year—and it cannot do much harm—it cannot more than drive a man mad, and make him massacre his relations.

MARK TWAIN.

THE Empress of Mexico is recovering. She drinks milk, embroiders, says her prayers, smokes cigarettes, and does a number of other things equally sensible, to prove to the world that she is no more insane than the mass of her contemporaries.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

White & Bauer, *News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for* The Californian *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at reasonable rates.

J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1867.

RITUALISM AND RELIGIOUS TAILORING.

THE latest development of religious feeling at Oxford, in the shape of an enthusiasm for gorgeous ecclesiastical costume and a splendid ceremonial, while its progress has been quite rapid in England, seems to have met with little in the way of encouragement or imitation in the United States. This was to have been expected, for nothing can be more foreign to the ingrained ideas of Americans than that caricature of ritualism, the chief features of which are posturings, genuflections, church upholstery, and priestly vestments. Yet there is always and everywhere to be found a class of minds in which the religious sentiment will exhibit itself in a leaning toward these things, and in which veneration and devotional feeling are inspired by the agency of stained windows, costly altar cloths, and an elaborate ceremonial. Among women of a devout turn, this class is particularly large. To them a priest is not half a priest unless in priestly garments that seem to mark him visibly as apart from, and superior to other men. The white neck-tie, the grave demeanor, the solemn voice, the sanctified look impress their imaginations; and we do not think that Mr. Reade has at all over estimated the effect of these things even upon so high-spirited and superior a woman as the heroine of *Griffith Gaunt*. Indeed, the manner in which he describes her instant yielding to priestly authority in one of her most rebellious moods, the moment her confessor assumed his official tone, and "let out the diapason" of his voice, is a genuine stroke of nature, and one of the finest of the minor felicities of the book.

But though Protestant ritualism is making some progress in the United States, it is in a very mild form as compared with the genuine Oxford type, where we are informed that, "strong young men, with whiskers, and big arms and fat calves," who are good cricketers and oarsmen, organize themselves into "holy brotherhoods" and take huge delight in dressing themselves up in the oddest and most expensive ecclesiastical garments as their regular daily costume, walking the public streets "with garments and head dresses on, that give the iniatiated to understand that their wearers are as much priests as it is possible for young laymen to be." It is not probable that we shall even see anything like this in the United States, though undoubtedly these young men are thoroughly sincere in the matter and not without a certain chivalric element in their sincerity; and it must also be admitted that there are much worse and even sillier things that young men are in the habit of doing than forming "holy brotherhoods," and wearing outlandish ecclesiastical vestments.

After all, ritualism, is a matter of religious taste, or of religious termperament. We do not see how it can do harm to anyone. To hard-headed unsentimental persons it seems very absurd, and also to those whose religious fervor is passionate and emotional, as with the Methodists and Baptists, or solemn and profound as in in certain other Protestant sects; but to others, in whom the imaginative element predominates over the intellectual or the passionate, it may be necessary for keeping alive awe and veneration in the soul When we come more fully to realize the fact that there are infinite varieties of mental and moral constitution among human beings, and that the only religious truth which it is possible for us to attain is partial and relative, we shall be prepared to admit that there may be elements of good in all modes of faith, and that the form of worship that we ourselves prefer, may not be the best for our neighbors.

The *Tribune* has engaged Mr. Dickens to write a novel for its weekly edition—paying for it $25,000. Carlyle has also been engaged to contribute a single article, to cover a page of the daily edition, for which he receives the sum of one hundred and fifty guineas. John Stuart Mill has also been secured as a contributor, for 1867, and the *Tribune* will, upon the opening of the new year, be printed on heavy paper, similar to that used in working off the daily editions of the London *Times*.

Sword blades resembling those of Damascus are made at Solingen, Germany. A fagot is first formed of alternate fine bars of iron and steel. It is drawn out, doubled and twisted several times, and then formed into a ribbon. Two such ribbons are welded together, enclosing between them a thin blade of the best cutting English steel. After polishing, it is dipped in diluted sulphuric acid to give it a pattern.

THE NEW ROUTE TO CHINA AND JAPAN.

WE find on our table a neat phamphlet entitled *A sketch of the New Route to China and Japan by the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.'s Line.* This book comes "with the compliments of Turnbull & Smith, Printers, 522 Clay street," whose imprint it bears, but is, we presume, published by the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. for the purpose of setting forth the advantages of the new route. The book is modestly written and is quite up to the average standard of works of its class. The writer addresses himself to Europeans especially, and gives a brief account of the most remarkable features of the trip. He gives the following advice to the European on his arrival in New York:

"To suggest what to visit about the city of New York, where one's time is limited, would be the height of absurdity. The city presents so much of variety, that to attempt a selection would be a thankless piece of work. The best plan is to jump into a hackney coach and give the driver a *carte blanche* to take you where he pleases. You must tell him, of course, that you are a stranger and wish to see as much as possible in a given amount of time, and the probabilities are that he will then show you a very fair proportion of all that can be seen on a drive."

We do not think the above advice judicious. As a rule, it is unsafe in any country to give a hackney coach-driver *carte blanche* to take you where he pleases, and especially injudicious to inform him that you are a stranger. The author of this work is, however, very honest, he fairly sets forth the discomforts of the voyage by the new route and does not exaggerate the beauties of the places which the passengers will have a chance of visiting. However, he strongly insists that the new route is the best, and is sure that though Englishmen are, "prejudiced against Yankee steamers, particularly on account of not admiring, or feeling confidence in the Yankee engines, they delight in seeing something new, and if they can avoid Chinese, Hindoos, Turks, Arabs, Parsees, Maltese and Frenchmen, and their respective countries, they will do so in order to have an inspection of Yankees and Yankee land, and Spanish America and its people, especially when they can have so much comfort besides."

The author begs the indulgence of the reader for his book, because it only took him a week to get it up, and concludes with the following request:

"Give the work all the credit you can, and find as little fault as possible."

This request we have complied with because the author writes good English and shows no disposition to exaggerate.

Not Ornamental.—The new Presbyterian Church on Mission street, which has just been completed, for the use of Dr. Scuddder's congregation, can scarcely be numbered among the architectural ornaments of the city. In fact it seems to possess no architecturul character whatever. If criticised from an artistic stand point, it is quite impossible to say anything in its favor; indeed, we are given to understand that some merit is claimed for it, on the ground of the absence of all "architectural gewgaws." Nevertheless the structure can make no pretensions even to the merit of plainness. The four ponderous "columbiads" on its front do not avail to hide either its ungainly proportions or the awkward arrangement of the roof; and the rear of the building as it towers above the surrounding edifices is stronlgy suggestive of the "sawdust." The entrances also, seem singularly narrow and cramped. Had they been of ampler proportions—and we can see no valid reason why they should not have been—the front would certainly have looked the better for it. We are informed that the plans for the ill-proportioned and clumsy structure were obtained from New York. It is some satisfaction to know that none of our resident architects are responsible for such a monstrosity.

The Banner of Progress.—We have received the first copy of the *Banner of Progress* published by Benjamin Todd and W. H. Manning, at 522 Clay street. This paper will be published every Saturday and devoted to Spiritualism and "liberal religious ideas." It is by far the best looking Spiritualist newspaper published in the United States. A beatifully engraved head drawn by Nahl Bros., adorns the first page, and the paper typographically presents a lively and cheerful appearance. The articles are nearly all original and comprise contributions from Fanny Green McDougal and Mrs. G. R. Williams. There is nothing strikingly original in the editorials, but a good deal in them which goes to prove that if the orthodox churches are uncharitable towards Spiritualists, the latter are equally dogmatic in their utterances, and equally prejudiced with the professors of the old established creeds. We miss in this paper the only thing which can render it saleable, viz: reports of the proceedings of Spiritualistic circles, telegrams from the spirit world, shocking doggrel purporting to have been composed by Byron in the Spirit-land, and other supernatural compositions. If this Spiritual paper is to succeed, Spirit editors must be engaged at once.

Nast's Picture.—In consequence of the weather having prevented many persons paying a visit to Snow & Routh's art gallery, 219 Montgomery street, Nast's picture of "Marching Through Georgia" will remain on exhibition during the present month.

A NEW CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

"Every Day Life" is the title of a new California Magazine, the first number of which lies before us, attractive in its typographical appearance, and filled with a variety of pleasant and edifying reading matter, as we infer from the table of contents and a hasty glance at the articles themselves. Mrs. Washington Wright, better known as "Carrie Carlton," under which *nom de plume* her best pieces have been published, is the editress and part proprietor of the Magazine. Among the contents are two contributions which we have found time to read, and of which we can speak in terms of unqualified praise. The first is an exquisite little poem by Charles Warren Stoddard, conceived in his finest vein and executed in his most faultless manner; the second is a characteristic piece by Ina D. Coolbrith. We give them both, according the precedence, of course the lady:

SPIDERS.

I walked through the garden of lilies,
And found in the fairest one
A great, black spider, weaving
His shining web in the sun.
Airily, swiftly darting
To and fro as he spun,
Till the glittering mesh was woven,
The silvery snare was done.

I saw in the moon-lit garden,
A lover and maiden meet;
His eyes were true and tender,
And his words, how pure and sweet!
Why did I think of my lily—
The very fairest one—
And the great black spider, weaving
His cruel web in the sun?

A RAIN SONG.

Though I would shield you from the snow,
And from the fierce four winds that blow,
I could not once forbid the rain
To tarry, or to come again;
If I did know
Delightful sorcery, and art,
Sweet heart! Sweet-heart!

I'd kneel to save your tender feet
From hurting in the ice, and sleet,
But love you, darling, in the rain
Adown the lane, adown the lane
With motion fleet:
Where buds and early-grasses start;
Sweet-heart! Sweet-heart!

I'd beg the bonds of summer break,
And fade away, for your dear sake.
Still, thirsting for the falling rain,
My spirit, wearying, would fain
Some comfort take
With singing, till the clouds depart,
Sweet-heart! Sweet-heart.!

The courageous and enterprising spirit which has prompted the founders of *Every Day Life* to embark in so hazardous an undertaking as that of starting a California monthly after the disastrous issue of all previous attempts of the kind, is worthy of admiration; and we heartily wish them that large measure of success which they will undoubtedly merit if they shall be able to furnish us a Magazine fairly representing the spirit and talent of the State. Finally, we would in all kindness advise the managers of the periodical, either to abstain entirely from dealing with political issues, or else to handle them in a manly, outspoken style. The only article in the present number that bears upon national questions is written in the most jesuitical spirit, hinting at what it seems as though the writer would, yet dare not plainly say, and striving by all manner of crab like indirections to advocate something which he does not wish to seem to advocate.

Stoddard's Poems.—We are glad to learn that Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, the most richly gifted of our rising California poets, is about to publish in a handsome volume, a selection from the pieces which, during several years past he has contributed to literary papers of the State, together with others that have never been published. Mr. Stoddard's genious has already, young as he is, acquired a wide recognition. His reputation is not merely a local one. The leading literary papers at the East have long been in the habit of republishing every scrap of verse from his pen that appears in the columns of the Californian, and the promised volume will be welcomed by a large circle of appreciative admirers.

Woodward's Garden.—The museum filled with its thousands of curiosities, the conservatory with every variety of grape in growth, and the magnificent picture gallery—all under cover—have attractions that drew many a visitor from the city, even during the late stormy weather. No stranger should visit San Francisco without seeing Woodward's Garden and its contents.

The Pioneers.—This association have recently issued a very handsome pamphlet containing their constitution and by-laws as revised and adopted in October, 1866; a list of officers and an alphabetical list of members—952 in all—with a record of the date of arrival of each in California.

Laura Cuppy will lecture at Maguire's Opera House on Sunday evening as usual. The audience will have the selection of the subject. Mrs. Cuppy is prepared to lecture at any of the surrounding towns and villages during the week.

The Olympic Club's Monthly Reception.—The next social reception of the Olympians will take place at their rooms, on Friday evening, January 18th instant. We acknowledge the compliment of an invitation.

[For the Californian.]

MOODS.

I.

O MY beloved, e'er the sun is down,
Where is my young renown?

O, dear beloved, e'er the day is past,
Where is my portion cast?

If I have falsely sung I sought amends—
Yet still the sun descends.

And I have striven hard and constantly,
Yet still the day goes by.

What is a lump unto my stumbling feet,
With life no longer sweet?

The stars, in differing glories, what are they
To the good warmth of day?

Where is my lacking, that the world denies
Unto my art the prize?

Gird me about with wings that I may speed,
Touching the stars, indeed.

Strong is the spirit, is the flesh so weak?
O, best beloved, speak!

Is there no gift in store for such as I?
Beloved love, reply.

II.

O, my beloved, though the night were here,
Still could thy presence cheer.

False is the smile of Fame, and soon obscure,
How doth thy light endure!

Fame beckons all and courts the multitude;
How doth thy love exclude!

How doth thy love exclude all, saving me,
I kept unworthily—

Retained, made richer by endowment, filled
Full of thy grace, yet skilled

To walk in modesty. O, perfect heart
Night is not where thou art!"

How can I comprehend and value thee
Out of my poverty?

Amid thy lavish elements dishursed,
I faint and am a-thirst?

Too prodigal of sweets to satisfy—
Drinking, I still am dry!

And hunger ever though forever fed,
Beloved! Beloved!

San Francisco, 1867. CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

[For the Californian.]

A CHILD LOOKING UP WISHFULLY AT A RIPE CHERRY.

Cherry! sweet cherry! my lips they are drouth,
While I lie watching—please fall in my mouth;
While I lie watching the bird and the bee,
Waiting and watching sweet cherry for thee.

Here will I rest in the shade all the day,
Rest while the bird and the bee are at play,
Watching the wind and the bird and the bee,
Waiting and watching sweet cherry for thee.

Here will I lie till the wind of the south
Shake thee and make thee fall in my mouth;
Watching the wind and the bird and the bee,
Waiting and watching sweet cherry for thee.

Were I a bee or a bird I would fly
Up and away with thee cherry so high;
Up and away with the bird and bee,
Not waiting and watching old cherry for thee.

W. M. W.

A DEDICATION.

The sea gives her shells to the shingle,
The earth gives her streams to the sea;
There are many, but my gift is single,
My verses, the first fruits of me.
Let the wind take the green and the gray leaf,
Cast forth without fruit upon air;
Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and hay-leaf
Blown loose from the hair.

The night shakes them round me in legions,
Dawn drives them before her like dreams;
Time sheds them like snows on strange regions,
Swept shoreward on infinite streams;
Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;
Some stained as with wine and made bloody,
And some as with tears.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE B'nai Berith Literary and Social Circle will give their inaugural entertainment, at Platt's Hall, on next Tuesday evening. The programme consists of the nautical drama of *Black Eyed Susan*, which was so effectively presented by the same society, several weeks since, and a recitation, "Damon and Pythias" (in German), to be followed by the lively farce of *Box and Cox. Married and Settled.* The cast in full—all amateurs—can be found in our advertising columns. A ball will conclude this very full programme. The proceeds will be presented to the Ladies' United Hebrew Benevolent Society.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS *fils*, in spite of his determination to write no more for the stage, has just read a new comedy, entitled "*Les Idées de Madame Aubray*, to a select circle of friends.

[For the Californian.]

A PLEA FOR LAZINESS.

BY PRENTICE.

A LARGE portion of mankind would lie abed in the morning were they able. It is the necessity of gaining bread which drags from their warm, comfortable couches thousands of miserable unfortunates these cold, dark, dreary mornings. A cup of coffee, or a slight repast, before arising is not at all objectionable, although our grandparents regarded such luxuries as abominable, and even unholy.

The physical degeneracy of a portion of the American people, is owing to an excess of industry. They have been over-dosed by such maxims as—

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

We have been too often told to "go to the ant, consider her ways and be wise." We have formed an exaggerated idea of the industrious habits of the ant, or else we have not been to her at all, for that insect only labors by daylight, and, moreover, sleeps all the winter. Ants never run the risk of freezing their feet or the tips of their noses, at five o'clock on a winter's morning.

I was brought up on a New England farm, until the age of eighteen. Up to that period my life was one dreary round of work, work, work. I was told to be virtuous, to be honest, and above all to be industrious. My parents, my aunts, my uncles, the schoolmaster, the deacons, the minister of the parish and many ancient maidens pelted me with the maxims of Poor Richard. I did work, and worked hard, from sunrise to sunset in the summer, and from the late darkness of the winter's morn to the early candlelight of its evening. I milked the cows at five o'clock, and *chored* till breakfast. I ploughed and sowed in the Spring; mowed and raked in the Summer; cut wood and split rails in Winter, in addition to the endurance of that three month's schooling, during the same season, in a shabby, little red schoolhouse at the cross-roads, with its rows of dirty, unpainted, ink-spattered, pine desks; its uncomfortable benches; its box stove with its extremes of heat and cold; its confined and dreadful atmosphere arising from a lack of proper ventilation, and its crabbed schoolmaster.

Then there were the four holidays pertaining to the New England year, New Year's, Christmas, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving. Even these were not perfect holidays. My people could not endure the extravagance of a perfect holiday.

At twenty I commenced thinking—most lazy men do waste a vast amount of time in idle thought. I wondered if it was an inevitable necessity that I should endure existence upon the treadmill of twelve or fourteen hours of work per day.

Well, I discovered that some people got along very well with less; and, as one naturally turns from a rugged into a well-beaten track when both lead to the same destination, I resolved to emulate their example. I have made it a study to live, and live decently, with comparatively little labor. I entertain no thought of gaining a fortune; not even a competency. My health is excellent. I am, however, willing to admit there are some luxuries I would be glad to get; a wife, for instance, but I cannot afford to slave even for that luxury My friends term me lazy. That does not trouble me. I laugh as I behold them rushing by, wearing out body and soul in the chase after dollars, and I almost weep when I see so many other poor souls, or rather bodies, toiling so hard for a mere pittance, while the surplus derived from their labor goes for the purchase of luxuries for those who do not need them.

Industry is a great thing—in its place. But I object to the excess of that useful article. Solomon's proverbs and Ben Franklin's maxims added to our natural acquisitiveness are helping to ruin the American people.

I know you will laugh at this; but there are generations yet to come who will devote two hours to recreation where you now devote one, and these people will laugh and wonder much at you. They will hold me as a martyr, who endured ridicule and censure for the sake of my convictions concerning the propriety of moderate laziness. I know that excess of work, mental as well as physical, is at the bottom of our physical degeneracy. There is your industrious farmer who believes in "the early bird catching the worm." Has this life long exercise in catching matutinal worms made him a model of physical perfection? Is he not oftener long, lean, angular and flat-chested, with a sharp, care-worn face, besides evincing extensive traces of hirsute denudation before forty? True, there is an ideal, healthy, ruddy-faced farmer, known as the embodiment of heartiness and good cheer, but he is found mostly in the books. And their wives too. I have seen them in the East, and the West, and know well how they look. To one healthy woman, there are ten lean, bony, spooky looking sisters, whose entire existence is a fret between the oven, the churn, the baby and the wash tub. They endure existence because they are obliged to.

Yes "early to bed and early to rise," and, poor creatures, they deem it impious to sit up after nine o'clock, though their souls, by some rare chance, might be as joyful as King David's when he danced before the Ark, for the household *must* be up and doing at four to-morrow morning, in the exercise of the perpetual drudgery necessary to perpetuate a miserable existence. I should think they would finally turn into their coffins with a sigh of relief that their washing, baking, ironing, churning and drudgery was all over. No wonder the papers teem with advertisements of female medicaments.

Do you think this style of living improves the stock? No. This excess of labor, not only breaks us down physically and mentally at an early age, but its evils are also entailed on our children. Our daughters are fair and delicate at twenty, but the blight which falls upon them ere thirty, is proverbial. They have run almost entirely to seed when the Englishwoman is in her prime. There is scarcely such a thing as matronly beauty among us. You may laugh at me as much as you please but I shall persist in the practice and advocacy of my theory. I contend that had our fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers laid in bed a little longer those cold mornings, and practiced a little more wholesome laziness, we should not now hear so much of the foreign supplanting the native population in the New England States.

Talk of dissipation making wrecks of men! Why, there are ten heads made bald, ten faces wrinkled, ten cases of prostration and paralysis, and ten constitutions broken down entirely at thirty-five by over-work, where there is one by dissipation. Therefore, as long as I can afford it, I shall choose the better part and be lazy.

JOURNALISM.—A late number of the *Round Table* contains an article on Journalism in which occurs the following advice to young men entering the profession:

"Young men who have made the attempt, or contemplate becoming journalists should purge themselves of all desire to write editorials, and go to work to learn the routine of the profession. Let them begin as reporters and work their way up, for in this way alone can they acquire the knowledge that is requisite for success in after life. The tact to discern what is news, to determine how to place it before the public, comes by experience, not by intuition; and when this is acquired it will be a simple matter to write editorials. The man who overflows with thoughts is never at a loss for a way of expressing them to others, and, ten chances to one, he will prefer to employ himself with inspiring those about him rather than attempting to put all his conceptions in writing. Another important consideration is that the province of a daily newspaper is to collect *news*. To this end everything else should bend. The paper which is most enterprising in the publication of news is sure to distance its competitors in the long run; and the paper which realizes to the fullest extent Burke's idea of a newspaper, that it is 'the history of the world for one day,' is certain of achieving a greater degree of success that any of its contemporaries that regard a journal simply as a medium for the expression of opinion."

A FRENCH ELEPHANT.—The following anecdote amusingly illustrates the exquisite pleasure which the French papers take in telling stories that nobody believes: "The interior of an elephant's trunk is lined with an immense olfactory nerve, by which the animal is able to detect, the faintest odors at a distance. He finds that the orange flower yields the most delicious of all perfumes, and travelers state that in Japan elephants may frequently be seen burying their trunks in the foliage of the orange trees to enjoy the fragrance. The other day the large elephants in the *Jardin de Plantes* suddenly ceased picking up the bread and cake offered to him by the visitors of the garden, drew in his trunk and continued to follow along the railings of his enclosure a lady who was carrying in her hand a bouquet of orange flowers. The lady's attention was called to his movement, and she at once held the bouquet within his reach. The animal seized the flowers, inhaled the perfume with great delight for several moments, and —here comes the least credible portion of the story—again put forth his trunk and restored the bouquet to the lady

One understands an elephant's passion for sweet smells but hardly comprehends his manifestation of gallantry and good breeding.

Annihilating Ferocity.

The diminutive *Dramatic Chronicle* has commenced a wholesale attack upon the big dailies, which seems to indicate the design of exterminating them all in order that it may itself monopolize the field of journalism. For some weeks past it has persistently assailed the *Times* (which it evidently considers in the light of a rival commenced as an "opposition" to the *Chronicle*) with the wanton ardor of a cock-sparrow in pairing time. On one day it exultingly drags to light some blunder in the commercial column, some misquotation of the price of barley—or of putty. The next, it indulges in savage triumph over some grammatical or rhetorical slip in the "hen editorial" department. Not content with maintaining this constant supervision of the *Times*, it lectures the *Alta* about the "sloppy style of its leaders, rebukes the Sacramento *Union* for the "crudeness" of its political utterances. Sneers at the *Call* for its "potoe-growing utilitarianism;" exhorts the *Spectator* to avoid preaching secesh doctrine; snubs the *Era* and *Mercury* as "flash Sunday papers," besides keeping an eye on the *Examiner*, and regulating the interior Press generally. The discharge of duties so numerous, so varied, and so responsible, must involve an extraordinary degree of mental wear and tear on the part of the editor of the gratuitous sheet."

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was fringed inch deep with pearl.

From sheds now roofed with Carrara,
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down—
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirring by.

I thought of a mount in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood—
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told her of the good All-father
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When the mount was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the Merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LITERARY TUMBLERS.

ANYBODY who considers the vast amount of ephemeral literature produced in this favored country cannot fail to be struck with the universal desire of writers who cater for the appetites of partially educated men and women to provide something funny and witty for their entertainment. One good poet represents, as we know, a floating mass of some thousand unrecognised poetasters, whose poetry is only appreciated by their sisters, and still more by their sisters' governesses. But for every single work of real humor there are, it would seem, millions of little *jeux d'esprit* the authors of which are always anxiously attempting to amuse their fellow-creatures, and to rise to the level of waggery at least. And it is a pleasure for all thoughtful minds to be able to reflect that the ambition to to be thought funny is much more easily gratified than the wish be thought a fine and grand poet. Nobody who begins the race with health and spirits, and a patient resolution to learn, need leave hope behind. Every literary tumbler, no matter what his merits, represents, we may be sure, an audience who stop still to look at him, or else his tumbling would come to a speedy end, and the magazine or newspaper which now knows him would know him no more; and one need scarcely say that there is every possible sort of audience to be discovered if tumblers only choose the right streets and thoroughfares in the Vanity Fair of literature.

Between buffoonery and humor there are plenty of gradations, in the world of letters as well as upon the stage. But there is one characteristic so common to all that it may almost be taken as a type of the innumerable varieties of artificial fun upon which the public are regaled. This is cheeriness—a sort of literary sugar-candy invented originally by Mr. Dickens, and sprea thick over all his really humorous compositions. And when I see the success of the many correspondences of the daily pa ers all over the habitable globe, and admire the sort of univ al brotherhood that subsists between the traveling gentleme who are cheery in America and their colleagues who are equall cheery at Paris, or Constantinople, or Venice, one cannot he wondering whether, after all, it was Mr. Dickens' genius and umor, or his cheeriness and resolution to seem amiable, tha made the middle and lower classes like him. It is evident th if cheeriness, unaccompanied by the more substantial stuff ich the mere mannerism of Mr. Dickens covers, is only a poor rt of varnish, at all events it is a very saleable article; and th gh, unlike the quality of mercy, it cannot be said never to b strained, in another way it resembles the quality of mercy ery well, inasmuch as it affords apparently equal satisfaction t the giver and the receiver.

It is easy to conceive the instructions with which these gentlemen set out on their genial way; how their employer, on dismissing them to Timbuctoo or to St. Petersburg, when he squeezes their hand for the last time, reminds them above all things of the imperative necessity of being cheery; how they go forth determined—whether the object of their journey be the Andes or the Himalayas, Christians or cannibals, war, commerce or a World's Fair—to survey it from a strictly cheery point of view. And imagination can suggest the sort of literary person who is always cheery. What he has to do is no easy matter at the outset. He has to transplant to foreign climates and unknown countries the qualities which make the British bagman so deservedly popular upon the road, and at railway inns, in his own happy land. To do this, and to do this well, is not perhaps a mark of the greatest literary talent, but it requires considerable energy and rough power. To know exactly how to call your gondolier Antonio, and the waiter at your *café* Philippe, and to know how to write pleasantly in your letters home about their manners and the half-hours spent in their society, and to be able above all things to extract from their conversation information enough about the life and *haute politique* of the country to give those home letters a considerable flavor of fashion and diplomacy, is no mean art. This kind of cheeriness is not a universal accomplishment. To describe in a boistrous and picturesque way the fish they had for dinner, and the insects they had afterward, or to hint, for the benefit of the thousands at home, that they are sufficiently acquainted with the *coulisses* of the opera to call Clotilde by her Christian name. It is not everybody who could do this sort of thing, but cheeriness does it, and does it on the whole well, and in a way worthy of its hire.

Like other styles, the cheery style has its disadvantages, while it has its obvious excellencies; and one disadvantage is that it is not easy to go on being cheery upon paper, day after day without becoming a little affected, and a little intrusive of one's own personal individuality. When the cheery correspondent has once established a reputation, and is known as the funny fellow at Paris or Timbuctoo, he has to keep up the pace, and never can afford not to be comical. The first thing that happens to him is that he begins to talk a good deal about himself. He has become a person instead of a pen, and finds it necessary to tell us where he walked in the afternoon, and whom he saw; and it would be very difficult for him, after a few weeks, not to draw a little upon his fancy for descriptions of the social sphere in which he is moving. The downward progress of the cheery correspondent, as far as these little white lies are concerned, may be without difficulty conceived. One week, in a moment of thoughtlessness and without reflecting upon all the consequences, he allows himself to dine with a fictitious duke. He finds the effect good, very good, and very cheaply attained. The next week he does it again; and the third week he goes with him (on paper) to the Cercle or to the races. Writing home about imaginary dukes is such an inexpensive way of mixing in all the best society of the Continent, that the cheery correspondent at last finds himself rapidly becoming an unknown star of fashion in his own printing-office, before he has had time to learn the names of the streets where he is staying. The devil of it is (if we may be pardoned the expression) that the poor fellow, having once launched into this sort of social distinction, is obliged to keep it up. He must go to all the balls of all the duchesses, in imagination if not in reality, frequent the little parties at Court, and know all that is doing at the Embassy, or there is an end of him; and the drain upon his mental powers is very serious. Cheeriness brought him to this, and cheeriness alone can get him out of it. Accordingly, he flourishes away as best he can, and dashes off diplomatic and fashionable intelligence in positive despair. The knowing way in which he works off an Empire or two in a sentence is, and ought to be, a study to all slower artists.

This characteristic is indeed common to all cheery correspondents, whether they indulge in the little venial fictions we have described or not. There is a talk about complications at Vienna, but the cheery correspondent has been warned on the best authority that there is nothing in it. He has reason, from what he has learnt at the Embassy, to assure his readers that there is absolutely no foundation for the rumor that the Queen of Spain has eloped with the leading tenor of the Opera *Lyrique*, or that another pronunciamento is preparing by General Prim. The French Emperor is looking better than ever, and it was only the other day that Marshal X. remarked to a "friend of mine" that he should not be surprised if there was a decided movement against the Jesuits in Upper Austria before the winter was out. These little political gems are, however, only pauses in the waltz—the endless bewildering waltz of cheeriness, geniality, and fun. It is a happiness, for all those who do not and could not possess such spirits, to think that there are those who do; and that some of those who do may not be, after all, bad fellows, or necessarily resemble bagmen, except perhaps in their literary style.

The literary tumblers, however, who accompany royal personages on their tours, or who settle down to see and record life as it is at some Continental metropolis, are only one out of many species of tumblers. Their name is, indeed, legion. There is the tumbler who publishes his volume of comic sketches, as there is the tumbler who communicates to country papers the latest gossip from the city. One very high effort which tumblers are occasionally obliged to attempt is the task of making padding cheery. To cast a general atmosphere of high spirits over some of the more popular pieces of information which the Encyclopædia contains, and to transfer the whole with an air of graceful banter to a magazine, is a considerable feat, and one which tries the aspirant's powers in no slight degree. If any young beginner wishes to see what a veteran can do in such a line, he has only to turn to the pages of a magazine published this month, and admire the performances of one who is said, by those who are initiated into such matters, to be a first-rate tumbler indeed.

The tumbler in question appears to be writing an article on one of the principal streets in one of the chief provincial towns in England, and an instructive article too. Suddenly the thought seems to flash across him that he has not made a joke for a whole page or so, and that the time has come for him to tumble again. Accordingly, *apropos* of the want of novelty in the streets of Manchester, he performs the following literary exploit; which we only mention because it is the kind of thing tumblers have to do, and may be chosen as an instance of what the young ones may hope to come to, when they are well fledged and strong upon their legs:—

"I mean to write an essay, some of these days, upon the "Monotony of Modern Civilization." Some notion of the monotony I mean may, perhaps come over you in perusing these papers. One street is closely similar to another. Cæsarea and Pompeii are very much alike, especially Pompeii."

This is an instructive extract, because it illustrates at one and the same moment several features that distinguish the tumbler. In the first place, we may see that cheeriness puts a man immediately on familiar terms with a large portion of his audience; and we must not look at this from a too fastidious or educated point of view. A great many honest, though perhaps uncultivated, English people like a little familiarity in their newspaper or their review, just as they like a dash of audacious brusqueness in their popular preacher. When they buy their paper at the corner of the street, they expect to be chucked under the chin by some pleasant-hearted penman in its columns, and would rather miss the absence of such an attention than otherwise. Nobody who did not know this trait in the character of the semi-literary masses would venture to think he was interesting them by promising them an essay some day or other on something different from his present essay. A tumbler, however, who has the ear of his audience may do it, and do it well. And, in the second place, no tumbler who was not thoroughly at his ease would ever be cool enough to hazard the fun about Cæsarea and Pompeii, which, as far as the argument of the essay is concerned, is of course absolutely pointless. The author does not mean it to be otherwise than pointless. All that he intends to use it for is to remind his audience, "Though I am firing away padding for the nonce, I am your old tumbler after all, and as cheery as ever in spite of the dreariness of the task." And such little gambols in the middle do perhaps make padding more tolerable to the tumbler's admirers. If anybody can make padding light and puffy for the million, it is a literary genius who can stop to smile and pat them on the back while he is composing it. And as reading padding is a meritorious exercise, there can be no doubt that the tumbler who encourages young men and women of any class to read it is, upon the whole, a benefactor to his species.

One great way of knowing a tumbler, when we see him, is to watch whether or not his object is to describe what he sees, or to describe himself. Literary tumbling, consisting as it does of jovial personal antics on the part of the performers, necessarily draws the attention of the reader from the subject to the man. And thus writing about the subject becomes twenty times as easy as before; just as it is easier for the Wizard of the North to get through a card-trick when the company are watching his grimaces. The other day a tumbler at Venice had to write several columns about a Royal procession down the Grand Canal. As Venice has been frequently, and one would think sufficiently, described already, and as the adventures of a gondola can be exhausted, the task was no easy one. What did the tumbler do? He described the "Derby-dog" The Derby-dog led, by an evident association of ideas, to the Venetian dog, and as Venetian dogs may be seen on the Grand Canal, the transition to gondolas became simple. Nobody of course objected to this, because it was a tumbler who did it, and in literature the tumbler is a privileged person. He fills a very distinct gap, and fills it with ability, and appears to enjoy his own occupation as much as most men enjoy their particular calling.—*London Saturday Review.*

POPULAR PHRASES.—The term "masterly inactivity" originated with Sir James Mackintosh. "God tempers the wind to the shorn-lamb," which everybody who did not suppose it was in the Bible, credited to Sterne, was stolen by him from George Herbert, who translated it from the French of Ernestine. "The cup which cheers but not inebriates," was conveyed by Cowper from Bishop Berkley in his "Siris." Wordsworth's "the child is father to the man," is traced from him to Milton, and from him to Sir Thomas Moore. "Like angel's visits, few and far between," is the offspring of Hook—it is not Thomas Campbell's original thought: Old John Norris (1658) originated it, and after him Robert Blair, as late as 1745. "There's a good time coming," is Scott's phrase in "Rob Roy;" and the "almighty dollar" is Washington Irving's happy thought.

S.T-1860-X.

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MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, bears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after bearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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STUDIES WILL BE RESUMED IN THE ABOVE INstitution on the 2d of January, 1867. The cost of Tuition and Board for the scholastic Year of from ten to eleven months will be only one hundred and seventy-five dollars ($175), and twenty-five dollars (25) for washing and mending of linen, etc. No extra charges of any kind, except for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars ($3) a month each. In case of withdrawal (except for sickness or parents leaving the country), the party will forfeit a Quarter Session, or the remaining portion of the Half Term. The Pension to be paid at least half yearly in advance; also, such sum to be deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of each student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses, such as books, clothes, etc. No student will be received without such deposit. For further information application may be made to P. J. GREY, President.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

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" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

A Big Thing and no Humbug.

OF THE THOUSANDS OF COMPOUNDS BEFORE the public, "RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA" for the Hair, alone, does just what it promises.

Hon. Warren Chase, the Spiritualist Lecturer, says:

"My hair and whiskers have been many years gray. RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA has restored both to their original color, black, and covered the baldness on the top of my head with a fine growth of black hair I have several friends who have used it with the same results, and I cordially recommend it as one of the few medicines that will do what its labels and circulars claim for it. WARREN CHASE."

October, 1865

Call for RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA, and for your own pleasure and comfort do not be put off with anything else, "said to be just as good."

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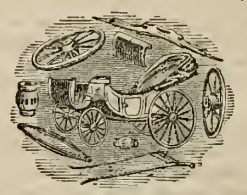
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

Between lifornia and Pine

A. FOLSOM,



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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc., made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

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AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with

24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,

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and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.

Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Adddress

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UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

A novel scene took place a few nights since at a sporting house in the disreputable locality of Water street, New York. There had been a rat match and a dog fight, at which a sailor was present, who in leaviug the place was saluted with a growl from a huge bear chained up. Jack became indignant and offered to fight the bear for drinks for the crowd. The bet was made and the money posted, when the bear was cut loose, and a regnlar rongh and tnmble fight occurred. The sailor was a remarkably muscular fellow, and snfficiently active to avoid the embrance of Bruin. For a short time the result was rather doubtful, but the sailor at length got the bear down, knelt upon him and seizing him by the throat nearly strangled the beast, and squeezed all the fight out of him, so Jack received his money back, and the owner of the bear paid for the drinks.

INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY OF FISH.—The intellectual and scientific superiority of fish is vouched for in the fact that no single instance of a submarine telegraphic cable being injured by a fish of any kind or size has yet occurred. Every creature with fins flees from it, so that it fares much better than the wire on land in India, where the monkeys are persuaded that the poles and lines are erected for them to use in gymnastic exercises.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—One of our exchanges announces that the distinguished personage known among the ancients by the name of *Cupid*, has recently changed his name to *Cupidity*, and will hereafter devote his attention to matters of money, as well as love affairs.

EARLY in the war, men buried their gold and silver all about in the South, and now it is being dug up in odd and far-apart places. Placers, rather.

MRS. BLOOMER has got tired of it, and left off trousers. She walks out in voluminous clothing like any other lady.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufa tory of A. W. Sanborn & Co, Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the te-t of our California clim te, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposito the Metropolitan market. *

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR auperior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries. *

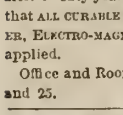
BILLIARD TABLES.

JACOB STRAHLE IS DETERMINED TO FURNISH Billiard Tables cheaper, and on more reasonable terms than any other establishment on the Pacific coast, having secured repeated premiums for finish and durability of work, as well as for his latest styles of cushions. This shows conclusively that his tables are superior to any manufactured in the city. His manufactory is at 537 Sacramento street, near What Cheer House. *

NOTICE.

DR. H. A. BENTON HAS REMOVED FROM 109 Montgomery street to Congress Hall building, Bush street, adjoining the Russ House. Having had good success in cures and a fair business for the time, but the past six or eight months there has been some surrounding objections to contend with, (particularly in the location) he resolved to remove and practice his own system, without medicines, (except Homœpathic, if needed)—believing after twenty years' experience constantly and successfully, that ALL CURABLE cases can be CURED by the great EQUALIZER, ELECTRO-MAGNETISM, in some of its forms if properly applied.

Office and Rooms, 28 and 29. Vapor Bath Rooms, 24 and 25.



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Dentist,

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Steam Engines,

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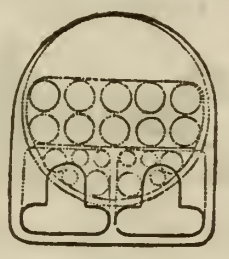
QUARTZ-CRUSHER.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

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HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

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KITTREDGE & LEAVITT,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fire Proof Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc,

Corner Fremont and Market street, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of Second Hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. C. Bussey, of Jackson, Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this State. It is done by Mathematical Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works.

THIS LOCK PUT ON SAFES NOW IN USE

Splendid Presents

TO SEND ABROAD.

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California Scenery!

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ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!

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COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, &c., &c.,

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☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND

IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER, 422 Kearny street,

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Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

FIRST PREMIUM

Billiard TABLE MANUFACTORY.

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Between Jackson and Pacific, San Francisco,

Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements.

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☞ All goods sold are warranted.

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AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Rosa House

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hohnrt & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 270 Pine

CARPETS.
D. N. & E. Walter & Co., 303 California street.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush street
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts., below the Market.
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhatlan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
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LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

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M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Stuart & Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

HOW AUTHORS WRITE.

A comical writer, who dislocates the English language in a style of "tremenjus ecksentrisity," has gotten off the following "screed," and, as a literary 'koorosity," it merits both a laugh and a perusal:

Sum funny things hev been sed konsurnin the habits ov orthors and their pecoolirities. As for instance, thus: Bulwer writ "Night and Mornin." What he did the rest ov the day is not stated.

Collins rit "After Dark." Praps he coodn't rite so well bi day. Likewize he rit. "No Name." I spose he numbers his karacters as tha du in the stait prison. But I don't see how he got along without names.

Mrs. Langton rit "Every Day." She coodn't hev let up on Sundays then, nor 4th of Julys. She just tended tn biz, she did.

Chas. Collins rit "At the Bar." He wns a sperited riter.

Sum orthors rote "Bound tu the Wheel." What an unkumfortable posish tu rite in, bound tu a wheel. Thunder!

Florence Marryat rit "For Ever and Ever." I don't take stock in that yarn. She must hev hed sleep, tu say nuthin uv the opera and shoppin.

Gilmore rote "Four Years in the Saddle," so tis sed. He must hev hed a "quiet horse" Horses do jounce a fellow so—I kant go the horse part.

Mrs. Chetwyind rit "Three Hundred a Yeer," 300 is a good menny, but Warren eklipst her a long ways. He rit "Ten Thonsand a Yeer." Whew! And rote "Now & Then" at that. He must hev ben a powerful rapid riter tu wurk off so menny. If sum othors would only rite now and then it would bc a great releef and saving uv paper, pervided that didn't get off ten thousand ov'em.

Featherstonhaugh rit "Late, but not Two Late." He knew when tu let up, and its a great pity some othors is not thus wize gifted.

Miss Muloch rote "Nothin New." This cood be said of menny others with great propriety.

Harrington rit "Inside." I take it for granted that most people do. It woodn't be kumfortable ritein on the sidewalk in rainy wether.

West rit "Ten yeers in Polneesia." He struck it out amazin well. I spoze it waz quiet out there & he liked it.

A. G., he rit "Among the Mountains," and another chap "By the Sea." Their tastes waz dissimilar.

Sum other rote "Above and Below." Abov what? Below what? I'd like tu kno. Praps he rote one day in the attick and the next day in the kitchen. Orthers ar so exsentrick.

A. Nonymous rote "Hunted to Death." A self-possest cuss, he was. A nervey lot. What a karm kool brane was hizzen. It must hav been that he waz in pursoot ov pleasure under diffikulties, or else his printer waz hard up for copy. That's so. Let us suppose a kase, thus wize. Three detektivs hez run you tu earth. That is tu say, youre on a fense, with 2 big bull dogs on one side & the detektivs on the other. Think you cood rite serenely in this posish? I guess not. If you cood twood be a novel affare. I kant imagine enuything more sublime or pathetick than a chap riten in such a posish. I kant.

Mrs. Riddell 'tis said, rote "Too Much Alone." This may be slander on the part of sum woman hoo wanted to gossip with her. Ez for me, I kant be two much alone when I write. Hoo in thunder wants a krowd about? It distracks from the subjeck.

Sum orthur wrote "Awl for the Best." That must hev ben Seward. That's him klean throo.

Florence Marryat rote "Two Good for Him." Praps twas for her husband, but not for me; no, I thank yer. Ez for me, give me the best, or give me nun. I say to orthors: do yer best, don't be afraid.

Mrs. Mackensie Daniel rote "After Long Years." Sensible woman. If sum ov the rest ov em wood wait till tha git too the age of discretion, it wood be better for awl konserned It seems az tho sum kommenced at the age ov distraction. St. Slocom, Jr., of Bytown.

A Veteran.—A most remarkable character was brought to the observance of the authorities of this city, on Tuesday last, through a request of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction. for the discharge of an aged female named Mary Woodward. She has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for upwards of ninety seven terms, making a period of nearly forty years, most of which she has spent in the service of the State. When this startling fact is contemplated, and the quantity of liquor she must have consumed to entail upon her such "dire vengeance" of the law, it is really astonishing. Justice Dowling filled out a discharge and sent it to the Island, and Mary was released on Wednesday.—*N. Y. Police Gazette.*

A New Supporter of the Government.—In some of the London papers, the printers made sad havoc of Mr. Gladstone's great speech on the Franchise Bill. That nonsense should be made of his Latin was natural enough, but the grand sentence in his peroration, commencing "You can't fight against the future! Time is on our side!" appeared as "You can't fight against the future! Tim is on our side."

SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM.

FIRST PREPIUM FOR 1864, 1865 and 1866.

538 Washington street, below Montgomery.

ROBERT LIDDLE & CO.,

GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS, and IMPORTERS OF GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS. ☞ Also, Agents for HENRY'S PATENT RIFLE, and WM. GREENER'S celebrated DOUBLE GUNS.

FISHING TACKLE, and all the appurtenances required by Sportsmen, to be found here.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

TRUMP & BRADY,

No. 615 Market street,

In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,

STEAM AND GAS FITTING,

PLUMBING, Etc.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Johbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

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OF

MACCARONI, VERMICELLI,

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(706 Sansome St. 706)

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BRIGNARDELLO, MACCHIAVELLO & Co.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS W. SUTHERLAND, deceased.

It appearing to the said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by Alexander R. Baldwin, the Administrator of the estate of Thomas W. Sutherland, deceased, praying for an order of sale of Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the charges and expenses of administration

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 11th day of February A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the Court room of said Probate Court at the City Hall, in said city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 10th, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true, full and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 10th day of January A. D. 1867

WM LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. Jeghers, Deputy Clerk.

J. F. Hutton, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. j12 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 15th day of January, A. D., 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Edmond O'Loughlen, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 15th day of January A. D., 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, December 4th 1866. d8 5t

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

STEAMRES FOR JANUARY.

January 19th—MONTANA, Captain J. Sutton, connecting with RISNG STAR, Captain Howes.

January 30th—CONSTITUTION. Captain J. M. Cavalry, connecting with NEW YORK, Captain Gray.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE OPPOSITION STEAMER

AMERICA,

WILL SAIL FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,

From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

FRIDAY, - - JANUARY 25, 1867,

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship

NICARAGUA,

(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The MOSES TAYLOR will sail on February 15th.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,

Up stairs, San Francisco

STOCKDALE HOUSE,

Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.

H. STOCKDALE Proprietor

Lundborg, Dentist, 519 Montgomery St.

North Washington HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer and Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.

Second—Will not Color the Skin.

Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.

Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.

Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.

Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.

Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.

Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure, but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded or the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast

REDINGTON & CO.'S

Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea-sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

TWICE READ.

The lamp burns with a fitful glow,
The sounds die in the streets below,
The rain sweeps on the pane!
I push my Iliad aside;
What weight to me have Helen's woes,—
Andromache's—the Trojan's foes,
Or God-like Hector slain?
I read it once, long years ago,
"But not alone"—I whisper low.

We bent absorbed above each page,
The birds sang noisily in their cage,
The vines swayed in the air.
I mind me well that summer day!
The sunbeams crept toward our book,
Then stopped as with a puzzled look,
To read the legend there.
Our hearts sang then, though lips were dumb,
A song for all the years to come!

The bright, glad years! I could not see
The shadows waiting there for me,
The weary, haggard years!
I'll lay you by, old book, to night;
And trim the lamp, and sew or sing
Or write a ballad—anything
To stop these burning tears.
In the Nevada's lonely shade
His grave, by strangers' hands, was made!

The years to come—the hidden years!
What loves and hopes, and doubts and feare,
They hold in their wide hands!
The bubble sparkles on the streams,
Fit emblem of the hopes that be;
The streams run seething to the sea,
Over the silver sands,
And full sailed boats along them flee,
With priceless freight, but none for me.

The years gone by; the hopes that sleep
Within their tomb now make me weep
And trembling kneel to pray!
O, silent years that were so bright!
Wan corpses washed on a wild coast,
Each one comes like a spectral ghost,
Down to your graves—away!
These lonely thoughts but ill prepare
Me for the day and all its care.

THE NEW MOON.

When, as the garish day is done,
Heaven burns with the descended sun,
'Tis passing sweet to mark,
Amid that flush of crimson light,
The new moon's modest brow grows bright
As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,
When first the wandering eye
Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
That glimmering curve of tender rays
Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things—
The hopes of early years:
And childhood's purity and grace,
And joys that like a rainbow chase
The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream
Of freedom, when that virgin beam
Comes out upon the open air;
And painfully the sick man tries
To fix his dim and burning eyes
On the soft promise there.

And there do thoughtful men behold
A type of errors, loved of old,
Forsaken and forgiven;
And thoughts and wishes not of earth,
Just opening in their early birth,
Like that new light in Heaven.

At a very excellent hotel, not a hundred miles from our parts, they were one day short of a waiter, when a newly arrived Hibernian was hastily made to supply the place of a more expert hand.

"Now Barney," said mine host, "mind you serve every man with soup the first thing—serve soup first."

"Bedad, I'll do that same," said the alert Barney.

Soup came on, and Barney, after helping all but one guest, came up to the last one.

"Soup sir?" said Barney.

"No soup for me," said the man.

"But you must have it—it is the rules of the house."

"D—n the rules of the house!" exclaimed the guest. "When I dont't want soup I won't eat it."

"Well," said Barney, with all due solemnity, "all I can say is this: it's the regulations of the house, and d—n the drop else will ye get till ye's has finished the soup!"

The traveler gave in, and the soup was gobbled.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

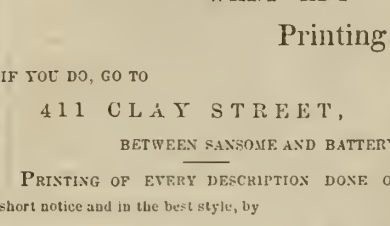
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the Presdent of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The



IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

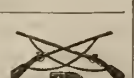
HENRY HILLS & CO.,

MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.

Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice. We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

WILSON & EVANS,



No. 513 Clay street,
Importers and Dealers in

FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

WILSON & EVANS.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,

AT

GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S

NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

(Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS, Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Bamschedit's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

McNALLY & HAWKINS,

Plummers and Gas Fitters,

Have removed their place of business to the new store on MARKET STREET, adjoining the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum,

Where they will keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GAS FIXTURES, PLUMBING MATERIALS, etc.

Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, AND FOR THE RELIEF OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other Expectorant is too apparent to escape observation and where its virtues are [illegible], the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this having gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

We can only assure the public, that its quality is carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.

Great numbers of clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our remedies, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the complaints they cure.

Those who require an *alterative medicine* to purify the blood will find AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA the remedy to use. Try it once, and you will know its value

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers.

N. P. COLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

Furniture AND *Bedding!*

508, 510, 518 & 528 Washington St.

LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

SAN FRANCISCO.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
Cor Sansome & Commercial streets.

Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA AND YELLOW DOCK IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla"

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
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TIME & LABOR SAVED BY USING

Standard Soap Company's

CELEBRATED

WASHING POWDER.

This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.

It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.

Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S

MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET,
San Francisco.

☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Pale, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

THIS COMPANY being no longer bound by the Rates of the Board of Underwriters is now ready to Insure against Loss and Damage by Fire, ON AS REASONABLE TERMS as any other responsible Company.

The Lowest Possible Rates compatible with SAFETY will be charged.

Call at this office before insuring elsewhere.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, President.
B. ROTHCHILD, Secretary.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
238 *Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Totul Assets.....$654,824 57

REDUCTION IN RATES.

THE TARIFF OF RATES HERETOfore established by the Board of Fire Underwriters being virtually suspended, this Company are prepared to take desirable risks at such Reduced Rates as are consistent with the security of both Insurer and Insured.

D. J. STAPLES,
Vice President.
CHAS. R BOND, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.
INCORPORATED.....1821.
Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both
Fire and Marine Risks,
AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.
R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

GREAT WESTERN
Life Insurance Company.
OF NEW YORK.
STOCK and MUTUAL

The Security of the Stock Plan, with all the Advantages of the Mutual System.

POLICIES AND DIVIDENDS ARE NON-FORFEITABLE.

Thirty Days Grace for Payment of Premiums.

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(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
111 *Montgomery street. bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE,
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED
BY USING
Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,
Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of
CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.
It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb 6, 1866.
MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.
Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

MR. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.
Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.
San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.
To F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.
Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORN,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.
PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
Wholesale Agents, CRANE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

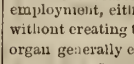
MISS WOODS,
Dress and Cloak Maker,
CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Over Hinckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with MRS. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

DR. FONDA SAN FRANCISCO
EYE INFIRMARY,

PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED, EXCLUsively for the treatment of all diseases of the EYES, and for the past seventeen years Principal of the La Fayette (Ind.) Eye Infirmary.
P. W. FONDA, M. D.,
Surgeon in charge Infirmary,
223 Kearny street between Bush and Sutter.

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT.

PERFECT SPECTACLES EXactly suited to the Eyes will enable the wearer to pursue the most minute employment, either by day or artificial light, without creating that sense of weakness or fatigue to the organ generally complained of by those using ill suited or common Spectacles.
PRICE of Perfect Glasses, $2 50, and upward. Sent pre-paid to any post office on the Coast. Applicants by mail will receive a circular containg directions, etc.
Address C. MULLER, Optician,
205 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

COME AND SEE ME!
Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,
Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street,)
Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.
Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Sets, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $2. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents
☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.
N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

MR. AND MRS. COGILL
AND SONS,
Teachers of Dancing,
CONGRESS HALL,
On Bush-st., adjoinin Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent.

OSACCA JAPAN TEA. A FRESH LOT, IN 5 LB boxes, just imported, by
HASKELL & BUCKELEW,
514 Market street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M PRINCE, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.
And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.
WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELLED]
D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.
CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.
In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS SMITH, deceased.
Order of Publication on Application for Order of Sale.
On reading and filing the petition of Christian Schricher, Administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.
It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court Room thereof, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 4th day of February 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratior to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated January 2d, 1867. j5 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:
In the matter of the Estate of ALFRED RODMAN and ELOISE RODMON, Minors.
It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by John C. Merrill, the Guardian of the estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, Minors, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of his said wards, that it would be beneficial to the said wards that such real estate should be sold at private sale.
It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estates, appear before this Court at the Court Room thereof at the Court House in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 4th day of February, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.
And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before said hearing of said petition in the THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
January 2d, 1867.
D. P. BARSTOW, Esq., Attorney for Guardian. j5 5t

ESTATE OF LOUIS McGLAUFLIN, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Estate of Louis McGlauflin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at her residence, No 773 Brannan street, in the city and county of San Francisco.
EMELINE McGLAUFLIN, Executrix.
San Francisco, January 5th, 1867.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Executrix. j5 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF KARL GOTTLIEB WERTHSCHUTZKY, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Karl Gottlieb Werthschutzky, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Karl Gottlieb Werthschutzky, d29 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of HENRY MILES, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of HARRIET MILES, the Administratrix of the Estate of HENRY MILES, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the Estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.
It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Henry Miles, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 14th day of January, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate to the heirs of said deceased, according to law.
It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 14th day of January A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
December 13th. A. D. 1866.
Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.
I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.
Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 13th day of December, A. D. 1866.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
JAMES MCCABE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
d15 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L REED, et als., Defendants
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L LEN, PETER S McNIEL, SARAH J McNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.
The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be declared and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six.
Int. Rev. Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Cancelled. 5cts.) By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL.]
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.
MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one-half of the common property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to and be delivered to this plaintiff; and that the care, custody and education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendant may, by order of this Court, be restrained and enjoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant be ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general belief.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply ro the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix and Executor of the last will and testament of GIOVANNI MONTEVERDE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of A. D. Splivalo, No. 430 Jackson street, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.
RAMONA ARDONEY MONTEVERDE,
Executrix.
GIUSEPPE CORDEVIOLA, Executor.
San Francisco, December 15, 1866. d15 5t

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE, - - - PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON, - - - - - - TREASURER.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.
January 12th, 1867.

Charles Reade's Grand Scenic Drama,

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

George Fielding,	George Pauncefort
Thomas Robinson,	H. Edwards
Mr. Meadows,	H. D Thompson
Josephs,	Mrs. Harry Jackson
Haws,	G. Parney
Peter Crawle,	Harry Jackson
William Fielding,	C. L. Graves
Susan Merton,	Miss Julia Corcoran

MONDAY—

MISS JENNIE PARKER

Arrived by the last steamer and will make her first appearance as the COLLEEN BAWN.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra,	$1 00
Parquet,	50
Upper Circle,	25

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Pine street, below Montgomery.

T. MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor and Manager

THOMAS MAGURE respectfully announces that owing to the TREMENDOUS SUCCESS attendant on the Performances of

THE IMPERIAL COMPANY,
OF
JAPANESE GYMNASTS, JUGGLERS, ACROBATS,
AND
TUMBLERS,

He has succeeded in making arrangements with Professor RISLEY, at the enormous nightly expense of

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS,

To prolong the stay of the JAPANESE COMPANY until the departure of the Steamer of the 19th instant, consequently they will

APPEAR NIGHTLY
IN THEIR UNRIVALLED PERFORMANCES
Until that date.

Saturday Afternoon—GRAND JAPANESE MATINEE, for Ladies and Children.

Dress Circle and Parquet, $1; Family Circle, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. No extra charge for Reserved Seats.

INAUGURAL ENTERTAINMENT

OF

B'NAI BERITH
LITERARY AND SOCIAL CIRCLE,
IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE
Ladies' United Hebrew Benevolent Society,
AT PLATT' HALL,
TUESDAY EVENING, - - - JANUARY 15TH, 1867.

On which occasion will be performed, under the special superintendence of James Dowling, Esq., Stage Manager of the Metropolitan Theatre in this city, the Nautical Drama, in two acts,

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

William,	Sam. Leszynsky
Doggrass,	J. Warshawski
Gnatbrain,	J. F. Hayes
Captain Crosstree,	J. Israel
Jacob Twig,	A. Wiener
Blue Peter,	Miss Augusta Livingston

With Song and Dance,

Quid,	H. Blankenstin
Hatchet,	J. Levy
Seaweed,	Lewis
Admiral,	Nathan Jacobs
Lieutenant Pike,	A. Leszynski
Black Eyed Susan,	Miss Therese Sherk
Dolly Mayflower,	Miss Anna Goldstein

Captains, Sailors, after which
DAMON AND PYTHIAS, (in German) will be recited by Miss Therese Sherk.
To be followed by J. Stirling Cope's one act Farce,
BOX AND COX.—MARRIED AND SETTLED.

Mr. Box,	A. Wiener.	Mr. Cox,	Israel Levy
Mrs. Box,	Miss A. Livingston.	Mrs. Cox,	Miss A Goldstein
Bouncer,			Lewis

To conclude with a BALL.
Mr. Falk has charge of the Refreshment Saloons, and will serve the best the market affords.

Tickets of Admission, - - - One Dollar
Reserved Seats, Fifty cents Extra.
Seats will be reserved at the box-office of Platt's Hall, on Tuesday, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.
The performance will commence at 8 o'clock, precisely.

MASQUERADE BALL!

THE SECOND ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
MASQUERADE BALL
OF THE
ALEMANNIA
Will take place
AT PLATT'S MUSIC HALL,
ON
SATURDAY EVENING JAN. 19, 1867.

The Hall will be beautifully decorated by Messrs. A. & T. Torning.
Chris Andres' and the Second Artillery Band have been engaged for Concert and Dance Music.
Spectators' Tickets to be had of the undersigned Committee:
LOUIS HECHT, JR., 413, 415, 417 Battery street.
S. FROHMAN, corner Jones and Post streets.
ED. GOLDSMITH, 414 Kearny street.
E. S. FREEMAN, 4 5 Sacramento street.
ALF. E. EICKSTEIN, Lick House.

"SHERMAN'S
March Through Georgia."

ADMISSION, - - - TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THOS. NAST'S GREAT PAINTING now on Exhibition at the Fine Art Gallery of SNOW & ROOS,
219 Montgomery street, (Russ Block.)

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

H. A. COBB. R. A. SINTON.

COBB & SINTON,

H. A. COBB, - - - Auctioneer.
407 CALIFORNIA STREET.

REAL ESTATE SALE DAY,.....TUESDAY.

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY.....January 15th, 1867.
AT 12 O'CLOCK,

At Platt's Hall,

SPECIAL
GRAND CREDIT SALE
OF
2000 Homestead Lots

25X100 FEET EACH.

TERMS:

ALL SUMS OVER $600, ¼ Cash; ¼ In One Year; ¼ In Two Years; ¼ In Three Years.
All Sums Less than $600, ¼ Cash, balance 1 Year.
Deferred Payments Bearing 10 Per Cent Interest Per Annum, and Secured by Mortgage on Premises.

Title—United States Patent.

THE LANDS cover the most beautiful locality in the city of San Francisco, embracing what are familiarly known as the

O'NEIL AND HEALEY TRACTS,

Famous for productiveness of soil and freedom from the prevailing winds and fogs of the city, as well as for picturesque and beautiful views.

APPROACHES AND ROADS TO THE LANDS.

The Bay View Shell Road leads directly through the property, while the "Potrero and Bay View horse railroad" is far advanced in construction, and under heavy forfeiture to be completed and running through the tracts by 1st July next, by which latter route the distance from the City Hall is just the same as that passed over the by North Beach and Mission Railroad to its terminus on Folsom street.
Lithographed Maps gratis at our office, and at office of H. F. Williams & Co., 638 Clay street.

COBB & SINTON, Auctioneers,
407 California street.

GREAT REDUCTION!
FURNITURE
At Less than Gold Cost,

AT THE WAREROOMS OF

J. PEIRCE & CO.,

Nos. 415, 417, 419 California street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

WE ARE NOW CLOSING out our last year's stock of FURNITURE, etc., at UNPARALLELED LOW RATES.

It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.

Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to buying elsewhere.

J. PEIRCE & CO.,
415, 417 and 419 California street.

BRANCH STORES—No. 715 Market street between Third and Fourth; and Main street, Stockton.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

ART GALLERY,
POMPEIIAN MUSEUM,
CONSERVATORIES, AND
ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,
On Mission and Valencia streets.
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.

☞ An addition of TWENTY FIVE WILD ANIMALS has just been made to the Zoological department. ☜
NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.
The TREES AND SHRUBBERY are classified and named.

ADMISSION TO ALL PARTS OF THE GARDEN,.....25 CENTS.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars. Also, by Montgomery and Mission Omnibuses.

☞ Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,

Machinist,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

LIST OF LATE PUBLICATIONS

JUST RECEIVED BY

A. ROMAN & CO.

Sunnybank. A Novel. By Marion Harland
Longfellow's Prose Works. New Edition. 4 vols. 12mo.
The Vision of Sir Launfal. Beautifully Illustrated.
Bitter Sweet. New Edition Finely Illustrated.
Cotter's Saturday Night. Illustrated.
Evangeline. With 10 new Illustrations by Felix O. C. Darly.
The Doctrine of a Future Life. By Wm. R. Alger.
Culprit Fay. With 100 Illustrations by Arthur Lumley.
Ogden's U. S. Tariff for 1866.
Roses and Holly. A Gift Book for all the Year. Elegantly Illustrated.
Holy Types. By Joseph A. Seiss.
Utterly Wrecked. By Henry Morford.
Barth and Rogers on Auscultation and Percussion.
Lectures on the Communion Office.
With Gen. Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign. By a Staff Officer.
Beethoven's Letters. 1790—1826—2 vols.
Jean Ingelow's Poems. New Edition. 8vo. Handsomely Illustrated.
Whittier's Prose Works. New Edition 2 vols.
Kissing the Rod. A Novel. By Edmund Yates.
Roundhearts. By the author of "Rutledge."
Binding the Sheaves. "Win and Wear Series."
Hope and Have. By Oliver Optic. "Woodville Series."
Young Middy. By F. C. Armstrong.
Doctor Goethe's Courtships.
Who Breaks, Pays.
After the War. A Southern Tour. By W. Reid.
Early Jesuit Missions. By Bishop Kip. New Edition.
Orographic Geology By George L. Vase.
History of the Sanitary Commission. By C. J. Stille.
Martyria; or Andersouville Prison. By A. C. Hamlin.
Bancroft's History of the United States. Vol. IX.
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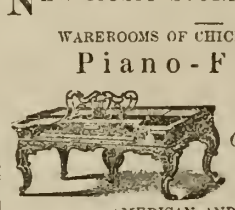
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIBRARIES SUPPLIED, ON FAVORABLE TERMS.

A. ROMAN & CO.,
Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers,
417 and 419 Montgomery street.
San Francisco

NEW MUSIC STORE.

WAREROOMS OF CHICKERING & SON'S
Piano-Fortes.



MASON & HAMLIN'S
CABINET
ORGANS,

AMERICAN AND FIREIGN
Sheet Music,
VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS,

Musical Instruments and Music Merchandise, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Rates.
KOHLER, CHASE & CO,
421 Montgomery street, next door to A. Roman & Co.,
San Francisco.

RESIGNATION OF AGENCY

OF THE
PHŒNIX INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF HARTFORD.

San Francisco, January 8th, 1867.

L. B. DELL HAS THIS DAY RESIGNED THE LOCAL Agency of the above company, and removed his office to DELL, GRANNA & CO.'S store, 511 1-2 and 513 FRONT STREET, where he is ready to effect insurance in either Home or Foreign companies, and furnish information on insurance matters free of charge. Thanking his friends and patrons for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage in the future.

L. B. DELL, 511 1 2 and 513 Front street.

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS,	ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS,	WATER HOUSES,

And all kinds of

Asphaltum Work,

Done at short notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco.

McNALLY & HAWKINS,
Plummers and Gas Fitters,

Have removed their place of business to the new store on MARKET STREET, adjoining the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum,
Where they will keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GAS FIXTURES, PLUMBING MATERIALS, etc.
Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and Steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

Grand Reduction!

FOR THE

HOLIDAYS!

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Under the Lick House.

SILKS.

Bonnet's Best BLACK SILKS reduced from $5 to $4 per yard
Ponson's Best BLACK SILKS reduced from $4 50 to $3 50 per yard.
Paulo & Conturier's BLACK SILKS reduced from $4 to $3 per yard.
Bischoff's BLACK SILKS reduced from $3 50 to $2 50 per yard
Gros de Naples COLORED SILKS reduced from $4 to $3 per yard
Gros de Lyon COLORED SILKS reduced from $4 50 to $3 50 per yard.
EVENING & BRIDAL SILKS reduced from $75 to $60.
CHENE SILKS reduced from $60 to $40.
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"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 9. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 19, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

"Mark Twain" on Chamber-Maids; Sipperton's Wife, a Story; Artemus Ward in London; "Black Sheep;" Cheap Labor and Chinamen; Reflections of a Miserable Unfortunate; Literary Gleanings; Love-Letters; "Lion's Mouth," Female Suffrage; How Nouns are Abused; Correspondence; Amusements; Poetry—Deceived, by W. A Kendall, Etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

Alas for the "Alta!"

Two weeks before the appearance of the dreaded *Times* Grandmumma *Alta* laid in a stock of fashionable leading articles, articles prepared regardless of expense by the best artists in the business. The *Times* came out, has not yet gone in, but has proved a very harmless rival even to the *Alta*. The *Bulletin* has, since the appearance of the *Times*, published daily a supplement which is certainly, to those who wish for well selected light reading, worth the price charged for paper and supplement. It often contains as much and as good reading matter as one of the English Magazines. We admire the energy of the *Bulletin*, and, as it *is* a fact that it is the very best paper on the Pacific Coast, do not refrain from publishing that fact. But the *Alta!* Alas! Alas! Alas! Grandmamma *Alta* recovered from the shock which the *Times* gave her very speedily. Two weeks after the appearance of this long threatened monster, Granny said:— "It ain't goin' to amount to much, and I guess I'll reduce my expenses. All the ribbons and finery I've been wearin, of late cost a sight of money. I have got along these many years without any man who understood grammar, or French, or Latin, or any of them nonsenses, and seeing that since I've been employing grammarians and such like, people havn't advertised no freer, I'll stop." Mistaken Grandmamma! She has stopped; she has curtailed her expenses. She now employs cheap men to write editorials. We can copy one of these editorials in full, as it is short. We give it as a specimen of the style of editorial article which is furnished by the leading morning journal of San Francisco in the year 1867.

"Madam Rumor was busy yesterday with her poisonous tongue, circulating ridiculous reports that the *America* had arrived from San Juan with the cholera on board. It was like the story of the 'three black crows,' and only culminated when it was known beyond a peradventure that the steamer had not arrived. It is singular how easily some people will allow themselves to be excited on idle rumors. It is well understood that epidemics can find no lodgment in this city, and, moreover, medical men assert that the cholera is not contagious. Even if the steamer should arrive with disease on board, a rigid quarantine can confine it to a spot, even as Richelieu saved himself by drawing the magic circle of the Church with a wave of the hand. If idle tongues could be busy in some legitimate channel, the *America* or a dozen ships might arrive and depart, and none but those interested in the vessels be any wiser of their coming or going. Sensible people will mind their own business and not allow themselves to be scared into a belief that they have any extra pains or aches.'"

This editorial article is throughout written in the style of a young lady who has still to remain six terms at school before her education is completed. The young lady, however, would receive a stern reprimand, did she write such a sentence as:—"It was the story of 'the three black crows,' and only culminated when it was known beyond a peradventure that the steamer had not arrived." The young lady would have been told that the story instead of reaching its *culmen* or highest point, when it was known that the steamer had not arrived, would be utterly destroyed and fall to atoms. As everybody in the office appears to have a hand in writing for the *Alta* at present, the "devil" writing the theatrical notices, the proof-reader reviewing the books (when "the establishment" cannot afford to employ so thoroughly competent a reviewer of all literary productions—except the CALIFORNIAN—as was "on" last week) and we positively believe that Fitz Smythe has to write the editorials. Let the *Alta* beware! The *Times* is not dead. It may be turned into a newspaper yet. The report that sixteen assessments have already been levied on the stock is an invention of the enemy. The *Times* will very likely live longer than the *Flag* did, The *Alta must* wake up.

A Japanese Disease.

The Japan *Herald* of September 29th, gives an account of the last illness and death of the Tycoon. The *Herald* states the cause of death to have been:—"a disease resembling dropsy, unknown in Europe, but to which the Japanese are liable, and called by them *kake*." The discovery of a new disease creates as much excitement—not to say satisfaction—among medical men, as does the discovery of a new species of animal among the students of natural History. This disease might be transplanted to Europe we should imagine, and Tycoon *kake* would become fashionable. But how provoking it would be, after the doctors had taken so much trouble, if this *kake* which killed the Tycoon turned out to be nothing but a variation of the old fashioned stoma-kake which European little boys who eat too much, are frequently troubled with.

"Eggs .71 Dozen.."

In the report of the amount of provisions allowed per capita in the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum, the following bewildering statement occurs:—"Eggs .71 dozen." How much does that amount to in whole eggs? We have studied over this problem until the perspiration has stood in great beads on our manly brow and trickled in small rivulets down our innocent nose; we have studied still longer until the rivulets became cataracts and threatened to wash away the bridge of the before-alluded-to innocent nose, and still the problem remains to us misolved. We appeal to the public how much egg—white, yolk and shell—per diem, will .71—that is eggs .71—afford to a deaf, a dumb or a blind child? A friend, or we might perhaps better describe him as a *fiend* who wishes to set us to calculating again with a view to causing us to accomplish the act of self destruction, mentally and bodily, suggests that 71 with a dot before it means 71 one hundredths or one hundred 71ths or something else in algebra. What is this to us? Are we to be driven deaf, dumb, blind and distracted, by attempting to solve such arithmetical conundrums? We call upon Warring Wilson to state whether each child under his care receives 100 71ths of an egg per annum, or 71 100ths. We know that the amount of butter allowed per capita—both for hair dressing purposes and for food—is small, but the allowance of egg—the decimal fraction of egg allowed, appears to us to be still more scanty. Is this "eggs .71 per capita," intended to euphemistically express the fact that the Superintendent allows the children under his care to luxuriate in egg broth—or the water in which his eggs have been boiled? We give it up. We may be all wrong in these suppositions. We never were good at figures. We have forgotten our multiplication table and have much more comfort since we did so. We glory in our ignorance of figures, never even count our change out of a five dollar piece when we have made the purchase of an article costing three bits, and if eggs .71 dozenths means one egg a mouth for the deaf and dumb to look at and the blind to cut, we apologize to the Superintendent. If the *Bulletin* has made a mistake in publishing the report, the *Bulletin* ought to be ashamed of itself. A few problems like the above egg riddle would send thousands to Stockton Lunatic Asylum.

Benjamin's Troubles.

We know that Benjamin got into trouble when he went down to Egypt, in consequence of an article of silver plate being found in his sack of corn when he was about to depart homewards. Benjamin's character was speedily cleared, and we do not hear that in after-life he was ever taunted with allusions to "*that* silver cup." There is an unhappy Benjamin in the United States, who went down to New Orleans, did a little speculation in corn, and his enemies declare, carried off numerous pieces of silver plate. One of the most persistent of Benjamin's persecutors is "Brick Pomeroy." Brick is constantly ejaculating "spoons" when Benjamin's name is mentioned, and devotes column after column of the La Crosse *Democrat* to abuse of the unhappy Benjamin. Goaded to desperation, at last by the indefatigable "Brick," Benjamin has appealed to the Courts for protection—he has sued Brick Pomeroy for libel. The *Bulletin* charitably hopes that he has a character which it is possible to libel, It says:—

"Gen. Butler will of course, with his remarkable pertinacity, and his thorough knowledge of legal practice, leave nothing undone or unsaid that will tend to establish his reputation as an honest man for all time to come. The confidence with which he goes into court is a strong indication that he will be successful. That he may be, must be the hope of every loyal man."

It would be as well perhaps if the prayers of the congregation in every church were requested for Benjamin during this great trial. It will, indeed, be a great thing if Benjamin Butler establishes his reputation as an honest man for all time to come.

Poor Prince!

One of the most faithful actors who ever appeared on the San Francisco stage died on Wednesday last. This actor filled every part committed to him with the greatest fidelity, sticking close to business and never indulging in the reprehensible custom of "gagging" for the purpose of raising a laugh. The character in which he won most fame, was that of "The Dog of Montargis," in this he never failed to bring down the house. Off the stage, Prince was loved and admired by all who knew him. It is supposed that disgust at the proceedings of the Poundmaster and his pack of poisoners hastened the end of poor Prince. The good old dog has left this stage to appear on another and happier plane, we trust, where stupid Supervisors and civic assassins are not allowed to exist. Many a person will feel more grief at hearing of the demise of J. W. Shaeffer's dog Prince than they could pretend to experience at the death of many bipeds of their acquaintance,

Cool—Very.

One of the Sunday papers of this city, in reviewing May Wentworth's *Poetry of the Pacific*, says:

"A large proportion of these poems were first given to the public through the columns of the *Sunday Mercury*, whence they were extensively copied by Eastern and even European journals. Among the pieces presented are several by the late Edward Pollock, including his 'Olivia,' 'The Chandos Picture,' and 'Adeline.' Lyman Goodman, also a favorite contributor of ours, who died young in years and full of promise, is kept in memory by several of his most exquisite conceptions—among others, 'The Fair Tamborinist and 'Minnie Adair.' John R. Ridge, Frank Soule, W. A. Kendall, R. F. Greeley, James Linen. 'Caxton' (W. H. Rhodes), C. W. Stoddard, E. G. Paige ('Dow, Junior'), J. F. Bowman, J. T. Goodman, Miss Pittsinger, Carrie Carlton, Jean and Fanny Bruce, and many others equally talented are embalmed in these elegant pages."

This is delightfully cool. Lyman Goodman "also a favorite contributer of ours," died long before the paper referred to commenced its existence, and consequently never contributed *a line* to said paper. The same is true of Pollock. In fact, the whole paragraph quoted is an exquisite specimen of the most impudent style of journalistic "blowing."

The Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum.

The semi-annual report of the Superintendent of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum at the Mission Dolores, shows a satisfactory state of affairs. The health of the pupils has been excellent, and their conduct extremely good. In order to prove that this institution is carried on in an economical manner, a statement has been prepared comparing the reports of the Deaf and Dumb and Deaf, Dumb and Bliud Asylums in other States with that issued by Warring Wilkinson, the Superintendent of the California Institution. As regards economy, the result of this comparison is favorable to California, but we are sorry to see that deaf and dumb children have a more liberal allowance of food in New York than in California:

NEW YORK (Deaf and Dumb.)—Butter, per capita. 43.40 lbs; coffee and chicory, 5 62 lbs: meats and fish, 188.12 lbs; lard 2.69 lbs; molasses, 3.87 gallons; sugar, 33.41 lbs; tea, 1.75 lbs; breadstuffs, cost $14 40.

CALIFORNIA (Deaf and Dumb and Blind)—Butter, per capita. 26.46 lbs; coffee, 4.53 lbs; eggs, .71 dozen; lard. 2 56 lbs; meats, 186.48 lbs; molasses, 2.27 gallons; sugar, 26.61 lbs; tea, 1.68 lbs; breadstuffs cost $10.

The living in the New York Asylum appears to be far more generous than in our California Institution. We trust that the difference in the allowance of provisions per capita is caused by more economy being exercised in the California than in the New York Asylum. We trust that these unfortunates who are deprived of one, two, or three of their five senses have an opportunity frequently afforded them to gratify the sense of taste at dinner time. California should be able to afford to conduct her charities on at least as liberal a basis as those of New York.

Sporting Extraordinary.

A few days since a party of sportsmen went out from San Quentin "after decks," and in the vicinity of California City they "struck game" in abundance. Returning to their quarters, they were not a little exultant at finding that the birds were in splendid condition, averaging four pounds and a half when cleaned. A few days afterward the hunting party were enlarging upon their success at Sheppard's Hotel at the Point, describing the size and splendid condition of the game they had bagged, when an innocent looking youth who was present suddenly spoke up, saying: "Wal now, that accounts for it. I reckon them was my brother's ducks. He missed ten on 'em the same day you say you was a huntin' in the neighborhood; and no wonder they was fat and in good condition, *for he had* been a fattenin' of 'em up for more'n six weeks." The "hunters" left incontinently, and have not since been heard from in the neighborhood of California City.

[The "Lion's Mouth" has been wide open this week and has swallowed greedily many extraordinary morsels. The above comes from one of our idiot contributors who occasionally becomes a kleptomahia with regard to articles of antiquity in the shape of "jokes" and "funny stories."]

A Horrible Conundrum.

Why is the Emperor Maximilian like a donkey with a bag of nails on his back?

Because—as in the case of Saul—it is useless for him to kick against the pricks. [This conundrum was sent to us by a lunatic who became an inmate of the Asylum at Stockton in consequence of attending the Rev. Mr. Earle's revival meetings. We have not bestowed thought on the subject for fear of being sent to our contributor against our will, but we presume that the pricks which this maniac characterizes as hard for Maximilian to kick against, are the pricks of Uncle Sam's bayonets, which he will feel if he does not very soon get out of Mexico.]

THE second half of the current year has witnessed a succession of great calamities. The Portland fire, the devastation of the Bahamas by hurricanes, the famine in India, the inundations in France, the Quebec fire, have appended each after the other to public sympathy and benevolence. And recently reported by the Cable, comes news of a fearful flood in the North of England, involving the loss of many lives, and doubtless a vast amount of property. All this, too, on the heel of desolating wars. It is hardly wonderful that the soothsayers find it a time for prophesying, and many looking after a sign of what is yet to come.

SLEPPINGTON'S WIFE.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

I HAVE a reputation to lose. The sooner I can lose it the better. It is, I regret to say, the reputation for being a gay Lothario. Nay, more than this, and worse than this—for gay Lotharios, as far as I know anything about such characters, are flirts, are men-about-town, are known in certain ancertain circles, and apart from all questions of morality—I must mention that I am a stickler for morality, a stickler of the strictest sect of sticklers—apart, I say, from all moral questions, these fellows do small harm to any but themselves. Now, I never had the reputation of being a "gay dog" or a "sly dog," or any other dog, until now, when I am spoken of as a sad dog.

A friend of mine, a sensible sort of fellow, shook his head at me only yesterday, and said, "he was afraid I was a sad dog."

"Look here, Mivins," I said to him—from which you will gather that his name is Mivins—"What d'you mean?"

His reply, given with a cunning expression of his eye, was, "Oh, everybody knows it."

"My dear Mivins," I said, most seriously, "do not let us jest.

Here he laughed. I am annnyed when a man laughs to whom I'm talking seriously.

I want to know why he calls me sad dog.

"Well," he begins, and hesitates.

I don't take my eye off him, and I pause for reply.

"Well," he begins again.

And I say, "Well?" inquiringly.

"Well," he retards, slowly, as if demurring to some statement on my part.

This, I feel, is not coming to the point; so I put to him a leading question.

"Have you heard any absurd report about me?"

"Well, he replies, "not exactly about you, but—"

"But what" I ask, as sternly as ever, because now we *are* coming to the point.

"Well, you know——" he recommences, evidently evasive. I catch him up sharply:

"I do *not* know."

Whereupon he says, screwing up his umbrella, so as to have something to attract his attention and thus avoid meeting my gaze:

"Well, you see——"and stops.

I tell him once for all that I do *not* see. I rouse myself, and energetically appeal to him, as a friend, to inform me why, since my short absence, from England, I have acquired a reputation utterly foreign to my real nature; why club acquaintances point me out to *their* club acquaintances; why, if I am at a bachelor's party, and any question arises whose tendency is not clearly and resplendently virtuous, I am appealed to as *the* person "who ought to know." I want to know why, and let him tell me, in the name of friendship, if he can, why, if the conversation in my presence turns accidently upon Divorce cases, on the state of the marriage laws in different countries—I say, I want to know why the—why the dickens they should address me as an authority upon such matters as these? I know I have read law: I have been in a special pleader's office, but I am no practitioner: and, in short, to come, as is my object, to the point, what the dickens does everyone mean by it?

By way of answer he asks me not to be offended at what he's going to say. Of course not, I tell him.

"Then," he returns, "I'll mention a name—Mrs. Montgomery Sleppington." He *has* come to the point, and sticks there.

"I thought so," is my reply. "Walk into my room and I'll tell you the whole story."

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," says he, jocularly. Again I remind him that this is no time for trifling, whereupon he proposes a cigar. As it will keep him quiet while I am giving him information of a most important character, I accede to his request, allowing him to light his own Havanas, although my curtains will suffer: for I am particular in these matters, and cannot afford either my amber furniture to be tarnished by tobacco, or my fair fame by the breath of scandal.

Mivins is a club man, Mivins moves about in society: he knows everyone, speaks to anyone, will do you a good turn or a bad turn with equal readiness, according to the material at his command. If he knows a good story about you, he will tell it and spare not. If he knows a bad story he will tell that. I do not think he ever improvises; he recounts. Therefore, if I want to correct a wrong impression, which has got abroad about myself, I give Mivins the right idea that I want conveyed hither and thither; and though I know Mivins will not give up the first, yet I am certain that he will annotate it with the latest intelligence, of which he will at first be the exclusive possessor. Therefore I tell Mivins this story about myself and Mrs. Montgomery Sleppington (who I heartily wish I'd never met.) and to corroborate every statement, I show him, as a friend, extracts from my diary, kept from time to time during my tour, and hearing every possible mark of having been written when and where I assert they *were* written.

Mivins in a very easy chair, and a very easy attitude, watches his smoke vanishing into the air, on its road toward my curtains, and says, "Go ahead." I go ahead. And therefore should this meet the eye of anybody who wants a strong moral lesson, let him put himself in the position of Mivins, and let him consider me as now going ahead for his especial benefit.

Now then, Mivins listening, I am talking:

"You know I am fond of travelling, Mivins?" (*He nods: don't believe he did know it*)—"and when you *do* want a holiday go out of England, that is what *I* say."

Mivins observes that that is what he says too, which detracts from the originality of my remark. I ask him if he minds my reading occassional notes from my diary. He says, "Oh not at all;" only he adds, "get on."

"Well, Mivins, this year I determined to visit the great St. Bernard and get a dog."

Mivans wants to know if I've got one of those beasts here. I tell him I'll come to that in time. I detect a desire upon his part to tell me a story about some friend of his who *did* get a St. Bernard, but I stop him at the outset. He compromises for silence on his part by a request for sherry. I have it at hand. He is supplied, and I am going ahead again. So is he with the sherry. I continue:—

"You know"—I assume he knew a great deal, but he doesn't: this flatters him, I think—"you know what a quiet fellow I am: if I can get a congenial companion I am delighted to travel with him; if not. (and *being* a quiet man, such a friend is difficult to find,) I travel alone. One often picks up people on the journey, and sometimes they turn out very satisfactorily, and if they don't, one can drop them."

"I see," interrupted Mivins. "You picked up Mrs. Montgomery." He *doesn't* see: it is nothing of the sort. "Well, then, go ahead," says Mivins.

I *am* coming to the point as fast as possible, so it's perfectly absurd for Mivins to jump to conclusions. Mivans apologises. He thought it was the old story. I reprove him with a look, and continue:

"When I got to Dieppe ——"

"You don't get St. Bernard's at Dieppe," objects Mivins.

"I know that," I tell him, somewhat testily, and he apologises again for the interruption.

"When I got to Dieppe I was all alone—" ("You started alone, didn't you?" interpolation by Mivins. Answered by me, annoyed—"Yes")—"and felt rather dull. I made up my mind to dine at the common board of the house." ("Meaning *table d'hote*, I suppose," says Mivins. A nod of assent from me.) "Well, at the table opposite to me were seated a lady and a gentleman. I have an excellent memory for faces, not for names," (Mivins says, "So has he,") "and I was certain that I'd seen the gentleman before." "Your tailor, eh?" Mivins inquires. Mivins is not serious: I regret it, but he is not. However, I let him know, without spoiling my story, that he wasn't my tailor: whereat Mivins appears disappointed.) "He spoke French admirably: at least I imagine he spoke it admirably, as he talked fluently in the language of the country, and kept up a conversation with his fair neighbor on the one hand, and a dark neighbor on the other, during the whole of the dinner-time. I didn't join in myself, being somewhat depressed. "Mivins interrupts, "I suppose you said, '*Wee, Mossoo, commong voo portay kickshows.*'" "*You!*" I answer, ironically, "might have said it; but *I* can be serious, when it is necessary." He begins to see it is necessary now, and looks at his watch. Before I go on, can I give him another cigar? I will send out for one. I send out, by his direction, for three "marinieros cahalleros" first brand.)

I resume:—

"The gentleman's face bothered me. With the lady's I was very much struck. She was a very fine, handsome, woman." (At this point I am obliged to restrain a slight ebullition of levity on Mivins' part. And I resume:)

"A very fine woman; about thirty, I should say. She had certainly the finest eyes I ever saw. Flashing Spanish eyes. A thin black line of an eyebrow. Long dark eyelashes, and—and"—(feeling I'm not equal to any description of a nose beyond "finely chiselled," I pull up abruptly with)—"that's all."

(Here the marinieros caballeros arrive. Mivins lights a mariniero, fills another glass of sherry, and now we are going on again.)

"I thought they both"—("The lady and gentleman?" asks Mivans. "Yes, the lady and gentleman," I reply,)—"looked at me as if *they* had seen *me* before somewhere. I felt a little embarrassed; and became more and more depressed with each course. Why, I don't know," ("Bad wine," suggests Mivins.) "I think it must have been a presentiment of ill."

"After dinner I took up a newspaper and read therein, that about this time of the year numbers of people were making pilgrimages to La Salette.

"'A pilgrim!' I said to myself. It fitted in with my humor. And I at once divided between pilgrims and St. Bernard dogs.

"Yet what did I know of pilgrimages? What did I know, if it came to that, of St. Bernard dogs? What was there to see? The same question applies in the other case.

"The paper informed me, a shrine, and a monastery. Well after all, St. Bernard only ended in a monastery. Salette's monastery was on a mountain. St Bernard's too. It was a difficulty; I was unsettled.

"I stood on the steps of the hotel-door and looked out to sea. My *vis-á-vis* (male) of the *table-d'hote* came out and did the same.

"Naturally enough we got into conversation.

"I had seen him before, as I thought, only once though, when on circuit, had I met with Mr. Montgomery, who was then a promising senior-junior. After a time he became Mr. Montgomery Sleppington, for a property, but still continued his practice. He married, and was now out for the vacation with his wife.

"'Pilgrimage!' said Mrs. Sleppington, 'quite a mediæval notion. How delightful.'

"I think this settled the question in my mind as to my destination. The next observation of Sleppington's settled the means of arriving at it.

"'We have a carriage and horses here, and will be happy to take you any distance. The country is charming.'

"I was afraid, I said, I should inconvenience them. 'Not at all,' she assured me, so did he.

"It was arranged, we started. I don't know, Mivins, if you are acquainted with Grenoble?" Mivins is not, and doesn't care about description, as he wants to 'get to the point.' By the way, would I mind giving him a biscuit? I accommodate him. We go on again:

"Well, we enjoyed the journey amazingly. It was quite a new sensation to me to be traveling in such company. Mr. Sleppington was a very well-informed man, and his wife a charming conversationalist. As for pilgrims, we didn't see many of them: as we subsequently found, they had preceded us. The country was all fresh to us, and if they say two's company and three's none, in this case the rule may have been proved by the exception.

"I refer for corroboration to my diary.

"'Stopping at a small hotel. Mrs. Sleppington is certainly delightful. Sleppington is busy with law papers which he carries about with him. Mrs. S. is one of those women to whom it is no trouble to talk. I wish Julia was more like Mrs. Sleppington.' (I have to explain to Mivins, who interrupts me with, "Who's Julia? Werry peculiar," that Julia's the young lady to whom I have been engaged for some time. He apologises, and I resume.) 'She understands me. She can talk upon the highest subjects and cookery. Julia doesn't know anything of cookery. She is most accomplished. Julia plays nicely, but doesn't sing. I don't think Sleppington worthy of her. I mean he's so much engrossed in his law that he cannot pay her sufficient attention. There is nothing so delightful as being in company with a seasible married woman, you can talk to her differently to ordinary misses. Of course I *love* Julia, and don't regret my engagement.' (I don't like Mivins' smile with his eyes shut.) 'Mrs. Sleppington is just the sort of woman one could get on with, even apart from society. Well, so's Julia, I think, but Julia wants experience. Speaking of her to Jenson, whom I met, *en passant*, he said, "Ah, but she's got the deuce of a temper." I denied it. I had been with them some days, I had been with them under the most trying circumstances, and she was never put out, at least, not with *me*, and her husband really interfered so little that she couldn't be angry with him. "Ah!" said Jenson, "she gives it him when they're alone. If you were her husband, you'd soon wish yourself somewhere else." I am glad that Jenson was obliged to go somewhere else very speedily, as if he'd stayed long I should have quarreled with him on the subject. We didn't quarrel, thank goodness, I was saved that.' (I don't think Mivins is listening. Yes he is, he says, and tries to prove it to me by repeating my last words, "quarreled with him on the subject." I beg Mivins to attend, as it is of importance, and I am, I assure him, coming rapidly to the point. I resume):

"Well, I will tell you; we stopped at Grenoble just one day too long. A special messenger came for Sleppington. He was to return to England immediately. Something most important, legally and politically, required his immediate presence. This news he announced at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Sleppington didn't faint: she didn't cry out; she didn't complain. I admired the heroic fortitude of the woman, the devotion of the wife.

"Sleppington said he didn't know what to do.

"'Go I suppose,' observed Mrs. Sleppington, giving me some more tea.

"'Yes, yes; but what are *you* to do? It is very hard to deprive you of the only trip abroad you've had for years.' Thoughtful, this, of Sleppington.

"'Well,' she admitted; 'it is disappointing.' She added, as an afterthought, 'But why not leave me here; you go transact your business and return?'

"Sleppington was silent. He didn't like the proposal; she would be so lonely.

"'Oh no,' she replied; 'Mr. Smythie will be here for some time longer'—talking at me—'and if he wouldn't mind looking after an old married woman like myself——'

"'Oh! I—' don't preeisely kuow what I was going to say: I think my remark would have been of a complimeutary character however.

When Sleppington interrupted me with—

"'Oh! it's very kind of you, my dear fellow,' as if I'd made the offer; 'but I can't think of bothering you.'

"Again, I don't know what I was going to say, but I fancy I only replied:

"'Oh, don't mention it,' feebly.

"'I've got it,' said Sleppington, brightening up. 'I'll only go as far as Paris, telegraph first for the clerk to meet me there with full particulars. Then, if I *am* required in England, I must go; if uot, I return at once. That needn't take more than three days.'

"'And I will go with you, do you mean, or remain here?' inquired Mrs. Sleppington.

"'Oh, it's no use doubling the expense; remain here.'

"In my diary I find, 'Charming couple. No jealousy on either side; no suspicion. I wish Julia were here. Good lesson for Julia.'

"Sleppington, who was a thorough man of business, was off in two hours' time. Before he went I stopped him (for I don't mind telling you, Mivins, that I had had time to refleet upou my peculiar situation,) to ask him if he was certain of returning in three days. I explained that I did not wish to appear rude, and made some apology on account of future arrangements. In fact, Mivins, I was puzzled; and though I admired Mrs. Sleppington hugely, yet somehow or another, although, previously, I would rather have had *her* to talk to than Julia, yet now I would have given two hundred pounds to have been compelled to escort Julia instead of Mrs. Sleppington.

"'My dear fellows,' he said—I had been his dear fellow for the last two hours since breakfast—'don't bother yourself. Nothing's certain in this world. I hope I *shall* be back; in fact, it's ten to one I am; but, as you've heard, it is on the cards that I may be called off. However, don't you be under apprehension'—he thought I was alluding to money matters—'whenever my wife wants anything, draw upon me for any sum. Mind, I won't'—he was very impressive here—'I won't have you spend anything on your own account. Put this all down to me. Draw on *me*.'

"I shook him heartily by the hand, and somehow felt as grateful to him as if he'd made me a present of a thousand pounds.

"We were both of us very hearty at parting; Mrs. Sleppington was at her window, encouraging him on his road with a smile.

"What do you mean?" asks Mivins. "Well, I felt as if I was somebody else. There was hanging about me the notion of somebody else. I can't exactly explain, it was a hazy, dazy kind of feeling; and in anything but a cheerful mood I went up stairs to our sitting-room,

"*Our* sitting-room. Whose sitting-room? Why, undoubtedly Sleppington's. Hitherto I have been invited there as a guest: *now* I came in by right, and yet it was Sleppington's. I seemed to be dreaming. His last words had been 'draw upon *him*.' Dwelling upon this phrase, in the absence of Mrs. Sleppington from our, I mean *the*, room, I became awake to its utter vagueness. How was I to draw upon him? With *my* cheque-book? No, evidently not. With *his*? Probably. He had no doubt left it with Mrs. Sleppington, and then—Yes, but in *that* case. *she* would draw on him, not I. And yet, on further consideration, how the deuce could *she* draw on him? She couldn't sign his name, nor, of course, could I.

"On referring to my diary, I find that my opinion at the time was—

"'It's all very well to *say* "draw upon me," but how?

"'Now Sleppington's gone, I feel a constraint in addressing Mrs. S., which I never experienced before. I don't like to be too much with her, the people here will think it so odd. I don't like being too much away from her, or she'll think it so unkind, and will complain to her husband. I wish to goodness I'd goue away before the special messenger came.

"'It rained this afternoon. I sat the whole time between luncheon and dinner in our—in *the* sitting-room. She was silent; so was I. She found fault with the country, with the weather, with the dulness of the place, which last was a hit at me. I roused myself: what could I do? Find out if there was anything lively in the evening? I asked the waiter; the landlord; everybody. Yes; there were to be some illuminations, and the peasantry had got a dance and a sort of fair, if fine. If Madame would like, he, the landlord, would order a carriage for Madame and Monsieur. It is almost impossible to explain to these people that she is not my wife. I tried it with the waiter, and I fancy the waiter was slightly shocked at what I intended to be a most correct explanation, and I left him, I am afraid, under very erroneous impression of my morality."

"Well," says Mivins, lighting "cabollero" number two, "you saw old Phigg there, who proposed you for the club last year."

"I did, Mivins; and I owe it to Phigg, confound him, that I have been shunned like a Pariah ever since my return to England—at least, by all my respectable acquaintances—and have received 'not at home' for an answer when I called in Portman Square on Julia, who, p'raps you didn't know" (he didn't,) "is Phigg's niece."

"I drove Mrs. Sleppington to the *fete*. We walked about and saw the illuminations. She complained of the carriage, of the horses, of the driver, of everything, and, always indirectly, of my dulness. Her wants were legion. She was always apologising for wanting, but always wanting. I refer to my diary, Mivins, to give you some idea of it.

"'2nd day with Mrs. Sleppington.—She kept me waiting for breakfast. Called from her bed-room door, would I ask for her boots. Did so. Got them. Would I get the other boots she wore yesterday. Got them. She had no bell there, and wanted some more hot water. I ran up and down stairs for her. Being dressed, she prefers dining in the *salle a manger*. So down we go. It is there I see Phigg. Phigg recognised me. I felt; but I avoided Phigg. I wish I hadu't; and yet it would have been so difficult to explain matters to Julia's uncle. I won't recognise him as long as he stays here, and then (as he's rather a stupid old fool) he may think that he's made a mistake. Mrs. Sleppington then asked me, "Why I didn't talk?" Well, I didn't like to give Julia's uncle as my reason; but he was, and will be, as long as we all stay in this place.'

"Fancy, Mivins, my hearing old Phigg ask the waiter 'who that was,' and seeing the *garcon* whisper behind his hand. Worse, my dear Mivins; fancy her insisting on my taking her out for a drive, not up the mountains and out of the way, but through the village to any notable place for tourists, where everyone saw us; and then on our return to the hotel, there was old Phigg at the door, telling young Penthorne, his partner's son, that 'he's sorry for it—sad thing—Smythie—Sleppington's wife.'

"My diary says—'4th day.—Mr. S. still absent. I have now a recognised position at Grenoble. We are pointed at thus: '*That's Smythie with Sleppington's wife.*' I went up, desperately, to old Phigg. He shunned me. I will try young Penthone. He has gone. It is a delicate subject to talk to Mrs. S. upon. And yet she will suffer more than I. She is a woman of sense. I *will* speak to her. First to explain to Phigg. Inquire for him, He has gone. And if back to England, what will Julia say?'"

"In fact," says Mivins, what was said; I know what *you* said and what you thought." ("The case was strong," pleads Mivins.) I admit it.

"But," Mivins wants to know, "how did you get rid of her?"

"I'll tell you while you finish that caballero. I mentioned the report about ourselves to her as pleasantly as possible. She started up like a fury. 'What!' she said, 'did you not knock the man down?' I said, I couldn-t knock Julla's uncle down. (I didn't call him Julia's uncle, though.) I explaiued 'twas the waiter in the first place. 'Then,' she exclaimed, 'send for him, or for the landlord; I'm not going to stop to be insulted!' I attempted to pacify her. She would allude to what her *husband* would have done had he been here. I pointed out that had I pommelled the landlord on her behalf, *that* would have only made the case stronger against us. She would take no apology; I felt that by implieation I was a coward,—I was reduced to such a state of nervous desperation by this fury of a woman, that I had almost made up my mind to rush down stairs, and, for sake of peace and quietness punch the landlord's head,—wheu she said, 'No, pay our account, and we will go at once.'

"Now came the timewhen I was to see how the process of 'drawing upon' Sleppington was to be aecomplished. One thing was certain, she had no money; another thing was equally certain, that the bill must be paid; a third thing became quite certain, namely, that I must pay it. And I did. Never mind, I thought, you and I go as far as Paris together, there you'll meet your husband.

"My dear Mivins, she wouldn't hear of it. She said, *I'd* proposed Salette and she wouldn't leave without seeing the monastery and the shrine in the mountains.

"I reasoned; she was above reason; I argued; she was beyond argument. She stormed at me; she said her husband should hear of my conduct. No laughing matter, my dear Mivins; and finally she burst into tears—How mistaken I had been in Mrs. Sleppington! her temper was awful.

"Then she insisted on going as a pilgrim; or rather, she insisted upon making the ascent as a mounted pilgrimage, requiring me on accouut of the expense—so considerate—to walk. What pilgrims! she complaining of the donkey, of the man, of me, of everything, all the way up; and I in the worst temper I was ever in in my life, grumbling, and stumbling up the rough road.

"When we reached the monastery, the arrivals of pilgrims had been so numerous, that there was only one bed-room.

"In this place, Mivins, you must know that the Monks take charge of the males, and the Sisters of the females; and so per force Mrs. Sleppington was taken from me and put in the only vacant room. How grateful I was for my deliverance!

"It was now, Mivins, for the first time that I found she didn't speak French even as well as myself. She couldu't make her attendant understand her, and, while I was walking quietly up and down in the sort of terrace, she leant out of her window to me, storming because she couldn't get anything to eat or drink, and couldn't make anyoue attend to or understand her.

"I explained to her that the men were separated from the women, and she then denounced, luckily in English, the monks, the nuns, the bishops, the priests, and, above all, me for *bringing her there*.

"There and then, Mivins, I formed a resolution. Never take charge of another man's wife.

"I made up my mind to go away and leave her in the monastery, I did indeed! when luckily, Sleppington returned, and made the ascent of La Salette himself. I saw him, but not to speak to. I took my guide and donkey and went down the hill. To Grenoble—to Paris—home. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, my dear boy," returns Mivins. "It's all humbug about your having run away with Mrs. Sleppington."

"*With* her! Mivins; I ran away *from* her."

Note.—I have, since giving Mivins this instruction, been able to explain matters to Julia, aud old Phigg has himself called upon Sleppington. Young Penthorne's mouth has been stopped, and Mivins has done the truth good service, and settled the matter with society generally.

Between us we've wiped the mud off: my friends no longer eall me "sad dog," "slyboots," and so forth; I have regained my ancient respeetability; but, for all that, I avoid the Sleppingtons.—*Christmas Number of Once a Week.*

Venice.—Venice is a collection of 117 islets, divided by 149 canals, connected by 380 bridges, and pierced by 2059 infinitely narrow and labyrinthine streets. Almost every foot of the city is built upon piles. Each of its 15,000 houses is washed by the sea-water, and of its 130,000 people not one ever rode upon wheels down the mainland of his city. Making a broad spiral ribbon of blue sea. Through the longest diameter of Venice, passes the Grand Canal, the most wonderful water panorama in the world—in no degree like the dull brick facing of the Flemish and Dutch city canals, but a highway to marble palaces, into which are burned the dyes of a Southern sun, and all the floridness of the Goth blossoms in their architecture. Three bridges ouly aeross this Grand Canal, two of them practical and modern; the middle bridge, famed in all lands, is the Rialto, a high archway of shops and multitudes, under which, like docile crocodiles, gondolas shoot their beaks of steel. Upon the surface of this peopled archipelago there are 294 open places or *campi*. Most of them were spaces to give some church perspeetive; but two thirds of the way down the city, where it narrows to almost its smallest girth, lies the only square of greater length than a sling's throw, the wondrous Piazza of San Marco. This piazza is like nothing in America. From the days of Petrarch, who loved it, it has been a marvel. It is a great oblong square, 600 feet long by 230 feet wide, paved with hewn blocks of marble, bordered on three sides by a marble palace, faced with long arcades, which show gilded cafes and splendid shops of jewelry beneath them; and on the third side, or rather at the head of it, the Cathedral of St. Mark, the patron of Vinece, rises, venerable aud plentiful of domes, the richest, if not the purest, religious edifice in the world.

Nearness of Death.—When we walk near powerful machinery we know that one single misstep and those mighty engiues will tear us to ribbons with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So when we are thundering across the land in a rail car, and there is nothing but an inch of iron flange to hold us on the track. So when we are on a ship, and there is nothing between us and eternity. We imagine then that we see how close we are to the edge of the preeipiee; but we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land, the partition that divides us from eternity is something less than the oak plank or half an inch of iron flange. The machinery of life and death is within us. The tissues that hold the beating powers in their place are often not thicker than a sheet of paper; and if that thin partition rupture, it would be the same with us as if a cannon ball had struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as he would to widen the space, no man can, at any time, go further from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

The effects of the voyage of the miniature ship, *Red, White and Blue*, across the ocean, are already seen, for it is announced that Prince Napoleon and the Duke of Rutland have each ordered of the builder of the little vessel the construction of exact counterparts of it. The hull of the miniature ship is a metallic life-boat.

The London *Telegraph* has the largest circulation of any daily newspaper in the world—155,000.

[For the Californian.]

CHEAP LABOR AND CHINAMEN.

BY PRENTICE.

INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY.—THE CHINAMAN

A CHINAMAN is a human being; perhaps a brother. I am willing to allow him both privileges.

In the Flowery Kingdom he can comfortably subsist on rice and rats for five cents per day. He is ingenious and industrious—qualities to be commended.

The worst feature pertaining to the industy and ingenuity of the Mongolian is that it is likely to prove detrimental to the welfare of the Caucasian, wherfore, it is preferable that such ingenuity and industry be retained in the Celestial Empire.

CHAPTER II.

THE DINNER.

In 1867 ensued the inauguration of the line of steamers to China and Japan.

Prior to the departure of the first vessel, a grand dinner was given, at which figured Ingots & Co., Greenbacks & Brothers, and many other individuals of great pecuniary influence.

In the usual post-prandial speeches it was argued that the prosperity of the great State of California depended upon the introduction of the Mongolian element in formidable and overwhelming numbers, whereby might be secured any desired amount of cheap labor.

A simpleton once asked a capitalist "In what consisted the prosperity of a State?" "O," it was answered, "in the existence of heavy firms with balance sheets showing a few millions per year profits, of colossal steamboat and railroad companies, and, indeed, of companies monopolizing the sale of everything eatable, drinkable and wearable. Also in the erection of palatial residences, magnificent churches and public buildings."

The welfare of two or three hundred thousand of people "on the outside" was of no particular importance. They might be needy and destitute, but what business had they to be poor, anyhow?

But to the dinner. Clergymen sat at the feast. Clergymen not long out of Boston. They, too, were inspired with the belief that the forthcoming Mongolian influx would conduce to the prosperity of the State; assist in "the development of our resources," pay off the national debt, prove the salvation of the heathen, and indirectly raise our salary.

"Should we not as brothers stretch forth our arms in greeting toward our Mongolian brethren, the countrymen of the sage Confucius? Should we not extend the hand of fellowship to our benighted fellow beings of the Occident, welcoming them to the land of Christianity, art, civilization and high and numerous taxes? Was it not well thus to bring the benighted Pagan in contact with the humanizing influence of orthodoxy with its numerous sects and contradictory creeds?"

So spake the clergyman, while outside, listening to the music and dwelling in imagination upon the luxurious feast, stood a crowd of dreary wretches who would gladly obtain employment at twenty-five dollars per month.

Old Per Centum entertained his circle with an enumeration of the blessings to be enjoyed when labor was down to twenty-five cents per day. Thus might we export cotton and woolen fabrics and successfully compete with the starved and over-worked operatives of Old and New England.

Pinchem, an enthusiastic money getter, argued in favor of the introduction of rats and puppies as articles of food among the American poor. Thus reduced, you see, to the same gastronomical standard with the Mongolian, an equalization of wages could easier be brought about, and John and Johnathan would cheerfully work side by side for as near nothing as possible.

Squeezeem, another Christian, hinted that the Mongolian practice of drowning superfluous female infants might be beneficially copied by our own native poor whose responsibilities had become unprofitably numerous.

And so passed off the dinner to the satisfaction of all present. At its close, those who could rise from their seats did so with a feeling that the prosperity of the State was established on a firm and sure foundation.

CHPATER III.

THE FUTURE.

After a prolonged absence, in New Guinea, I visited California in 1870.

The population had almost doubled, owing to the Celestial influx.

The price of labor had been successfully reduced to fifty cents per day.

Celestial labor everywhere prevailed, in mines, the factory, the workshop, on ship and on shore, on the farm and in the household.

The vernacular was considerably modified by the introduction of Chinese words, rendering the study of English grammar quite an impossibility to the ordinary intellect.

Of course the right of suffrage had been granted to the new element, a privilege, the oversight and direction of which was managed by their wealthy employers.

The prosperity of the State was indicated by the presence of magnificent mansions, splendid churches and numerous gorgeous jails, alms houses and lunatic asylums.

In his annual message, the Governor congratulated his wealthy supporters on the restoration of peace and tranquillity. The disturbances occasioned by a few thousand white laborers, who had endeavored to molest our Chinese citizens on the absurd pretence that their right to existence was materially interfered with by the low price of labor, had been successfully quelled.

The ringleaders had been hung, shot, or banished, and their deluded followers with their families were quietly and peaceably eking out a miserable existence.

As had been predicted the prosperity of the State was indicated by the presence of magnificent private residences, banking buildings and princely homes for the destitute.

A fearful mortality had prevailed among the white sewing women, caused chiefly by inanition. The rat and puppy diet interfered with their longevity.

A third of one of the adjoining counties had been purchased for a Potter's Field. It was beautifully laid out, all at the expense of the State. Indeed, none of our public works were a disgrace to the commonwealth, thanks to the introduction of cheap labor, and the indigent dead were well cared for.

Mongolization had extended even to the stage. The sterling old English melodramas were supplanted by interminiable Chinese plays, dating back several thousand years previous to the Mosaic creation.

Cramping the feet (as well as the intellect) was creeping into favor among the *bon ton*. Tails, *a la Chiniois*, were also hinted at.

AMUSEMENTS.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.—On Monday last Miss Jennie Parker, who was announced on the posters as "the dushing and beautiful sensation star," made her debut before a California audience as "Eily O'Connor" in *The Colleen Bawn*. Miss Parker chose an unfortunate character and an unfortunate piece in which to make her appearance as a star. Mrs. Sophie Edwin had presented an "Eily O'Connor" which gave such general satisfaction that any person attempting the character after her challenged comparison which would probably prove unfavorable to the new comer unless she was possessed of rare talent. Miss Jennie Parker having little to recommend her as an actress beyond a plump, pretty face, nice hair and a good figure failed to create a favorable impression in this part. Mrs. Harry Jackson played "Anne Chute" capitally. Harry Jackson played "Myles na Copalleen" very badly, turning the high-spirited Irishman into a drunken, slobbering, half idiotic bog-trotter, who could never have gained even the sympathy of "Eily O'Connor." Mrs. Judah was of course good in the character of "Mrs. Cregan." The "Danny Mann" of H. Edward's was pretty good, though he did not make many of the fine points. George Pauncefort played the part of "Hardress Cregan" for nearly all it was worth, and H. D. Thompson was quite at home in the character of "Corrigan." On Wednesday and Thursday, *Arrah-na-Pogue* with the same cast as before with the exception of Miss Jennie Parker taking the character of "Arrah Meelish," which she filled far more satisfactorily than did "Lady Don."

This afternoon *Arrah-na-Pogue* will be performed, and in the evening *Never Too Late to Mend* will be presented with all the original scenery original horse eating oats (not the original oats, but the *real* oats,) the trained pigeons, roosters, hens, large dogs, and other farm-yard bipeds and quadrupeds. On Monday Evening Miss Jennie Parker takes a benefit, on Wednesday, James Linen, the poet, will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit, and the military drama of *The Seige of Lucknow* will be presented; Mrs. Harry Jackson will appear in the character of "Jessie Brown." Those who are present on this occasion (hundreds of tickets have been already sold) will have a treat. The last New York sensation —*Griffith Gaunt* is in active preparation, and will be produced in magnificent style. Mr. Maguire is indefatigable in procuring novelties. A piece which has run 200 nights in London and 100 nights in New York, is placed on the stage at the Opera House at a large expense, allowed to remain there perhaps a week and then shelved to make room for the latest novelty. All the sensations of the day will be presented at the Opera House, and our local dramatists are all engaged in writing new pieces.

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MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The desire to see the Japanese in their wonderful feats and tricks, has been so unprecedently great that the Academy has not been half large enough to contain those who nightly sought admission for the present week. A further postponement of the departure of the Japanese until the sailing of another steamer has been made, that all may have an opportunity to see them. The "Japs" are wonderful! and their feats are the realization of the legendary wonders and glamour that abound in the stones of oriental legerdemain.

MR. LINEN'S BENEFIT.—On Wednesday evening next James Linen, the poet, will take a benefit at Maguire's Opera House, on which occasion *The Siege of Lucknow* will be presented, with Mrs. Harry Jackson in the part of the Scottish heroine, Jessie Brown. The same lady will read "The Poet's Mission," one of Mr. Linen's finest productions. *The Siege of Lucknow* ranks among the most powerful and attractive of modern sensation dramas, and it will be presented with an excellent cast on Wednesday night. The occasion itself, and the excellent bill offered, should draw a crowded house. We trust that the beneficiary may reap an abundant pecuniary harvest, and we have little doubt that such will be the case.

—

B'NAI BERITH ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment given at Platt's Hall, on Tuesday evening last, by the B'nia Berith Literary and Social Circle, was a great success. The hall was crowded. *Black Eyed Susan* was capitally performed by a company of amateurs. Miss Augusta Livingstone carried off the honors of the evening by her admirable impersonation of "Blue Peter," and the artistic manner in which she danced a horn-pipe. Miss Thersa Shirk played "Susan" very creditably, and Mr. Sam Leszynsky having quieted down a little since the last time he appeared in the character, presented a very good "William." Mr. A. Wiener was also good as Jacob "Twig."

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LAST night a large and fashionable audience assembled to attest their appreciation of the talent of George Pauncefort, who took a benefit on this occasion. The performance commenced with the capitol farce of *Used Up*, in which Mr. Pauncefort as "Sir Charles Coldstream," was excellent, reminding many of Charles Matthews in the same character. Miss Jennie Parker, in the drama of *Victorine*, evinced considerable talent, and Mrs. Harry Jackson, as "Elsie," was very good.

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THE Howson and the Martinettis have been playing their usual line of business at the Metropolitan, and have not brought out anything particularly noteworthy during the week.

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THE ALEMANNIA BAL MASQUE.—This grand ball will be given this evening. One thousand dollars have been expended in decorating Platt's Hall for this occasion. The doors open at 7 o'clock, and the Grand March will take place at 9. Two bass bands will be in attendance. The greatest care has been expended in getting up this entertainment, and those who have obtained tickets may certainly anticipate a delightful evening's amusement.

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COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT.—The complimentary concert tendered by many of the citizens of San Francisco to the juvenile pianists, the Misses Laemlein will take place on Wednesday evening January 23d at Platt's Hall. Great interest in these California artists has heretofore been evinced by the public, and the programme will be so fine a one that the hall will surely be crowded.

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THE OLYMPIC CLUB'S RECEPTION, at their Rooms last evening was a very enjoyable one. The Olympians may be congratulated on the thorough success of the first entertainment they have given this season.

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THE DRAMA IN PARIS.—The bills at the Parisian Theatres were, at last accounts, as follows:

Francais—"The Son," a comedy in four acts.
Opera Comique—"Mignon."
Odeon—"The Conspiracy of Amboise."
Italiens—"Traviata."
Imperial Duchatelet—"Cinderella."
Theatre Lyrique—"Don Juan."
Gymnase—"Our Good Villagers."
Varieties—"Man is not perfect."
Palais Royal—"Parisian Life."
Porte St. Martin—"The Parisian in London."
Gaité—"The Bell-ringer of St. Paul."
Ambigu—"The loves of Paris."
Folies Dramatique—"Relache."
Theatre Dejazet—"Our Good Villagers," a burlesque.
Bouffes Parisiennes—"The Knights of the Round Table."
Beaumarchais—"The Street Musician."
Folies Marigney—"Women of the World."
Fantasies—"The Rosieres," a comic opera.
Theatre de Prince Imperial—Equestrian performances, with the "intrepid Bonnaire" as the star.

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST.

"MEDICINE CHESTS always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

NUMBER FIFTEEN next week if time permits. In the meantime the sick and suffering will be receiving the benifit of the best mode of treating disease ever practice. No 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

COAL.—At R. H. Thompson's yard, No. 818 Mission street, is kept constantly on hand all kinds of coal for family and hotel use, as well as fine coal for blacksmiths, which will be delivered free of cartage to any part of the city. Mr. Thompson is enabled from facilities at his command, to sell coal at cheaper rates than any other coal dealer in his neighborhood. Give him a trial.

[For the Californian.]

DECIEVED.

I ran to meet my lover,
When the yellow moon was West;
I ran to meet my lover,
Who swore he loved me best.

I wandered with my lover,
Till the yellow moon had set;
I wandered with my lover,
And he was fonder yet.

I lingered with my lover,
Until the stars grew dim;
I lingered with my lover,
And tender grew to him.

No more returns my lover,
When the yellow moon is West;
No more returns my lover,
And woe is in my breast.

Beshrew the fickle lover,
Be moon or East or West:
Beshrew the fickle lover,
Who swore he loved me best!

San Francisco, 1866. W. A. KENDALL.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[THIS department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

INNOVATIONS IN LANGUAGE.

In an article on Chaucer, in a late number of the Westminster *Review*, the writer makes some judicious and discriminating observations on the subject of the innovations and changes in language, and the introduction of new words or the use of words in a new sense, which are permissible to an author. He says:

Chaucer's influence was greater, because the language was then more susceptible of change. The Augustan poet might wonder why a liberty that was granted to Cecilius and to Plautus was denied to Virgil and to Varro, or why he was not allowed to enrich the language like Cato and Ennius.

> Quid autem
> Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus ademptum
> Virgilio Varoque? Ego cur acquirere pauca,
> Si possum invideor cum lingua Catonis et Enni
> Sermonem patrium ditaverit et nova rerum
> Nomina protulerit?

But neither could Horace in his day, nor can Tennyson in ours, tamper with the language as Plautus and Chaucer did in theirs. The language of successive authors has gradually become a standard. Our vocabulary and our syntax have at last become stereotyped. Innovations in either become every day more inadmissible. In Chaucer's time the language was passing through a series of rapid changes. There were a hundred different dialects and no means of determining which was right. Those whose authority is now equally decisive over the dress of society and diction of conversation had then but recently and partially given up French. The literature by which our present written language is determined only began with Chaucer. He became to others what none had been to him—a standard. If this state of the language caused great difficulties, it also furnished great rewards. If, in selecting the most harmonious words and phrases, he had to trust to his own ear and to his own judgment, his taste was universally approved and widely imitated. He was respected by Gower, admired, or rather adored, by Occlive, Lydgate, Douglas. Spenser, and Milton; imitated by Pope, Dryden, Wordsworth and Tennyson. By the peculiar fortunes of James the First; Chaucer's influence was extended to Scotland; and, amid the countrymen of Barbour, the English poet found more fervent admirers, and more worthy rivals, than amid his own. "There is, perhaps," it has been said by the highest authority, "no author who has done so much to mould, or rather to fix, the standard of the language, as this great genius."—

The "highest authority" referred to by the reviewer is Mr. Marsh, in his lectures on the English language, a writer whose own English is considered so defective by the critical G. Washington Moon, who is kindly endeavoring through the columns of the *Round Table* to instruct Americans in the niceties of the language.

In regard to the causes, in addition to the changes in the language, why Chaucer is now read only by a few curious students, the reviewer says:

"The hoar of antiquity now lies thick on the ancient poet. Over his thoughts and his language the dust of six eventful centuries has been slowly settling. The society familiar to him has become strange and obscure to us. We are unable to recall, scarcely even to imagine, the vanished life of that long bygone generation—the knights, with their chivalrous love and brutal ferocity; the woman, with the ultra-feminine primness of the cloister, or the ultra-manly freedom of the age; the philosophers, with their trivial knowledge and childish speculations; the witches, astrologers, and alchymists, with their weird unnatural lore and semi-couscious imposition; the innumerable orders of clergy, with their inveterate feuds, their profane jests, and boisterous jovialty; or the people, with their rustic coarseness, their gross iguorance, and unquestioning faith. Such a phase of society seems strange to us; but though strange, neither it nor the works in which it is unfolded can ever become uninteresting."

HOW TO MAKE PRESIDENTS HARMLESS.

The New York *Nation*, in an article under the foregoing heading, discusses the old proposition to make the President ineligible for re-election, so often suggested as a remedy for many of the evils of our political system, and concludes that while there is much to be said in favor of it, yet the balance of the argument is the other way. "No people," says the writer, "ever made a greater display of wisdom than this people did in re-electing Lincoln, and we doubt if any incident in American history made so deep an impression on the mind of foreign observers. His death at the beginning of his second term has been of some use in showing us the danger of 'swapping horses when crossing the stream,' to use his own illustrations. It put at the helm of affairs a man of whom the country at large knew nothing; of whose real character and abilities even his own friends knew very little; who had none of the official experience or training which had made Lincoln almost twice as valuable a man in 1864 as he was in 1860; and who brought to the conduct of the Government at the most delicate crisis in our history an entirely new order of ideas and motives. We all know the result It may be said, it is true, that Mr. Johnson not would have been chosen to succeed Mr. Lincoln by a regular popular election; perhaps not. But a man as incompetent and disappointing might have been. Most people thought in 1859 they could predict how William H. Seward would behave were he at the head of the Republic in such a crisis as that through which we are now passing; but they would have been mistaken. He would, if we may judge from the part he has played during the last year, have proved simply a more learned and more polished Andrew Johnson. As long as nominating conventions are what they are—as long, as short, the task of choosing officials has to be delegated to professional politicians—the public can never tell who may turn up at the head of affairs. In nine cases out of ten it will be a man little known outside his own State, and he may be a Lincoln or he may not.'"

A "better remedy" than the adoption of the one term system, is then suggested as follows:

"The true remedy for the evils with which Congress is now seeking to deal would seem to be not to make the President ineligible for re-election, and thus deprive him of the strongest motive for behaving well, and force the people to dispense with his services, it may be, at the very moment when his experience and character are most needed, but to reduce his patronage to a minimum. It is with his patronage that a bad Persident does all his mischief; withaut the unlimited power of appointment and dismissal his powers of mischief would be very small, his powers for good as large as ever. A reform which would compel candidates for office to submit to an examination, and which, while leaving the President his power of dismissal, would compel him to do what a decent regard for puplic opinion compels European monarchs to do—assign cause, either in incompetency or misconduct, for dismissing a man—would reduce the abuses of the present system to as low a point as human nature will permit. Leave the public service in its present condition, and make the President ineligible for re-election, and you simply make it tenfold more a hotbed of intrigue and insubordination and corruption than ever. The bill reported by Mr. Edmunds seems as near an approach to perfection, perhaps, as is either practicable or desirable. Patronage—the power of constantly, and with or without cause, making and filling vacancies in the civil service—is the curse of our politics. It debauches and demoralizes everybody, from the President down to the common councilman, and converts public life into a mere game for places. If it be possible to stop it at Washington, we shall not despair of witnessing its extinction in the several States. The creation of an official class which is involved in making tenture of office dependent on good behavior is, no doubt, an evil; but it is a small evil compared with the present system, and our society has grown too busy and complicated to make it possible to administer our affairs by any but trained functionaries whose bread depends on their good behavior, and on nothing else.

As a supplement to this reform there should be another, confining the Vice President to the presidency of the Senate, and depriving him of the succession in case of the Presideut's death. The plan of the Constitution has now been thrice tried, and has twice proved a total failure. The possibility of the Vice Presideut's succeeding to the Presidency ought to be borne in mind in nominating him, but it never is, and so remote is the contingency that it is not in human nature that it should be. No man should ever be allowed to fill the presidential office who has not been chosen for it directly. No man should get into it by accident, without even having submitted his qualifications for it to a popular vote. When the President dies a new election should take place—an inconvenience, no doubt, but not likely to prove a very great one, as we see. There have been only three vacancies made by death in the office in eighty years, and an additional election every twenty years would be a small price to pay for assurance against such accideuts as Mr. Johnson.

"HOMES WITHOUT HANDS."

The Rev. J. G. Wood, the author of the delightful volume entitled as above, is a true and enthusiastic naturalist, and his descriptions of the "annual builders" are the most charming and interesting of the kind that we know of. The following is his notice of the "aard-vark:"

"The curious aard-vark of Southern Africa (*Oryeteropus Capensis*) resides for the most part in great holes which it scoops in the ground. The name aard-vark is Dutch, signifying earth-hog, and is given to the animal on account of its extraordinary powers of excavation, and the swine like contour of its head. The claws with which this animal works are enormous, as indeed is needful for the task which they are intended to perform. They are by no means intended merely to excavate burrows in soft or sandy soil, though they are frequently employed for that purpose; but they are designed for labors far more arduous. By means of these implements the aard-vark tears to pieces the enormous ant-hills which stud the plains of Southern Africa—edifices so strongly made as to resemble stone rather than mud, and capable of bearing the weight of many men on their summits. These marvelous dwellings are absolutely swarming with inmates; and it is for the purpose of feeding upon the tiny builders that the aard-vark plies its destructive labors. Toward evening the aard-vark issues from his burrow wherein it has lain asleep during the day, proceeds to the plains and searches for an ant-hill in full operation. With its powerful claws it tears a hole in the side of the hill, breaking up the stony walls with perfect ease, and scattering dismay among the the inmates. As the ants ruu hither and thither in consternation, their dwelling falling like a city shaken by an earthquake, the author of all this misery flings its slimy tongue among them, and sweeps them into its mouth by hundreds. * * * * Thus the aard-vark tears to pieces many a goodly edifices, and depopulates many a swarming colony, leaving a mere shell of irregular stony wall in the place of the complicated and marvelous structure which had shelterd so vast a population."

Among the birds no more noteworthy architect can be found than the diminutive tailor-bird of Ceylon. Mr. Wood says:

"The manner in which it constructs its pensile nest is very singular. Choosing a convenient leaf, generally one which hangs from the end of a slender twig, it pierces a row of holes along each edge, using its beak in the same manner that a shoemaker uses his awl, the two instruments being very similar to each other in shape, though not in material. These holes are not all regular, and in some cases there are so many of them that the bird seems to have found some special gratification in making them, just as a boy who has a new knife makes havoc on every piece of wood which he can obtain. When the holes are completed, the bird next procures its thread, which is a long fibre of some plant, generally much longer than is needed for the task which it performs. Having found its thread, the feathered tailor begins to pass it through the holes, drawing the sides of the leaf toward each other so as to form a kind of hollow cone, the point downward. Generally a single leaf is used for the purpose, but whenever the birds cannot find one which is sufficiently large, it sews two together, or even fetches another leaf and fastens it with the fibre. With the hollow thus formed the bird next deposites a quantity of soft white down like short cotton wool, and thus constructs a warm, light, and elegant nest, which is scarcely visible among the leafage of the tree, and which is safe from almost every foe, except man."

STRAUSS ON RENAN.

Doctor Strauss, whose "Life of Jesus" so startled the theological world some thirty years ago, has re-entered the field of theological warfare. After disposing of Weisse, Ewald, and others in the most summary manner, the writer says:

"Lately two books of another stamp have appeared, the little tract of Keim, and the work of Renan. Keim lays down the principle that the life of Jesus should be interpreted by the laws of history and of psychology; but the sanguine man imagines that all theology will adopt his principle, which he does not thoroughly follow out even for himself; and we lose patience with him when he talks to us of apostolic origin and the unity of the Gospel of St. Matthew; nor can he disentangle himself from miracles. Upon the whole, while he believes he has satisfied the demands of science, he is plunged in the illusions of theology. Renan, again, is misguided enough to retain the narrative portions of St. John, being, in fact, ignorant of the German works on this subject that have not been translated into French. Schenkel had wellnigh escaped us, having published his 'Charakterbild Jesn' after this survey of ours; but we descend upon him in a separate book, and we tell him, rather tartly perhaps, that in endeavoring to reconcile science and theology, he will please neither of them; that his science is an attempt to serve theology, for which theology will not thank him on account of the breadth of his admission."

FIRE INSURANCE.—We have received a phamphlet of fifteen pages entitled *A Chapter on Fire Insurance, Suggested by the Disruption of the San Francisco Board of Fire Underwriters* published in this city. The object of this publication is to prove the superiority of Eastern insurauce offices over our home companies. The pamphlet is published anonymously. Is is intended to serve as a cheap advertisement of the Ætna—(or Aetna)—as the anonymous pamphleteer terms it—Insurance Company and another company which he sometimes calls the "Phœnix" and at other times the "Phenix." The writer indulges in much abuse of all our home insurance companies, but makes use of no arguments which would not have applied with equal force to the Eastern companies some years ago.

BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES.

LOVE finding trade fail, as many trades will,
In a matter-of-fact world like this is,
Found, that if he would do any business at all
He must mix bread and cheese with his kisses.

So to it he went, quite disgusted and sad;
His doves stole the corn from the peasant;
Whilst he in the milky-way found all he'd need
To make his cheese taste nice and pleasant.

What a trade did he drive! He began to look up
As he winked at the young eager misses;
For he knew, though they asked for the *bread and the cheese*,
That in fact they but came for *the kisses*.

This was all very well for a honeymoon month,
Then the thing became really quite crazing;
For the kisses were growing quite stale on the shelf,
Whilst the *bread and cheese trade was amazing*.

—*Christmas Number of London Society.* ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE gentleman of leisure, who was compiling a list of new magaziues, has given up in despair.

LARGE REAL ESTATE SALE—On Monday next. See John Middleton & Son's advertisement on sixteenth page.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VIII.—ON THE DEFENSIVE.

THE announcement of a lady who wished to see Mrs. Brookes caused the faithful old woman no particular emotion. She rose from her chair, took off her spectacles, placed them carefully in her pocket, arranged her cap and shawl and took her way slowly to the housekeeper's room. As she crossed the hall she saw a fly standing at the open door, and the driver, a man from Page's, touched his hat to her as she passed.

"I don't know this lady," she thought. "Nobody about here takes a fly to come to Poynings."

Her visitor was seated on the heavy horse-hair sofa, which, in the winter, flanked the fire, but was now drawn close under the window through which George had entered on that memorable night, which came freshly into the memory of the old woman at that moment. As she looked sharply at the figure which rose to greet her, Mrs. Brookes felt in a moment that she was in the presence of a woman with some purpose.

The fixedness of Harriet Routh's face, the effort of a smile (for loneliness told upon her nerves now with rapidity and power), a something forced and painful in her voice, aroused an instinctive fear in Mrs. Brookes, and put her on her guard. She made a stiff bow and a movement with her body, which, when she was younger, would have been a curtsey, but was now only a duck, and asked her visitor's pleasure.

"I have called upon you, Mrs. Brookes," said Harriet, in a sweet and winning tone, "in consequence of a paragraph which I have seen in a newspaper."

It was an unfortunate beginning, for it set the old nurse instantly on her guard by arousing her suspicions, and making her resolve that the blue-eyed, sweet-spoken lady, who looked as if she had a purpose, should get nothing out of her.

"Indeed," she replied, very stiffly. "Please to sit down, ma'am."

Harriet resumed her seat, and began to speak rather quickly. Mrs. Brookes looked at her steadily, immovably, having put on her spectacles for the purpose, but gave her neither encouragement nor assistance by so much as a sound or a nod.

"I am Mrs. Routh," she said, "and a friend to Mr. George Dallas, Mrs. Carruther's son. It is on his account and for his sake I have come here."

Mrs. Brooke's black-mittened hands pressed each other closely as they lay clasped together in her lap, but she made no sign.

"I am aware of the unfortunate circumstances which keep Mr. Dallas and his mother apart," continued Harriet, who maintained a watch upon the old woman as steady as her own, but more covert; "and I am afraid he will be much distressed and alarmed if this reaches him without any preparation."

She held out a newspaper as she spoke, a newspaper she had procured at the inn at Amherst, and pointed to the paragraph which recorded the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings and suite for the Continent: and, in addition, the regret with which "we" had learned that the departure in question had been occasioned by the dangerous illness of Mrs. Carruthers. Mrs. Brookes was immensely relieved, but not altogether reassured. She had a vague idea that the business of detection was sometimes entrusted to women, and she still had her doubts of the blue eyed, sweet spoken lady whose face indicated a purpose, without betraying it.

"Mr Dallas knows of his mother's illness," said Mrs. Brookes. "He will not hear of it first from any newspaper."

"Indeed," said Harriet. "I am glad to know that. I am much relieved. Mr. Dallas is so intimate with Mr. Routh, my husband, and we are so much attached to him, that anything which is of importance to him concerns us. I am on my way to Dover, and I thought I would turn out of it a little to inquire into this matter."

"Thank you ma'am," said Mrs. Brookes, still unsoftened. "May I ask if you have left your house in London?"

"We have for the present," replied Harriet; "indeed I don't think we shall return there."

Mrs. Brookes looked confused and distressed. "Excuse me," she said, after an awkward pause, "if I appear at all impertinent. I am George Dallas' old nurse, and more his mother's friend than her servant, and I can't be particular about other people when they are concerned. George Dallas is not as welcome here as he ought to be in his mother's house; you say you know that. If you really are Mrs. Routh, you ought to know more about him than that—more, in fact, than I do."

"Certainly," said Harriet, with unchanged sweetness of tone, and just the least gleam of color in her cheek, showing that she was approaching her object. "I do know a great deal more about George Dallas than you do, if, as I conclude from your words, nothing has been heard of him since his last visit to his mother."

She paused very slightly, but Mrs. Brookes did not utter a word.

"You are quite right to be cautious, Mrs. Brookes; in such a delicate family matter as this, caution is most essential. Poor George has been so foolish, that he has laid himself open to being harmed either by enemies or injudicious friends; but I assure you, Mrs. Brookes, I am neither. I really am Mrs. Routh, and I am quite in George's confidence, and am here solely with the purpose of saving him any trouble or anxiety I can."

"Where is he?" asked the old woman, suddenly, as if the question were forced upon her.

"He is at Amsterdam, in Holland," replied Harriet, in a frank tone, and changing her seat for one besides Mrs. Brookes, as she spoke; "here are several letters from him. See," and she drew half a dozen sheets of foreign paper closely written over, from her pocket, and put them into the old woman's hands. She beheld the letters with mingled pleasure and avoidance; they could not answer the question which tormented her, but they relieved her misgivings about her visitor. She felt assured now that she really was speaking to Mrs. Routh, and that the object of her visit was one of kindness to George. The letters were in his well-known hand; the thin paper and the postmarks satisfied her that they came from abroad. He was still out of the country, then; so far there was safety, but she must be cautious still concerning him. What if she could make Harriet the unconscious bearer of a further warning to him—a warning carefully contrived so that none but he should know its meaning, and he should understand it thoroughly? She would try. She had thought all this while she turned the letters over in her hands; then she returned them to Harriet, and said:

"Thank you ma'am. I see these are from Master George, and it's plain he has great confidence in you. He never answered a letter I sent him: it went to your house."

"All communications for him are addressed to Mr. Routh," said Harriet, "and forwarded at once."

"Well, ma'am he never told me where he had gone to, or wrote a letter but one to his mother; and when that came, she was too ill to read it, or know anything about it.."

"Indeed," said Harriet, in a tone of commiseration; she must have been taken ill just after he saw her, then?"

"She was," returned Mrs. Brookes, emphatically, "and you, ma'am, know, no doubt, why she saw him, and can understand that his conduct caused her illness."

"Not exactly that," said Harriet. "He told me all that had passed, and described his mother as full of forgiveness and hope, and he even said how well and handsome he thought her looking. George amuses us very much by constantly talking of his mother's beauty; he will be all the more distressed when he hears of her illness, now, and I really think Mrs. Brookes, it cannot be quite fair to impute it to his conduct."

"It was just that and nothing else," said the old woman; and her voice shook as she spoke, though she strove to control it. "It was indeed, ma'am, and you must tell him the truth, without softening it, or making it any better. Tell him that she nearly died of the knowledge of his conduct, and that her mind is weakened and her memory gone."

"Her memory gone!" exclaimed Harriet. "You don't mean to say it is so bad as that?"

"I do, indeed," said Mrs. Brookes. "And will you tell him exactly what I tell you. Tell him that his mother has forgotten all that led to her illness, and all the fear and suspense she underwent. Of course she was frightened at what she had to do, and in suspense until it was done; but I am sure she has not forgotten him and if he were to see her, or even be mentioned to her suddenly, it might have the worst effect. Be sure to tell him this, and that the only thing he can do to atone for the past in any way is to keep out of his mother's sight. He knows some of this already, for I wrote to him, and he knows from Mr. Carruthers that his mother has gone away."

"From Mr. Carruthers?" said Harriet, in a tone of admirably simulated surprise; "does *he* ever communicate with George?"

"My master is a very just man," replied Mrs. Brookes, in a stately tone, "and he would not allow his wife's son to be kept in ignorance of his mother's danger. I am sure he will send for him, wherever he may be, if there is no chance of her recovery. I don't say he would send for him sooner."

"Of course Mr. Carruthers has no idea of the cause of Mrs. Carruthers' illness?

"No, no: it was her fear of his finding out that George had been here, and what for, that brought it on; but of course, he did not suspect anything."

"It is very strange," said Harriet, musingly; "she seems to have borne all this business perfectly well at the time, and given way completely afterwards. It must have surprised *you* very much, Mrs. Brookes, though, no doubt, you understand your mistress' constitution."

"Yes," replied the old woman, dryly, and ignoring the beginning of the sentence, "I understand my mistress' constitution."

"I will give your message to Mr. Dallas," said Harriet, rising, "and I had better leave you our temporary address, unless, indeed, you would prefer writing to Mr. Dallas direct."

"No," said Mrs. Brookes. "I have nothing to say. When news of his mother comes from abroad, I will send it to you."

The old woman was constrained and miserable in her visitor's presence, but the hospitality of Poynings must be vindicated; and she felt, besides, that Mrs. Carruthers would, in other days, have been glad of an opportunity of being kind to anyone who had been kind to George. So she pressed Harriet to take some refreshments and to prolong her visit. But Harriet would not touch bread or wine in the house, and told Mrs. Brookes she must return to Amherst immediately, to catch the train for Dover. "I dined at the inn in the town," she said, in explanation of her refusal, "as I had to wait awhile before I could get a fly.

"I hope they made you comfortable, ma'am," said Mrs. Brookes, who had resumed, when their interview assumed a common-place complexion, her head-servant-like manner. "Page's people are obliging, and it is a respectable house."

"Very much so indeed," returned Harriet, carelessly. "The town seems a clean, dull sort of place. I had a funeral to look at while I waited for my dinner, and the waiter entertained me with the biography of the deceased."

"I had not heard of a death at Amherst," said Mrs. Brookes, primly. She did not like the flippant tone in which her visitor spoke. "The servants have not been in the town this week."

"An estimable person—one Evans, a tailor, I believe; so the waiter said," Harriet returned, still more carelessly, as she took up her parasol and railway-guide, glanced covertly at the old woman's face, and moved to the door.

Mrs. Brookes stood quite still for several seconds; then she followed Harriet, joined her at the red-baize door which opened into the hall, accompanied her to the great door, where a footman waited, took a respectful leave of her, and then shut herself up in her room, and remained invisible to the household for the remainder of the day.

As Harriet Routh drove back to Amherst, she leaned her head wearily against the uncongenial woodwork of the fly, and summed up the result of her journey,

"It is clear that nothing is to be feared now, in this direction. Mrs. Brookes will never speak. Mrs. Carruthers is in the best possible condition for our purposes, and her son has no pretext for returning to Poynings, even if the death of the tailor had not made it quite safe for him to do so."

"I will write to him," she went on in her thoughts, "just what she told me to say. Poor George! It is hard to have to make him believe that he has broken his mother's heart, and turned his mother's brain. He does not deserve it, fool as he is. He is easily persuaded, fortunately. I don't feel fit for much that is not easy now. The letter must be sent on at once, and, if I do my part well, and this woman dies, or remains abroad—and I fancy Mr. Carruthers is not the man to bring an imbecile wife back, if he can help it—there's no reason why George should come to England again for years, that I can see."

The driver of the fly pulled up for a minute, and, letting down one of the front windows, inquired whether he was to go to the inn or to the railway station. While Harriet was answering his question by desiring him to drive to the station, and looking out of the window, a young girl on horseback, a large black Newfoundland dog galloping by her horse's side, passed the fly. The driver touched his hat respectfully, and the young lady acknowledged the salute with her whip.

"That's Miss Carruthers, ma'am," said the man to Harriet, giving her the information in a manner which duly indicated the local importance of Miss Carruthers. Harriet looked back at the girl, and noted the golden gleam of her beautiful hair, the easy swaying of her graceful figure, the air of youth and refinement which characterised her.

"That's Miss Carruthers, is it?" she thought. "George has never seen her, I fancy, as he never mentioned her to me."

She had some time to wait for the train, and she went into the waiting-room.

When all the other passengers had taken their places, Harriet got into a carriage which had no other occupant, and so traveled up to London alone.

Routh was at the house when she reached the Travistock, and was surprised at her speedy return. She told him how the intelligence she had heard on her arrival at Amherst had simplified her task of investigation.

"I'll post the letter from the old fellow at once, then," said Routh; "it's only a couple of days late, and Dallas is too careless to notice that. When you write—you'd better not do it for a day or so, lest he might take it into his head to suspect you of a motive—you can tell him about our move."

Harriet acquiesced, and changed the subject to their new residence, and furnished house in Mayfair. She would go there on the morrow, she said, and arrange all their little property. Had everything been removed from South Moulton street?

Everything. Routh had seen to it himself, and had employed the boy who was always about there.

"Ay," said Harriet, dreamily, for she was thinking of the time, gone forever, when she had been happy in the home she had left without one regret or hope. "What of him?"

"Nothing that I can make out," answered Routh, irritably. "But I hate the sort of half-recollection I seem to have of him. There's something in my mind connected with him, and I cannot disentangle it."

Harriet looked up at her husband in some surprise, and turned very pale. She had a painful, an indelible remembrance connected with the first time she had seen Jim Swain. But Routh knew nothing of that; so she said nothing; she made no effort to aid his memory. She would avoid the torture when she could. Besides, she was utterly weary in body and in spirit.

Mr. Carruthers' letter reached George Dallas not exactly duly, indeed, but after a delay which would have astonished and exasperated the writer, had he known it, to the last degree.

Stewart Routh and Harriet were very much superior to George Dallas in many mental attributes, and particular in cunning; but they were incapable of understanding the young man on certain points. One of these points was his love for his mother, with its concomitants of remorse, repentance, and resolution. Not comprehending this mixed feeling, they made a serious miscalculation.

CHAPTER IX.—CLEARED UP.

The shock communicated to George Dallas by his stepfather's letter was violent. He was a strong man physically, but a sickening, weak shudder, such as might have shaken a woman, shook him as he read the few formal lines which conveyed to him so much more than their writer had known or intended. Was it all to be in vain? Was the golden time, the precious opportunity, gone by forever? Was she to die, or to die to him at least, and never to know that his repentance had been real, that the lesson had been effectual, that the reform had been inaugurated?

The terms in which Mr. Carruthers had written to his stepson were as vague as they were formal. Where was she? He did not know; he had no means of knowing. How great were her sufferings? How imminent was her danger? These points were beyond the reach of his investigation. He knew that he was to blame for his mother's illness; he saw all things now in a new and clear light, and though his was no miraculous reformation, no sudden transformation from sinner to saint, but rather an evidence of mental growth and refinement under the influence of a new order of feelings, working on a singularly pliable temperament, George Dallas was so different to what he had been, that he shrank not only with disgust, but with wonder, from the contemplation of the perverse folly which had led to such results. He had always been dissipated, worthless, and ungrateful, he thought; why had he never realised the guilt of being so before? Why, indeed? Having been blind, now he saw, having been foolish, he had become wise. The ordinary experience, after all, but which every man and woman believes in his or her case exceptional, had come to this young man, but had come laden with exceedingly bitter grief. The only image before his mind was that of his mother, long bowed down, and now broken, under the accumulated load of grief and disappointment which he had laid upon her.

George's resolution to go to England was soon taken. He must know more than Mrs. Carruthers had told him, and only at Poynings could he learn it. It never occured to him that Mrs. Brookes might have accompanied his mother abroad. His impulsive nature rarely permitted him to foresee any obstacle in the way of a design or a desire, and he acted in this instance with his usual headlong precipitation.

When George Dallas reached London, he found he would have just sufficient time to go to South Molton street and see Routh or Harriet for a few minutes, before he could catch a train for Amherst. Arrived at Routh's former residence, he was surprised to observe, as he got out of a hansom, that a card, displayed in the parlor window, announced "A drawing-room floor to let." The hall door was opened at his summons, with unusual alacrity, and in reply to his inquiry, the servant, a newly engaged one who had never seen him before, informed him that Mr. and Mrs. Routh had "left," and were to be found at Queen street, Mayfair. George stood, for a moment, irresolute in surprise, and the servant repeated the address, fancying he had not heard her. His face was toward the open door, and he turned his head sharply round, as a boy's voice said, in a peculiar pert tone which had an odd indefinite familiarity for his ear:

"Any letters for Mr. Routh to-day, Mary Jane? 'cos, if so, hand 'em over."

The speaker was Mr. James Swain, who had come up behind George Dallas unperceived, and who, when he saw the young man's face, gave an involuntary start, and dropped his saucy manner on the instant.

"Yes, there's three letters and a circ'lar for Mr. Routh," replied Mary Jane, in a sulky tone; "and missis says as she hopes as Mr. Routh will put his address in the paper or some thing, for people is always a comin' and makin' us think as they're lodgers." Then with a glance at George, which seemed to imply that he might not have been considered ineligible in that capacity, Mary Jane went to fetch the letters, and Dallas addressed Jim Swain.

"Are you going back to Mr Routh's direct?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Jim. "I come every day, since they've been gone, to see after letters and messages."

"Then you can take a message for me," said George, pointing the observation with a sixpence. "Tell Mr. Routh Mr. Dallas has come to London, having heard bad news, and has gone to his mother's house. You won't forget?"

"No, sir, I won't forget," said Jim, in a tone of satisfactory assurance.

"Say I expect to get back to-morrow, and will come to see him at once. Mr. Dallas—that's my name, remember."

George then jumped into the hansom again, and was driven away to the railway station.

"Mr. Dallas," said Jim Swain to himself as he walked slowly down the street, carrying the letters confided to him by Mary Jane—"that's your name, is it? I wonder wot you've bin up to, and where you've bin up to it? I shall tell *her* the gent's message—not *him*."

The night had fallen upon the woods and fields at Poynings, and no light gleamed from the stately old house, save one ray, which shone through the open window of the housekeeper's room. By the casement sat George Dallas, his arm upon the window-sill, his head leaning against his hand, the cool fresh air of the summer night coming gratefully to his flushed and heated face. Opposite, and close to him, sat Mrs. Brookes, still wearing, though their conference had lasted many hours, the look of agitation beyond the strength to bear it which is so painful to see on the faces of the aged. All had been explained between the old woman and the prodigal son of her beloved mistress, and the worst of her fears had been dispelled. George had not the guilt of murder on his soul. The chain of circumstances was indeed as strong as ever, but the old woman did not retain the smallest fear. His word had reassured her—indeed, the first glance at his face, in the midst of the terror and surprise of their meeting, had at once and forever put her apprehensions to flight. Innocence of *that*, at least, was in his face, in his hurried agitated greeting, in the bewilderment with which he heard her allusion to her letter, in his total unconsciousness of the various emotionss which tore her heart among them. She saw, she foresaw, no explanation of the circumstances which had led to the fatal mistake she had made; she saw only that her boy was innocent, and the vastness, the intensity, of the relief sufficed, in the first moments of their meeting, to deprive it of the horror and bitterness with which, had she had any anticipation of such an event, she would have regarded it. But the first relief and the full explanation—all that George had to tell her, all she had to tell him—could not change the facts as regarded Mrs. Carruthers, could not alter the irrevocable, the miserable past.

When the first confusion, excitement, and incoherent mutual questioning had given way to a more settled and satisfactory conversation, Mrs. Brookes told George all that had occurred—the visit of the official gentleman from London, the servants' version of his business, the interview between Mr. Carruthers and Evans, and the suspicion and fear, only too reasonable, to which all the unfortunate circumstances had given rise.

It was with the utmost difficulty that George arrived at a clear understanding of the old woman's narrative, and came to realise how overwhelming was the presumption against him. By degrees he began to recall the circumstances which had immediately preceded and followed his clandestine visit to Poynings. He recalled the remarks he had heard at *The Mercury* office; he remembered that there had been some talk of a murder, and that he had paid no attention to it, but had gone away as soon as possible, and never given the matter another thought. To find himself implicated in a crime of so terrible a nature, to find that circumstances had brought him in contact with such a deed, filled him with horror and stupefaction; to know that his mother had been forced to conceive such suspicion was, even without the horrible addition of the effect produced on her, suffering far greater than any he had ever known. He felt giddy, sick, and bewildered, and could but look piteously at his faithful old friend, with a white face and wild haggard eyes.

"She believed it?" he said again and again.

"No, George, no; she only feared it, and she could not bear the fear; no wonder, for I could hardly bear it, and I am stronger than she is, and not your mother, after all. But just think, George. You bought the coat from Evans, and the man who wore that coat was seen in the company of the murdered man the last time he was seen alive. I knew there must be some dreadful mistake. I knew you never lifted your hand against any man's life, and that some one else must have got possession of the coat; but your mother said no, that you had worn it when she saw you at Amherst, and nothing could remove the impression. George, what did you do with the coat you bought at Evans'?"

"I had it down here, sure enough," answered George, "and I did wear it when she last saw me. I left it at Mr. Routh's afterwards, by mistake, and took one of his abroad with me; but this is a horrid mystery altogether. Who is the man who has been murdered? What is the motive?"

"I cannot tell you that, George," said Mrs. Brookes; "but I will give you the papers, and then you will know all, and you will understand how much she suffered."

The old woman left George alone for a few minutes, while she went to her bedroom to get the newspapers which she locked securely away at the bottom of a trunk. During her absence the young man strode about the room distractedly, trying in vain to collect his thoughts and set them down steadily to the solution of the terrible mystery which surrounded him.

"Here they are, George," said Ellen, as she entered the room and handed him a roll of newspapers. "Sit down here, by the window, and try to read them quietly. I must leave you now, and tell the servants who you are, and that you are going to stay here to-night—there must be no concealment now; thank God, it's not wanted any longer. Perhaps out of all this evil good may come, my boy."

He had sat down by the window, and was eagerly opening the roll of paper, and seeking the account of the murder. Mrs. Brookes paused by his side for a moment, laid her withered hand gently on his hair, and then left him. A moment after he started up from his chair, and cried out:

"Good God! the man was Dean!"

The shock of this discovery was extreme. Wholly unable as he had been to account for the coincidence which Mrs. Brookes' imperfect story (for, like most persons of her class, she was an unskilful narrator of facts) had unfolded to him, he had never supposed his connection with it real, and now he saw it all, and in a moment perceived the gravity of his situation. The nameless man whom he had seen so often, and yet known so slightly; concerning whom he had speculated often and carelessly; whom no one had recognised; whose singular dress the waiter at the tavern had described in his evidence; the date; all was conclusive. The man murdered was Deane. But who was the murderer? How was it that no one had recognised the body? With all his mysterious ways, in spite of the callous selfishness which had rendered him indifferent to companionship save in the mere pursuit of his pleasures, it seemed wonderful that no one should have been able to identify him.

"There's Routh, now," said George to himself, "*he* must have heard of the finding of the body, he must have read the description of the dress; he may have seen the man's fur coat before, though I never did. To be sure, he did not dine with us that day, but he knew where Deane dined, and with whom. What can Routh have been about?"

These and a thousand questions of a similar nature George Dallas put to himself, without the tumult in his mind. He tried to arrange the circumstances in their order of occurrence, and to think them out, but in vain; he could not do so yet; all was confusion and vague horror. He had not liked this man. Theirs had been the mere casual association of convenience and amusement—an association, perhaps, the foremost of all those which he was firmly determined never to renew; and yet he could not regard its dreadful ending with indifference. The life which had perverted George had not hardened him, and he could not readily throw off the impression created by the discovery that the man with whom he had joined in the pursuit of reckless and degrading pleasure had died a violent death within so short a time of their last meeting. When Mrs. Brookes came into the room again, the expression of the young man's face terrified her afresh.

"Ellen," he said, "this is a dreadful business, apart from my unhappy complication with it, and what it has cost my dear mother. I knew this unhappy man; he was a Mr. Deane. I dined with him at that tavern in the Strand. I did wear that coat. All the circumstances are correct, though all the inferences are false. I begin to understand it all now; but who can have murdered him, and for what motive, I cannot conceive. The most natural thing in the world was that they should suspect me, as the man that wore the coat. Mr. Evans will recognise me, no doubt, as he told Mr. Carruthers."

"No, no, George; the poor old man is dead," interrupted Mrs. Brookes.

"Dead?" said George. "Well, he seemed an honest fellow, and I am sorry for it; but it makes no difference in my position. When I communicate with the police, I will admit all he could prove."

"Must you do that, George?" asked Mrs. Brookes, wistfully. She had a natural dread of the law in the abstract.

"Of course I must, nurse; I can tell them who the unfortunate man was, and account for him up to a very late hour on the night of the seventeenth of April."

"Take care, George," said the old woman. "If you can't account for yourself afterwards, you can't clear yourself."

The observation was shrewd and sensible. George felt it so, and said, "Never mind that. I am innocent, and when the time comes I shall have no difficulty in proving myself innocent."

"You know best, George," said the old woman, with a resigned sigh; "but tell me, who was this poor man?"

"Sit down and I will tell you all about it."

[To be continued.]

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1867.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

WHEN Mr. Cowan recently, in the United States Senate, moved his amendment to the bill securing to negroes the right to vote in the District of Colnmbia, proposing in said amendment to extend the snffrage also to the women of the District, his purpose undoubtedly was to cast odium npon the bill. He aimed at a *reductio ad absurdum* of the main proposition. Accordingly, he and the other opponents of negro suffrage must have been not a little surprised to find the amendment which was offered in a spirit of ridicule, taken np and discussed with the utmost seriousness by a number of the Repnblican Senators, who far from shrinkiug from the alleged logical consequences of the principle they had laid down declared themselves ready to accept them all, consistently and nnhesitatingly. Wade of Ohio, Brown of Kansas, and Anthony of Rhode Island, voted for the amendment, and three other Senators who voted against it, expressed themselves in favor of the measnre, and explained their opposition to the amendment by saying that they were unwilliug to connect the question of Female Suffrage, with that of Negro suffrage and preferred to deal with the two measures separately. This discussion in the Senaet of the United States, taken in connection with the agitation of the same subject in England, and the views expressed by so eminent a public man as Mr. Mill, exhibits a most strikin change in public opinion within a comparativelybrief period. It is but a few years since the suggestion of the idea of Female Suffrage was regarded as purely Utopian, and no one dreamed of making it the subject of serious discussion. And yet the moment that it is taken up in a sober and practical spirit, it becomes evident that the objections urged against extending to women the right to vote —or at least to unmarried women are not so much objections to the measure itself as difficulties and inconveniences of detail in carrying it into effect. Even these difficulties are apparent rather than real and are magnified by the sense of novelty and sstrangenes with which we contemplate the idea of women taking a part in a political canvas and depositing their ballots at the polls.

As to the arrangement of the practical details, if once the justice and policy of the measnre itself are conceived, that will be a matter involving little real perplexity. The simple expedient of providing separate polling places for female voters, which might be in some large Hall, or other suitable apartment not strictly public, wonld in itself obviate half the difficulties popularly urged against the measure.

Upon the whole, we think it clear that if women themselves wish the privilege of voting, they well soon have it. The proposed reform is one of that peculiar kind that are already, half achieved when they become the subject of grave and earnest discussion. The public mind is fast becoming familiarized with the idea; those who oppose it, now condescend to assail it by argument instead of ridicnle, and it is much easier to reply to their logic than their witticisms. In the words of Senator Sumner, "it depends npon the women themselves whether they shall vote." At present, they are hy no means unanimous on the question; and in England, we are inclined to think that Jean Ingelow, who is strongly opposed to the measure as "unwomanly," has a larger following than Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who is its most zealous champion.

A Parisian Luxury.—The taste of horseflesh is increasing in Paris. There are at present in the capital seven butcheries for the sale of that commodity, and which dispose of about 40,000 pounds in weight, per week. The nnnual consumption may therefore be estimated nt 1,000 ton, or more than ten times the quantity of meat distributed to the poor in the 20 *bureaux de bienfaisance.* So far horseflesh has been exempt from the octori duty, and sells at from five sous to one franc, the kilo. of two pounds.

Omission.—We neglected to award Edward Bosqui & Co. the credit due for the handsome typographical appearance of M. Pierre Cauvet's *Poesies* in onr notice last week. The same firm are preparing to issue an elegant and beantifully illustrated subscription of Charles Warren Stoddard's Poems.

The Spanish papers mention, amoug the curious works of art in the recent exhibition nt Toledo, a complete edition of "Don Quixote," printed in microscopic characters on fifty-four *cigarette* papers.

"HOW NOUNS ARE ABUSED."

In a monthly magazine entitled *Hours at Home*, published in New York, by Charles Scribner & Co., we find an article with the above heading which is thus prefaced:

[Charles Scribner & Co. have in press a new work on the English language from the accomplished pen of Professor M. Schele De Vere, L. L. D., of the University of Virginia, entitled, "Studies in English; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language, It will be found to be a book of decided interest and value; and, in connection with the admirable works of Mr. Marsh, published by the same house, will contribute to a better nnderstanding and appreciation of our own mother-tongue. From advance sheets, and as a fair sepecimen of the book, we lay before our readers the substance of one chapter, that on the Abuse of Nouns, which will be found to be both curious and instructive.—Ed Hours at Home.]

As the publishers print this one chapter in advance "as a fair specimen of the book," Professor M. Schele De Vere, L. L. D., of the University of Virginia, is offered by his literary god-fathers, a victim to the rack of criticism, before his work is born. If this chapter, entitled "How Nonns are Abnsed," is really a fair specimen of the book, we must come to the conclusion that *Studies in English: or, Glimpses at the Inner Life of our Language* is intended lor the instruction of those who have bestowed very little thought on the origin of words. Dean Trench has said nearly all that is said in this chapter on the abuse of nouns, and has said it so much better that we cannot give Professor M. Schele De Vere, L. L. D., of the University of Virginia, credit for much original research. The Professor tells his readers how "*triomphe*" has been corrupted into "trump;" hence "trump cards,"—a remarkable piece of inrormation! Theu he startles them with the important fact that "beef-eaters" is a corruption of *buffetiers*, and a great many other pieces of information which we have certainly seen in print belore. The Professor says:

"Even phrases can be traced to such violent twistings of words, as the proverbial *dormir comme une taupe*, which has lost all reference to the mole, and is now *to sleep like a top*, and the *faire un faux pas*, to commit a blunder, which is at least provincially, *to make a fox's paw!*"

It is amusing to notice how far this author is willing to travel in search of a derivation. How much more probable it is that "to sleep like a top" has no refereuce to a mole at all but simply signifies what the words imply. Who has not heard of a top "going to sleep?" After nodding for a short time it settles down to sleep with a drowzy hum suggestive of comfort and rest. To sleep like a top is a good and expressive phrase, the derivation of which we need not seek in the French langunge. As to the expression "to make a fox's paw," the Professor should be aware that this is nsed as a funny perversion of the French sentence, used in the same way as Artemus Ward uses mangled English. Professor De Vere occasionally makes worse mistnkes than the above. He says:

"The Saxon name of that class of plants which contains absinth was *suthwort* or *soothing wort*; first the latter part became obscure, and gave rise to a change into *soothing wood*; then the first part also was forgotten, and the people now call it *southernwood*. A similiar now unknown word *ord*, meaning the first beginning, and preserved in the German *ur*, gave rise to the expression of *ord and end*, for which we substitute the more familiar sounding but unmeaning *odds and ends*, as *topsy turvy* is bnt the vulgarized form of *topside the other way*."

The origin of "odds and ends" is far more likely to have been "orts and ends," "orts" being the German for remnants, refuse, incorporated at an early period into the English language, and still in use in this country though seldom heard in England. If this chapter is to be taken as a fair specimen of Professor De Vere's work, we cannot congratulate the world on its being abont to make its appearance. In this specimen the Professor is generally superficial in his researches, and when he attempts to go deeper is apt to get ont of his depth. Trem.

A large nnmber of oil paintings have been sold dnring the past ten days at the auction rooms of Duncan & Co., principally, we believe, at private sale. Prices have ranged from $20 to $500 each. The fine pictnre of "Daniel," (life size.) was bought by J. W. Wiunns, Esq. The large painting of "Joseph Interpreting the Dream," and a "Market Scene" fonnd a pnrchaser in Mr. Brannan. "Peale's Fruit-piece" has been added to Mr. Lord's collection. A great number of smaller pictures of more or less merit have been purchased to adorn our California homes. The sales foot np several thousand dollars.

The Pacific Law Magazine.—We have received the first number of this periodical, which is devoted to the interests of the legal profession on this coast. Its typographical appearance is neat though susceptible of improvement, and its contents, to which we shall refer more fully next week, are varied and interesting. We trust the enterprise exhibited by the publishers of this magazine may be encouraged and rewarded.

The Consolidation Act.— We have received from T. Hart Hyatt, Jr., Attorney at Law, his compilation of the Acts of the Legislatnre having reference to the government of the city of San Francisco, including the Consolidation Act, now published by the order of the Board of Supervisors.

In England a movement is on foot to allow athletic sports on Sunday. Clergymen favor the plan.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "ALTA" CRITIC'S IDEA AS TO HOW PHILOLOGICAL QUESTIONS ARE "SETTLED."

To the Editor of the Californian:

THE highly accomplished writer who is doing the book notices for the *Alta*, and who seems more remarkable for literary finish and the graces of style than for sonnd of critical discrimination, even within the legitimate domain of *belles lettres*, has a very singnlar idea of the mode in which philological qnestions are to be disposed of. In last Snnday's *Alta* he says:

"G. Washington Moore, in a late letter to the *Round Table*, thus *settles* the relative claims of 'contemporary' and 'cotemporary;'" whereupon the critic proceeds to quote from the commnnication of Mr. Moon (whom he calls "Mr. Moore,") as follows:

"As for the word '*co*temporaries,' which Mr. S. hopes may not take root, and which he says Dr. Bentley called 'a downright barbarism,' Dr. Ogilvie, one of our best lexicographers, says, in his dictionary:

"'Contemporary, see *Co*temporary, the preferable word."

"Mr. S. appears to think that 'in words compounded with the inseparable preposition *con* we retain the *n* before a consonant and expunge it before a vowel and before an *h* mute. Indeed? How happens it, then, that we say *co*-bishop, *co*-herald, *co*-gnardian, *co*-partner, *co*-worker, *co*-surety, *co*-defendant, *co*-lessee, *co* trnstee, *co*-tenant, *co*-regent, etc., etc.? Why do we say *co*habit, and not *con*habit? Why do we say *co*vet, and not *con*vet? Why do we say *co*venant, and not *con*venant? The first syllable of each of these words is from the Latin *con*, and the second syllable begins with a consonant. If Mr. S. should ever be on a jury, he wonld doubtless make his *co*-jurors *conjurors;* and in speaking of the *co*-fonnders of the great American Repnblic wonld call them *confounders!*"

Now I am at a loss to nnderstand why Mr. Moon's opinion on this subject, backed by snch hasty and superficial reasoning as the above, should be accepted as decisive on snch a point by any one competent to discnss the question independently, especially when that opinion is directly in the teeth of the general and established usage of the best writers on both sides of the Atlantic. It may well be that Mr. Moon, elated by his triumph over Dean Alford in his criticism of that writer's book, *The Queen's English*, may feel inclined to set himself np as an authority in grammar and philology from whose decisions there can be no appeal; and possibly the *Alta's* critic may be content to accept his *ex cathedra* utterances with nnquestioning docility, bnt I doubt if the literary world at large will evince the same humble and and teachable spirit.

Some little while since, Mr. Moon, flushed with his victory over the English Dean, and eager to encounter new and more illustrious antagonists, and appearing to find the field offered by his owu country too circumscribed for his ambition, extended his gaze across the Atlantic, and selected a distinguished American scholar, the Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, as the next victim of his prowess. Mr. Marsh is not only the most eminent American philologian, bnt one of his volumes is used as a text-book in the English colleges, and in his specialty, he is generally conceded to have but one eqnal among English scholars—and that one is not Mr. Washingtou Moon. Mr. Moon, however, probably thought that some glory was to he obtained by a discussion with an opponent so distinguished, and accordingly, with all the ardor of the Hibernian temperament, he rushed to the encounter. Mr. Marsh was at the time engaged in writing a series of philological papers lor the New York *Nation*, and the ambitious Moon commences a series of criticisms upon them in the *Round Table*—if indeed that can be dignified with the name of "criticism," which consisted of the kind of comment that a school master makes upon elementary efforts in composition. Nearly the whole of one of Mr. Moon's communications consisted of an attempt to show that Mr. Marsh had used a certain verb in an inadmissible sense, and two thirds of another of an argument to establish that he had employed the indefinite article "a" before a nonn commencing with "h," when he ought to have employed the indefinite article. The former attempt was an utter failnre; the latter was a distinguished success—that is, if it is admitted that such words as "hundred," "home" etc., are to be pronounced "'undred," "'ome," to which mode of pronunciation, Mr. Moon is perhaps accustomed.

Of course Mr. Marsh made no reply to this petty style of criticism; but some correspondent of the *Nation*, probably provoked by the complacency and dogmatism of the combattive British grammarian, took up the cudgel and adopting his own style ol pedagogic analysis, subjected Mr. Moon's communications to a critical analysis far more acnte and subtle than that gentleman himself seemed at all capable of. This new champion handled his antagonist with so much severity and so little respect, and the whole style ol his attack was so closely modelled npon that ol Mr. Marsh's assailant, that it must have proved exceedingly galling to the latter. He accordingly turned fiercely npon the new antagonist who had volunteered the task that his principal had contemptuously declined. Among the flaws in Mr. Moon's English detected by Mr. Marsh's self-constituted champion, was the use of "cotemporary" "for contemporary." It was this criticism that elicited the defence of "cotemporary," which has already been quoted,

and which the book reviewer of the *Alta* accepts as "settling" the question.

How far the authority of the complacent and self-sufficient British philologist is in fact from "settling" the point in dispute will appear from the following considerations:

1st. Both Webster and Worcester, the greatest American authorities, are in favor of "contemporary."

2d. The great and preponderating weight of English literary authority is in favor of "contemporary." Bently, one of the greatest names in English scholarship says: "'Cotemporary' is a *downright* barbarism." Lord Macaulay complained bitterly of the New York firm of Harper & Brothers, because in the American edition of his history, they had substituted "cotemporary" for "contemporary." Dr. Campbell, a distinguished English writer on rhetoric says: "I prefer "contemporary' to 'cotemporary.' The general use of words compounded with the inseparable preposition *con*, is to retain the *n* before a consonant."

3d All the analogies of foreign languages are on the side of "contemporary." The Latin is *contemporo*, to be contemporary; the French is *contemporain*; the Spanish, *contemporoneo*.

4th. Webster, in his latest edition gives "contemporary" as the preferable mode of writing the word. Worcester does the same, adding: "This word is often *less properly* written "cotemporary." Dr. Bently, remarking upon the attempted innovation of "cotemporary," says: "The Latins *never* use *co* for *con*, except before a vowel, so that *co*temporary is a word of his (Poyle's) own *co*position, for which the learned world will *co*gratulate him."

Finally: with the exception of a few arbitrary and capricious persons like Mr. Moon, who affect eccentricity and paradox, "cotemporary" has no advocates among men pretending to scholarship. Nearly all *standard* English and American writers, use "contemporary." I do not believe that a single English or American *literary* journal of high standing uses "cotemporary;" and even the more accurate and scholarly of the *daily* papers, both in Great Britian and the United States, habitually write the word "contemporary."

Yet, notwithstanding this formidable array of authority, the *Alta* critic thinks that Mr. G. Washington Moon, has "settled" the matter in favor of "cotemporary." How entirely irrelevant and inconclusive are the analogies and reasonings of Mr. Moon in the "opinion" quoted above, and which seem to have had such convincing weight with the literary editor of the *Alta*, I propose to show in a future communication.

CONTEMPORARY.

REFLECTIONS OF A MISERABLE UNFORTUNATE.

CIRCUMSTANCES have caused me to regard a state of misery as the normal condition of man.

This is very unreasonable and very untrue; but it is a sort of delusive, pet theory of mine, in which I like to indulge. Indeed, I have arrived at that point in which I take a sort of Luciferian delight in being miserable.

Life with me has been one continued series of disappointments; in fact I was a disappointment to my parents immediately on being born, for they wanted a girl, and I happened unfortunately to be a boy.

Nature placed within me a sensitive and retiring disposition, one of that sort which goes off and feeds upon a fancied slight for a week, until the blood turns sour.

I could scarcely ever make the friends I wished to. My heart was warm and affectionate, but my confounded features would always frighten people away by their expression of lugubrious misery.

I came to California—no, I drifted hither—with no definite idea concerning the future. As every one else seemed to be engaged in the pursuit of fortune, I also turned my attention in that direction, just for want of other occupation.

Well, soon the idea developed itself that a large pile of gold might effect happiness, and I bent all my energies to its acquirement.

Gigantic mining enterprises suggested themselves. I worked and toiled, starved and went in rags. Anything was endurable in the present for the sake of the glittering future.

The mining enterprises, extending over a period of ten years, regularly failed. The uniformity in this respect was beautiful. Placers failed, quartz failed, copper failed, and nearly a year's lonesome prospecting in the wilds of Nevada added nothing to my store of worldly wealth, save an old saddle and a shotgun—and these *souvenirs* I was obliged to leave in the wilderness.

I have taken up vast tracts of land, and staked out lots in anticipation of forthcoming towns and cities; but, bless you! I do believe that had I landed in San Francisco prior to Forty-nine, the site of the metropolis of the Pacific Coast would have betaken itself in affright to Oakland or Benicia.

Did I get a situation, it was always the fag end of a situation, involving the hardest work and the poorest pay. I was always in it just at the climax of necessity.

All these things have engendered in me a morbid condition of mind, which actually often spoils present happiness by the anticipation of future misery. Very foolish and unreasonable, I grant; but then, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

I have friends. I have been a welcome guest at some delightful family circles; but just at the time my heart commences to cling to them they up and die, or move away, or get married, and down I go flat into the same old slough of lonesomeness and misery.

There are many other miserable people in the world beside myself. I am not parading a mere selfish grief. Other miserable people are much worse off, for they derive no enjoyment from being miserable.

There is some talk now, among progressive people, that pain and misery are necessary concomitants of the growth and development of the soul, and that we shall all come out right and bright at last. I hope so. It is a long lane, you know, which never turns.

PRENTICE.

NOTES ON HAYWARD'S

Messrs. Editors:

TAKE the Alameda ferryboat, steam over our noble bay, get into the cars at Alameda, ride to Hayward's Station and you may form an idea of the beauty of a portion of our agricultural country. You will behold comfortable farm houses and fertile farms. You will see the husbandman ploughing his broad acres and the various wives of the various husbandmen engaged in the employments peculiar to the farm. You will also see a very wet and partly submerged country whose dampness the January sun can scarcely dissipate, also potato fields and cabbage patches looking dangerous for the hoof of man or animal to tread. The country over the bay is one of the gardens of California, and Hayward's is a small, a quiet and an agricultural village. There are unfortunate people there doomed for this life at least, to the sale of groceries. There are two hotels with the necessary and inevitable hotel-keepers. And I suppose there is at Hayward's in a small compass, most of the joys and sorrows of human life. It is probable the human race die there, still to me no graveyard was apparent. That the different shades of human nature flourished there, was apparent from the variety of reception with which an inquiry of mine was met on asking for a certain man I wished to find. Party No. 1 driving a single team, deigned me no reply. Consequently there was evolved a mental note to the effect that common civility at Hayward's was scarce. Party No. 2 driving another team, thought the party inquired for might be about somewhere—didn't know exactly—thought I might find him if I looked. Well, I was looking. However, Hayward civility was proved by this to be no myth. It was peeping out. Party No 3 actually pointed out to me the desired house, and Party No. 4 proved to be the perfection of good nature and accommodation. Perseverance was indeed finally rewarded as it always is. I mean perseverance in the search for civility. The Alameda cars stop frequently. There are a number of thriving villages on the route worth stopping at. San Leandro seems to be a comfortable place to live in. The people all along the road have homes, which, by the way, seems a singular and eccentric condition to a man without any home. I am a native of the mines. In the mines we have no homes—at least real homes, and so there is something peculiarly eccentric in the conduct of people who settle down and evince an intention of spending all their earthly days in one place.

QUARTZ,

CHOLERA.

EDITOR CALIFORNIAN: The people have universally been rendered timid and fearful in relation to epidemic, or Asiatic Cholera, I think more from the *furore* into which medical men worked and still work themselves, as a body, than from any sufficient cause for excitement.

It is nearly thirty-five years since I became acquainted with its character by personal observation and every-day reports, viz: in 1832 when the epidemic first made its appearance in the city of New York, the populous portion of which place I did not leave during an hour until after the Board of Health officially declared the epidemic had ceased. In 1834 I again encountered it on the Ohio, on the Upper and Lower Mississippi, in the Lake Country, again in New York in 1835, and finally in New York during the epidemic of 1849. The great lesson I learned in 1832 I never forgot, which was the value of personal cleanliness and true courage or fearlessness, caused by an intelligent conviction that the disease was *neither contagious or infectious*. To-day I say to you and your readers that Cholera is *not contagious—is not infectious*, after all the experience I have had and the lapse of so many years.

During the epidemic of 1849, I was a daily visitor of two hospitals, giving one of them as many as one to three visits per day, with occasional visits to others, and on one day devoting upwards of twelve hours to a visitation of the whole of the hospitals (five) of the city. I have seen thousands of cases, of states and conditions, from the infant of less than two years to the adult of upward of sixty: from the earliest confirmed stage to the dying and the dead. I have conversed with the nurses, with (the medical pack-horses) the assistant physicians in charge, have shared with them many hours of their "cholera atmosphere," (fudge) and assert as the result of knowledge so obtained that there really is no serious cause for apprehension of danger from cholera other than panic, fright, fear, whisky, tobacco, an unclean and inactive skin and improper habits. Let your readers, who, I trust are too sensible to be affected by the one class of danger, and are free from the habits which constitute the other, have no foreboding of evil, but continue on in the even routine of their lives satisfied that such course has secured safety to millions, beside to

Your's Respectfully, G. M. BOURNE.

LOVE-LETTERS.

LOVE LETTERS outgh, on theory, to be full of genius. They contain, or are supposed to contain, the young gushings of nature and of the heart. And it is very much in favor of the writers that they write in moments of exaltation, and mean what they write to be seen only by one pair of liquid eyes. At such a task one would think only a very stupid man could fail; but, on the contrary, one finds that very few men succeed. But as clever women every now and then are fascinating, and men do happen sometimes to fall in love with them, it is necessary to have some sensible views as to what a letter of the sort, directed to a competent critic, should contain. And inasmuch as, in the present condition of society and the law, nobody can be quite certain that his love-letters may not hereafter be published, either for the benefit of the newspapers or for posterity, it is important that young men should begin to give their minds to doing their epistolary duties well, and in a manner calculated to bring no disgrace upon themselves or their education. What ruins most love-letters is not the sentiment, or the unworldliness that underlies them, so much as the adherence to a kind of common form which is not by any means based upon the rules of the highest art. The love-letters of certain classes of people, wherever they turn up in the papers, are always full of little commonplaces which the writers appear to consider appropriate to the situation. They never seem able quite to make up their mind whether it is the correct thing to call the beloved object thou or you; and the second person singular and the second person plural keep blundering up against one another in a manner that must be heartrending to any young tradesman's mistress who is anything of a grammarian. There is something about the correspondence of lovers who belong to this class of life that reminds the reader of a valentine. It is the correct thing apparently among them to engage in a periodical correspondence, and the clerk or tradesman does it without a murmur; but his share in it generally consists of assurances that when he got back to his shop after leaving the lady of his affections he could not sleep a wink, but that even in the dark watches of the night he is "thine, fondly thine." The young milliner to whom it is addressed is far better pleased than these little common forms should not be left out. The love-letters of cultivated people are doubtless less grotesque; but educated people have their own common forms, which to cold and rational observers would appear possibly little less ridiculous in the long run. The poetry of the times has a good deal to say to the love-letter of the period. Girls who are tolerably well read know by heart all the routine of love making long before they ever come to be seriously in love. They have seen about it in Byron and in Tennyson, and have sung a good deal about it in connection with the moon, and with all sorts of angels and of flowers, at the piano. As soon as the fated hour of a life-long attachment comes, they settle themselves down to realize all that they have heard of, and a love which had not a good deal of moon and flowers and angels about it would not seem to them love at all. The first thing that a women likes when she is being courted is to be called something like what amateur musicians are always calling one another in duets. She is quite willing to be a bee, or a bird, or a lily: but it is *de riguer* that she should be either in the ornithological or the botanical line. It is all very well if the lover happens to have been a little in the duet way too. He can in this way understand the feeling, and nerve himself without much difficulty to respond to it. But if he is entirely ignorant about birds and botany, his task becomes more serious. He has the humiliation of being obliged to confine himself entirely to calling his future wife an angel or a goddess, according as he is most addicted to classical or to Christian mythology; while the mortifying thought cannot fail to strike him that both appellations are a little elevated and a little trite. If it were not, indeed, for the present postal facilities, writing love-letters might not be so exhausting to the intellect. In old times a young gentleman could only indite epistles of the kind once a week, and had plenty of leisure to get up his literary steam and to select his illustrations. If at the moment it did not occur to him what sort of plant he wished to call his fair correspondent, he had at least seven days to think about it, and to consult his dictionary. The postal system has altered all this, and a lover's imagination now has to undergo frequent and diurnal drains which it really is quite unfitted to support. Courtship has become a literary crisis in life. Men must write as long as women will read, and it is on this account that the art of love-letter writing deserves to be seriously taught, and seriously recognized. It is a sad thing to think how many *attachés*, clerks, and young gentlemen, are to tally ignorant of the proper rudiments of a training which is sure to become necessary to them in the daily routine of their profession.—*Saturday Review.*

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

ARTEMUS WARD is, as a trne humorist should be, even better than his books. What his personal influence adds to the humor of his stories is not of course always easy to analyze, but mainly, we think, this—the impression which he contrives to produce that his confusions of thought and speech are all inevitable on his own part, that his mind drifts on helplessly from one of these grotesque ideas or expressions to the next, as the creature or victim of some overruling power, which chooses his thonght and language for him, so that he is not even a party to the transaction, though he has an earnest and rather melancholy interest in the result. When he first comes on to the platform, with his long, hollow-cheeked face, and his bright, sad, interrogative eyes, we shonld expect from him, if we knew nothing about the matter, almost anything rather than cause for laughter. He might be, were he not a little too quiet and polished in manner, an eager philanthropist or religious preacher, who had one sole passion left burning in his brain—to convince the rest of the world of the duty of joining in some great crusade. Yet he has the face of a humorist nevertheless the light in the eyes, the twitch about the mouth which show, as soon as we know what he really is, that the most opposite currents of association constantly cross each other and pull simultaneonsly at the most widely separated chords of his mind.

He never smiles, but looks, on the contrary, pleading and entreating, as if he were above all things solicitous to get his thoughts really disentangled this time, when he is approaching one of his odd comparisons. When he first appears, for instance, he says, with the greatest simplicity and pathetic kind of earnestness, that he does not himself think at all highly of his entertainment, or expect much from it, that he only hopes to obtain from it a small sum of money sufficient to take him to New Zealand, for, he adds, "If I could only go to New Zealand, I should feel that I had not wholly lived in vain;" and then, as the audience laugh at this very new recipe for avoiding a completely vain life, he adds, with eagerness and a child-like sort of effusion to his audience, "I don't *want* to live wholly in vain," at which, of course, the laughter deepens into a hearty roar. That is a type of the whole character of his humor. He gets hold of two inconsistent and absurdly arbitrary ideas, connects them with a sort of simple fervor in his own mind, and presses them on his hearers with an air of plaintive good faith that is quite irresistible.

So a few sentences afterward, when he mentions that he would not allow a bust of himself to be taken because he could not bear the idea of the people carrying him about everywhere, making him common, and hugging him in plaster of Paris, and his audience (rather prematurely) laugh, he assumes the laugh to be sceptical, and says with a sharp, half-snappish air of innocent, argumentative irritation, "Yes, they *would*," —and then those who saw nothing humorous before are fully carried away now, and join in the universal chorus. All his best points are made by producing this impression—that his mind is floating inevitably along a natural current of ideas his audience see the most absurd combinations. In one of his *Punch Papers*, Artemus Ward's best point was remarking quite simply that the Tower is a "sweet boon," but the humor of this criticism would have been immensely enhanced by his manner. He would have said it with such accidental pathos, as if the words were the only possible ones that could have risen to his lips to describe the Tower, that the humor, real enough in the printed letter, would have convulsed his audience.

All he says seems to be thought aloud, as if it were just bubbling up new within him. And when he hits on a deep thought, and says for instance, with a sort of hesitating, perplexed candor, as though he were getting a little beyond his own depth and his audience's too—"Time passed on. You may have noticed that it usually does, that that is a sort of way Time has about it, it generally passes," a joke of no absolute merit takes a very great humor from his hesitating, anxious way of appearing to show the analysis of his own embarrassed thoughts to the people he is addressing. The character he best likes to fill is that of a sort of intellectual Hans —the model simpleton of the old German stories—in the act of confidiug himself to the public. In the German stories Hans only makes a practical fool of himself in all sorts of impossible ways. But Artemus Ward intellectualizes him—shows the inner absurdity of his own thoughts with a pathetic earnestness and candor. His mind seems to wander when he speaks of his own past with winning simplicity. With the sunny days of youth, he says, many sweet forms are associated, "especially Maria—she married another—you may notice they frequently do,"—and he brings out all such happy generalizations with a real *heave* of intellectual travail that convulses his hearers with good reason. Nothing is better than his eager, ardent way of propounding a truism. You cannot avoid the conviction for a moment that it has just struck him as a real truth. When he points to the summit of one of the range of mountains in Utah, and says, with an evident wish to be useful to his audience, "The highest part of this mountain is the top," or pointing to one of the horses on the prairie, "That beautiful and interesting animal is a horse, it was a long time before I discovered it," in spite of the exceeding simplicity and obviousness of the joke, which any clown in a pantomime might have made as well, he reaches the sense of humor simply by the engaging earnestness and *naïveté* of his speech.

Perhaps the most humorous part of Artemus Ward's lecture, however, is the natural, unresisting way in which he drifts about in search of words and phrases, often conveying a sense of difficulty and of conscious error, and then correcting himself by the use of a phrase still more ludicrous, and on which yet he seems to have been landed by an imperious necessity. Thus, when he says that he used to sing, but not well, he stumbles in the most natural way, and is a prey to melancholy that he can't hit on the proper phrase, "as a songer," he said, "I was not successful;" and then, in a depressed and self-correcting way, conscious he had gone wrong, "As a singster I was a failure. I am always saddest when I sing—and so are those who hear me." The art with which he gives the impression that he is floundering along in his choice of words, the victim of the first verbal association which strikes his memory, and yet just familiar enough with language to feel certain as to his ground and to wish to get hold of some clearer term, is beyond praise. When he lighted upon "singster" he evidently felt that he was near the mark, a partial, but not complete satisfaction lit up his face, and yet he did not pronounce it with confidence, but with a modest sort of diffidence, as if the phrase was as near as he could get.

A general effect of having to grope for his language before he can express himself, always hovers about his manner. When he says, with some pride, that he would not allow them "to sculp" him, and that "the clothes I now *occupy* produced a great sensation in America," there is no glimmer of a smile on his face, and a marked absence of emphasis on the grotesque words, which he slips out exactly as if he were rather anxious to divert attention from points on which he feels his ground somewhat uncertain—just as an Englishman abroad hastily slurs over his doubtful grammar to get on to idioms of which he is more certain. Then occasionally he will fall in the most natural and helpless way into a language-trap of his own setting, as where he says that in the hurry of embarking on board the steamer which took him from New York, some middle-aged ladies against whom he was hustled mistook his character wholly and said, "Base man, leave us, oh leave us!—and I left them, oh I left them!" where he appears quite unable to help throwing the second half of the sentence into the form of an antistrope of the first. It impresses one as a sheer inability to get out of the wake of the first half of the sentence, not as any wish to be amusing, that makes him interpolate the second "oh!" He seems like a man who, having taken a good run, cannot stop himself at the right point, but must run beyond it; the rythm of the elderly ladies' exhortation mastered him; he helplessly succumbs to it in explaining how he obeyed it. It is the fatalism of grammatical construction.

So again, when he finds the seventeen young Mormon widows weeping, and ask them, "Why is this thus?" he falls a victim to the perplexity and embarrassment with which the juxtaposition of "this" and "thus" has overpowered his weak brain; and goes on helplessly, "What is the cause of thisthusness?" He cannot evidently help developing at length those subtle suggestions of verbal confusion which so often strike everybody's ear with an idiotic jingle of fascination. This is closely analogous to his curious habit of floating feebly down the chain of intellectual association, however grotesque. When he tells us that the picture of the Nevada mountains is by "the ancient masters," the mere idea of the ancient masters of course suggests at once that they are dead; so he goes on, "This was the last picture they painted, and then they died." So when he points out the lion on Brigham Young's gate, he says, pointing to a very ridiculous and elongated feature in it, "Yonder lion, you will observe, has a tail. It will be continued *for a few evenings longer*." The humor of all this is the humor of helplessness, the humor of letting your thoughts drift idly with the most absurd association that crosses them, and never rescuing yourself by any insurrection of common sense. Artemus Ward in all his best jokes—of course, like other professional jokers, he has some poor ones at which it is wrong to smile—is, as we said before, an intellectualized form of the German village-simpleton Hans. He He yields a literal obedience to every absurd suggestion of thought and language, just as Hans does to the verbal directions of his wife or mother, and gets into intellectual absurdity just as Hans gets into practical absurdity. This, with the melancholy, earnest manner of a man completely unconscious that there is anything grotesque in what he says, conveys an effect of inimitable humor.—*London Spectator.*

Everyone who has seen a *ballet* in the Russian capital, knows that it is impossible to have anythiug more complete. And no wonder, when we learn that the Imperial theatres cost the State not less than two hundred thousand pounds a year, the greater part of which is spent for the *ballet* and the opera.

The loyal manuscript presented to Victor Emannel, by the Venetians, is said to be a work of art which has no superior. The initial letter of the word "sire" is made up of microscopic views of the city of Venice.

"MARK TWAIN" ON CHAMBER-MAIDS.

AGAINST all chamber-maids, of whatsoever age or nationality, I launch the curse of Bachelordom!

Because:—

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas-burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honored custom of bachelors) you have to hold your book aloft, in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

When they find the pillows removed to the other end of the bed in the morning, they receive not the mute suggestion in a friendly spirit, but glorying in their absolute sovereignty, and unpitying your helplessness, they make the bed just as it was originally, and gloat in secret over the pang their tyranny will cause you.

Always after that, when they find you have transposed the pillows, they undo your work, and thus defy you and seek to embitter the life that God hath given you.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

If you want the spittoon in a certain spot, where it will be handy, they don't. And so they move it.

They always put your other boots in inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified attitude and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the bootjack, and swear.

They always put the match-box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put a bottle, or other perishable glass thing, where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are forever and ever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you go out in the morning, if you leave the slop-bucket by the door and the rocking chair by the window, when you come in at midnight, or thereabouts, you will fall over that rocking-chair and you will proceed towards the window and sit down in that slop-tub. This will disgust you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything, they are not going to let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get. It is their nature. And besides, it gives them pleasure to be mean and contrary this way. They would die if they couldn't be villains.

They always save up all the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor, and stack them up carefully on the table, and then start the fire with your valuable manuscripts. If there is any one particular old scrap that you are more down on than any other, and which you are gradually wearing your life out trying to get rid of, you may take all the pains you possibly can in that direction; but it won't be of any use, because they will always fetch that old scrap back and put it in the same old place every time. It does them good.

And they use up more hair-oil than any six men. If charged with purloining the same, they lie about it. What do they care about a hereafter? Absolutely nothing.

If you leave your key in the door for convenience sake, they will carry it down to the office and give it to the clerk. They do this under the vile pretense of trying to protect your property from thieves—but actually they do it because they want to make you tramp back down stairs after it when you come home tired, or put you to the trouble of sending a waiter for it, which waiter will expect you to pay him something. In which case I suppose the degraded creatures divide.

They keep always coming to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you—but after you get up they don't come any more till next day.

They do all the mean things they can think of, and they do them just out of pure cussedness, and nothing else.

Chambermaids are dead to every human instinct.

I have cursed them in behalf of outraged bachelordom. They deserve it. If I can get a bill through the Legislature abolishing chambermaids, I mean to do it.—*New York Weekly Review.*

Antiquity of the Earth.—Chalk consists altogether of shells or the fragments of shells Scarcely more than ten inches in thickness of these were deposited in a century in the ancient seas in which they were produced; and as, in some cases, the chalk is one hundred feet thick, it must have required one hundred and twenty thousand years for its production. Flint gravels are formed by the destruction of chalk; but as the chulk cliffs are not broken down at the rate of more than one inch in a century, fallen cliffs protect the coast until they are worn away, and other circumstances tend to render the process of destruction slow. It has been calculated that the Wealden Valley, which is twenty-two miles in breadth, and was formed by the denudation of the Weald, required 150,000,000 years for its production.

S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion. Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR superior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries. *

BILLIARD TABLES.

JACOB STRAHLE IS DETERMINED TO FURNISH Billiard Tables cheaper, and on more reasonable terms than any other establishment on the Pacific coast, having secured repeated premiums for finish and durability of work, as well as for his latest styles of cushions. This shows conclusively that his tables are superior to any manufactured in the city. His manufactory is at 537 Sacramento street, near What Cheer House. *

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his cure. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

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INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,

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B. MACKAY,

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Wightman & Hardie's

DRY GOODS AND CARPET WAREHOUSE

HAS REMOVED

To No. 220 Sansome Street,

TWO DOORS SOUTH OF CALIFORNIA.

Removal. Removal.

THE HOWE SEWING MACHINE AGENCY

HAS BEEN REMOVED TO

NEW STORE,

No. 137 KEARNY STREET, S. W. corner of Sutter.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The

IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

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FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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IMPORTERS OF

Foreign and American Music,

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Sole Agents for the Celebrated KNABE & CO.'S PIANOS, of Baltimore, and CALENBERG & VAUPEL, of New York. These Pianos have within the last two years reached a greater sale than any other manufactured in this country.

GOTSTCHALK, STRAKOSCH, THALBERG,

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GREAT TRIUMPH!!

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

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CRANBERRY PRESERVES, 35 CENTS PER CAN, or three cans for $1, at

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STUDIES WILL BE RESUMED IN THE ABOVE INstitution on the 2d of January, 1867. The cost of Tuition and Board for the scholastic Year of from ten to eleven months will be only one hundred and seventy-five dollars ($175), and twenty-five dollars (25) for washing and mending of linen, etc. No extra charges of any kind, except for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars ($3) a month each. In case of withdrawal (except for sickness or parents leaving the country), the party will forfeit a Quarter Session, or the remaining portion of the Half Term. The Pension to be paid at least half yearly in advance; also, such sum to be deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of each student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses, such as books, clothes, etc. No student will be received without such deposit. For further information application may be made to P. J. GREY, President.

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Steam Navigation Company.

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OF THE THOUSANDS OF COMPOUNDS BEFORE the public, "RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA" for the Hair, alone, does just what it promises.

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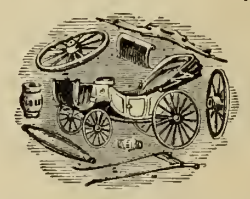

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They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
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They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

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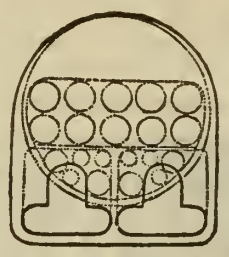

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All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

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KITTREDGE & LEAVITT,
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Constantly on hand a large assortment of Second Hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. C. Bussey, of Jackson, Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this State. It is done by Mathematical Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works.

THIS LOCK PUT ON SAFES NOW IN USE

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Slap-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

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TO THE SICK!
Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

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COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, &c., &c.,
NO. 411 SANSOME STREET,
Between Commercial and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND
IN USE
THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING
Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,
FOR WOOD OR COAL.
IMPROVED IN 1861;
WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

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Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

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Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
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Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
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Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
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THE THIEF'S ADROITNESS.

"Come, let's us have another glass before we go."

I was opposed to drinking any more; but he insisted, and I yielded. We stood again in the old position, his left hand resting on the counter, my right the same, holding the glass. He put the glass to his lips, then as suddenly laid it down again, and looked me straight in the eye. In a second, the fawning thief had changed into a spiteful, quarrelsome wretch.

"I suppose you would like to know a thief's opinion of you, wouldn't you?"

As he said this, he smiled, sarcastically, and stroked his moustache.

"I am indifferent," was the only reply I made.

"I think not," he continued. "Well, you can have mine, if you want it."

"What's the use of quarreling with me? It can't do you any good."

As I said this, I emptied my glass, and coolly laid it down.

"Oh, that's the way all you fellows do. You preach peace, and pat us on the back, after you have pitched into us in the papers. But you can't come it. Let me tell you that you reporters are worse than thieves. You snivel out an apology when you meet them, get dead drunk at their expense, go back and write about them again, and for a ten or a twenty, you will suppress an article any time—"

"It's a—"

"Shut up! I know better!"

We both got excited; and he, of course, warmed up gradually during the discussion, and kept repeatedly emphasizing his assertions by a slight tap with his fingers on the collar of my coat, while he continued to glare at me with that wicked eye of his.

When matters had approached this crisis, and those in the bar-room, anticipating a collision, had given us a pretty wide berth, he stuck his two hands in his pockets, and exclaimed, in a very comical way:

"Say, where's your pin?"

I felt—it was gone. He immediately extended his hand to me, and with his usually serene face, which almost always wore a smile, even when under arrest, said:

"I was only joking, when I tantalized you. You know I couldn't mean it."

The apology was ample, and after another smile, I asked him how he managed to get the pin.

"Oh," replied the jolly crossman, "I could not touch you with the blarney-stone, and saw that there was but one way to get at you. You are both nervous and sensitive; and I knew if I got you excited with indignation, a child might take the pin. One or two sharp, quick touches with the fingers, as I emphasized my words, loosened the hold; another touch drew it out. In your excitement you neither could see nor feel. Of course, in your case, I would have to rely on an associate to get me out of the breeze I had raised, by coming up and swearing me out, and apologizing to the gentleman insulted. But, if I had a coxcomb to deal with, it would be different. He is as sensitive of a speck of dust on his clothing, as you are of a doubt of your honor. I would walk up to him with my cigar in my mouth, on the platform of a railroad-car, and say, with the blandest smile, 'Excuse me, sir, there is a bug on your neck-tie.' He would hold up his chin in horror, as I put out my hand to relieve him, and blush from the ears to the cheek-bones. A second employed in catching the imaginary bed-bug, would place the pin in the hollow of my hand, and fore-fingers and thumb would send the disgusting insect beyond sight. I would then put the 'prop' in my pocket, and draw out a cigar, which he would accept with many thanks, and for the few minutes I remained in his company, he would be remarkably friendly."

How the fingers perform the work of taking a pin out of a shirt bosom, without violence, it is not my purpose to explain; it is sufficient to say that years only of practice—time long enough to master one's own and two foreign languages—and even then, with all that practice, some never become adepts. This will not be very pleasing intelligence for the youngsters who contemplate leading a life of crime, believing that a life of theft is a life of ease.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco, California.

STUDIES WILL BE RESUMED IN THE ABOVE INstitution on the 2d of January, 1867. The cost of Tuition and Board for the scholastic Year of from ten to eleven months will be only one hundred and seventy-five dollars ($175), and twenty-five dollars (25) for washing and mending of linen, etc. No extra charges of any kind, except for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars ($3) a month each. In case of withdrawal (except for sickness or parents leaving the country), the party will forfeit a Quarter Session, or the remaining portion of the Half Term. The Pension to be paid at least half yearly in advance; also, such sum to be deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of each student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses, such as books, clothes, etc. No student will be received without such deposit. For further information application may be made to P. J. GREY, President.

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" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

STEAMERS FOR JANUARY.

January 19th—MONTANA, Captain J. Sutton, connecting with RISING STAR, Captain Howes.

January 30th—CONSTITUTION, Captain J. M. Cavalry, connecting with NEW YORK, Captain Gray.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE OPPOSITION STEAMER
AMERICA,
WILL SAIL FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,
From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
FRIDAY, - - *JANUARY* 25, 1867,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship
NICARAGUA,
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The MOSES TAYLOR will sail on February 15th.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

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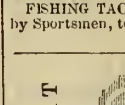
SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM.

FIRST PREPIUM FOR 1864, 1865 and 1866.

538 Washington street, below Montgomery.

ROBERT LIDDLE & CO.,



GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS, and IMPORTERS OF GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS. ☞ Also, Agents for HENRY'S PATENT RIFLE, and WM. GREENER'S celebrated DOUBLE GUNS.

FISHING TACKLE, and all the appurtenances required by Sportsmen, to be found here.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES AT

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

TRUMP & BRADY,

No. 615 Market street,

In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,

STEAM AND GAS FITTING,

PLUMBING, Etc.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

GREAT REDUCTION!

FURNITURE

At Less than Gold Cost,

AT THE WAREROOMS OF

J. PEIRCE & CO.,

Nos. 415, 417, 419 California street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

WE ARE NOW CLOSING out our last year's stock of FURNITURE, etc., at UNPARALLELED LOW RATES.

It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.

Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to buying elsewhere.

J. PEIRCE & CO.,
415, 417 and 419 California street.

BRANCH STORES—No. 715 Market street between Third and Fourth; and Main street, Stockton.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S
Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast

REDINGTON & CO.'S
Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea-sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

I WUD NOT DYE IN WINTUR.

I wud knot dye in wintur,
When whiskie punchiz flow,
When pooty gals are skating
Ore fields of ice and snow,
When sassidge meat is phrying,
& hickery nuts is thick—
Oh! who would think of dying,
Or even getting sick?

I wud knot dye in spring-time,
And miss the turnip-greens,
And the pooty song of the little frawgs,
And the skilark's early screams.
When birds begiu theire wooing,
& taters 'gin to sprout,
When the turkeys so a gobbling,
I wud knot theu peg out.

I wud knot dye in summer,
& leave the garden sass,
The roasted lamb and buttermilk,
The cool place in the grass.
I wud knot dye in summer,
When everything's so hot,
And leave the whisky juleps:
Owe know! I'd ruther knot.

I wud knot dye iu aurtumn,
With peaches fit for eating,
When wavy corn is getting ripe,
& kandidates are treeting.
Phor these and uther reasons
I'd knot dye in the phall;
& since I've thought it over,
I would not dye at all.

A Singular Indian Tradition.—Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned, and that, after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash, One obeyed, and came out of the water purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which the water, agitated by the first, had become muddled, and when he bathed he came out copper-colored; the third did not leap till the water became black with mud, and he came out with its own co'or. The Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the coppor colored man then chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened the first was found to contain spades, hoes and all other implements of labor: the second enwrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatuses; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper, the engines of the mind--the means of mutual, mental improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

A Dreadful Sensation Story.—He had done the deed.

But little did he guess that the eye of an intelligeut potato in the next field was upon him.

The potato poured the dreadful story into the ear of the corn, which let out the secret in its (s) talk, and though I am bound to add that the corn was cut, after thus betraying confidence, the story got wind, and the cucumber was in a most distressed frame of mind in consequence.

The culprit was overtaken by justice, and several scarlet runners, and brought before a justice of the peas.

The case was investigated to the very roots, and the potato was, of course, principle witness for the prosecution.

Wouldst know, oh reader, the wretched man's guilt?

He had shed the blood of a turnip, little expecting it would turu up in evidence against him.

He was executed, of course, the mode of execution, decapitation, in order to sever the carrot ed artery.

He is now a dead beat.

New Orleans is brushing up and growing brisk.

Towne & Bacon,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices
536 In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over the Pacific Fruit Market.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?
IF YOU DO, GO TO
411 CLAY STREET,
BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.
Printing of every description done on short notice and in the best style, by
M. D. CARR & CO.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,
AND
Show Work of All Kinds,
GO TO THE
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE
OF
FRANCIS & VALENTINE,
517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

STERETT & CUBERY,
PRINTERS,
533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*
B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY
We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
San Francisco.

Splendid Presents
TO SEND ABROAD.
STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS
.....OF.....
California Scenery!
A SERIES OF OVER
ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!
ILLUSTRATING
The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NATURE,
And Published by
LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
317 & 319 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
N. B.—CATALOGUES containing a complete LIST OF VIEWS, sent to any part of the world, FREE of POSTAGE.

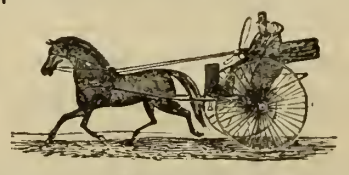
BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.
The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.
THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,
Shoulder Braces, etc.,
FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,
AT
GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S
NEW YORK BRANCH
Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,
(Opposite the Russ' House,)
J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.
Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baumschcidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

WILSON & EVANS,

No. 513 Clay street,
Importers and Dealers in
FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.
WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY
NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.
WILSON & EVANS.

WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

Manufacturer of
Saddles, Harness and Collars,
North-west corner Davis and Commercial streets.,
SAN FRANCISCO.
A good assortment, made from the best Materials, in the highest style of Workmanship, constantly on hand.
Manufacturing and Repairing done promptly, on reasonable terms. ☞Country Trade solicited.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, AND FOR THE RELIEF OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other Expectorant is too apparent to escape observation and where its virtues are known the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this having gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.
We can only assure the public, that its quality is carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.
Great numbers of clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our remedies, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our American Almanac in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the complaints they cure.
Those who require an *alterative medicine* to purify the blood will find Ayer's Compound Extract Sarsaparilla the remedy to use. Try it once, and you will know its value
Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
CRANE & BRIGHAM. San Francisco,
and all Dealers

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.
LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.
RETAIL STORE,
Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

Furniture
AND
Bedding!

508, 510, 518 & 528
Washington St.
LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
SAN FRANCISCO.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
PRICE 50 CTS
A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.
PRICE 50 CENTS.
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
Cor Sansome & Commercial streets.
Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA
YELLOW DOCK
AND
IODIDE OF POTASS.
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.
Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla"
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

TIME & LABOR SAVED
BY USING
Standard Soap Company's
CELEBRATED
WASHING POWDER.
This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.
It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.
Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S.
MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET,
San Francisco.
☞Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Pale, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware.
Main street, Petaluma.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

THIS COMPANY being no longer bound by the Rates of the Board of Underwriters is now ready to Insure against Loss and Damage by Fire, ON AS REASONABLE TERMS as any other responsible Company.

The Lowest Possible Rates compatible with SAFETY will be charged.

Call at this office before insuring elsewhere.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, President.
B. ROTHCHILD, Secretary.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
238 *Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

REDUCTION IN RATES.

THE TARIFF OF RATES HERETOfore established by the Board of Fire Underwriters being virtually suspended, this Company are prepared to take desirable risks at such Reduced Rates as are consistent with the security of both Insurer and Insured.

D. J. STAPLES,
Vice President.
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MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pres't.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

GREAT WESTERN
Life Insurance Company.
OF NEW YORK.

STOCK and MUTUAL

The Security of the Stock Plan, with all the Advantages of the Mutual System.

POLICIES AND DIVIDENDS ARE NON-FORFEITABLE.

Thirty Days Grace for Payment of Premiums.

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General Agent for California,
Office 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

11 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE,
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED
BY USING
Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,
Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of
CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.
It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb 6. 1866.
MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.
Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

MR. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.
Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.
San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.
TO F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.
Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.
PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
Wholesale Agents, CRANE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & Co., SAN FRANCISCO.

MISS WOODS,
Dress and Cloak Maker,
CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Over Hinckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

DR. FONDA SAN FRANCISCO
EYE INFIRMARY,
PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED, EXCLUsively for the treatment of all diseases of the EYES, and for the past seventeen years Principal of the La Fayette (Ind.) Eye Infirmary.
P. W. FONDA, M. D.,
Surgeon in charge Infirmary,
223 Kearny street between Bush and Sutter.

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT.
PERFECT SPECTACLES EXactly suited to the Eyes will enable the wearer to pursue the most minute employment, either by day or artificial light, without creating that sense of weakness or fatigue to the organ generally complained of by those using ill-suited or common Spectacles.
PRICE of Perfect Glasses, $2 50, and upward. Sent pre-paid to any post office on the Coast. Applicants by mail will receive a circular containg directions, etc.
Address C. MULLER, Optician,
205 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

COME AND SEE ME!
Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,
Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street,)
Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.
Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Sets, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $2. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents
☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.
N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

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Billiard
TABLE
MANUFACTORY.
P. LISENFELD,
612 BATTERY STREET,
Between Jackson and Pacific, San Francisco,
Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements.
Also BILLIARD TRIMMING of every description.
☞ All goods sold are warranted.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED]
D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS SMITH, deceased.

Order of Publication on Application for Order of Sale.

On reading and filing the petition of Christian Schrieber, Administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court Room thereof, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 4th day of February 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratior to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Date l January 2d, 1867. j5 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the Estate of ALFRED RODMAN and ELOISE RODMON, Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by John C. Merrill, the Guardian of the estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, Minors, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of his said wards, that it would be beneficial to the said wards that such real estate should be sold at private sale.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estates, appear before this Court at the Court Room thereof at the Court House in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 4th day of February, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before said hearing of said petition in the THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
January 2d, 1867.
D. P. BARSTOW, Esq., Attorney for Guardian. j5 5t

ESTATE OF LOUIS McGLAUFLIN, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Estate of Louis McGlaulin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at her residence, No 773 Brannan street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

EMELINE McGLAUFLIN, Executrix.
San Francisco, January 5th, 1867.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Executrix. j5 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF KARL GOTTLIEB WERTH. CHUTZKY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Karl Gottlieb Werthschutzky, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Karl Gottlieb Werthschutzky, d29 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS W. SUTHERLAND, deceased.

It appearing to the said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by Alexander R. Baldwin, the Administrator of the estate of Thomas W. Sutherland, deceased, praying for an order of sale of Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the charges and expenses of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 12th day of February A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the Court room of said Probate Court at the City Hall, in said city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated January 10th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true, full and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 10th day of January A. D. 1867

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHLIN, Deputy Clerk.
J. F. HUTTON, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. j12 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L REED, et als, Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L. LIEN, PETER S. MCNIEL, SARAH J MCNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be declared and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six.

Int. Rev. Stamp. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Cancelled. 5cts. } By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL]
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one-half of the common property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to and be delivered to this plaintiff; and that the care, custody and education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendant may, by order of this Court, be restrained and enjoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant be ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of

Asphaltum Work,

Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
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OSACA JAPAN TEA. A FRESH LOT, IN 5 LB. boxes, just imported, by
HASKELL & BUCKELEW,
514 Market street.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE, - - - PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON, - - - - - TREASURER.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON—
ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

SATURDAY EVENING,.....January 19th, 1867.
Charles Reade's Grand Scenic Drama,
IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

George Fielding, - - - George Pauncefort
Thomas Robinson, - - H. Edwards
Mr. Meadows, - - - H. D. Thompson
Josephs, - - - Mrs. Harry Jackson
Haws, - - - - G. Pardey
Peter Crawle, - - - Harry Jackson
William Fielding, - - - C. L. Graves
Susan Merton, - - - Miss Julia Corcoran

MONDAY—Benefit of
MISS JENNIE PARKER.
WEDNESDAY—Benefit of
JAMES LINEN.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - $1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - 50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - 25

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Pine street, below Montgomery.

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THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

PROLONGATION OF THE VISIT OF PROF. RISLEY'S IMPERIAL COMPANY OF
JAPENESE PERFORMERS.

The Management respectfully announces that owing to IMMENSE CROWDS being unable to obtain admission to see the Greatest Performers ever witnessed in the world, they have been re-engaged, at an enormous expense, and consequently will appear EVERY EVENING, until the departure of the Steamer of the 30th instant.

JAPANESE MATINEE—To-Day, Jan. 19th, at 2 P. M.

Dress Circle and Parquet, $1. Family Circle, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. No extra charge for Reserved Seats.

MASQUERADE BALL!

THE SECOND ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
MASQUERADE BALL
OF THE
ALEMANNIA
Will take place
AT PLATT'S MUSIC HALL,
ON
SATURDAY EVENING JAN. 19, 1867.

The Hall will be beautifully decorated by Messrs. A. & T. Torning.
Chris Andres' and the Second Artillery Band have been engaged for Concert and Dance Music.
Spectators' Tickets to be had of the undersigned Committee:
LOUIS HECHT, Jr., 213, 215, 217 Battery street.
S. FROHMAN, corner Jones and Post streets.
ED. GOLDSMITH, 414 Kearny street.
E. S. FREEMAN, 425 Sacramento street.
ALF. E. ECKSTEIN, Lick House.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

Art Gallery, Museum,

CONSERVATORIES, AND ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,

On Mission and Valencia streets.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.

A Museum of Natural History containing over four hundred specimens of Zoology has just been opened.
NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.
Admission to all parts of the Gardens and Museum 25 cents. Children under 12 years of age, half price.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars.

☞Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS

"SHERMAN'S
March Through Georgia."

ADMISSION, - - - TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THOS. NAST'S GREAT PAINTING now on Exhibition at the Fine Art Gallery of SNOW & ROOS,
219 Montgomery street, (Russ Block.)

R. A. THOMPSON,
DEALER IN
Coal and Charcoal,

816 and 818 Mission st., near the corner of Fourth,
SAN FRANCISCO.

DR. H. A. BENTON,

The ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, is now cosily fixed in his new quarters, over Congress Hall, Bush street, adjoining the Russ House, and is prepared to treat patients in all the best modes of curing. The Electro-Medicated and Hot Air Baths will do wonders in many cases, in breaking up obstructions, and if properly attended afterwards, will insure success.

MRS. G. M. NICHOLS,
FASHIONABLE MILLINERY,
No. 661 Clay street, 2 doors below Kearney,
San Francisco.

Removal.

D. J. OLIVER
Has removed from Washington street, to
HIS NEW BUILDING
ON THE
NORTH-WEST CORNER PINE AND FRONT STREETS,
Where he offers for sale
THE LARGEST STOCK OF
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c., &c.,
ON THE PACIFIC COAST,
AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.
101, 103 and 105 Front street. 110 Pine street.

WM. WORTHINGTON,
House and Sign Painter,
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c., &c.,
735 Market street,
Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

WILLIAM BRODIE,
California Foundry,
FREMONT STREET, NEAR MARKET,
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LIGHT AND HEAVY CASTINGS
Of every description, made to order.
Special attention paid to all kinds of HOUSE WORK, PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL.

W. E. BRIDGE,
BLACK HAWK,
Livery and Sales Stables,
317 PINE STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.
Carriages, Buggies and Good Saddle Horses for Hire or Sale on the most Reasonable Terms.
Particular attention paid to boarding Horses.

NEW MUSIC STORE.
WAREROOMS OF CHICKERING & SON'S
Piano-Fortes.

MASON & HAMLIN'S
CABINET
ORGANS,
AMERICAN AND FIREIGN
Sheet Music,
VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS,
Musical Instruments and Music Merchandise, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Rates.
KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street, next door to A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

RESIGNATION OF AGENCY
OF THE
PHŒNIX INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF HARTFORD.
San Francisco, January 8th, 1867.
L. B DELL HAS THIS DAY RESIGNED THE LOCAL Agency of the above company, and removed his office to DELL, CRANNA & CO.'S store, 511 1-2 and 513 FRONT STREET, where he is ready to effect insurance in either Home or Foreign companies, and furnish information on insurance matters free of charge. Thanking his friends and patrons for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage in the future.
L. B. DELL, 511 1-2 and 513 Front street.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

RUSSELL & HOLDING'S
EXCHANGE,
622 Market street, between Montgomery and Kearny.
THE FINEST WINES AND LIQUORS ARE dispensed at the Exchange.
All the British Columbia papers on file.
N. B.—A commodious BACK ROOM for the accommodation of customers is one of the feature of the establishment ☞Families supplied, and Goods delivered Free of charge.

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No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,
Machinist,
Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

PIANOS!

PIANOS!
AT
AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,
AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.
N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

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JANUARY
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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

MISS S. A——'S VALENTINE:

"Take this little flower; take it and think of me!
Think, in the hours of loneliness, of the one who gave it thee;
Place it within thy bosom, let it never be forgot,
But let it whisper oft to thee, "Forget me not."

MISS A. M. C——'S VALENTINE:

"The brightest smiles that ever fell
Are not so dear as thine to me;
And oh! these lines but faintly tell
The love that fills my heart for thee."

TO —— ——:

Think not this gift is idly penn'd
To pass a weary hour away;
Or that the giver in the end
Will in his friendship o'er decay!

'Tis sent in all sincere esteem,
And with the purest heartfelt prayer
That heaven's most endering beam
May guard and shield thee from all care.

MISS MARY B——N'S VALENTINE:

How dear the dream
In distant hour of ill,
Should all be changed,
To find the faithful still.

ST. VALENTINE'S ADVICE.

To the unmarried of the nation,
As they would avoid the mortification,
And shun the appellation
Of old maids and old bachelors in this generation,
To make direct application,
Without any flirtation,
To APPLETON'S station,
Where VALENTINE holds his oblation,
For an appropriate commendation,
Which will afford a gratification,
In the highest acceptation,
And be a sufficient remuneration
For the money spent on the occasion,
From the smallest to the greatest valuation.

VALENTINES in extra fine French Boxes—also in solid Rosewood and Mahogany cases. Sold with or without jewelry.
VALENTINES of every conceivable variety; Valentine Cards, Valentine Mottoes and Stationery.
THIRTY New and Original California Comics.
COMICS.....5 cents.
VALENTINE WRITERS, Comic and Sentimental.
APPLETON'S VALENTINE EXPRESS,
With ten Horses, will deliver Valentines every hour of Valentine's Day in every part of the city.
D. E. APPLETON & CO.,
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CRANBERRY PRESERVES, 35 CENTS PER CAN, or three cans for $1, at
HASKELL & BUCKELEW'S.

John Middleton & Son,

REAL ESTATE, STOCK AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS,
Office and Salesroom,
No. 404 Montgomery street, one door north of Sacramento.

LARGE AND IMPORTANT REDIT SALE
OF
HOMESTEAD LOTS!
AT AUCTION

MONDAY.....January 21st, 1867.
AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON,
AT SALESROOM, 404 MONTGOMERY STREET,
BLOCKS 86 AND 111,
IN THE
TREAT TRACT,
Bounded by
UTAH, NEBRASKA, VERMONT, YOLO AND PARK STREETS.

We will sell the above two Blocks—subdivided into 64 Building Lots, each 25 by 100 feet.
☞Special attention is called to these Lots, as their superior location and convenience of access render them peculiarly desirable for HOMESTEAD PURCHASERS. They lay high, and on good grade: the macadamized road to Bay View Park runs along Vermont and Park streets. A diagram, showing the subdivisions of the Blocks, will be found on the premises, which are fully posted. Maps of the property will be ready for distribution at our office in a few days.
The two Blocks are fenced.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUdicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovenamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and be put into possession, and for general relief.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.
Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j19 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDIcial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

DR. HAYDEN,
Dentist,
653 Clay street, between Kearny and Montgomery,
San Francisco.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 10
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 26, 1867.

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The Dykehambury Coocert, a story; The Advaotage of Se f-sufficiency; Eruptiou of Vesuvius iu 1631; "Black Sheep;" Kilauea, and a Christmas Roast; Strect Crossings; Worthless Fellows, by Prentice; Muscle and Brains; "Liou's Mouth;" Boiy Snatching; Our San Francisco Police Force; A Snub for the "Times;" Amusements, Poetry, Sketches, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is ao oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightiugale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

Body Snatching.

THE *Bulletin* and *Call* ure agitating the Cemetery question; the former is anxious that the city should set apart a tract of land as a Cemetery, and break up the Lone Mountain Cemetery Company. It thus expresses its wish:—

"What the *Bulletin* desires, is, that the Board of Supervisors shall condemn Lone Mountain Cemetery for public purposes, and that the Cemetery shall remain, the monuments and graves to be protected for the future. It is by no means the wish of the public to see the Cemetery encroached upon; but if it be found necessary hereafter to establish other burying grounds when the city shall increase in population, it is their desire that the present Cemetery shall be protected from the rapacity of private claimants. Large numbers of persons who have deposited the remains of their friends in Lone Mountain Cemetery have no title whatever to the land, and it is possible for the present claimants, should the Cemetery continue in their hands, to use the ground over and over again."

The *Call* declares that when once the city has reclaimed the land at present used as a Cemetery by the Lone Mountain Company, the dead will very shortly have to make room for the living. It says:

"We know that thousands of people have purchased and paid for burial lots in the Cemeteries, and have their deeds for them, and that the laws of the State guarantee to them and their heirs, forever, the right to th se lots We therefore oppose the attempts of the ghouls, led on by the *Bulletin*, to take possessiou of and squat upon these homes of the dead."

The popular sentiment is in any event, whether the Lone Mountain Cemetery Company he dispossessed or not of this tract of land, in favor of allowing the bodies already deposited therein, to remain there undisturbed. Should the city reclaim its grant of this land for a Cemetery, there may he cause for fear that it may then proceed to order the removal of the bodies buried there to its new Cemetery. It is undoubtedly as well that all bodies should he buried "without the camp," but when a Cemetery becomes surrounded by dwellings, the public interests do not demand that the corpses of the ancestors of those who inhabit the new town which has been built round the city of the dead, shall he carted off to some spot remote from human habitations. It was no pleasant sight which was presented about a year ago, when piles of dead men's bones were built up in Yerba Buena Cemetery, ready for removal, and packing cases filled with sculls, stood awaiting claimants. The City of San Francisco is too old to allow a repetition of this scene, and too young to have much need for fear that the spacious burial ground at Lone Mountain will become dangerous to the health of its inhabitants. We fancy that most of those who witnessed the process of the removal of human remains from Yerba Buena Cemetery, were fain to wish that incremation were in vogue amongst us in place of sepulture. Many years are required to resolve the human organization into its original elements; Mother Earth devours her children slowly with the calm deliberation of a *gourmet*. No doubt in these days, and in the new countries, the process of incremation might he attended with many disadvantages; not everyone could have a grand funeral pyre decked with costly trappings, piled with sweet resinous gums which diffuse their fragrance, as the greedy flames devoured the useless body which we of modern days commit to the earth. Not everyone could afford a beautiful casket in which to preserve the ashes of his departed father, mother, daughter, brother or friend. No; in these days incremation might prove even more expensive than a ten or twelve years lease of a lot of ground seven feet hy four. Fuel is high in price: there might occur cases, in which all the grandeur of the ceremony would he destroyed by the use of Mount Diablo coal, from motives of economy hy the survivors of the deceased. Incremation would never become popular. The rich might practise it, hut the pauper hodies would too often be subjected to the low und brutul process of incremation by the action of quicklime. As we must have Cemeteries, let the grave be indeed "the last long home" of the dead, and whether the land used as a Cemetery at Lone Mountain remain in the hands of the Company to whom the City granted it, or revert to the City—let the public look to it, let them declare that though the City may serve a notice of ejectment on the live men composing the Company, no action of theirs shall he allowed to turn the dead out of their garves. Let the dead rest.

Song of the Frog.

(BY ONE OF 'EM.)

"Can you tell me why the poet,
Singing ever Nature's praise
To the "songsters of the marshes"
Never dedicates his lays?
Though we are the first to welcome
In the bright and sunny spring,
Making at the hour of twilight
Every marsh and meadow ring;
Vieing with the chirpiog cricket
And the plaintive whippoorwill
Till the evening reaches midnight
And the earth and air are still.
Though at first but tiny tadpoles,
Wriggling creatures weak and frail,
Sporting in a shallow mud pool,
Glorying in an inch of tail,
All unconscious of our greatness
And our future high career,
Yet we wake at last some morning
Pregnant with a great idea;
That we are most surely destined
To assume a higher form,
That the spirit of the tadpole
Shall the nobler frog adorn.
Lo! the inch of tail decreases,
Slowly vanishes away;
Lo! the tadpole of last evening
Is the full formed frog to-day.
Solve the mystery ye whose reason,
All the depths of being scan,
Ye who swear that from the monkey
Sprang the high born race of man!
'Tis the simplest of proportions,
You can solve it like a damn,
As the frog is to the tadpole,
So to monkey is the man
Sing our praises now ye poets,
Couple us with bird and lamb,
Raise us from our muddy precincts
By your glorying psalm."
'Twas while wandering late one evening
By a frog pond in a bog,
That I heard thes wondrous sayings
Of a transcendental frog.

Editorial Jealousy.

The *Banner of Progress*, a Spiritual paper published in this city by Benjamin Todd and W. H. Manning, and having for its editors Benjamin Todd and W. H. Manning appears to he unhappily conducted. It was arranged at the very commencement of this enterprise that the publishers should be coequal, receiving the profit or sustaining the loss attendent on it, hut that each of the editors should receive the amount of glory or shame attached to his own particular editorials. To this end it was arranged that Editor Todd should attach to each of his editorials the letter "T," and Editor Manning should affix to his the letter "M." This worked very well for two weeks, but the latest issue of the *Banner of Progress* proves that there is divisiou in the house of Todd and Manning. Todd's forte is tonge, Manning's is type. The latter has control of the type, hence the difficulty which appears to have arisen. This is one of the editorials which appeared in the last issue:

"Persons wishing the best pictures to he obtained in the city should go to—He succeeded in taking the most correct, and at the same time the best-looking shadow of our homely face, of any urtist that we ever tried." T

We are sorry to see this sort of thing going on. We are sure that it was M. whose homely face was taken by Mr. ———. T. is a remarkably good looking man, while M., though very homely, could never summon courage enough to confess it in print. We are sure that when T. saw that paragraph, M.'s face was immediately rendered still more unprepossessing in its appearance by a violent and spasmodic motion of T.'s fist in the direction of the aforesaid face. This comes of editors signing their editorials with their initials. The impersonal mode of conducting a paper, is by far the best.

An Original and Brilliant Scheme.

The young man who does the heavy department of the *Times* proposes a plan at once original, brilliant and eminently practicable, by which Jews and Christians are to be made to observe a common Sabbath. It is this: "Let a Jew and a Christian set out from the city of David for this goodly city, one traveling east and the other west, each conscientiously keeping his own day," and, to cut short a long story, when they arrive here they will find that both observe the same day as Sabbath. So far as those two men were concerned the thing would be settled. In order to carry out the plan fully, it would only be necessary for *all* our citizens to make the proposed trip, and for Almanac-makers to arrange it so that the week shall begin and end on the same day. N. B.—Seventh-day Baptists will travel with the Jews. Irreligious people need not apply.

A Snub for the "Times."

The *Times*, this week, expressed its virtuous horror at the fact that newspapers published the details of crimes and immoral actions. It declared that much harm was caused hy such pandering to the morbid appetite of the public, for such relations. The *Bulletin*, two days after the appearance of this strictly moral article in the young, weakly and too evidently declining *Times*, published among its details of Eastern news, received by Overland Telegraph, "Violent deaths in New York—A Fearful Record;" "Suicide of Capt Robert G. Wells;" "Attempted murder in Philadelphia hy a Brother;" "Fearful Accident—One man killed and three others severely injured." "Frightful Affair at Stephen's Port, Ky.;" "The Hub convulsed with Horror" (on account of a box containing three dead bodies, two with their throats cut, having been shipped as merchandise); "Horrible murder of a young girl in New Orleans"—accounts of the kidnapping of two girls, the burning of two steamers, and other horrible events which, in the opinion of the *Times*, should be entirely suppressed hy first class papers. The public greedily devoured this dish of horrors and were not much the worse for it. The *Flag*, in its last days, became religious and published full reports of the sermons preached at the different churches in this city—but it died, Let us hope, however, that its death-bed penitence was of some avail. The *Times* is becoming strictly moral—even more moral than mercantile—and now cries *O! tempora, O! mores.* O! *Times*, the public know your tricks and your manners.

Our San Francisco Police Force.

The London policemen would gnash their teeth with envy did they know of the superior privileges enjoyed hy our San Francisco policeman. The poor London "peelers" are simply known to fame as "A, 1" "X 3" "B, 15" and so on, and unless in the case of an extensive burglary or terrible murder the perpetrators of which they have been engaged in apprehending seldom receive honorable mention, or any mention at all in the public prints. In San Francisco we see elaborate accounts in the local columns of the daily press of the elaborate strategy evinced by that "active officer Mr. Limon," Simpkins in his capture of Ah How, who stole a chicken. If a vagrant is arrested the name of the officer who made the arrest is published. We are inclined to believe that the local reporters of the Press parade the names of the members of the police force in print as a return for "items" furnished them. One local policeman last week rushed his name into print hy arresting poor old Emperor Norton as a lunatic, and was very properly snubbed by his Chief for his officiousness. If the present Chief of Police, who seems inclined to fulfill the duties of his office in a quiet unostentatious manner, were to put a stop to this system of advertising the wonderful captures effected hy his subordinates, by adopting the numeral system and forbidding them to make use of the private names, he would accomplish a much-needed reform. The private soldier whose name appeared in the newspapers during the war—save in list of killed or wounded, had generally done something to entitle him to this honor. The pay received hy the members of the Police force should serve as sufficient encouragement for them to perform their duty, and until one of them was killed or wounded in the service of the city his name should not he blazoned forth in the public prints.

From Our Insane Contributor.

OUR insane contributor furnishes us with the following item, which we give to our readers for what it is worth:

A young friend of mine just graduated from a country school, who is now in the city negotiating an engagement as editor of the *Times*, desired me to inform him how the term "Bohemian" came to be applied to the *better class* of literary men. I promised to investigate the subject, and communicate the result of my researches to your invaluable paper. I find that the facts are these: In the seventeenth century the wits and authors of London used to meet on stated evenings at a popular restaurant known as Will's Coffee House. They were pious and sober men, und on these social occasions indulged only in *tea*, which one of them has celebrated as "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," and another, in some Anacreontic verses, as "the poet's friend." Their favorite brand was *Bohea*, and this circumstance gave rise to a witticism of Addison's, who one evening, on the company ordering a fourth cup all around, remarked that "they were all Bohemians." At first the party couldn't see it, and sat silent and gloomy until Mr. Addison, who had acquired some knowledge of geography when a boy (he wouldn't suit for a writer on the *Times*), explained; whereupon Mr. Dryden graciously remarked that "it was a very pleasant jest," and the company laughed heartily. Since that time writers of decided genius have been known as "Bohemians."

Couldn't Understand It.

When the curtain fell on the first part of the Japanese performance at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening last, a soldier in the second tier, who had evidently become disgusted with the unintelligible volubility of the managerial Jap., turned to his companion and said: "D—n this performance, I can't understand a word of it. Let us go around to the Opera House, where we will hear something we can understand. We will be in time for the last three acts, anyhow." And they went. *The Siege of Lucknow*, played at the Opera House, being a military drama, and therefore in our hero's line, he probably understood it without difficulty.

THINKING.

THROUGH the clouds of gold and purple,
Slow the sun is sinking;
Fetlock deep within the river,
Stand the cattle—drinking;
On the bridge above the mill-stream,
Rests a maiden—thinking.

Nut-brown hair that mocks the sunset,
With its golden gleaming;
Hands above her pitcher folded,
with the graceful seeming
Of an antique sculptured Naiad,
By a fountain dreaming.

As a tender thought had swayed her,
O'er the stream she's leaning,
While her red lips curve and quiver
With a sudden meaning,
And a quick nod shakes her ringlets,
All her features screening.

For there comes a sound of laughter,
And a merry cheering,
And the cattle turn their faces
To a step that's nearing—
And she waits for words low spoken,
In a tone endearing.

Low behind the western tree-tops
Now the sun is sinking;
Toward the bridge the weary cattle
Turn themselves from drinking—
Ah! they never guessed as I did,
What the maid was thinking.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

CLEARED UP.

THEN George seated his old friend close beside him, and told her the whole story of his intercourse with Stewart Routh, of his knowledge of Deane, his last meeting with him, their dinner together, adjournment to the billiard-rooms, the money won by Dallas from Deane, and his leaving town early the next morning for Amherst.

"That was the day they found the body, was it not?" asked Mrs Brookes.

"Let me see," said George; and he again referred to the newspapers.

"Yes, it was on Friday, the eighteenth—in the evening. I was down at Amherst then.

Mrs. Brookes questioned George concerning Routh and and his wife, and told him of Harriet's visit, and all the emotion and fear which it had caused her. George was touched and grateful.

"That was like her," he said; "she is the truest of friends, a treasure among women. I wonder she did not write to me, though, when she sent on Mr. Carruthers' letter."

The observation passed unnoticed by Mrs. Brookes. Had she asked when the letter had reached George, a discovery, dangerous to the interests of Harriet and Routh, might have been made; but she had very dim notions of continental places and distances, and the time consumed in postal transmission.

"They knew this poor man; did they not know that he was the murdered person?"

"No," said George, "they had no notion of it. How shocked they will be when I tell them of it! Routh will be the best person in the world to tell me how to go about communicating with the police authorities. But now, Ellen, tell me all about my mother."

Time went over, and the night fell, and the old woman and the young man still talked together, and she tried to comfort him, and make him believe that all would be well. But George was slow to take such comfort—full of remorse and self-condemnation, of gloom and foreboding. The mercurial temperament of the young man made him a bad subject for such suspense and self-reproach, and though he had no shadow of fear of any trouble to come to him from the evidence on the inquest, there was a dull brooding sense of apprehension over him, against which he had no power, no heart to strive. So he listened to the story of his mother's illness and departure, the physicians' opinions, and Mr. Carruthers' plans for her benefit and comfort, and darker and darker fell the shadow upon his heart.

"We have had no news since they left Paris," said Mrs. Brookes, in conclusion, "but I expect to see Miss Carruthers to-morrow. She will have a letter from her uncle."

"Miss Carruthers!" said George, lifting up his head with renewed animation. "Has she not gone abroad with them?"

"No," said Mrs. Brookes; "she is staying at the Sycamores, Sir Thomas Boldero's place. Sir Thomas is her uncle on the mother's side. She rides over very often to see me, and I expect her to-morrow."

"At what hour does she generally come?" asked George.

"In the afternoon; after lunch."

"Well, I shall be in London by that time, nurse; so there is no danger of my incurring my step-father's wrath this time by an encounter with the heiress."

There was a momentary touch of bitterness in George's voice, but his slow, sad smile contradicted it.

"Ah, George!" said the old woman. "Take heart. All will be well, and the time will come when you will be welcome here."

"Perhaps so, nurse. In the mean time, you will let me know what news Miss Carruthers brings, and especially where my mother is, and their next move."

That night George Dallas slept for the first time under the roof of the old house at Poynings; but an early hour in the morning found him on his way back to town.

When Clare Carruthers, mounted on Sir Lancelot, arrived at Poynings, on the following afternoon, she was surprised to find Mrs. Brookes looking well and cheerful. The girl had brought good news. Mrs. Carruthers had borne the journey well, and it was proposed that she should leave Paris and proceed to the south of France after the interval of a week. Clare roamed over the house and gardens as usual. She was beautiful as ever, but with a new and graver beauty than of old. There was no observant eye to mark the change, no kindred spirit to note and share the girl's trouble. She was quite alone. When she returned from her ramble, and while her horse was being brought round, she went to Mrs. Brookes room to bid her good-bye. The old woman took two letters out of her desk, and said:

"Do you remember these letters, Miss Carruthers? You brought them to me when Mrs. Carruthers was first taken ill."

"Yes, I remember. What of them?" Clare answered, carelessly.

"Will you have the kindness to inclose them in a large envelope, and direct them to Mr. George Dallas for me?"

"Certainly," said Clare; but she looked a little surprised, for Mrs. Brookes wrote remarkably well for a person of her class.

"I wrote to him lately," said Mrs. Brookes, "and the letter did not reach him; so I suppose I directed it indistinctly."

Clare sat down at the table, and in a large, bold hand wrote the address which Harriet had given upon the envelope.

"You are sending Mr. Dallas these letters that he may read them, as his mother is unable?" asked Clare, to whom the forbidden subject of Mrs. Carruthers' son always offered more or less temptation.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the old woman; "I am pretty sure they come from Mr. Felton, and ought to be seen to."

"And who is Mr. Felton?" said Clare, rising and laying down her pen. "I'll post them as I pass through the village," she added.

"Mr. Felton is Mrs. Carruthers' brother," said Mrs. Brookes. "He has been in America many years, but she said something lately about his coming home."

Clare said no more, but took her leave, and went her way. She posted the packet for George Dallas at the village, and, as she rode on, her fair face bore the impress of a painful recollection. She was thinking of the morning on which she had ventured to send the warning to him who was so unworthy of the fancies she had cherished—him of whom she could not think without a shudder, of whom she hardly dared to think at all. When the post was delivered the following morning at the Sycamores, a large packet was placed before Miss Carruthers. It was directed to her, and contained two numbers of *The Piccadilly*, with two instalments of George's serial story, and on the fly leaf of one were the words, "From Paul Ward."

CHAPTER X.

ONCE MORE TIDED OVER.

AN air of respectability and the presence of good taste characterised the house in Queen street, Mayfair, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Routh. These things were inseparable from a dwelling of Harriet's. She had the peculiar feminine talent for embellishing the place she lived in, however simple and small were the means at her disposal. The lodgings at South Molton street had never had the comfortless look and feeling of lodgings, and now there was apparently no lack of money to make the new home all that a house of its size and capabilities need be. Harriet moved about her present dwelling, not as she had moved about her former home, indeed, with happy alacrity, but with the same present judgment, the same critical eye; and though all she did now was done mechanically, it was done thoroughly.

Harriet was very restless on the day that was to bring George Dallas to their new residence. She had duly received his message from Jim Swain, and though the keen eye of the boy, who was singularly observant of her in every particular that came under his notice, had detected that the intelligence imparted a shock to her, she had preserved her composure wonderfully, in conveying the unwelcome news to her husband. Routh had received it with far less calmness. He felt in a moment that the delay of Harriet's projected letter, a delay prescribed by himself, had induced the return of Dallas, and, angry with himself for the blunder, he was angry with her that she had not foreseen the risk. He was often angry with Harriet now; a strange kind of dislike to her arose frequently in his base and ungrateful heart, and the old relations between them had undergone a change, unavowed by either, but felt keenly by both. The strength of character on which Routh knew he could rely to any extent, which he knew would never fail him or its owner, made him strangely afraid, in the midst of all the confidence it inspired, and he was constrained in his wife's presence, and haunted out of it.

Stewart Routh had never been a rough-spoken man; the early tradition of his education had preserved him from the external coarseness of a vagabond life, but the underlying influences of an evil temper asserted themselves at times. Thus when Harriet told him gently, and with her blue eyes bright with reassuring encouragement, that Dallas was in England, and would be with them on the morrow, he turned upon her with an angry oath. She shrank back from him for a moment, but the next, she said, gently:

"We must meet this, Stewart, like all the rest, and it can be done."

"How?" he said, rudely; "how is it to be met?"

"*I* will meet it, Stewart," she replied. "Trust me; you have often done so, and never had cause to regret the consequence. I am changed, I know. I have not so much quickness and readiness as I had, but I have no less courage. Remember what my influence over George Dallas was; it is still unchanged; let me use it to the utmost of my ability. If it fails, why then," she spoke very slowly, and leaned her hand heavily on his shoulder with the words, "then we have but to do what I at least have always contemplated."

Their eyes met, and they looked steadily at each other for some moments; then withdrawing his gaze from her with difficulty, Routh said, sullenly, "Very well, let it be so; you must see him first; but I suppose I shall have to see him; I can't escape that, can I?"

She looked at him with a queer glance for a moment, and the shadow of a smile just flickered over her lips. Could he escape? That was his thought, his question. Did she ever ask it for herself? But the impression, irresistible to the woman's keen perception, was only momentary. She answered the base query instantly.

"No, you cannot; the thing is impossible. But I will see him first, and alone; then if I succeed with him, no risk can come of your seeing him; if I fail, the danger must be faced."

He turned sulkily away, and leaned upon the window-frame, looking idly into the street.

"You don't know when he will be here, I suppose?" he said, presently.

"I do not; but I fancy early in the day."

"It's too bad. I am sick of this. The thing is over now Why is it always cropping up?"

He spoke to himself rather than to her; but she heard him, and the color flew over her pale face at his words. He left the room soon after, and then Harriet sat down in the weary way that had become habitual to her, and murmured:

"It is done and over; and he wonders why it is always cropping up. And I—"

Stewart Routh did not return home until late that night. Such absences had become common now, and Harriet made no comment then or ever. How she passed the hours of solitude he did not inquire, and, indeed, she could hardly have told. On this particular evening she had employed herself on the close and attentive perusal of a number of letters. They were all written by George Dallas, and comprised the whole of his correspondence with her. She read them with attentive eye and knitted brow; and when she locked the packet up in her desk again, she looked, as Mrs. Brookes had seen her, like a woman who had a purpose, and who clearly saw her way to its fulfilment.

But the next day Harriet was restless. She could do the thing that lay before her, but she wanted the time for doing it to come; she wanted to get it over. If this were weakness, then in this Harriet was weak.

Immediately after breakfast, Stewart Routh went out. Only a few words had been exchanged between him and Harriet on the subject of George's expected visit, and Harriet had gone to the drawing-room when George came. She met him with the old frank welcome which he remembered so well, and, in answer to his inquiry for Routh, said she was momentarily expecting him.

"You know what brought me back to England," George said, when he was seated, and the first greeting was over; "you got my message?"

"That bad news had reached you. Yes," replied Harriet. "I was just about to write to you. You would have had my letter to-day. I learned from the newspapers that your mother was ill, and—"

"And went to see about it for me. I know all your goodness, Mrs. Routh, and can never thank you for it half enough It is only of a piece, though, with all your goodness to me.

You have always been the best and truest of friends. My old nurse told me all about your visit. God bless you, Mrs. Routh." And George Dallas took her hand, and, for the second time in his life, kissed it.

There was a pause, a dangerous pause. Harriet felt it, for her heart was beating thickly, and her face was not under such command but that the interested eyes which were looking into it might read the traces of a deep and painful emotion.

"You have been comforted by your visit to Poynings," she said. "You have more hope and relief about your mother? Mrs. Brookes has told you all particulars."

"Yes, Mrs. Routh, I did hear all the particulars, and I also made an extraordinary and terrible discovery in connection with that illness."

"Indeed!" said Harriet, leaning towards him with the liveliest interest and concern in every feature of her face. "It is not that the illness is of a hopeless nature, I hope?"

"I trust not," he said, solemnly; "but, Mrs. Routh, my mother has been nearly killed by being obliged to suspect me of a dreadful crime."

"A dreadful crime! You, Mr. Dallas! What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Dallas, "that a murder has been committed, in which I would appear to have been implicated. I know what I am about to tell you will agitate and distress you, Mrs. Routh, and one of the most mysterious points of a mysterious subject is, that it should be my lot to tell it to you." He hesitated, then went on: "I don't know whether I ought to tell you all that I have heard. I have to consult Routh on some important matters, so that it is the more unfortunate that he is out of the way, as no time must be lost in what I have to do."

The occasion had come now, and Harriet was equal to it. It was with a smile, serious but quite unembarrassed, that she said:

"Don't depose me from the position of your confidant, George." She called him by his christian name for the first time. "You know Stewart has no secret from me. Whatever you would tell to him, tell to me. I have more time at your disposal than he has, though not more friendship. In this matter, count us as one. Indeed," she added, with a very skillful assumption of playfulness, which did not, however, alter the gravity of George's manner, "as I am your correspondent, I claim precedence by prescriptive right."

"I hardly knew how to tell you, Mrs. Routh; all the circumstances are so shocking, and so very, very strange. You and Routh have been rather surprised, have you not, by the sudden disappearance of Deane? Routh always thought him an odd, eccentric unaccountable sort of fellow, coming nobody knew whence, and likely to go nobody knew whither; but yet it has surprised you and Routh a little that, since the day we were to have dined together in the Strand, Deane has never turned up, hasn't it?"

The strength and self-contol which formed such striking features in Harriet's character were severely tried, almost beyond their limits, by the expectation of the revelation which George was about to make; but there was not a questioning tone in her voice, not a quiver on her lip, as the minutes passed by, while she won him more and more securely by her calm interest and friendliness. His growing anxiety to see Routh confirmed her in the belief that he knew all that his mother and Mrs. Brookes had known. Remembering the agony she had suffered when she and George had last talked together, and feeling that the present crisis was scarcely less momentous, she rallied all her powers—and they were considerable—and asked him boldly what it was he had to communicate to her. In a voice of the deepest solemnity, he said, taking her hand in his:

"The man who has been murdered, of whose murder my mother was led to suspect me, was Philip Deane!"

"Good God!" cried Harriet, and shrank back in her chair; covering her face with her hands.

He had reason to say that the news he had to tell her would agitate and distress her. Her whole frame crept and trembled, and a chill moisture broke out on her smooth forehead and pale shivering cheeks. George was alarmed at her distress, and she knew by the intensity of her emotion, now that the words she had been expecting were spoken, how much her nervous system had suffered in the long struggle she had fought out with such success. He tried to calm her, and loved and admired her all the more for her keen womanly feeling.

"Horrible, most horrible!" she murmured, her eyes still hidden in her shaking hands. "But how do you know? Tell me all you know."

Then George told her without omission or reservation. She listened eagerly, greedily, and as the narrative proceeded she became quite calm. George dwelt on his astonishment that Routh had not made the discovery which had forced itself upon him, but Harriet disposed of that part of the matter in a moment.

"You forget," she said, "he was not in London. When you came to me, on your return from Amherst, do you not remember I told you Stewart was away, hiding from his creditors, poor fellow? He never heard of the murder very likely; he never interests himself in such horrors. Indeed, he never mentioned anything about it to me, and of course he must have known at once that the man was Deane. The very name of the tavern in the Strand where he was to have dined himself, would have suggested the idea."

"Precisely so," said George; "that was the thing which puzzled me so completely, and made me anxious to see him."

"The strangeness of the coincidence," said Harriet, "is as remarkable as the event is horrible. It only proves how mistaken are our notions of the laws of chance. What could be more wildly improbable than that, living in the midst of London, and within constant reach of the talk and speculation about it, Stewart and I should have known nothing of the matter?"

"Very extraordinary indeed," said George; "one of those facts which would be denounced as too unnatural, if they were told in fiction. And how unfortunate! What a terrible mystery Routh might have cleared up!"

"And yet," Harriet replied, with a furtive glance at Dallas, full of keen and searching expression, "what could he have told, beyond the fact that he had known the man under the name of Deane? After all, it comes to that, and to no more, doesn't it?"

"To no more, my dear Mrs. Routh? To a great deal more. When we tell the police what we know, there will be not only an identification of the body, but an explanation of the motive."

"I don't quite understand you," said Harriet; and as she spoke, there came a click in her throat, as there had come when she and George Dallas had last spoken together.

Would it ever be over? Should her purpose ever be gained?

"Don't you?" said George, surprised, "and you so quick, too. But no wonder you are upset by this; it is so dreadful when one has known the person, is it not? But you *will* see in a moment that our being able to depose to the large sum of money and the jewels in the poor fellow's possession will make the motive quite plain. They have got a notion now that he was a foreigner, and that the motive was political, whereas it was of course simply a robbery. He resisted, I suppose, and was killed in the scuffle."

"Does the report read like that?" asked Harriet, faintly.

"It simply says he was stabbed," said George; "but it is plain that all the newspapers took up the political murder notion at once, and then, of course, their reports would be made to fit their theory. No doubt some ruffian did it who knew that he had a large sum about him that day. Very likely he had been traced from the city; he had been there to get some securities. I can swear to his having told me that, at all events. How very ill you look, Mrs. Routh. This ghastly story has been too much for you. I don't think you ever liked poor Deane, but no one could know of a man's coming to such an untimely end, if he was ever such a bad fellow, and not feel it, especially you. I wish I had not said anything. It would have been better for Routh to have told you this."

"No, no," said Harriet. "Indeed it is better that I should hear it from you, and you are mistaken in supposing I am so much overcome entirely on account of—on account of——"

"The murder? Yes?" asked George, looking anxiously at her.

"It is all dreadful; no one in the world can feel it to be more dreadful than I do," said Harriet, earnestly.

As she spoke she rose from her chair, pushed her hair off her forehead, and began to walk slowly up and down the room. George sat still, following her with his eyes, and noting, in all his excitement and perturbation of spirit, the change which a few weeks had made in her appearance.

"I am grieved and troubled for you, and I think more of them."

"For me, Mrs. Routh? What can happen for me in this matter that has not already happened? My mother has suffered all she can suffer. Time may or may not restore her. Surely the follies and sins of my life have been heavily punished. Nothing can undo all this misery; but nothing can be added to it either. I have only to set the mystery at rest."

"Take care, George," said Harriet, earnestly; "I am not sure of that. Let us look at the case in all its bearings. Nothing that you have to tell can contradict the evidence given at the inquest, and which directs suspicion against you. You did dine with this wretched man; you did wear the coat to which the waiter swears."

"Ah, by-the-by," said George, "that was the coat I left at your house. Where is it, Mrs. Routh? It must be produced, of course."

He did not yet perceive that she was trying to shake his determination; but she answered his question with wonderful carelessness. "The coat; oh yes, I remember. You wrote to me about it. It must be here, of course, unless it has been lost in the flitting from South Molton street. He tells me a lot of his things have gone astray."

"Well," said George, "that's easily found out. Pray go on, Mrs. Routh. You were saying——"

"I was saying, George, that when you put together all the strange coincidences in this matter which led, naturally, it must be said, to such a conclusion as that the man who wore the coat which you bought at Amherst is the criminal whom the police want to arrest—I think you would find it very difficult to prove that you are not the man!"

"Good God! You are not serious," cried George.

"I am perfectly serious," she answered. "How can you prove it? How do *I*, at this moment, know in a manner which I could demonstrate to legal satisfaction that you are not the man who did the deed?

George looked at her in astonishment.

"Of course *I do* know it—that is, I believe it, which is quite a different thing; but supposing I do not believe it, supposing my mind were made up about it, how would you propose to prove it to me? Tell me that, and then the strength of my argument, the value of my advice, will become evident to you, I think."

Still George looked at her, and his color rose. He was unaccountably embarrassed by the question. The whole thing had appeared to him as simple for him as it was terrible for Deane, when Harriet began to speak. It bore a very different aspect now.

"I—I should prove that I parted with Deane, that night, at the door of the billiard-rooms where we had been playing."

"Outside the door or inside, before witnesses or alone?" interrupted Harriet.

"Why, it certainly was outside the door, and we were alone."

"Exactly. Then your having parted with him that night is just what you cannot prove; and as you cannot prove that, you can prove nothing. Let me repeat to you your own account of that night's proceedings, and you will see that you can prove nothing to outweigh the presumptive evidence against you. You told me this wretched man had money about him which he boasted of; therefore, you knew he was a rich prey. You had no money—only a few shillings at least; you went to your lodgings that night, and left them without notice on the following morning, having paid your landlady with a ten pound note that had been in this man's possession. How can you account for that? You went to Amherst, where you remained, alone, under a feigned name, for four days; you returned to London, where, it can be proved, the occurrence was, at the time, a topic of general discussion, late at night. You went abroad the following morning, and at Amsterdam you offered certain valuable diamonds for sale. The diamonds are your mother's, you say, and formed part of a bracelet given to you by her."

"No, no," said George; "I never would explain that under any circumstances."

Harriet smiled, but the steadfast earnestness of her manner was not lessened by the smile, which was just a little contemptuous.

"That is precisely what you would be forced to explain," she contined. "Certain diamond ornaments were among the articles in the possession of the murdered man, says the newspaper report," she pointed to the passage with a steady hand. He read it, and listened in silence, his face grave and anxious.

"You must account for the diamonds which you sold at Amsterdam; how are you to prove, otherwise, that they are not those the wretched man wore when he was seen in your company?"

"I remember his studs and his ring," said George, in a low, agitated voice. "I wonder they have not been traced."

Harriet did not reply for a moment; and the click in her throat was painfully hard and audable, as she said at length:

"They would have been broken up, of course: and remember, George, they were unset diamonds you sold at Amsterdam."

George Dallas leaned his elbows on the table, and his head on his hands. He looked at Harriet, and her face changed when his gaze was removed—changed to a look of sharp, terrible anxiety, to all the intentness of one pleading in a desperate cause.

"You must tell the story of your visit to Amherst: you must tell the truth about your mother and the jewels; moreover, you must prove it. Can your mother do that for you?"

"No," said George, drearily; "but my old nurse can."

"How? Did she see you on the Friday, when you arrived at Amherst? Did she see you at all until the Monday? Could she swear you were at Amherst in the interval? And, supposing she could, what would it avail? Look here, George, this man's body was found on Friday evening, the eighteenth of April, and the presumption is that it had been a night and a day in the river. Do you see what this means?" She put her hand on his shoulder, and grasped it securely. He shrunk from her light fingers; they hurt his flesh as though they had been steel bars. She struck the newspaper lying on the table with the other hand, and said, with a desperate effort, "It means this, George: The man was found on Friday; but the deed was done on Thursday night—done, of course, after you left him; but who can prove that? He was seen alive in your company late on Thursday night, and he was never seen alive again. The hours of that night must be accounted for, George, if you are to prove yourself guiltless. How can you

account for them after the time the waiter saw you leave the tavern together?"

George did not answer. She cunght her breath and went on, fixing on him a sideway look of intense anxiety.

"Can any of the people at the billiard-rooms prove at what hour you left them? Can any one at your former lodgings prove at what hour you reached home that night?"

"I don't think we left any one after us at the billiard-room but the maker," George replied. "By the way, how extraordiuary that he did not at once come forward at the inquest. He must have noticed Deane's odd appearance, and his diamond studs and things, I should think,"

"One would think so," said Harriet; "but I dare say the foreign look is commonly enough seen in such places. Still the coat must have been very conspicuous. I forget whether you said you were in the habit of going to those particular billiard-rooms."

"I did not say anything about it, Mrs. Routh, I never was there but that once. It is very odd, as you say, about Deane's coat, but the poor man hadn't it on. After we left the tavern, I said it was an odd, un-English kind of coat, and too warm, I should think, for the weather; but he said he had 'the shakes' that day—Yankee for agne, you know--and had never worn it before in this country! He carried it over his arm, I remember, the cloth side out, and threw it into a corner of the billiard-room. I dare say no one saw it."

"Had he put it on when you parted with him?" asked Harriet.

"No," said George; "he was still carrying it over his arm, and I remember now that I said to him, 'You had better button that trapper's warp of yours over all that money you've been staggering under the weight of.' 'Lightened a little, old fellow, by you,' he said, though he had paid his losses in a note, not in gold."

Harriet's face was less anxious now.

"Poor fellow!" George went on, with a slight shudder; "how dreadful it is—such light words, too, as we parted with. When he handed me the note, he asked for pen and ink, and wrote his name upon it, in full, over some initials—A. F., I think—and told me a queer story about an old lady who always endorsed her notes with her name, residence, and the date of her birth, and how he once traced a forgery by a bank-note, purporting to come from her, being devoid of those eccentric inscriptions. He was telling me the story as we went out."

George's discursive fancy had wandered from his own position to the circumstances which invested Deane's fate with additional sadness to his mind. Harriet frowned angrily at this proof of his invincibly light nature, and went on sharply:

"All this adds strength to my argument. But I asked you another question. Did anyone in the house you lodged at know at what hour you went home that night? Is anyone in a position to prove it?"

"No," said George. "I let myself in with a latch-key, and made no noise. I never did, when I could help it, there, the old woman was such a Tartar."

"Then there is not a flaw in my argument, George," she said in a sweet, solemn tone, which, from the first time he had heard it, had had an irresistable charm for the young man; "there is nothing to be gained for anyone, for any conceivable interest that you are bound to consider, for any interest, indeed, except the abstract one of the law, in telling what you know of this matter.,'

"The man's friends," remonstrated George, who, habitually submissive to her, did not recoil at the suggestion, as he would infallably have recoiled had it come from any other person; "they may not know, they may be in suspense, in misery."

"I hardly think so," said Harriet, and her blue eyes had their coldest color, and her sweet voice its subtlest inflection of scorn. "Did you ever hear him mention relative or friend? Did you ever know a man so cold, so callous, so base, so shamelessly devoid of any interest save in his own pleasure or his own gain?" Her energy quite startled George. She was looking straight before her, and her hand was raised as though she were tracing a picture as her mind produced it. "The man was a reptile, George—a cruel snake in his nature. I don't believe anyone on earth ever loved him, except his mother in his babyhood. I hope she's dead; yes, I trust she's dead! And that you should peril your safety, drag your mother's name into the police courts, arouse all the anger, stab all the pride, of your step-father, ruin, or at least greatly injure, your own prospect, by the revelations you will be forced to make, supposing (which, I confess, I think most difficult and improbable) you do prove your own innocence, seems to me utterly monstrous and irrational. Remember, you can give justice only negative assistance. If you prove that Deane was the victim, and you not the criminal, you can't tell them who the criminal is, or give them any information about Deane."

"No," said George, very quickly; "but then, you know, Routh can."

Harriet dropped her hand off his shoulder, and fell into a chair.

"You are overdone Mrs. Routh," George said, tenderly, as he took her hand in his, and resumed his old manner of deferential affection. "You have talked too long and too much about this murder, and it has been too much for you. I ought to have seen that before. We won't say another word about it, until I have consulted Routh. How shocked he will be! I will think of all you have said; but I will do nothing today. I can't even wait to see him now, for I must get down to the *Mercury* office by four. I must leave you now."

"You are sure you will do nothing until we have seen you again?" Harriet said, faintly. "George, let nothing induce you to mention the matter at the *Mercury*. Only think of the God-send a hint would be to them."

"I'll take care," said George, "I will not stir in the matter till I have talked it over thoroughly with you."

"You will stay here, George, of course," said Harriet, kindly, holding out her hand, but without rising. "We have a room at your disposal now, you know."

"Thank you, Mrs, Routh, I will; but I don't think I shall be more than a day or two in London, unless I should be detained by this sad business."

"Are you going back to Amsterdam?" asked Harriet.

"No," said George; "I am going to my mother."

"I was right," Harriet said, when she was alone, as she lay back in her chair, pale and exhausted. "I thought the one strong motive, the motive which, though late aroused, has been strong enough to save George Dallas from himself, would be powerful now. Twice his mother has helped, has saved, at his expense, his worst, his involuntary enemy. There was nothing else to work upon, but that has succeeded."

Harriet was right to a certain extent, but not quite right. Another motive had helped the end she desired to gain, and George named it to his own heart as he walked down to the *Mercury* office by the name of Clare Carruthers.

"You are a wonderful woman, Harry," said Routh, when Harriet had concluded the brief statement into which she condensed her report of the interview between her and George. But, though he spoke in a tone of strong admiration, and his face relaxed into a look of relief, he did not hold her in his arms and kiss her passionately now. "You are a wonderful woman, and this danger is escaped."

She smiled a little bitterly, very sadly, as she said:

"I don't know. At all events, it is once more tided over."

[To be Continued.]

AMUSEMENTS.

Maguire's Opera House.—Theatrical performances generally were but poorly attended in consequence of the rainy weather during the week. The best house was drawn on Wednesday, when *Jessie Brown* was played on the occasion of a benefit to James Linen, the poet. The performance commenced with the reading of one of the beneficiary's poems, entitled "The Poet's Mission" by Mrs. Harry Jackson. The play was capitally performed, Mrs. Harry Jackson adding to the laurels which she has already won during her stay in this city, by her admirable impersonation of "Jessie Brown." In the final scene--where "Jessie" hears the slogan—Mrs. Harry Jackson's acting was wonderfully impressive, and sent a thrill of painful emotion through the audience. The other characters were well played. This bill was repeated on Thursday evening. Yesterday evening Mrs. Harry Jackson, one of the most painstaking and correct actresses who has ever visited this coast, received the compliment of a benefit, which we are glad to state was well attended. The performance commenced with the reading of the poem "Mary Queen of Scotts," by Mrs. Jackson, illustrated by tableaux, vivants, and concluded with Tom Taylor's comedy of *The Unequal Match*. This evening Mr. John McCullough, the young tragedian who has since the removal of the unhealthy Forrest shade which stunted his intellectual growth, made rapid progress in the favor of the public, will make his re-appearance in *Richard III*. All who witnessed Mr. McCullough's fine impersonation of "Hamlet," will be pleased to see him in another Shaksperian character. At the Matinee *Jessie Brown* will be played.

On Monday evening Mr. Thomas Maguire will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit tendered to the only Theatrical Manager of the Pacific Coast by the most lately arrived star, Miss Alice Kingsbury—and the dramatic profession generally. Mr. Maguire has done much to deserve this compliment; he has been the main stay—or indeed the only stay of the dramatic profession on this coast, and should he retire, we might look long and anxiously, but in vain, for a manager who would cater so liberally to the requirements of the amusement-loving population of San Francisco, and the interior cities of Sacramento, Marysville, Grass Valley, Nevada and Virginia, in which cities he is either sole or part proprietor of the local theatres. Mr. Maguire will proceed to New York on the steamer of the 30th inst., and will, during his stay there, secure all the attractive novelties for his theatres on this coast. The entertainment on Monday night will commence with the performance of "The Star Spangled Banner," by Miss Kate Denin and the entire corps of volunteers; Mr. Henry Edwards will then read "Eugene Aram's Dream," and the performance will conclude with *Fanchon*, with Miss Alice Kingsbury in her great character of "The Cricket." On Tuesday evening Daly's dramatization of *Griffith Gaunt*, the latest sensation produced in New York, a dramatic version of Charles Reade's novel which the *Round Table* thought so "naughty," will be produced. To-morrow evening the doors of the Opera House will be thrown open to the public, and the house will doubtless be crowded with a fashionable and intellectual audience to listen to one of Mrs. Laura Cuppy's charming lectures.

The Laemlein Concert.—Platt's Hall was densely crowded last Wednesday evening, on the occasion of the complimentary concert to the Misses Emma and Rebecca Laemlein, two young pianists whose *debut*, some months ago, awakened expectations which have been more than fulfilled by their progress during the interval. Contrary to their custom at former concerts, the sisters did not, on Wednesday evening, appear in any four-hand pieces. Miss Emma gave Jaell's *Reminiscences de Norma* and Liszt's Fantasia on the quartet in *Rigoletto*, with remarkable power and facility of execution; for encores, an Andalusian Dance, and a brilliant arrangement of "Yankee Doodle." Miss Rebecca, with rather less force and rapidity than her sister, has a more delicate and musical touch; she played Liszt's arrangement of the March from *Tannhauser*, Chopin's *March Funebre*, and Gottschalk's "Banjo," besides Mason's "Silver Spring" for an *encore*. Both sisters were received with great enthusiasm, and were quite overwhelmed with floral tributes. The rest of the programme was excellent, though rather too long. Mr Desvachez appeared to great advantage in two compositions by Servios, for the violoncello; Mr Schlotte, with his exquisite tone and execution, gave the Cavatina from *Robert*, and Lindner's *Overluender*, for the French horn; Mr. Wunderlich, in spite of severe hoarseness, did tolerable justice to Schubert's "Wanderer;" and Miss Grey made her first appearance in public by singing, without particular effect, a song which we did not recognize, and which was not the beautiful "Caro nome," from *Rigoletto*, for which she was announced. Miss Brannan sang Balfe's "I'm a merry Zingara," the cavatina, "Tacea la Notte," from *Il Trovatore*, and (as an *encore*,) the ballad "Within a mile of Edinboro," with great vivacity and grace; and Mrs. Northrop was equally acceptable in her artistic rendering of "Ernani involami," and of a composition which appeared to be a medley of several concert waltzes, phrases from *It Bacio*, and from the waltz in *Crispino*, being distinctly recognizable. Mr. Gustave A. Scott, as accompanist and musical director, performed his part with his usual taste and skill. We hope the two talented sisters will afford the public an early opportunity for another hearing.

Sacred Concert.—M. and Mme. Heine, the blind violinist, and the accomplished pianist, have not been fortunate since their arrival in San Francisco. The public at large have not as fully appreciated the talent of these artistes, as they should have done. Paul Julien's concerts were well attended, and he at once became "the rage." We are forced to conclude that in some instances a South American reputation is a more favorable introduction to the musical public of San Francisco, than one acquired in England and fully endorsed in Australia. From the musical profession, in this city, a verdict has gone forth against the public with regard to its treatment of M. and Mme. Heine; the verdict is "Guilty of stupidity.' The profession, however, says: "If the public will not show their appreciation of modest merit, but requires to be dosed with 'strippers,' 'flyers' and 'double mammoth posters,' we will do what we can to save the reputation of San Francisco." Therefore at the final performance of sacred music, given by M. and Mme. Heine, at the Metropolitan Theatre, to-morrow night, Miss Emma Howson, Miss Clelia Howson, Frank A. Howson, Henrie Herberte, Messers. Swift, Nordbloom, Austin and Wunderlich of "The Twelve," Professor George T. Evans, Charley Schultze and others of the musical profession, have tendered their services. A fine programme has been arranged, comprising some of M. Heine's best performances.

Academy of Music.—On the 30th inst. the troupe of wonderful Japanese jugglers and gymnasts, who have been astonishing our citizens during the past few weeks, will proceed on their way to astonish the natives of the Atlantic States. But three more performances will be given in this city, and those who have not yet seen the strange and incomprehensible feats performed by these artistes, must make up their minds to do so at once. A Matinee will be given to-day, when little "All Right" will astonish all the young Americans present.

Favorites to Arrive.—Miss Lucy Escott, and Henry Squires will be soon on their way to this port from Australia, where they have met with great success. When they arrive, the musical people of San Francisco will be favored with a season of English opera. They come under an engagement to Manager Maguire.

Metropolitan Theatre.—The houses at this theatre have of course been thin in consequence of the rain. *The Magic Pills*, though not near as good as some other pantomines which have been produced, has a good deal of business but not much fun in it. The ballad of the *Star of the Rhine* has proved generally popular.

[For the Californian.]

"WORTHLESS FELLOWS."

BY PRENTICE.

"OH, he's one of your 'ne'er-do-wells,' a shiftless, worthless fellow."

We were engaged in the agreeable recreation of tearing to pieces the reputation of an unfortunate man. Mr. Bramble heard the words mentioned above. Mr. Bramble had previously taken no part in the conversation. He is a very quiet man. He limits himself to a certain number of words per day.

Mr. B. now commenced talking in measured, deliberate tone, that arrested the attention of the company.

Said he, "I am the champion of all 'ne'er-do-wells,' and so-called shiftless, worthless fellows. They are a much abused, persecuted, and uncomprehended race. I known it. I was once one myself. Some people call me one now. If a man don't walk in the groove the world carves out, the world turns round and calls him hard names. It makes no difference even if he can't walk. The world then says he has no business to be a cripple.

As I was saying I commenced being a 'ne'er-do-well' at an early age. When a boy I could neither cateb a ball, or hit a ball, or drive a horse as well as other boys. My father often remarked 'he didn't know what to make of that boy.' Wishing to make me useful he put me to ''tend store.'

Now there was no ''tend store' in me. I was a disgrace, a damage, and a detriment to the establishment. When sent to deliver articles purchased, I not unfrequently left them at the wrong houses—left a new broom at Mrs. A.'s where I should have left sugar, and sugar at Mrs. B's where it should have been a new broom. I distributed candy, raisins and crackers gratis among my juvenile comrades in fearful quantities. I ran away and went in bathing when trade was very brisk. I could never distinguish the difference between calico and muslin, or tell sheeting from linen, and my eccentric charges were ruinous to the business.

It being fairly proved that my absence from the store added to the profits my services were dispensed with. It was said I 'had no capacity for business.'

CHAPTER II.

At the age of twelve my parents were still disagreeably and unprofitably occupied in planning my future. I say unprofitably, since my theory is, that at that period the souls of the parents had better be possessed in peace, while the child scampers over the hills and lays the groundwork of a sound constitution.

My father talked education, law, medicine and college. I hated college. I hated students with their dyspeptic faces and white hands. I wanted to be a circus rider, or the man capable of great feats of strength, who traveled with the circus—the one who pulled against four horses, and had big stones pounded to pieces on his abdomen.

For indulging in this vagabondish inclination, my father threatened to apprentice me to a neighboring shoemaker. I secretly held against this in reserve the idea of running away and going to sea. My mother hugged constantly to her heart the hope that I might become a minister. From this I recoiled with more horror than from college or cobbling.

Up to the age of a dozen, I had been a very quiet, demure, good little boy. Retaining still the quiet and demureness, I dropped the goodness and became mischievous. I was first and foremost among a prowling band of youths, who by night wandered forth seeking, and realizing, happiness in robbing orchards, hen-roosts, and watermelon patches, unhanging gates, ringing door-bells and praticing the whole catalogue of mischief handed down from generation to generation, in our older Eastern towns.

Worse yet; at fourteen I learned drinking, smoking, swearing and other evils concomitant upon the advent of a blushing youth to the honors of manhood. I was classed by the good people, among the bad boys. All this is very sad, but it is true. The change was mainly owing to the shop experience, and the fearful prospect in the future, of college, cobbling and divinity.

Now who or what was to blame for my youthful depravity? Could it be my parents? Was it myself? Was it fate? What was it?

CHAPTER III.

My mother was left a widow, and in straitened circumstances. With all my waywardness, I had a sincere desire to be of assistance to her.

We possessed the usual wealthy uncle spoken of in novels. To him I applied, not for money, but employment. His influence was great. He advised me to seek a home in the West, to cultivate the prairie, to carve out for myself a road to fortune. A poorer man could have given the same advice. He was a kind hearted man, though. He allowed my father to be buried in his own private vault.

One morning I declared my intention of going to a certain town and learning the trade of a machinist. The people of Bonesburgh (that's my native place) rejoiced. Good, pious Bonesburghers came to me before I left, and gave me so much advice. It was good advice, too. They were so glad on account of my proposed reformation. They rejoiced also, in secret, over the anticipated security of their apple orchards and hen-roosts. Disinterested Bonesburgbers!

I spent one month in the machine shop and was discharged. They said I had no 'capacity for the business.'

The people of Bonesburgh were disagreeably surprised at my re-appearance. My return was in August, and at my coming the fancied security of the watermelon patches proved a delusion and a dream.

After playing a few month's engagement in Bonesburgh, in the character of a 'depraved and sinful youth,' I went to the city of New York. There my own exertions procured for me a situation. From time to time moral friends from Bonesburgh, on a visit to the metropolis, called on me. They diverted my attention from my duties and counseled me to a persistent tread in the paths of morality and virtue. They had never lifted a finger in my behalf, yet somehow they always left me with a faintly defined impression that my position was owing to their help. Some of them allowed me to take them to the theatre.

Well, I tried to be attentive and industrious and tread in the path of virtue. I worked bard, early and late, did the best I could to please my employers, and at the expiration of ten months had the satisfaction of hearing them tell me that I was hardly adapted to the business and had better seek some other employment. They bid me not to be discourged and then figuratively showed me the door.

The people of Bonesburgh were once more shocked at my presence. The disagreeable impression thus produced was slightly modified because I had thus far fulfilled the prophesies made of me by all sober people, to wit: 'that I should never turn out anything.'

CHAPTER IV.

For several months I was a dependant on one whose means of support were quite slender. This was itself a gnawing canker to my soul.

There were certain elders among the Bonesburghers whom I had always regarded with respect and reverence. To them I applied for employment, also for advice as to the adoption of a profession. They could suggest much and do nothing, and all this they accomplished with an expression of countenance which seemed to say that it was useless to try to do anything for such a shiftless youth. There was but one individual who would do anything for me—that was myself. So I took counsel with the wretch. I would go to the West.

I did go to the West, obtained employment in a land office, and from the first week of entering on my duties entertained as a guest, typhoid fever, which, after some two months continuanee tapered off into the 'dumb ague,' the meanest complaint in the world, which of a live human being makes an animated dead man. My one year of Western life was replete wtih ague, pills and quinine. My employers advised me to return East. In dogged despiration I packed my trunk and again 'Johnny came shaking home.'

The story of my Western suffering seemed to excite little or no sympathy. I was not a corpse, and a large portion of human sympathy seems to be kept in reserve to be showered on corpses. People were not a bit disappointed—shiftless—undecided—no perseverance—didn't believe I had been sick—homesick.

The elders shook their heads as I passed them by. The air seemed filled with reproaches. I felt as if clad in a garment of worthlessness.

Then discouragement set in. Twenty and twenty-two are prone to discouragement. It's all nonsense, you know, to get in this condition when the wheel of existence has hardly commenced turning, but it is quite natural. I talked of the heartlessness of the world—wished I was dead—wanted to be a pirate—a burglar—a stage-robber—even wanted to be a girl.

Home was home to me no longer, and next I found myself one of the crew of a clipper-ship, bound for China, for Patigonia, for the North Pole, for H——Halifax, I cared not whither. What mattered it to me where she went—so long as on board of her I could earn victuals and clothes. She finally brought up at a San Francisco wharf. I was paid half the wages due me and then the captain told me that I was hardly cut out for a sailor, and had better get into some other business.

Some other business! Would Providence kindly inform me for what purpose I was constructed? Was I indeed a useless chip accidentally shattered from the great block of humanity and doomed ever to be beat and banged about, while all the other stones were fitted into their places?

CHAPTER—V

In this very city, years ago, I again resumed my normal condition of 'hunting up some other business.' When down to the last dollar I found a situation. It was not in a bank or a mercantile establishment. It was to superintend the culinary department on a vessel bound on a mission of destruction to various members of the Saurian species on the lower coast of Californian. If you are in any doubt, it was to be cook on a whaling schooner. These things are not very pleasant to speak of, yet I know several high-toned gentlemen who were cooks in Forty-nine.

Various friends said, 'Why, you don't really mean to ship as cook, do you? It's disgraceful; you can't mean it.'

But it was either cook or starve, and so I threw my pride into the slop pail and cooked. My friends did nothing to prevent my going. Friends will permit one to do a great deal before disgracing ones self by starving to death.

I was not well qualified for the exercise even of the rude culinary art common to the sea; knew nothing of making bread or boiling beans. We had seven white men in the cabin and ten Sandwich Islanders forward. In rough weather the vessel was generally in a perpendicular position—one to which my stomach never could get accustomed. The galley was small, and my pots, pans and kettles were forever charging out of the door into the lee scuppers. For the first two months there was a general howl of execration echoed from the forecastle to cabin and cabin to forcastle against the cook—the literary cook—for somehow it had leaked out that I had 'written for the newspapers.' It needed but this to confirm and intensify the prejudice against me. More than once I overheard mutterings as to 'what the d—l sent that quill driver to sea to spoil grub for poor sailors.'

Finally it was intimated to me that I had better resign: in fact I had no 'capacity' for the culinary art.

I would not resign. My spirit was now up and in arms. Had nature even denied me the qualifications necessary to prepare food for my fellow creatures? Was I indeed so utterly worthless?

It was fearful to come down peg after peg, and on each peg find written, 'failure.'

So I held on to the cookship through thick and thin. Triumphantly was that tempest of pots and kettles weathered—weathered through many a blast consequent on the manufacture of heavy bread and salt water coffee.

CHAPTER—VI.

The mines of California had next to come in the book of experience. I was an unsuccessful miner for eight years. Of course it was said of me that I was unfit for that occupation. Partners intimated that their day's work rather overbalanced mine. In this they were correct. Still I stood in ice-cold water and swung a pick or packed boulders out of the river-bed twelve or fourteen hours a day, making up in will what I lacked in strength. And at night I would lay down so tired and exhausted that it was long ere sleep came to my pillow or rather to me, for I needed it more than the pillow.

When I look back upon this life, I wonder that I am now alive. Probably I had no 'capacity' for dying under the circumstances!

I made many other efforts before I discovered for what Providence had created me. It is sufficient for me to say that at last I found an occupation which suits me, and I flatter myself that I suit the employment. But the road was a long and tiresome one. Failure seemed written on everything. It became so common, that I expected it. I worked with a dogged perseverance, taking little heed whether I succeeded or not.

A few years since, like many another unfortunate, I would ask myself what have I accomplished in all these years of tiresome labor. I have not made a fortune—am no better off than when I started out in the world—no, not so well, since so much of the season of youth and vigor has gone forever. After thirty, you know, the years begin to count. Old age and the grave and all those disagreeable performances seem no longer a myth. I used to look around me and see others living in ease and comfort, and the lack of all these things in my own case I laid to my supposed worthlessness. I do this no longer. I've reasoned myself into a belief that it was not all profitless. It may be a delusion, but it's a very pleasing one, and I intend keeping it up as long as I can.

At seventeen I had very little patience or perseverence—could not work for anything unless I saw the end right in view. I have had since to do a great deal of work simply for bread and clothes, and when these needs are pressing I find there is end enough in view.

I have learned to bear disappointment, because I expect it, and am now only agreeably disappointed.

I have learned in part to make the most of the present in the way of enjoyment. I consider myself a gainer there over most of you who are hurrying and skurrying and fretting your life out in the chase for dollars. You base all your happiness in the future, and there you will slip up. I have learned to be moderately charitable to all humanity—a very agreeable thing, by the way, when once the thick crust of selfishness enveloping the human heart, is broken through.

Above all I never constitute myself a judge and call a man worthless, for who can know with what struggles the poor fellow is obliged to contend against the world without, and inherited defects of character within."

PRUSSIA'S new flag is to be tri-color—black, white and orange.

THE Great Eastern is to carry passengers from New York to Brest for the World's Fair.

THE DYKEHAMBURY CONCERT.

CHAPTER I.

THE parish of Dykewood was eminently a musical parish. It was about to take part in a grand amateur concert, to which everybody for miles around was expected to come, and its great desideratum had long been a good tenor. Baritones there were in plenty, and these had to be pressed into tenor service; but they were thin, for the most part, like *vin ordinare:* and they could not take the high notes. Now a real tenor, after the fashion of Mario or Sims Reeves, was the thing wanted; therefore, from Mr. Hugh Carton's somewhat thin brown cheek, moustaches, long hair, and general foreign appearance, it had been suggested as not impossible that he might supply the deficiency,

Mr. Carton was a stranger recently come to Dykewood—a tall, muscular man, with a rather worn brown face, and eyes that would have struck an observer as having a pitiful, haunted look in them at times. When his possessions became a reality to him, instead of appearing like a dream, from which he was afraid every moment of awaking, this wore off; but at present he could hardly believe that fortune, adverse to him from childhood, had suddenly turned upon him her pleasant smiles.

There were gardeners at work in the shrubberies and amongst the flower-beds; and as his eye fell upon them. Mr. Carton stood still with a sudden wonder at the thought that these men were his servants, and would look to him for payment. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked out into the west, where the sky was one blaze of gold and red. The light fell on hill and dale in fitful gleams; it touched the tree-top, and picked out bits here and there of the winding river to make it glisten like silver. The scene grew dim before Mr. Carton's eyes. He saw instead a miserable lodging under a foreign sky, where a gaunt man cowered at night over the stove, whose supply of charcoal was scanty. He saw this man rising up in the morning, sometimes hopeful, to be beaten back again from time to time, till hope was almost dead within him; then he saw this same man, but changed a little, for the better days had begun, and his genius was making its way tardily; a newspaper was in his hand, and one finger rested on an advertisement. His breath came in painful gasps, his face grew gradually paller natil—

Mr. Carton started, for one of the workmen stood before him, touching his hat, and asking instructions respecting certain trees which he thought should be cut down to improve the view. Mr. Carton could have laughed aloud at the incongruity of the thing, but he restrained himself, and gave his orders quietly.

"I might be the country squire in a farce," he said to himself; "I feel like playing at being a rich man. Pleasant play, though! Ah, I am thankful it didn't come too late."

He flung down his cigar, and walked quickly toward the house. He passed the wide stone steps, which looked so imposing, pushed open a French window, and entered a small drawing-room; at the end of which was a conservatory. A young girl lay on a couch near this window, young, but with few of the marks of youth. There was not the faintest rose-tint in the cheeks, from which suffering had driven the healthy blood; the hands that she stretched out to him were fearfully thin, and the large eyes, which filled with tender light when they saw him, seemed too large for the wasted features. Yet in a certain way she was beautiful. Hugh Carton knelt down beside the couch, and put his arm under her head gently.

"Is it pleasant, sister?" he said. "Are you happy here amongst the birds and the flowers, or do you long after bluer skies?"

"No, Hugh," replied the girl; "there was trouble under them."

"Ah, but it was growing lighter," said Hugh.

"I know it was," said the girl; "but what of that? They should have appreciated you before; they shall not have you now to make a slave of. I am glad for your sake a thousand times more than my own. It seems too good to be true."

"It does, indeed," said Hugh smilingly. "I am ready to warn my own men that sometimes I may not be able to pay them for their work. I am only thankful that all this came when it did."

"That's for my sake," said the girl, clasping his neck with a sudden, passionate movement of affection. "Hugh, how shall I ever repay you? All your life-long you have sacrificed everything for me. Many a time you thought I did not know when something had to be given up, because you would not leave me to the care of strangers. You would have got on, and been famous long ago, but for me. Tell me, is not that so?"

"Perhaps I didn't want fame, Ethel," he replied.

"Ah, but poverty would have been over then," said Ethel; "and I know, I know—

"You slaved your best years away for me," continued Ethel. "I wonder how many brothers there are in the world like mine.'

"And I wonder how many sisters are as patient and uncomplaining as mine," retorted Hugh. "We won't talk of the old days now, Ethie. I declare that I never wished to sit in the place which those two poor lads should have filled successively before me. I never thought of such a chance. When I read of the accident, and saw that advertisement for the next kin, there was pity in the shock as well as—but never mind."

"No,' said Ethel, "let it rest. I have had visitors again, Hugh. That kind old Mrs. Wynne came with her daughter. It was very good of the old lady; for though she is not exactly a cripple, like I am, it is difficult for her to get about."

"Why do they always come when I'm from home?" said Mr. Carton, and a shade passed over his face. "It looks as if there was something ogreish about me, Ethel."

"So there is," replied Ethel. "You are so silent and stern-looking, like a brigand. You never open you lips to anyone but me. But you must call upon Mrs. Wynne and little Bertie—they are your tenants, you know. Fancy your boasting tenants! Will you have a rent-day, Hugh, and a grand feast in the park, and speeches? or will you be a hard, griping landlord, and oppress everybody? See there! What's that coming up the avenue? A carriageful of ladies to call upon me, and a—what a curious-looking man!"

"It's the very fellow that bothered me about game-laws the other day," said Hugh, laughing; "as if I knew anything about game-laws! I can't stand this, Ethel. Good by.

"Indeed, no sir." said Ethel, and she caught his arm and held him fast. "You never did leave me to bear the brunt of anything yet, and you shall not begin now. Besides, consider that you'll have to return all these calls since I cannot; so stay and break the ice."

CHAPTER II.

Hugh Carton was a very singular gentleman indeed. Dykewood raised its eyebrows and didn't know what to think about him. As to his being an acquisition to the neigborhood, that seemed very dubious indeed. Dykewood had called upon the Cartons, and Mr. Carton had returned the calls. His sister won golden opinions from all; but as for Hugh, he sat for the most part in his corner staring at the landscape, with absent eyes, or pulling his long black moustache over his mouth, as if he wanted to hide a smile. Dykewood invited him to an evening party, to which Mr. Carton went, after a strong argument over the matter with his sister; and the musical young ladies were more puzzled than ever. Mrs. Grafton played her pet piece with more than usual elaboration, and her sister drew a startled and dreamy acknowledgment from him that he knew nothing of Thalberg; was not quite sure that he had ever heard the name. Then three young ladies sang a trio, and when it was over Mr. Carton did not even applaud, but sat still by little Bertrie Wynne, and positively talked to her. Poor little Bertrie did not sing or play—before company. She could not know the charm that lay hidden in that naïve confession; she was only conscious that Mr. Carton's manner grew suddenly kinder; that he had a very pleasant way of saying funny things; and it made her feel very angry afterwards to hear her companions expressing their disapproval of him in a corner, as hopelessly stupid.

"Why, he turned your music over always in the wrong place, Clare," said Miss Gralton, "before the page was half finished."

A little chuckle broke from Mr. Crane at this.

"Showed his sense," said he; "wanted it over. Not that I mean to be discourteous, my dears, at all; only didn't I tell you there was no music in him?"

"We didn't accept your verdict, though," retorted Miss Grafton, moving towards Mr. Carton's corner.

"This nonsensical heathen has been accusing you of his own want of taste, Mr. Carton," she said. "I'm sure it's a libel. I am quite sure that you must at least like music."

Hugh stammered out that he "didn't exactly know," and the young lady's face fell.

"We did so hope you would join the choir," continued Miss Grafton. "We want a tenor voice dreadfully, and you look as if you had one."

"The choir!" repeated Mr. Carton, reflectively.

"Yes, our Dykewood choir," said Miss Grafton.

"You heard us on Sunday. But a really good tenor would be such an improvement. I am sure you have a singing face, if you would only try. People very often don't know their capabilities until they begin."

There was a very curious twitching about Mr. Carton's lips as he listened to this. The speaker did not notice it, but little Bertie Wynne did, and wondered. He raised his eyes to Miss Grafton's face, and said very quietly, "You may be right. I suppose I am not too old to learn."

He was smiling outright now, and a chorus of eager negatives of such a supposition broke upon him.

"And then we are going to have an amateur concert," said Miss Grafton; "and we should be so glad of your help—at Dykehambury, you know."

"Ah!" said Mr. Carton. His face grew a shade paler, and he stretched out one hand in an aimless sort of fashion, as though searching for something. The gesture was peculiar; these people could not know how suddenly they had touched a chord in that weary, struggling past of his, and drawn forth the old instinctive movement by which he had been used in those days to draw his sister's couch toward him and feel that there was a comforter.

Mr. Carton walked home that night with little Bertie Wynne, which gave rise to many expressions of discontent, fortunately never destined to reach his ears. Bertie's servant kept a decorous distance, but there was no laughter or funny speeches now. Hugh had grown grave in the moonlight; so grave, indeed, and absent, that he would have forgotten to wish his charge good-night if she had not spoken the words first; and then he remembered, and his face grew red as he spoke the parting salute.

The last words which Mr. Carton said to his sister that night must have been very comical, to judge the amusement they created. She looked up at him with mischief sparkling in her large eyes; and twisting the corners of the mouth, about which pain had drawn many lines, she said, simply, "Sing for them, dear Hugh—do."

CHAPTER III.

"So you have given him up!" said Mr. Crane, biting his lips.

"O, of course," replied Miss Grafton. "It would never do to take a beginner amongst the Dykehambury people—they wouldn't like it."

"But you have asked him," said Mr. Crane. "Suppose he says he will sing?—and there he comes. Besides, how do you know he is a beginner?"

"I know how he turned my music over," said Miss Gralton. "But that's nonsense. I should have liked a tenor solo; but we must do without it."

When Mr. Carton made his unexpected entrance into the committee-room this question was still undecided. No one spoke to him beyond the ordinary greeting, and that was cut rather short, for they were preoccupied, and, in a musical light, he was evidently nobody. He sat listening and caressing his moustache, as usual, till the debate grew warm, and then all at once the Oracle stepped forward and broke his silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I believe my voice is a tenor. I will undertake this solo that you are in trouble about. Let me see—one part of the concert is to be sacred and the other profane—I hope that doesn't mean that it is to be wicked. If I may choose, I prefer appearing in the sacred part. I will sing 'Deeper and deeper still.'"

There ran a sort of terrified gasp through the assembled ladies. Mr. Crane, who liked to be everywhere, and hear everything that went on, sacked the knob of his stick and chuckled. At last some one said feebly, "What, that grand thing!—the song John Braham made immortal?"

"Did he?" said Hugh. "I should have thought the composer had some hand in doing that. Don't you approve of my choice?"

"It was a difficult song," was the reply. "Do you know the recitative?"

"Recitative," repeated Hugh, absently; "O, to be sure. That is, of course I shall get the music, and my sister will run through it with me at home. I don't think you will want me at the rehearsals," he added, with a twinkle in his eye. "I wish you good evening."

Mr. Carton's step was more elastic than usual as he went away. Perhaps the fresh summer air and the beauty of woods and fields did him good. At any rate it was with a very bright face that he stopped at the little door in the wall which divided Mrs. Wynne's garden from his park. He opened this door, listened, and shook his head, but indulgently. Some one was playing on a piano which was not in very good tune. By and by the sound ceased, and a little figure came to the window, peeped through the muslin curtains, and saw him. Mr. Carton took off his hat, and she met him at the door.

"I thought you didn't play," he said.

"I didn't—for visitors," was the reply; "but mamma likes it. I was only trying a bit from 'Oberon.' It is such sparkling music, just as if the writer were so brimful of happiness and mirth that he didn't know what to do with himself."

"Then you couldn't fancy the man who wrote it dying slowly while he wrote?" said Mr. Carton, gravely. "What judges we are, all of us!"

"Was Weber dying when he wrote 'Oberon'?" asked Bertie.

"Yes," replied Mr. Carton, "and knew that he was. He wrote it for an English opera company, and came to England to put it on the stage. He left his wife and bairnies behind him in the far country, and worked all the harder in the hope of seeing them once again before he died. He never did, though. It's sad, isn't it? We won't talk about it. What's that puzzled face for?"

"I was wondering," said Bertie, "how you, who don't care for music, came to know all this about Weber, and to be so interested in it."

"I may know something of the life of a clever man, though crotchets and quavers were Greek to me, mayn't I?" laughed Mr. Carton. "And how can you tell that I don't care for music, eh?"

"Well, you never say anything about it," replied Bertie. "And then the choir—"

"O, the choir," said Hugh, slowly. "But then you see, in the foreign churches, at least some of them, one might get a a little spoiled for—*your* choir?"

"Don't call it mine," said Bertie. "They wouldn't admit me if I wanted to join it, which I do not, for I couldn't spare time as the others can."

"Why wouldn't they admit you?" he asked.

"O, I don't know," replied Bertie, with a little shrug of indifference. "I'm insignificant and a nobody, and then my voice is neither one thing nor another—not worth having, you know. I can't go up to B, nor down to wonderful depths, Mr. Carton,"

"Will you let me hear it?" said Hugh, quickly.

"Are you serious?" said Bertie, looking up, with a little flush of astonishment.

"Indeed I am," he replied. "Sing something for me."

Mr. Carton was silent for a while after the song was finished, and he looked over Bertie's music discontentedly.

"These don't suit you," he said, at last. "I wish you would let me get some mezzo-soprano things for you. I am going to send to London. Ah, by the way, I haven't told you about that. I hope I shall not disgrace myself; but I am going to sing a solo at this grand concert."

"Mr. Carton!" exclaimed Bertie.

"It's quite true," said he. "Don't look so terrified. Your amatuer performers are always indulgently allowed to blunder.

"It is not so? What o'clock is that?" he added, suddenly. "I had no idea it was so late; and Ethel will be waiting for me. That reminds me, Miss Bertie: take my thanks for all your kindness to her, and to me, through her. And now let me pay my respects to Mrs. Wynne, for I must go."

CHAPTER—IV.

Mr. Carton was a bachelor, and rich, so it would never do for Dykewood to offend him outright. He must sing his song; that was, if some happy change did not interfere to prevent it. If the Dykehambury magnates did make fun of them all, they must bear it. Mr. Crane said it would serve them right for besieging the man as soon as he came amongst them; and of course he would make a fool of himself. The ladies comforted themselves with the reflection that a failure would do him good; would make him more humble and tractable, and teach him not to make remarks about the choir. But little Bertie Wynne went about with a troubled face amongst her flowers, and told herself, with rising anger, that she hated the concert, and that nothing should ever induce her to go to it. She was thinking this one evening discontentedly, while her busy scissors snipped away here and there a dead rose from the standards, when suddenly a voice, which she knew pretty well by this time, uttered her name, and she looked up and saw Mr. Carton's brown face above the wall on which his hands rested.

"Those roses are finer than mine," he said, demurely.—"May I have one if I come for it?"

He did not wait for an answer, but raised himself to the top of the wall, and then dropped on the other side.

"It's so far round to the gate," he said, glancing at a wicket about three yards distant. "And besides, I feel very like a school boy still. I never see a wall like this without wanting to climb over it. Now for my rose."

Bertie handed him the scissors, but Hugh said, "No, cut it for me. Now put it in my button-hole; thank you. What's the matter?"

He asked this question quickly, and in a tone which had lost its lightness, for looking down at her as she obeyed his command, he saw that her face was pale, and fancied her fingers trembled.

"What a ruffian of a fellow I am!" said he. "What is it? Mrs. Wynne—"

"No, no," interrupted Bertie; mamma is all right; it isn't that. And there's nothing the matter, only— Mr. Carton, I want very mch to say someting to you, if you are sure you won't be angry."

"Angry!" said he. "We ought to be friends by this time, Miss Wynne. You are not afraid of me?"

"No," said Bertie; "but—I wanted your sister to say it, and she wouldn't. She said that I must speak to you myself—that you would not listen to her. Mr. Carton, it's about the concert."

Hugh's face changed in a moment. Subdued mirth gleamed in his eyes, and twisted the corners of his lips under the black moustache, but Bertie was not looking at him.

"You think I shall make a worse mess than the rest?" he said

Bertie did not answer: she was looking away over the woods toward the spires of Dykehambury, some miles distant.

"Mr. Carton, everybody is talking about the concert," continued Bertie. "You see, it isn't the same thing as it would be if it were confined to Dykewood and the choir. The Dykehambury Music Hall is a very grand place, and people will come from all parts—"

"For the fun of hearing what a fool I shall make of myself, eh?" said Mr. Carton. "Well, don't you perceive that by such means I shall be adding to the receipts? And as it is for a charity, one shouldn't mind being laughed at."

"But, Mr. Carton, you don't know—"

"But, Miss Wynne, you don't know how I was beset on all sides about this affair just at first," interrupted Mr. Carton. "They have begun to look coolly on me now, I am aware; so see how amiable I am to be still willing to help."

"But if you can't?" said Bertie.

"A man never knows what he can do till he tries," replied Mr. Carton.

"Why, you don't even attend the rehearsals," said Bertie.

There was an involuntary movement of Mr. Carton's hands towards his ears. "No," said he, "I do not; and I haven't got the song yet."

Bertie turned a horror-stricken face toward him.

"Do you know that the concert is fixed for Wednesday?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Hugh. "I expected to get my packet by post this morning, but it didn't come. I wonder if I remembered to put the address?" he added, with a spirit of mischief he could not control.

"Mr. Carton," said Bertrie, "don't do it."

Hugh's air of light raillery changed altogether at those pleading words. He bent down and took the two nervous little hands in his, and his face was very grave.

"You don't like me to be made fun of," said he. "You are unhappy—that is, anxious, on my account, Bertie?"

"Yes—and Ethel's," added Bertie, quickly. She hardly knew what made her add that. Perhaps it was something in his face which she had never seen before; or it might have been the consciousness that he had called her by her name for the first time. If she had looked at him then she would have seen that a debate was going on in his mind, but she did not. He was silent for some minutes, still holding her hands; then dropping them, he turned away, and said, coldly, "I shall hope to see you at the concert, nevertheless, Miss Wynne; don't disappoint me."

The words fell chill on Bertie's heart, and she took a step toward him.

"You are angry," she said. "I have offended you."

"No. Good night," he replied.

Mr. Carton never looked back once, but went out by the gate this time, soberly enough, and walked away along the park. And Bertie stayed amongst the roses, thinking she had done a foolish thing; wishing that vainest of all wishes, for the past back again, till it grew late, till the moon came out, and she went into the house with the heart-ache.

CHAPTER—V

The clocks in the great square of Dykehambury were striking seven, and one solitary gentleman was wandering about the orchestra of the music-hall.

The organ stood ready open, and this gentleman went up to it and examined the stops; but he could have done nothing further if he had desired it, since there was no one to blow for him. From the organ he turned to the grand piano, struck a few chords, and broke off with a gesture of amusement. It was the air the variations of which he had so unceremoniously cut short for Miss Grafton. Then this solitary gentleman espied in one corner a violin with its bow stuck invitingly across it. A strange expression stole over his face at the sight of this. He took off his gloves and went up to it softly, looking round him as if he had been going to do some guilty thing. He had only time to adjust the instrument caressingly in its place, and to draw from it one long chord, when another step came up the stairs, and the conductor stood before him. Hugh Carton positively blushed as he put down his prize with reluctant fingers. He glanced with a comical deprecation at the new-comer, who knew no better than other people what were the powers of this bold solist, and said, half smiling, "Who knows? I might play as well as sing, if I tried."

He then selected his corner in the orchestra, and took his seat. He did not care about all the fuss and bustle of the green-room, and he sat, indolently watching the chorus-singers take their places, the arrangement of harps and music-stands, and the gradual filling of the hall down below, till the conductor came forward with his baton, and the overture began. No one who looked at him would have thought that Hugh heard anything. He never moved a muscle of his face, never looked up even when the first soprano solo brought forth an *encore*, so clamorous, that it had to be complied with. He was perfectly passive and immovable until his own turn came, when he stepped forward and took up his music.

Even Hugh himself could not help being conscious of the subdued rustle which swept through the hall at his appearance,—a rustle of excited anticipation; a sort of self-gratulatory preparation to be critical. He knew that there were smiles more cynical than pleasant on some of the faces, and that opera-glasses were being levelled at him. His blood might have flowed a little more quickly in his veins, perhaps, as he looked down upon the audience below him. but that was all. He could not see, though perhaps he guessed intuitively, that Bertie Wynne had her head bent down, and her hands pressed tightly together in an agony of suspense for him; for Bertie had retracted her decision not to be present. She had found it impossible to stay away; and she will never forget the moment when the first few notes of Hugh's recitative broke on her ear, and the little rustle in the hall sunk suddenly into breathless stillness. Bertie's head was raised, and the flush of nervous dread left her face. She had never heard anything like this before; it was very possible that Dykehambury never had either.

The silence remained unbroken for some moments after the song was finished, and then the applause broke out in a deafening clamor, that would not cease until Mr. Carton come back, spoke a word to the accompanyist, and substituted "Angels ever bright and fair."

The rest of the concert was hopeless confusion to Bertie Wynne. In the interval she heard dimly the exclamation of astonishment and delight that passed from lip to lip around her; she even recognized the harsh chuckle of Mr. Crane, as he asked old Mrs. Grafton what she thought of the choir after that; and she was vaguely watchful of that one figure sitting silent and grave in the orchestra, never moving, never seeming to notice anything that went on, and to all appearance profoundly unconscious of the commotion which his wonderful voice had stirred up in the hall. She knew little more until she found herself in Mrs. Grafton's carriage, and saw Hugh at the window petitioning for a seat. He did not say much when he got in. The stars were bright, and the air of the summer night was very sweet after the close music-hall. Perhaps altogether there had been no passage in Bertie's quiet life so wonderful as this drive home from Dykehambury. At the little gate in the wall they both got out, and Bertie's *chaperon* drove away, with a caution to Mr. Carton to see her safe into the house. Hugh took off his hat to the retreating carriage significantly, and stood in the gateway, looking down at the little figure all in white beside him.

"Well?" he said, smiling.

"Mr. Carton, I never heard anything so beautiful in my life," said Bertie. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"Tell you what?" he asked; "that I once made a living by singing in public? I never said that I knew nothing of music. It was taken for granted; and, excuse me, your Dykewood people are rather supercilious; they amused me a little. One only, out of all, did not sneer, but took a part that would have been doubly kind if I had been the presumptious fool they thought me. Do you think I did not know the sort of 'lead him on, it will be fun,' that possessed all Dykewood—you expected? Yet one evening I was sorely tempted to tell. Do you remember?"

"I think so," said Bertie, as she made a step toward the house; but he stopped her.

"One moment," said Hugh. "Something else dates from that same evening. My pulses are riotously quick; I can't go home till they are quieter. I began to hope then, Bertie, that evening, that I might give my little friend and counsellor a dearer title. It's very sweet to hope. You won't forbid it? Don't you care for me after all?"

"I am not fit," said Bertie.

"You are my pearl of price that I meant to win for myself, if I could," said Hugh. "Listen: no; thus, with your hand in mine, that I may feel if you shrink from me. My father married an Italian opera-singer, and was cut off with a shilling for doing so. Do you think the worse of me for my mother's sake?"

"No," replied Bertie.

"I have been next door to a pauper," he continued. I have done the hardest manuel labor. Finally, I have been a public singer myself. Do you think the worse of me for all this?"

Involuntarily Bertie crept a little closer to him, which was answer sufficient.

"If those silent woods and lawns could speak, they would tell how you have haunted them with your ghostly presence. Come and make it real for me. I shall come to-morrow, and the next day, and every day until you will let me take you home. These things creep out, don't they, Bertie? To-morrow all Dykewood will know what came of the Dykehambury concert."

"They will say that I am not good enough for you," returned Bertie.

Mr. Carton's answer was unimportant. He waited until the hall door had closed after Bertie, stayed a little while longer, looking up at the light in her window, and then went off to walk up and down in the starlight, and wonder that Fortune was so good to him, just as he used to wonder in the old days at the strange grudge she seemed to bear him.

For the Paris Exhibition.—A limited liability company, called the "Society of the Charterers of the *Great Eastern*," has been formed in Paris, with a capital of $500,000, to charter the steamship *Great Eastern*. An effective board, including several Americans, have taken the management. A contract for repairs and fittings has been made with a Liverpool firm, under engagement to have the work done by the 5th of March. The *Great Eastern* will then sail for New York, and is expected to leave this port for Brest direct about the 1st of April next. The great ship will have accommodations for about twenty-five hundred passengers, and will afford a good opportunity for those who intend to visit the Paris Exhibition. It is the intention of the company to issue excursion tickets to Paris and return at a reduced rate.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1867.

MUSCLE AND BRAINS.

WERE this article written in one of the old countries in Europe, instead of in one of the youngest States in the New World, "Muscle and Brains" would seem an incorrect heading. "Brains and Muscle" would appear better to European eyes.

who is seated at the head of the organization callled "man,"

The brain is the motive power of the muscles, the monarch who communicates his sovereign will by electric wires pervading the frame, to any member of the composite whole which he governs. There are wise kings and foolish kings; kings fit to rule, not only their own domains, but also capable of governing adjacent territories or kingdoms, and holding their rulers as vassals by reason of their superiority; and, again, there are kings who are incompetent to rule over a kingdom of two or three hundred inhabitants. So, also, there are wise brains and foolish brains. There is a brain which holds the brains of other men in subjection—sometimes willingly and sometimes forced—and again, there is a brain which is dull, stupid, idiotic; a brain which even the members placed by Nature under its control, obey with no alacrity. Such a brain may be unseated—dethroned—with advantage to the men ruled by noble brains.

In the United States the Republican system would appear very often to have extended to the frame of man. King Brain is in many instances scoffed at, and lowered in the esteem of brains, subjugated by the baser members.

In all new countries muscle is exalted, while Brain, except so much as may be required to serve as a motive power for the muscles, is systematically degraded. The reason is manifest. Muscles are required first to hew down trees, build houses, till the soil and prepare this "new portion" of the earth for the habitation of men accustomed to live in cities. Often many years are occupied in such works as these in which muscle claims supremacy. The great deeds of the first generation—the muscular generation—are pointed out, in land formerly barren, now fertile, rocks torn to pieces in the search for gold, shafts sunk in the bowels of the earth and other such achievements. During this period, Brain is like Blind Sampson grinding in the mill of the Philistines, and Sampson is considered by the Philistines as doing worthy work—far better work than making riddles to exercise Philistine brains.

California is almost out of its infancy, much of its gold has been dug, its forests have been felled, its fields have been tilled, soon, let us hope that muscle may be dethroned from the situation which it has usurped. Honor to labor, honor to "the hard fisted sons of Toil!" These phrases sound well enough in monarchical countries, where the working man has to be satisfied with the empty words. In this new country, however, there is little fear but that the "hard fisted sons of Toil" will make money enough, and get honor enough, (especially at election time,) the fear is that Brain may be degraded, that men who are possessed of immortal faculties may be forced to throw away the immortal part of them and depend for their existence on the faculties and contrivances which Nature has bestowed on the brutes. Let not muscle be too much glorified. Let the poet who cheers the hardy "Sons of Toil" with Heaven-sent songs share with one of the aforesaid "Sons of Toil" the fruits of his labor though he has not either ploughed or sown with them. He has done his part.

THE "DRAMAEIC CHRONICLE" JOLLIFICATION.—All the editorial force of the CALIFORNIAN, as well as of the other papers of San Francisco, put in an appearance at the *Dramatic Chronicle* office, 606 Montgomery street, on Wednesday, January 16th, on which occasion Charles de Young & Co., entertained the members of the Press and their friends generally, with much Champagne and etceteras, in celebration of the commencement of the fifth volume. By an oversight this fact was allowed to remain unmentioned last week. The *Daily Dramaéic Chronicle*, in many things, sets an example to its larger and older contemporaries, and the energy displayed by its proprietors must insure success.

EXCHANGE OF CARDS.—An amusing story is told regarding the review of "Ecce Homo" which lately appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*. The anonymous author of the book conveyed through the publisher his thanks to the reviewer, accompanied with the expression of his wish to know who he was; and received for reply that, as he had no objections to tell his name, he proposed that they should exchange cards.

[For the Californian.]

KILAUEA, AND A CHRISTMAS ROAST.

A MODERN MIRACLE OF FAITH THAT MOVED A MOUNTAIN.

"Out of the jaws of death
Out of the mouth of hell."

OF Christmas roasts, my Madaline, there are two sorts. That of the flesh of fowl, white and with delicate, soft fibres, savory and toothsome enough—and of the whiter, quivering and blood-moistened flesh of humans—discussing the former, listen to a discussion of the latter. * * * *

We quitted the Volcano House, my two guides and I, with a fine mist sifting into our faces, and many indications of a stormy night. Yet our ghostly pilgrimage was not to be frustrated by such trifles; our else unprofitable holiday was to be shown some distinction, and with this end in view we climbed over the precipice and swung beneath the brooding brows of the cliff, so entering upon our part of the spectacle, while the sulphurous blue and yellow footlights flickered a thousand feet below us. A series of illuminated tableaux followed our descent into to the crater, and lent us a satisfactory sense of adventure.

6. P. M.—We three, of a color now, clinging one to another for comfort, grope in the gloomy darkness across the desert of lava.

8. P. M.—The lake is reached and our tent of bushes pitched close upon its Plutonic shores. No one but ourselves may know of the desolation that surrounded us we approached hither. Yet the bottomless pits were bridged for us, and many a chasm sealed against us. Why was this? Could any demon have guided us thither to our deaths, sparing us some intermediate horror, for the unutterable agony of the climax? Fortunately the knowledge of our ultimate situations is unknown to us. How wise is Providence!

10. P. M.—The journey across the immence iron floor being tedious and fatiguing I seek shelter in the bowers of shrubs erected by the natives, and endeavor to refresh myself with some few moments of sleep. From time to time I awaken suddenly with a tremor in my limbs I cannot account for—a little faint also, with a weight resting heavily upon my chest. Small potions of proof brandy afford no permanent relief; I lie dozing in the unearthly gloom of this monstrous cell, a solitude that is peopled with phenomena innumerable, indescribable and nameless, yet so intangible, and airy, I can only imagine this wonderful amphitheatre, this colisium not made with hands, a ruin in the earth's waste places, the sacked temple of solitude.

Now and then the curious guttural chant of my guides, still worshiping their mongrel crew of divinities and holding *Pale*, she who dwells in the midst of flame, and ashes, as chiefess, startles me.

At intervals their wild songs steal in upon my reverie as goblin intrindes. Till midnight we indulge in this peculiar entertainment, speaking little, observing less: simply existing in an unholy atmosphere, awaiting some mysterious denouement.

Just after 1. A. M., a slight tremor of the earth throws us into consternation. Yet it is of common occurrence here, and in no wise calculated to alarm us—still, the consciousness of boding evils drive us to distrust, and our fears are upon the alert.

The liquor flask being empty, we throw it upon the crust of the molten lake. For a moment it lies upon the blackened surface, just turning from side to side as an apple in a hot oven, but as the surface of the furnace cracks across and begins to lift itself for the perpendicular immersion, it slides into the flaming fluid, and with a sharp snap, sinks rapidly.

2 A. M.—The atmosphere has become so close we debate seriously the plausibility of returning to the house on the cliff. A sky of inky blackness and no torches left to light us, prevents this venture. We came prepared to stop till morning, and so are without means of egress. It might be a quarter of three or a little later, when our ears are deafened with the noise resembling the bellowing of innumerable sea monsters; the tumults of battle fill the immense theatre with the horrors of annihilation. Thick sulphurous gasses rise in whirlwinds of yellow steam. At this moment one of the natives springs headlong into the lake of lava, and is instantly enveloped in a pale sheet of fire, that shrivels him like a dry leaf, and swallows him into the waves. I hear no sound from his lips—indeed had he quaked with the awful roar of the enraged lion, his breath would have wasted to a whisper in the thunderous discharges of this terrific artillery. It seems as the dissolution of the elements. I have no thought of escape, but with unaccountable presence of mind hastely draw a large cloak of oiled silk close about my head and shoulders, and fall flat upon the thin shelf of lava-rock, that supports me above the pool of fire. Once more the earth shakes and trembles, and the sea is swallowed up with a shriek that seems to "crack Heaven's dome" and I find my shell of earth lifted upon a wave of seething lava, a myriad slender claws of violet flame clinging and clutching about its edge, as though some monster were seeking to devour me.

Then cycles and cycles of agony as I toss upon this waste of fire. How often I pray for death I know not; it is my constant utterance, my very breath is prayer. I wrestle with the angel of death till he bless me: I wrestle till out of the shining sky—I seem roofed in arch after arch of gold, and every cloud is filled with the gorgeous glitter of a million sparks. I drift in a boistrous sea of blazing billows under a shower of stars—yet out of that shining sky a white dove flies and hushes me with its wings, wet, thank God, wet with rains—in that dew my fate is sealed, my faith finds footing and is centered upon the rock. That Heavenly dove brings peace, and hope descends upon me with that spirit holy.

I am not all alone, close beside me crouches my native boy in mute frenzy. I strive to awaken him; through the thin glaze of my silken mask I see him lying as one dead, while all about us I behold the world as in the first day of creation—"Let there be light and there was light"—but without form and void, only the ineffable lustre of pure light.

My fortunate cloak of silk in several folds shelters my eyes from the too intense glare, had it not been for this they had shrivelled in their sockets before now. I cannot tell how long we are thus tantalized. We seem to drift from side to side without aim, one current sweeping us forward with frightful velocity till another crosses it, when we spin in sickening circles or whirl about, banging upon the horrible rim of some pit of hell. Yet this seems almost a relief, for down there is shadow and some relief from the scorching glare about us—even the dreadful chasm is a comfort to us.

Seeing my companion surviving, I hail his returning reason as another good omen and strive to urge him toward me, I being upon a slight elevation of the little island, and he just below me, with no support or shelter if the ark should be turned violently by the waves.

He looks at me with a bewildered stare and will not join me. Again I beseech him to endeavor to save himself, but at this moment our last frail hold on life is snapped as we strike violently upon some rock of adamant that has survived the war of the elements, and the broken fragments settle in the fluid that supports us. I remember how I saw the huge cakes of hardened lava elevate themselves for their final plunge and instinctively climb to the higher edge of our shell of safety. When turning to my fellow voyager, I see—O, God! that writhing form drop suddenly into the waves. A shrill cry that stabs me through and through, an arm waving like the palm in the wild gales of the sea, one look that photographed its unutterable agony of supplication on my memory for all eternity—and I am *alone*.

Now the frail shell strives with me, it casts itself against the rock to shatter and go to pieces. It seeks to throw me off, quivering and reeling I swing and whirl in the vortex. It is a battle for life now, and the odds were mine till the thin raft that holds me, rises on the crest of one immense billow of liquid heat—and—God! I can not longer hold upon the white rim of my flotilla. It sears my flesh and gnaws into nerve and bone till the glowing mass falls over to my death.

If it had swallowed me—if it had rolled over against my death-chamber—how could I tell you of it now? Those that found me—or what was left of me after that terrible tide had receded—there on the bank where I had been cast can tell you all. If the small hand of Madaline did pen this for me, it is because my own right arm is a dead limb, worthy to be cut off and cast away. If tears come now as I think of my strange delivery, of that awful night and this merry morning, it may be the sad eyes are not wholly spoiled and blinded. If Madaline may no longer brush back the locks of youth, so brown and silky, she will adjust tenderly the knit cap that shelters the bare, bold forehead, and the great scars are covered. Then Madaline cares not for fringing lashes, and a lacking eyebrow or two are easily forgiven.

What is easier than my sitting chair that extends and stretches itself for my lying down, and is broad armed and worthy to be called table, also.

Who would have limbs for leaping or eyes for seeing, has not my Madaline for life, and love which is better than life—while time shall be?

And the secret of my strength in weakness is faith—the faith that casts out fear, and is mighty to move mountains.

Yet some are dangerously trustful. They put their faith in the listening ear that hears willingly the young ravens cry. In the quick love of Him, by whom no sparrow falleth unattended.

Do they forget the utter helplessness of the small fledglings, or remember how the elder bird is driven forth on swift wings to look about her? Their call restrains not ever, the sharp wind, nor brings to light the seed and morsel on which they feed.

Now is this Christmas Roast most savory and good, while Madaline may feed me, and the thought of the sad past shall not destroy me with so great a present pleasure. Being thus closely shorn still are the winds tempered to me as the unscathed heart in this ruined body joins prayers with Madaline to tell you.

PERIGNIS.

SEMME'S paper, in Mobile, like the private Alabama, has gone under.

[For the Californian.]

THE BUILDER.

A builder once planned him a house for his rest,
A house for his joys 'mid the passage of years,
Such an one as all mortals are striving to gain,
That we often are building with toiling and tears.

"Ah! when," quoth the builder, "this dwelling is done,
I'll rest 'neath its roof-tree in happy content;
And still he toiled on for the good was to come,
And gave up his days on this labor intent.

The toiler waxed old and his sinews grew weak,
Yet the walls were unfinished, still something remained,
To make this fair structure fully complete,
A crown to his life and a blessing attained."

Said the builder, "my task is quite near its end,
And soon I shall reap the fruits of my life,
To-morrow I'll rest, and begin to enjoy,
Just rewards of my wisdom, and labor, and strife."

Old Time passing by caught the words from his lips,
And swung wide his scythe—'twas trenchant and keen.
And asked where his harvest was all hoarded up,
Or good fruits of toiling were garnered or seen.

Youth Time, "you are striving for uncertain things,
Preparing to live, yet pray tell me when?
The house you are building through ages may last,
But man's years are counted by three score and ten.

Were it not better far to strive for the joy
You plant in the hope you may live to reap,
Than build up frail temples my fingers destroy,
Which you do not use, and never shall keep?"

And Time passed along, and the builder that heard,
Laid aside his worn garments, whose texture was clay,
And walking with Time to the lands spread before,
Left others to reap where he sped away. X—X.

[For the Californian.]

MY SHIP HAS COME FROM SEA.

LONG, long my ship has helplessly been drifting
Upon tempestuous seas,
No steersman at her helm, and never lifting
A white sail to the breeze.

For on the crew, and chiefly on the Master,
There is a fearful spell,
Floating them on to danger and disaster—
Drifting them on to hell!

Awake, O Master, from thy lethal slumbers!
Resume the ship's control!
Shake off the direful spell that so encumbers
And overwhelms thy soul!

Bring back my ship from off the stormy waters
On which she toils in vain!
Bring back to me and to my wife and daughters
Our happiness again!

* * * * * * * *

At last—O Lord, I thank thee for this presage
Of thy great love divine!
This day—O blessed!—I have received a message;
My ship is coming!—Mine!—

Far o'er the wave I see her white sails flashing
Bright in the noonday sun;
I fancy I can hear the ripples plashing,
As she moves grandly on·

Swiftly, with graceful and majestic motion,
She cleaves the foaming sea.
Bearing from the far dreary waste of ocean
Old hopes and loves to me.

Hasten, O ship, with joy for me full freighted,
From off the treacherous main!
Full long in anguish I have watched and waited
Till thou return again.

Now through the Golden Gate she proudly passes,
And still pursues her way
Where the stout fortress of the Alcatraces
Grimly o'erlooks the bay.

And on, with flag at peak and pennants flying
She keeps her glad career,
Till, her dread voyage over, she is lying
At rest beside her pier.

Welcome, O ship! Henceforth shall care and sadness
Be strangers unto me,
My misery now is turned to joy and gladness—
My ship has come from sea!

JOHN CLERK.

WHEN?

Something in either heart unspoken
Only a glance of the tell-tale eyes—
Of Love's dear secret a startling token,
Given by a witness that never lies!

Then we parted, his brave ship sailing
Over the breakers, thro' mist and rain;
Autumn winds round the black cliffs wailing,
Night's wild longing—day's weary pain.

Winter is past, but my heart is breaking,
Summer is coming over the sea;
All things living to new life waking—
When will my lover come back to me?

CHICAGO has a population of 264,000 inhabitants, as near as can be ascertained.

[For the Californian.]

STREET CROSSINGS.

EDITORS OF CALIFORNIAN — *Sirs:* There seems to be a total ignorance or neglect, or both, of the laws and customs concerning street crossings. I do not recollect ever to have read them or to have heard them stated. Yet they may exist in some recognised and available form, and if so, anyone who would collate and make them public, would confer a general benefit. It is very trite to say that our comfort depends most upon small things, and to preach upon that text would make an endless sermon. Yet how many of us practieally ignore the maxim. I just escape a row or a fight by the skin of my teeth, almost every morning on the crossings, coming down town, because somebody don't know or don't care what propriety and politeness demands of him in crossing the street. Now this is one of the things I won't give up—especially in the morning—when some of my friends think that I am just the least bit in the world cross. So I walk firmly and stubbornly right into the face and arms of any comer who does not follow what I deem the true rule about crossing, nor will I budge one inch to the right or the left. I think it would be cowardly to do so, and of bad example to Mr. Public. At any rate I won't do it, and run all risk in carrying out my rule, even when it would be less trouble to intermit it.

Now I will give you some rules which I think are founded on good analogies and in common sense and ordinary politeness. If anybody can find good objections to any of them or suggest better ones, I hope he will do so. A little discussion in the papers would attract attention to this subject—would probably result in settling down to the right of the matter of street crossings.

RULES FOR PEDESTRIANS.

RULE 1st.—Each keeps to the right, except as modified by rules following.

RULE 2d.—The one who first steps upon the crossing has the right to keep his track to the other side of the street.

RULE 3d.—He who sees one already on one track on the opposite side, should take the other track.

RULE 4th.—Each is supposed to walk at the ordinary, reasonable gait.

RULE 5th.—If it should happen that two meet in the middle, for the reason that one has walked faster than the usual gait, that one should yield.

RULE 6th.—If from any disturbing circumstanees, (such as that the proper track is taken by another, etc.,) Rule 1st is violated then, the gait having been substantially the same, he should yield who is nearer the starting point—*ie* is not yet half way over.

RULE 7th.—If two are crossing at the same time from the same side, Rule 1st may be violated; *ie*, one may take the right and the other the left. So, if for any cause the proper track is blocked up, the other may be taken.

RULE 8th.—If two persons in company, take at the same time the two traeks, walking abreast and meet one from the other side, no matter at what point, one of them, (the politer one) should yield to the person coming from the other side.

RULE 9th.—If two, strangers to each other, take at the same time two tracks—as above in Rule 8th, then that one who is nearest the starting point, as in Rule 6th, should yield to the comer.

RULE 10th.—If a gentleman and lady are crossing as in Rule 8th, then the gentleman should yield to the comer—step behind the lady,

RULE 11th.—If a comer meets a gentleman and lady, as in Rule 10th, being on the same track with the lady, he should step on to the opposite track at the same moment that her attendant steps behind her.

RULE 12th.—A lady crossing alone should "take the right except in the cases excepted;" but the gentleman meeting her should in all cases yield.

RULE 13th.—As between ladies the same rules apply as between men.

I do not think of any more. The above are to be modified as kindness and politeness may demand in cases of children, the sick, infirm, aged persons, etc., etc. T. W. F.

A LADY, who keeps her eyes open, says she has examined all the latest fashion reports, and visited all the principal millinery stores to pick out a winter bonnet. She reports, as the result of her examinations, that there are now eighty-six different styles of bonuets, all fashionable, but that there is not one of them that a sensible lady, who wishes to guard herself against cold and neuralgia, would *wish* to wear; but then they all wear them, for "one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," you know.

THE ALEMANNIA BALL.—Platt's Hall presented a most brilliant appearance last Saturday night, when the Annual Masked Ball of the Alemannia took place. The floor was thronged with dancers in every imaginable variety of costume, while a fashionable assemblage of spectators crowded the galleries. The ball was a most sucessful one in every particular, and the next entertainment of the Alemannia will be looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation, by all who were present at Platt's Hall on Saturday night.

THE MOORISH GOLD.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

ALONG while ago, says the legend, when the dominion of the Moors was beginning to decline in Spain, it was rumored on a certain day, in Toledo, that the Christians were coming down in great force to besiege the city, and had vowed that they would desecrate the Mosque, and despoil it of its gold and jewels—that they would fight their way over the bridge of the Tagus, and bear away the choicest of its treasures from the great Alcazar of Toledo.

But a few days before these tidings arrived, a marvelous stupor had come upon the Moorish masters of the city; some said it was the heat, but they never cared for the heat before, since they came from a hotter region. They walked about, it is true, but it was slowly, and if any man crossed over the street, he held his hand to his forehead and sighed. A few were so faint that they lay down to rest on the steps of the Alcazar; they thought the scent of the pomegranate flowers oppressed them, though none had complained of this scent before. Others believed that it was a thin vapor which rose up in the heat from the glassy bosom of the Tagus, and spread out like steam above the highest roofs, making the sun look red and fiery.

In spite of this, says the legend, they set about defending themselves; and the danger being imminent, they shipped great store of costly merchandise, with jewels and gold, and coined money, on board their vessels, which lay in the Tagus, and sent them off, to the number of five, with orders to drop down the river, double the Cape St. Vincent, and sail up the Gaudalquiver, that their precious lading might be given over into the keeping of the Moorish King of Seville.

But alas, says the legend, of those five fair vessels, not one ever cast anchor before the walls of Seville, for a great wind took them, scattered and drove them northward as soon as they were clear of the Tagus, and it is supposed that four of the five foundered with their crews and their lading, for they were never heard of more.

It was supposed, so says the legend, but the Moorish masters of Toledo had little time to fret themselves for their sunken treasure, since that same week the plague appeared, and while the Christians were harassing them without, they lay in the still heat and perished in the streets by hundreds and by thousands within.

One vessel was left, and day after day in the wind and the storm she drove still further northward, and that strange lethargy had crept on board with the sailors, though now there was neither any heat, nor scent of pomegranate flowers, to plead as a reason for it. And now the cliffs of a great island were visible, and they said to themselves that they should never behold the sunny country of Spain any more, but be cast ashore at the end of the earth, in the kingdom of William the Norman.

Still the north wind raged, and the foaming billows broke—that was a long and fearful gale; some of the sailors died at the oar, but it was neither hunger nor toil that killed them; and when at last the wind dropped suddenly, and the vessel drifted on to a sandy shore, only three men sprang out from her. There were but three survivors, for the plague had come on board with them and their treasure.

These three men sprang ashore; they landed one coffer filled with gold, precious stones, and coined money. It was as much as their failing strength could do. The islanders fell back from them, for they had seen the dark faces of the dead Moors as they lay in the plague-stricken vessel. They did not molest the sailors, but let them sit alone on the shore bemoaning their fate till night came on, and their vessel at high tide drifted out again to sea, while these three desolate men took up the coffer and went inland, up and up, among the Cumberland hills.

It was as much as they could carry, but no one cared to help. They wandered about among the mountains, and the last time they were seen, it was apparent that they had hidden their treasure in some cavern, or sunk it in the earth, or heaved a stone upon it, for the coffer was gone. Soon after, the men disappeared also; but whether they perished among the rocks, or died of the plague, none could tell; but though many and many a cavern has been searched, and many a stone displaced, from that day to this, says the legend, no man has ever set eyes upon the glittering Moorish gold.

PROJECTED DEPARTURE.—Professor George T. Evans, who has for so many years held a high position in the musical profession in this city, has received the offer of a highly lucrative engagement in New York, and will probably start for the East during the early part of next month. Professor Evans has for so long a time been identified with the progress of music in this State, that it is to be presumed, that his brothers in the art—and the public—will join in an expression of their appreciation of his efforts, and speed him on his way by giving him a benefit at an early day.

YALE has seven hundred students, forty-four professors and tutors,, and a demonstrator.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SELF-SUFFICIENCY.

IN these days we hear much speculation as to what ought to be the concrete object of a man's worship. For my part I think he has not far to seek. I recommend him to worship neither father nor mother, nor silver nor gold, nor yet woman. Let him worship himself; and that he may do this heartfully and efficiently, my advice to him is carefully to cultivate a reasonable amount of self-ignorance.

Who was the shallow thinking blockhead who first gave tongue to the popular fallacy as to the value of self-knowledge? Infinitely wiser was the Scotchman, whose daily prayer was for a good conceit of himself. Thrice happy is the man, the dimness of whose intellectual vision has never inflicted on his self-love the mortification of feeling that he has on any occasion been prosy, obstinate, or illogical; that others were most justly entitled to laugh at him, and that most assuredly they are not likely to neglect to avail themselves of their privilege.

If it has ever occurred to you, having regard to the sublime self-ignorance of *every man and woman with whom you are acquainted*, to speculate curiously as to the possibility of that "I," that veritable *Ego*, which has for so many years been the object of its own veneration and tender solicitude, being worthy, on a general estimate of its attributes, of having that epithet applied to it which it has, in its day, so liberally applied to others, and being in fact "an ass"—if such, I say, has been your unwholesome habit, let me entreat you to give it up. Cease for an instant to speculate upon the possibility of your being all unknown to yourself, as prosy as Tomkins, as ill-bred as Jones, as illogical as White, as irritable as Black. This kind of thing will never do in this world. It may be well for a man that he should have sufficient clearness of intellect to have a reasonable perception of his own moral blunders, provided his general self-esteem be robust enough not to be seriously impaired by the sight. But it behoves us to be careful. Doses of self-knowledge must be taken as cautiously as drops of morphia; an over-dose may poison. Don't we all know how many men, making money and reputation, living happily on the best terms with themselves, to whom a few extra grains of self-knowledge would infallibly prove fatal, and reduce to incompetence? To have ability and to know the fact may be an excellent and very effective thing, but to have profound self-reliance without any ground whatever, is often even more effective.

Infinitely subtle is the essence of this profound self-faith which one sees and envies in some men. How charming must it be to feel convinced that all one says and does is said and done as well as, nay better than, anyone else can say or do it! The moral power which enables a man to bully the world is not unfrequently bestowed by impartial nature as compensation for her frugality in other mental gifts; and a noble compensation it is. No effort of the will can generate the quality —or would not I have had it long ago!—nature alone can give it.

Visiting 'Change last winter in the town of Sillerton, in company of my friend Smart, who is a habitué of 'Change there, I felt my arm suddenly touched by my companion, who then asked me in a more reverential and awe-struck tone than I ever heard from him in church—"if I saw that man there —that man with the black frock coat, dark-grey trousers, and gold-headed cane." I replied that I noted the individual in question. "That," my friend then continued, in an awful whisper as though an archangel was in the room—"*that* is Joseph Brown. He is the richest man in Sillerton. Nobody *knows* what he is worth. I met him at dinner—sat next him in fact—one day last week." I gazed reverentially upon the great man, to the gratification of my friend.

Now, where a man has that which he knows to be the object of veneration to those around him, that he should possess the composure of genuine self-satisfaction is very intelligible. I should have been infinitely surprised had I found the great Joseph Brown weak in style or fussy in manner. He knows and feels that he is, as it were, a sun—the centre of a great system—diffusing light and heat to the many planets which revolve round him; these in their turn shedding a modified splendor upon the minor satellites which revolve round them.

No wonder, therefore, if Dives is calm and confident. But the puzzling phenomenon occurs when you see a man perfectly self-reliant upon literally nothing at all; when you see him not only attempting with perfect belief in his own power a work which another of ten times his special ability is too modest to try, but, in spite of ludicrous failure, persuading himself and nine-tenths of the world that he has done it admirably, and so reaping the substantial rewards of success. Instead of those men being "fools" who "rush in where angels fear to tread," I suspect they are really the wise ones of their species. They have fathomed the almost fathomless depth of the gullibility of mankind. Here is the secret of their faith, which after all rests on truth. They have a real living belief in the fact—and a mighty fact it is to work upon —that on points which do not visibly and directly affect their worldly interests, the multitude neither has any opinion nor the capacity to form one; but it will give its gold and applause to him who can speak the longest, loudest, and most confidently. Then the voice of the multitude gives such material weight to him who gets it in his favor, that even those who see through the imposition are obliged to feign belief—to read his books, buy his wine or his pills, under the pains and penalties of being held unconventional—severely to be punished as enacting treason against the solidarity of humanity.

You are thoroughly persuaded, most likely, that you are a very fair public speaker indeed. Cultivate this faith by all means. Do not trouble yourself with studying the laws of eloquence, as it is just possible that a fuller knowledge of them might unhinge you a little. So long as you are true to your faith, it will enable you after dinner to propose the health of the ladies or of the chairman in a way which will do you credit. No one will pause to reflect as to whether or not you are talking nonsense. A dim suspicion that you are, may perhaps be floating in the minds of a few sceptics. But so long as you don't think so yourself, you are quite safe. The most intrinsically excellent joke, if timidly uttered, will raise but a forced smile, while the worst—how bad that may be, heaven only knows—if it only flow forth merrily, doubting not of a good reception, will be welcomed with applause. The secret of eloquence is to have an audience that believes in you.

To my brother then I would say, "Know thyself wisely, but not too well;" that is if it is your ambition to *do* much, and the present generation has been led by its teachers to look with favor only on the man who *does*. Attend then to my maxims, you man, who wish to *do*—and howsoever great a blockhead you may be, fear not—with self-reliance you are safe. In fact, the self-sufficient blockhead, as regards practical effectiveness, has many advantages over the self-reliant clever man. Everyone makes room for audacious stupidity. Cover it with ridicule, what does it care? It never feels it, never sees it. You make way in a crowd for a chimney-sweep or a coal-heaver, should he insist on taking the wall of you. If you come into collision, you are both aware that he will blacken you, while at the point of contract you will relieve him of a little grime.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS IN 1631.

TO a geologist staying at Naples, Vesuvius is naturally the chief object of attraction. In 1631 this mount had practically been at rest for more than three centuries. The alleged eruption of 1500 and 1568 were probably nothing more than the shocks of an earthquake, and the volcano itself was generally considered to be extinct. Even the hollows in the crater, which up to the beginning of the sixteenth century had been resorted to by persons suffering under certain complaints for the sake of the hot vapors they exhaled, had closed up, and the crater presented the aspect of a vast amphitheatre covered with a dense vegetation. In circumference it measured a mile and a quarter, while its depth was not much less than a mile; and wherever the ray of the sun could reach, its sides were carpeted with herbage and strawberry plants, among which appeared at intervals lofty oaks and elms. The herdsmen led their cattle to pasture there, the peasants resorted thither for firewood and charcoal, and in its deepest recesses the wild boar made his occasional lair.

It is no wonder, therefore, that a population among whom even the tradition of an eruption had almost died out should have been blind to the natural warnings which even in the serene and cloudless days which marked the first half of December, 1631, gave some indication of the coming danger. Subterranean noises were heard, but they were attributed by the devout to the groans of the lost spirits to whose dwelling Vesuvius was believed to serve as a portal, and by the matter of fact to the struggles of an imprisoned stream seeking to makes its way to the surface. Probably, too, these noises, as well as the uneasy cries of cattle and the harsh screams of various birds, were largely magnified after the event. But we may wonder that more alarm was not excited by the discovery, five days before the eruption, that the bottom of the crater had risen almost to a level with its rim, while the vegetation had been almost destroyed, partly by the disturbance of the soil, and partly by the intrusion of large masses of bituminous mud. About sunrise, on Tuesday the 16th of December, the country people coming into market at Naples saw a sudden cloud of smoke rise above Vesuvius. The alarm was soon spread, and every point in the city which commanded a view of the mountain was speedily crowded with anxious gazers. Marked out against the clear morning sky was a compact mass of reddened smoke, which rose in majestic column till it reached the lower clouds, and then spread itself out in the form of a huge pine tree, which obscured the whole sky, except where it was relieved by the reflection of the darting flames which began to show themselves through the smoke. In the villages at the foot of the mountain the danger was more imminent, and the terror proportionately greater. At Torre Annunziata, the Prince and Princess Botera were the first to fly half-dressed from the place.

At Torre del Greco the inhabitants were not so well advised. At the first sight of the eruption, Cardinel Buoncompagno, who was staying there for his health, left the town and hurried to Naples. The Governor, Antonio di Luna, promptly took the same course, carrying with him twelve prisoners in chains. A great crowd of people followed him along the road in a state of frantic terror, while others rushed to the churches, to pray for mercy or to wait for death. When the fugitives reached Naples they found no entrance. The bridge nearest the city was guarded by soldiers, on the plea of fear of the plague. As soon as the Viceroy heard of this inhuman measure he had the troops withdrawn, but not before a considerable number of the unfortunate Torresians had returned home in despair.

At Naples the Viceroy had been actively exerting himself throughout the day. He dispatched a Commission to visit the scene of the eruption, and report whether the smoke would bring any contagion into the city. The afternoon was taken up with a religious procession which had been ordered by Cardinal Buoncompagno immediately on his return. The terror of the people was hourly increased by the darknes, the occasional convulsions of the earth, the peculiar sound emitted by the volcano, which was compared to the roaring of a hundred furnaces, and the constant reports so closely resembling the discharge of cannon that the commandants of some distant fortresses on the coast believed that there was a fight going on at sea. As the night approached, the wind changed, and a cloud of fine mineral ashes began to fall upon the city. At eight o'clock at night the Sanitary Commission returned to Naples. They had ventured as close to the mountain as the rain of cinders and red-hot stones would allow, and they came back with the news that the city was threatened with more immediate dangers than those of pestilence or contagion. Thereupon the Viceroy ordered the Governor of Torre del Greco to return at once to his duties, and dispatched a Spanish officer to Vesuvius, to watch the progress of the eruption. The horrors of the night which followed can hardly be adequately conceived. The rain of ashes descended without intermission, almost blinding those on whom it fell; every few minutes came a rumbling of the earth, which drove the inhabitants in terror from their houses, fearful lest they should be buried under the ruins; and the very darkness was made more terrible by the glare of the distant flames.

All this was but the prelude to the still greater distress of Wednesday, December 17th. About nine in the morning a huge mass of water burst from the side of Vesuvius and descended in three separate torrents upon the country lying to the north and west, and shortly afterward a similar inundation devastated the district between the mountain and the sea. An hour later the ashes had ceased to fall, but only to give the Neapolitans a clearer view of a vast mass of fire which descended from two separate sources toward the sea, at a rate of nearly a league an hour, swallowing in its resistless passage fields and woods and houses, animals and men. By noon the space between the mountain and the shore had been traversed, and through the darkness the watchers at Naples could see the still burning trees that had been carried into the waves, and gave the sea the appearance of being studded with the craters of submarine volcanoes.

In the meantime Don Antonio di Luna had returned to Torre del Greco early in the morning. He found the townspeople determinted to fly, but uncertain whether to turn their steps toward Naples or Castellamare. The Governor attempted to quiet the disorder that prevailed, but the precise orders given by him are differently reported. At all events much time was lost, and at eleven o'clock, when the lava was seen advancing on the town, nothing had yet been done. Stimulated into sudden action by this discovery, the Governor hastily assembled about a thousand persons, and made for the gate of the town leading toward Naples. They had nearly reached the gate when the lava burst across the street, and divided the band of fugitives in two parts. Those at the head of the column, which had already passed the dangerous spot, threw themselves into the Church of the Franciscans, and were saved. The Governor, and about, 150 others, who were in the rear, turned, and tried to escape in the opposite direction. It was too late. The lava overwhelmed them, together with about 500 persons who had preferred to await in two other churches the fate which they thought it useless to struggle against. The deserted Torre Annunziata shared in the same destruction, and across the whole space between the two towns passed other torrents, measuring in one case about 1,500 yards across, with a depth in some places of from twenty to thirty feet.

The worst was now over, and though Vesuvius continued in a state of active eruption throughout the winter, the great destruction had been already wrought. The inundations of the 16th, and the lava of the 17th, had overthrown more than forty towns and villages, and killed about 4,000 persons. At Torre del Greco six churches and more than two-thirds of the houses were destroyed. At Torre Annunziata only about fifteen houses were left standing. All the villages for miles around Vesuvious shwed similar traces of the visitation.

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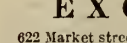

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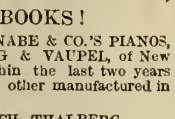

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SAN FRANCISCO.

DR. HAYDEN,

Dentist,

653 Clay street, between Kearny and Montgomery,

San Francisco.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The

IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

A Big Thing and no Humbug.

OF THE THOUSANDS OF COMPOUNDS BEFORE the public, "RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA' for the Hair, alone, does just what it promises.

Hon. Warren Chase, the Spiritualist Lecturer, says:

"My hair and whiskers have been many years gray. RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA has restored both to their original color, black, and covered the baldness on the top of my head with a fine growth of black hair I have several friends who have used it with the same results, and I cordially recommend it as one of the few medicines that will do what its labels and circulars claim for it. WARREN CHASE."

October, 1865

Call for RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA, and for your own pleasure and comfort do not be put off with anything else, "said to be just as good."

JOHN F. SNOW,
24 Post street, San Francisco,
Agent for the Pacific Coast.

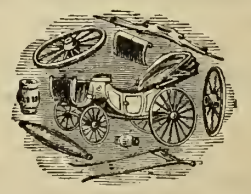
ALSO,

Coloring, Cleansing and Restoring of

FEATHERS, KID GLOVES, SILKS, FURS, WOOLENS, ETC.,

24 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny, SAN FRANCISCO.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

FIRST PREMIUM

Billiard TABLE MANUFACTORY.

P. LISENFELD,

612 BATTERY STREET,

Between Jackson and Pacific, San Francisco,

Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements. Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description.

☞ All goods sold are warranted.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

611 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

BREAD AND MILK.

The incident I am about to relate I received from the lips of the principal actor when he was a venerable and most interesting gentleman. It is a story of his wayward boyhood, which he loved to tell because it reflected honor on a mother whom he delighted to honor.

One morning, Johnny (for that was his real name) came to the breakfast table and boldly said he would not eat bread and milk that morning.

"Very well, Johnny," answered his mother, quietly, and without raising her voice. "I'll set it on the high shelf. You can run off to school.

This run consisted of a long piece of road and then a long tramp through a wood, which gave Johnny ample time to call up all his spunk and to strengthen his determination not to give in.

Accordingly on his return he was already to assert the dignity of boyhood, and when he drew up to the table and saw the bowl of bread and milk set before him, he felt nerved to any desperate course, and decided to die rather than eat it.

"Very well, Johnny," was the mother's calm remark. "I'll set it on the high shelf till you want it," and a decided wave of the hand sent him from the table, and in due time he was bidden by an authority which he could not resist, to run off to school.

That run was not so spirited as the morning one had been. He felt "dreadful hollow," and had no relish for his usual sport of pretending to be chased by a bear, climbing, in fancied terror, a tree, running out on its horizontal branches and dropping to the ground only to gain another tree and accomplish the same feat of dexterity.

On the contrary, he felt a little like giving up, as he knew his mother never would, and admitted to himself that he should be glad of that bowl of bread and milk, and when he came dragging home at night, and the bowl was lifted down from the high shelf without a word of threatening or reproach, he pretty well understood the force of calm and persistant authority.

An Indiana Bride—A delicate little damsel of 250 lbs avordupois got married last week and went on a bridal tour to Marshalltown. The happy couple stopped at the Marshall house, and were assigned by the host to the bridal chamber of that hotel. The bedstead was bran new, and mounted on powerful castors. Very early the blushing bride hied her to the couch of love, and unrobing carefully, languidly threw her fairy form on the elegant new bed. Crack, squeak, squeak, cr-a-sh it went, and down came the "bride of an evening," breathless and scared upon the hard floor. The young husband, who waited outside with palpitating heart, rushed to his "itty darlin's" rescue in time to hear her exclaim: "Confound the cussed thing, it wouldn't hold a skeeter."

One morning, during the late war, an officer riding through the woods of North Alabama, was attracted by a tall, lank Alabamian, who seemed to be using his best endeavors to reach the top of a large hickory tree. Scarcely had he gained the summit, when, rapidly descending, he started up another one a few yards further off. This strange proceeding was continued at least a dozen times, the countryman climbing and descending one tree after another for nearly a quarter of a mile. The officer, at length overtaking him, inquired the cause of his eccentric gyrations. "Wall, stranger," he answered, "I was lyin' asleep under yon hickory, when a darned squirrel dropped a shellbark into my eye, I'm goin' to worry him. I'm goin' to worry him till he leaves the settlement, if I die in the attempt."

A feast of the imagination—When your stomach is empty and your pocket ditto, to sit down and read a cookery book.

Few men get their life-labor accomplished without some sore heartaches.

TOWNE & BACON,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices
536 In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

MASONIC TEMPLE,
Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.
TO THE SICK!
Cures Without Medicines.
Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.
10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

A. J. PLATE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Guns, Rifles and Pistols.
Also,

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, &c., &c.,
NO. 411 SANSOME STREET,
Between Commercial and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.
☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

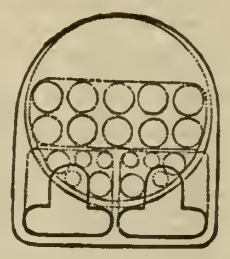
ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
San Francisco, California.
STUDIES WILL BE RESUMED IN THE ABOVE INstitution on the 2d of January, 1867. The cost of Tuition and Board for the scholastic Year of from ten to eleven months will be only one hundred and seventy-five dollars ($175), and twenty-five dollars (25) for washing and mending of linen, etc. No extra charges of any kind, except for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars ($3) a month each. In case of withdrawal (except for sickness or parents leaving the country), the party will forfeit a Quarter Session, or the remaining portion of the Half Term. The Pension to be paid at least half yearly in advance; also, such sum to be deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of each student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses, such as books, clothes, etc. No student will be received without such deposit. For further information application may be made to P. J. GREY, President.

WILLIAM BRODIE,
California Foundry,
FREMONT STREET, NEAR MARKET,
San Francisco.
LIGHT AND HEAVY CASTINGS
Of every description, made to order.
Special attention paid to all kinds of HOUSE WORK, PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL.

TRUMP & BRADY,
No. 615 Market street,
In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,
STEAM AND GAS FITTING,
PLUMBING, Etc.
Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.
Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.
All Work warranted, or no charges made.

MINERS' FOUNDRY
AND MACHINE WORKS,
FIRST STREET, between Howard and Folsom,
SAN FRANCISCO.
HOWLAND, ANGELL & KING,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Steam Engines,
MILL AND QUARTZ MACHINERY,
And Iron Castings of all kinds.

FULTON FOUNDRY & IRON WORKS
HINCKLEY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
STEAM ENGINES,
Quartz, Flour and Saw Mills,
Mining Machinery, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings,
45, 47 AND 49 FIRST STREET
Between Market and Mission—San Francisco.
BRODIE'S IMPROVED
QUARTZ-CRUSHER.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.

Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.
MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF
HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.
The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.
All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.
D. CAMERON.

PIONEER WORKS.
KITTREDGE & LEAVITT,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Fire Proof Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults, Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc,
Corner Fremont and Market street, San Francisco.
Constantly on hand a large assortment of Second Hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.
Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. C. Bussey, of Jackson, Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this Safe. It is done by Mathematical Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works,
THIS LOCK PUT ON SAFES NOW IN USE

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Stell, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Shermau, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts. 206 Front, cor Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnmyr & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmanu's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Sguarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldhush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

LINES TO A SKELETON.

Fifty years ago, the London *Morning Chronicle* published a poem entitled "Lines on a Skeleton," which excited much attention. Every effort, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired was that the poem, in a fair clerkly hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and color, in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the curate of the museum had sent them to Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat,
What beauteous vision filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed—
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed—
That eye shall be forever bright,
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained;
If hold in virtue's course it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did those fingers delve the mine?
Or with it envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them?
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether, bare or shod,
These feet the depths of duty trod?
If from the halls of ease they fled
To seek Affliction's humble shed?
If Grandeur's guilty bride they spurn'd,
And honor to Virtue's cot return'd,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

They have a curious specimen of human nature in North Carolina. Everybody remembers the celebrated "Cousin Sally Dillard case," and here is one recently reported which, is not far behind it. The writer gives it under the head of

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS.

Action for work and labor done in cutting a ditch on defendant's land. Plea: "Payment and set off, in bacon and corn meal."

"Plaintiff's son on the stand—Recollects the ditching perfectly, but seems to forget all about the bacon.

"You say your daddy did all this work? Do you know what he got for it?" inquired the attorney for the defendant.

"He got nothing for it, as I ever heard on that's what he never got," answered the witness.

"Didn't your daddy get corn and bacon from the defendant in pay for ditching?"

"Never heard of his getting no corn nor bacon."

"What did your daddy and family live on last Summer?"

"Vittles, mostly."

"What sort of victuals?"

"Well, meat and bread, and sometimes whisky."

"Well, where did you get that meat and bread?"

"Well, first from one an then from another."

"Did he not get some of it from the defendant?"

"He mought."

"I know that he mought, but did he, that's the questisn."

"Well he mought, and then, you know, he moughtn't."

With considerable excitement and in tones of thunder—

"Answer the question, and no more of this trifling with your oath. Did your daddy or did he not get corn and bacon from the defendant for ditching?"

"Well, now he mought; it didn't occur zactly, you know."

Here his honor interposed, and with a stern judical frown addressed the witness thuswise—

"Witness, you must answer the question, or the court will be compelled to deal severely with you. Can you say yes or no?"

"I recon."

"Well, then, answer yes or no. Did or did not your daddy get corn or bacon from the defendant at the time referred to?" inquired the court.

Witness, now fully aroused, and conscious of his danger—

"Well, Judge, I can't edzactly remember, you know, seeing as how it is all dun been gone and eat up, but," planting himself firmly, as one determined to out with it, "to the best of my reckerleckshun, if my memory serves me right he mought." Verdict accordingly.

California Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connectiug with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

Pacific Mail Steamship Co.'s *Through Line to New York.*

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

STEAMRES FOR JANUARY.

January 30th—CONSTITUTION, Captain J. M. Cavalry, connecting with NEW YORK, Captain Gray.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

Opposition to New York

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

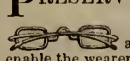
Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE OPPOSITION STEAMER
AMERICA,
WILL SAIL FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,
From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
FRIDAY, - - JANUARY 25, 1867,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship
NICARAGUA,
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The MOSES TAYLOR will sail on February 15th.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco

Preserve Your Sight.



PERFECT SPECTACLES exactly suited to the Eyes will enable the wearer to pursue the most minute employment, either by day or artificial light, without creating that sense of weakness or fatigue to the organ generally complained of by those using ill suited or common Spectacles.

PRICE of Perfect Glasses, $2 50, and upward. Sent pre-paid to any post office on the Coast. Applicants by mail will receive a circular containg directions, etc.

Address C. MULLER, Optician,
205 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Italian Manufactory

FIRST PREMIUM 1857 — 1858 — 1864 — 1865

OF

MACCARONI, VERMICELLI,
PASTE & FARINA.
(706 Sansome St. 706)
SAN FRANCISCO.
BRIGNARDELLO, MACCHIAVELLO & Co.

GREAT REDUCTION!

FURNITURE

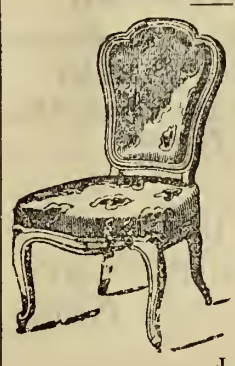
At Less than Gold Cost,

AT THE WAREROOMS OF

J. PEIRCE & CO.,

Nos. 415, 417, 419 California street,

SAN FRANCISCO.



WE ARE NOW CLOSing out our last year's stock of FURNITURE etc., at UNPARALLELED LOW RATES.

It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.

Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to buying elsewhere.

J. PEIRCE & CO.,
415, 417 and 419 California street.

BRANCH STORES—No. 715 Market street between Third and Fourth; and Main street, Stockton.

Great Triumph!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

"Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

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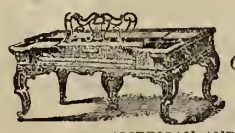
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

New Music Store.

WAREROOMS OF CHICKERING & SON'S

Piano-Fortes.



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Musical Instruments and Music Merchandise, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Rates.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO,
421 Montgomery street, next door to A. Roman & Co.,
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Woodward's Gardens,

Art Gallery, Museum,

CONSERVATORIES, AND ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,

On Mission and Valencia streets.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.

A Museum of Natural History containing over four hundred specimens of Zoology has just been opened.

NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.

Admission to all parts of the Gardens and Museum 25 cents. Children under 12 years of age, half price.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars.

☞Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS.

Martha Washington Hair Restorer.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer and Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
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Stop That Coughing.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded or the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

Redington's *Flavoring Extract*

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast

Redington & Co.'s Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea-sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

THE SHOWMAN'S SICK CHILD.

A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

Dr. Lemoine is one of the most courtly and affable of Paris physicians. A few days ago he was called upon by an athletic, ruddy personage, who certainly seemed in no individual need of the distinguished doctor's advice; the latter, too, in kind effort to reassure his embarrassed visitor, addressed him with his usual politeness and condescension.

"Monsieur, I am the proprietor of a menagerie," said the square-shouldered man, "and one of my children is sick——"

"Exactly, my friend. Of what nature is the disease?"

"He ran a splinter into his thigh; it is very ugly monsieur, but I am rich enough to pay well."

"Very well, my man," replied the doctor unable to suppress a smile at the simplicity of his visitor, "we will talk of that after awhile. Tell me explicitly what is the matter with your child."

"Monsieur, the splinter has festered in his thigh, and he will let no one touch it; he is headstrong—for all he is very gentle. It will be necessary, I know, to perform a slight operation—but he is so violent and headstrong about it."

"Leave his violence to me. How old is he?"

"Four years only. But I am afraid he will bite or scratch you if you attempt to touch it. You must administer chloroform."

"Not at all, my good man. Your child cannot be very dangerous in the exercise of his temper if he is only four years old."

"But he is very large for his age——"

"No, no; I will go with you to see your boy. It were folly to administer chloroform in such a case."

"But, monsieur, you do not know him so well as I," continued the man, importunately. "I pray, I beseech you to take the chloroform all the same, in case you should need it."

To dispel the anxieties of the nervous athlete, Dr. Lemoine carried with him the required anæsthetic, and, after a short course in a *voiture* arrived at the house of the beast-tamer. Entering the room adjoining the exhibition arena, which was half kitchen and half stable, the doctor looked around for the suffering patient.

"I have put him up stairs, doctor, where the poor fellow would be undisturbed by the performances. Ascend with me, please."

They mounted and entered the room, the showman closed the door behind him and locked it. The doctor, turning in surprise at this strange proceeding, was saluted with a low growl from the extreme corner of the room, and descried a full grown lion slowly approching them, with an unquestionably wicked and menacing snarl upon his countenance! The *dompteur* (beast-tamer) grew pale; and when he addressed some soothing brute language to the animal, his voice trembled. The doctor was not only ghastly pale, but was covered with a cold sweat.

"For God's sake, doctor, be quick!" whispered the beast-tamer, hoarsely; "he is ugly to-day!"

Still showing his white teeth, the lion slowly crouched in that attitude which the physician had so often observed the same species assume, preparatory to a spring, in the menagerie, of the Jardin des Plants. He had need then of self-possession, and, collecting all his energies, he dashed some chloroform which he held, in the animal's face. The latter recoiled, and in a second after began to droop under the effects of the drug. This enabled a still further administration of it, till he was finally stretched powerless before them. The operation required was then made upon the wound.

Neither doctor nor showman spoke a word until they had descended the steps, and stood safely in the room below.

"Monsieur," said the *dompteur*, "you have saved, by your wonderful presence of mind, a life whose value is incalculable to me. Permit me to give you your fee." And he handed the other a hundred franc note.

"Thank you, Mons. Dompteur," replied the physician, receiving the satisfactory fee, "and when you again have need of my services for a similar case, I pray you——"

"I will certainly call you in."

"No, no—to summon some other member of the profession."

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

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FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

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IF YOU DO, GO TO

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BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

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RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,

AT

GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S

NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

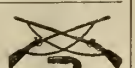
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

(Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc, Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc

WILSON & EVANS,



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Importers and Dealers in

FIREARM O EVERY DESCRIPTION,

SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Ponches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

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NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

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Next door to the Pacific Insurance Company.

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(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,

Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.

H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel.

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND

IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S, FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,

422 Kearny street,

Between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

Splendid Presents

TO SEND ABROAD.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS

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California Scenery!

A SERIES OF OVER

ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!

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N. B.—CATALOGUES containing a complete LIST OF VIEWS, sent to any part of the world, FREE of POSTAGE.

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HASKELL & BUCKELEW'S,

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Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

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Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

TIME & LABOR SAVED BY USING

Standard Soap Company's

CELEBRATED

WASHING POWDER.

This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.

It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.

Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S.

MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET, San Francisco.

☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Pale, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

Manufacturer of

Saddles, Harness and Collars,

North-west corner Davis and Commercial streets.,

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A good assortment, made from the best Materials, in the highest style of Workmanship, constantly on hand.

Manufacturing and Repairing done promptly, on reasonable terms. ☞ Country Trade solicited.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

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No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware.

Main street, Petaluma.

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Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

238 *Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

REDUCTION IN RATES.

THE TARIFF OF RATES HERETOfore established by the Board of Fire Underwriters being virtually suspended, this Company are prepared to take desirable risks at such Reduced Rates as are consistent with the security of both Insurer and Insured.

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AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

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Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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The Security of the Stock Plan, with all the Advantages of the Mutual System.

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Thirty Days Grace for Payment of Premiums.

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SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of

Asphaltum Work,

Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
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MARTIN GROSTETTA,

LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

OSACSA JAPAN TEA. A FRESH LOT, IN 5 LB. boxes, just imported, by
HASKELL & BUCKELEW,
514 Market street.

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED

BY USING

Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,

Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb 6, 1866.

MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.

Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

MR. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.

Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.
San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.

To F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Wholesale Agents, CRANE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & Co., SAN FRANCISCO.

AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with

24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,

giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to hear

"THE OTHER SIDE,"

and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.

'Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Adddress

F. E. SHEAR, General Agent,
No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS W. SUTHERLAND, deceased.

It appearing to the said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by Alexander R. Baldwin, the Administrator of the estate of Thomas W. Sutherland, deceased, praying for an order of sale of Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the charges and expenses of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 12th day of February A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the Court room of said Probate Court at the City Hall, in said city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 10th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK
Of the City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true, full and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 10th day of January A. D. 1867

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. F. HUTTON, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. j12 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M PRINCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; other wise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.]
D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS SMITH, deceased.

Order of Publication on Application for Order of Sale.

On reading and filing the petition of Christian Schrieber, Administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court Room thereof, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 4th day of February 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratior to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 2d, 1867. j5 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the Estate of ALFRED RODMAN and ELOISE RODMON, Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by John C. Merrill, the Guardian of the estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, Minors, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of his said wards, that it would be beneficial to the said wards that such real estate should be sold at private sale.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estates, appear before this Court at the Court Room thereof at the Court House in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 4th day of February, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before said hearing of said petition in the THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

January 2d, 1867.
D. P. BARSTOW, Esq., Attorney for Guardian. j5 5t

ESTATE OF LOUIS McGLAUFLIN, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Estate of Louis McGlauflin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at her residence, No 773 Brannan street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

EMELINE McGLAUFLIN, Executrix.
San Francisco, January 5th, 1867.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Executrix. j5 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF KARL GOTTLIEB WERTHSCHUTZKY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Karl Gottlieb Wertbschutzky, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Karl Gottlieb Werthschutzky, d29 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L REED, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L. REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L LIEN, PETER S. McNIEL, SARAH J McNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be declared and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM LOEWY, Clerk

[SEAL.] By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one half of the common property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to and be delivered to this plaintiff; and that the care, custody and education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendant may, by order of this Court, be restrained and enjoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant be ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUdicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovenamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers, incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchasor at said sale, and be put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j19 3m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE, - - Sole Proprietor and Manager
CHAS. TIBBETTS, - - - Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES, - - - - Stage Manager
W. STEVENSON, - - - - - Treasurer

MONDAY EVENING.....JANUARY 28,
COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT
TO
THOMAS MAGUIRE, Esq.,
(Prior to his departure for New York)
Tendered by
ALICE KINGSBURY,
MISS KATE DENIN,
And Every Member of the Profession.

The performance will commence with the
STAR SPANGLED BANNER.
By Miss Denin and the entire Corps of Volunteers.

After which
EUGENE ARAM'S DREAM,
Will be recited by Henry Edwards.

The whole to conclude with the ever popular
FANCHON.

Fanchon, Alice Kingsbury. Barbeand, D. C. Anderson
Landry, John McCullough. Didies, - Mr. Barry
Fauet - - - - - - Mrs. Jackson

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON,
JESSIE BROWN.

SATURDAY EVENING,.....January 26th,
JOHN McCULLOUGH
Will make his first appearance in eight weeks, as
RICHARD III.

TUESDAY EVENING—GRIFFITH GAUNT.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - $1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - - 50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - - 25

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Pine street, below Montgomery.

T. MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor and Manager

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

THE THREE LAST PERFORMANCES OF PROF. RISLEY'S IMPERIAL COMPANY OF
JAPANESE PERFORMERS.

Will be the JAPANESE MATINEE—To-Day, Jan. 26th, at 2 P M., this Evening's performance, and for Prof. RISLEY'S BENEFIT, on Monday Evening, Jan. 28.

Dress Circle and Parquet, $1. Family Circle, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. No extra charge for Reserved Seats.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

SUNDAY EVENING, - - - JAN. 27.

M. and Mme. Heine

Beg to announce their
FINAL PERFORMANCE OF
SACRED MUSIC!
Assisted by
MISS E. HOWSON, MISS C. HOWSON.
HENRI HERBERTE, PROF. G. T. EVANS,
Members of "THE TWELVE,"
AND A FULL ORCHESTRA.
Conducted by MR. CHARLES SCHULTZ.

The whole of the Vocal and Instrumental Musicians have kindly volunteered their services for this occasion.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Overture, - - - - - - Orchestra
O, rest in the Lord (Mendelssohnn) - - Miss E. Howson
Solo Violin, Concerto, (Spohr.) - - - M. J. Heine
Solo Piano—Ne Plus Ultra, (Woelfl) - Mme. A. Heine
Overture, - - - - - - Orchestra

PART II.

Quartette, - - by the members of "The Twelve."
Aria—Mendelssohnn's "Greeting," - Miss E. Howson
Solo Piano—La Carillion, (Jael), - - Mrs. Ada Heine
Be thou faithful unto death, (St. Paul) Mendelssohnn,
Henri Herberte. (Violincello Obligatio by Mr. Frank Howson).
Solo, Violin—Solo de Concert (Sainton) M. J. Heine
Duet—Quisest homo, (Rossini) Miss E. & C. Howson
Overture, - - - - - - Orchestra

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - One Dollar
Parquette, - - 50 Cents. Gallery, - - 25 Cents
No extra charge for Reserved Seats.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. The curtain rises at 8 o'clock.

PLATT'S MUSIC HALL.

FOUR REPRESENTATIONS ONLY.

MATINEE THIS AFTERNOON, (January 26th,)
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
And on the Evenings of
SATURDAY, MONDAY, AND TUESDAY.

BLAISDELL BROTHERS,
SWISS BELL RINGERS,
IN THEIR SELECT COSTUME CONCERTS.

TEN PLAYERS PLAYING 549 BELLS. The largest weighing 12 pounds, the smallest four ounces.
The old original Troupe—organized twenty years ago in Lancashire, England. Their first appearance in two years, with a full Company of Bell Players, and all their Solo Artists.

Tickets, - - - - - - - - Fifty Cents
Children to the Matinee, Twenty-Five Cents.

"SHERMAN'S March Through Georgia."

ADMISSION, - - - TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THOS. NAST'S GREAT PAINTING now on Exhibition at the Fine Art Gallery of SNOW & ROOS,
219 Montgomery street, (Russ Block.)

A. ROMAN & CO.'S

JANUARY
LIST OF PUBLICATIONS:

The Drytons and the Davenants, by the Author of the "Schonberg Cotta Family."
Poems, by the Author of the "Schonberg Cotta Family."
The Book of Gems—an elegant Gift Book.
The Constitutional Convention, by J. A. Jameson.
Cameron Hall, by the author of the "Little Episcopalian."
Merchant of Berlin, a Historical Novel, by L. Muhlbach.
Bridgeman's American Gardener's Assistant—New Edition.
The Faire Gospeller, by the author of Mary Powell.
The Brewer's Family, by Mrs. Ellis.
The Parlor Stage, Charades and Proverbs, by Miss S. A. Frost.
The Brownings, a Tale of the Great Rebellion.
Palgrave's Essays on Art, 1866.
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Finette, by Edonard Lahoulaye.
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The Beauclercs—a Novel by Charles Clarke.
Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals, by Wm F. G. Shanks.
Archie Lovell—a Novel, by Mrs. Edwards.
Soldiers' Orphans, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.
Leslie Goldthwaithe, by Mrs. A. T. D. Whitney, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."
Afloat in the Forest, by Caotnin Mayne Reid.
London Poems, by Robert Buchanan.
Outpost, by J. C. Austin, author of "Dora Darling."
Children of the Frontier.
Poems, by Alfred B. Street—2 vols., 12mo.
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Ophthalmic Surgery, by J. Z. Lawrence and R. C Moon.
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Lady's Almanac for 1867.
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Race for Wealth—a Novel, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell.
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Country Quarters, by the Countess Blessington.
Characteristics of Christ's Teaching—J. C. Vaughan.
Poems, by Edgar A. Poe—New Edition, 12mo.
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Life of Simon Bolivar, by Dr. Felipe Larrazabal.

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A. ROMAN & CO.,
Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers,
417 and 419 Montgomery street,
San Francisco.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

MISS S. A——'S VALENTINE:

"Take this little flower; take it and think of me!
Think, in the hours of loneliness, of the one who gave it thee;
Place it within thy bosom, let it never be forgot,
But let it whisper oft to thee, "Forget me not."

MISS A. M. C——'S VALENTINE:

"The brightest smiles that ever fell
Are not so dear as thine to me;
And oh! these lines but faintly tell
The love that fills my heart for thee."

TO —— ——:

Think not this gift is idly penn'd
To pass a weary hour away;
Or that the giver in the end
Will in his friendship e'er decay!

'Tis sent in all sincere esteem,
And with the purest heartfelt prayer
That heaven's most enduring beam
May guard and shield thee from all care.

MISS MARY B——N'S VALENTINE:

How dear the dream
In distant hour of ill,
Should all be changed,
To find the faithful still.

ST. VALENTINE'S ADVICE.

To the unmarried of the nation,
As they would avoid the mortification,
And shun the appellation
Of old maids and old bachelors in this generation,
To make direct application,
Without any flirtation,
To APPLETON'S station,
Where VALENTINE holds his oblation,
For an appropriate communication,
Which will afford a gratification,
In the highest acceptation,
And be a sufficient remuneration
For the money spent on the occasion,
From the smallest to the greatest valuation.

VALENTINES in extra fine French Boxes—also in solid Rosewood and Mahogany cases. Sold with or without jewelry.

VALENTINES of every conceivable variety; Valentine Cards, Valentine Mottoes and Stationery.

THIRTY New and Original California Comics.
COMICS.....5 cents.

VALENTINE WRITERS, Comic and Sentimental.

APPLETON'S VALENTINE EXPRESS,
With ten Horses, will deliver Valentines every hour of Valentine's Day in every part of the city.

D. E. APPLETON & CO.,
508 Montgomery street.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

Fireman's Fund
INSURANCE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT from Statement for Year ending Dec. 31, 1866:

Capital stock, all paid up, - - $500,000 00
Surplus, - - - - - - 181,139 39
——— $681,139 39

ASSETS.

Loans on Real Estate, - - $471,404 00
Loans on Personal Property, - 79,685 92
Real Estate owned by Company, 78,768 30
Cash on hand and in Bank, - 26 817 36
Other Securities, - - - 27,138 45
——— $683,784 97

LIABILITIES.

Amount of personal accounts, $973 73
Dividends unpaid, - - 1,671 85
——— 2,645 58
——— $681,139 39

Am't of losses paid during the year, $57,290 12
Amount of losses unsettled, - 5,339 40
——— $62,629 52
Dividend declared for 1866 $87,500 00

THE FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY beg leave to call the attention of the public to their ANNUAL STATEMENT, feeling satisfied that a careful examination of the same will convenience people of its stability, and induce many to patronize the Company.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000, and when any risk is considered too great a portion is reinsured in responsible Companies.

Desirable risks taken at REDUCED RATES.

Losses paid in United States Coin.

W. B. BOURN, President.
D. J. STAPLES,
Vice-President and Executive Officer.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

Pollard & Carvill,

Dealers in and Manufacturers of
LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
37 and 39 Webb street,
Between Sacramento and California.

Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

A Rare Chance.

THE UNDERSIGNED, INTENDING TO RETIRE from business, desires to call the attention of the public to a LARGE STOCK OF CARRIAGE MATERIAL at his store, No. 506 MARKET STREET, and No. 7 SUTTER STREET, which he will SELL AT COST. Until said goods are disposed of, he will BUILD TO ORDER, at his factory, corner of FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, all kinds of
WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c.,
A good assortment of which can always be found on hand, and at as less price than can be had at any other place in the city. Will keep about 50 workmen employed to complete all unfinished work and contracts, in order to close business by the first day of July next. Has on hand and for sale, Six First-class Concord style 9-Passenger STAGE WAGONS, and a good assortment of LUMBER or FARM WAGONS, EXPRESS WAGONS, CARTS, &c.
Also, will soon have finished FIFTY BUGGIES
H. CASEBOLT.

McDOUGALL & MARQUIS,
Architects,
328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.
B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS to Messrs. Stam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Cogbill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blunn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

Occidental Restaurant.

J. E. SORBIER & CO., - - PROPRIETORS,
536 Washington street,
A few doors below Montgomery.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF GEORGE HAMILTON THOMPSON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE HAMILTON THOMPSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the U. S. Surveyor General's office, Pioneer Hall, Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated at San Francisco, January 25th, 1867.
G. HOWARD THOMPSON,
Administrator of Estate of George Hamilton Thompson, deceased, j26 5t

CLEANSE THE BLOOD.

WITH CORRUPT, DISordered or vitiated Blood, you are sick all over. It may burst out in Pimples, or Sores, or in some active disease, or it may merely keep you listless, depressed and good for nothing. But you cannot have good health while your blood is impure. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA purges out these impurities and stimulates the organs of life into vigorous action, restoring the healthful disease. Hence it rapidly cures a variety of complaints which are caused by impurity of the blood, such as Scrofula, or Kings' Evil, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Tetter, or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Cancer or Cancerous Tumors, Sore Eyes, Female Diseases, such as Retention, Irregularity, Suppression, Whites, Sterility, also Syphilis or Venereal Diseases. Liver Complaints, and Heart Diseases. Try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and see for yourself the surprising activity with which it cleanses the blood and cures these disorders.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound "Sarsaparilla," and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. We think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. We can only assure the sick, that we offer them the best alterative which we know how to produce, and we have reason to believe, it is by far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered by any body.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is so universally known to surpass every other remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease, that it is useless here to recount the evidence of its virtues. The world knows them.

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IMPORTERS OF
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GOTSCHALK, STRAKOSCH, THALBERG,
And other celebrities, pronounce them SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHERS.

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NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

Removal. Removal.

THE HOWE SEWING MACHINE AGENCY
HAS BEEN REMOVED TO
NEW STORE,
No. 137 KEARNY STREET, S. W. corner of Sutter.

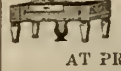
RESIGNATION OF AGENCY
OF THE
PHŒNIX INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF HARTFORD.

San Francisco, January 8th, 1867.

L. B. DELL, HAS THIS DAY RESIGNED THE LOCAL Agency of the above company, and removed his office to DELL, CRANNA & CO.'S store, 511 1-2 and 513 FRONT STREET, where he is ready to effect insurance in either Home or Foreign companies, and furnish information on insurance matters free of charge. Thanking his friends and patrons for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage in the future.

L. B. DELL, 511 1-2 and 513 Front street.

PIANOS!



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AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,
AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

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TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
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Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

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Main street, - - - Petaluma.
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HASKELL & BUCKELEW'S,
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CRANBERRY PRESERVES, 35 CENTS PER CAN, or three cans for $1, at
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OSACA JAPAN TEA. A FRESH LOT, IN 5 LB. boxes, just imported, by
HASKELL & BUCKELEW,
514 Market street.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 11
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 2, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

Some Thoughts on Death, by Charles Warren Stoddard; The Social Advantages of Living in a Wooden House, by "Trem;" Concerning Boarding-Houses; A Bird-Breakfast, by C. H. Webb; A Higher Culture; The "Gay Science;" How I lost my Whiskers; "Black Sheep;" The Pirate Captain Kidd; "Lion's Mouth;" War on Silver street; "Like a bird;" "Economy, Me Boy;" A Serenade; Amusements; Paragraphs, etc.—Poetry: Dead, by Isabel A. Saxon; The Judgment of Love, by "X—X."

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

The War on Silver Street—The First Campaign.

IT appears that under the laws and Statutes of California, there are certain cases in which the right to the possession of real property is to be decided, not by an appeal to the legal tribunals, but to military strategy and guerilla warfare. "Hold possession by all means," says the counsel learned in the law, on the one side. "Get possession," says the distinguished jurisconsult on the other. And so, instead of going before the Courts to settle questions of this kind, as people do in civilized countries, we gather together our trusty friends and viliant retainers, as did the bold barons of the days of chivalry, load our shot-guns and revolvers, and sharpen our Jack-knives, preparatory to an appeal to the "higher law" of strength, pluck, and endurance.

The vast quantity of matter published during the last four or five years regarding military operations, as well as public and private military experiences, induces a certain feeling of discouragement in presenting anything of a similar nature to the public. Yet the circumstances of the war recently waged and still waging for the possession of the disputed domicil on Silver-street are of such an extraordinary nature, that it seems to demand that some person should endure the odium of presenting them to the public eye. Accustomed as I am to the profession of a martyr, I have crossed the Rubicon and have endeavored, in a feeble way, of course, to portray to humanity some of the phases of this extraordinary civil and domestic conflict.

The minor details leading to the question of rights, as regards a disputed territory, are beneath the regard of the extraordinary historian. Suffice it to say, that out of various complications arising from the humbug called laws, two parties claimed possession of a domicil on Silver street, said domicil containing some twenty-odd rooms.

Having protracted matters in endeavoring to induce the enemy to listen to reason, until virtue became a bore (as indeed it generally is), our government dispatched Major-Gen. Atom to the disputed territory, with full powers to act as he should see fit. General A. took with him a force of seven gallant and adventurous youths, engaging to furnish them with commodious quarters and decent rations, including segars, whisky, and cards as long as the war endured. The approaches and entrance of the house were made in an insidious manner, in the dead of night; and ere the enemy were aware of it, seven rooms had been captured and occupied.

Active operations now commenced. The utmost vigilance was exercised by both parties. On the twenty-fourth of December, General A. having two men, made a violent onslaught on a spare bedroom and wrested it from the foe. The capture embraced also several interesting trophies in the shape of linen and earthenware which it is not necessary more particularly to specify. A strange shirt, and two pair of pants were found in a closet, which had once been respectable.

For several days after the twenty-fourth, no demonstrations were made by either party, each hoping to tire the other out. General A. then organized a vocal corps for night duty. This organization made it a regular business to sing "O, Bob Ridley, O!" "Old John Brown," and "Marching through Georgia," in the dead of night, which proved a serious inconvenience and annoyance to the tympanums of the enemy. Still they held out with a degree of endurance worthy of a better cause. The musical demonstration not proving an entire success, another corps was organized, which by loud and vehement declamation of Shakesperian extracts and choice passages from Greek, Latin and German oratory and anthology, struck horror (as well it might) into the hearts of the foe. Yet, their endurance was wonderful. Sleep in the Silver-street domicil was unknown to both parties; or if obtained at all, it was hastily snatched under the most difficult and trying circumstances.

On the twenty-eighth, the enemy, smarting under these castigations, made a sortie and effected the capture of a water-pitcher from an apartment which had been temporarily deserted by our forces. They effected this by resorting to a flagrant violation of the rules of chivalric and modern warfare, sending a forlorn hope of one female into the disputed apartment, and sheltering themselves under the courtesy accorded to the sex. The indignation pervading the hearts of our brave boys on hearing this, cannot be described. A counter sortie was immediately made upon the enemy's works and the pitcher recaptured, thus vindicating our own outraged honor. Afterward, in a verbal correspondence relative to the affair between the contending parties, the violence of a party holding intimate relations was threatened. General B. gallantly replied that "he was welcome to come on—that it was more acceptable to treat with brave men than with tender women—and that might insure the 'busting of his crust,'" a rough expression, but one almost pardonable in the excitement of battle.

The crowning feature of the conflict occurred on the last day of December, 1866. On that day occurred the total capture of the kitchen and commissariat department of the enemy. Leaving all points well guarded, General A., taking with him a small force, stole down to the intended point of attack, where he found but one female engaged in the manufacture of a mutton stew. She was immediately overcome and made a prisoner of war. The mutton stew was confiscated, and acting on the principle of living on the enemy, General A. ordered his force to replenish their stock of fuel from the wood-pile of the foe, which was done. An ax was also captured. "O, Bob Ridley O," was triumphantly sung all over the house by the different divisions. Thus ended the first campaign. The history of the next is reserved for a future communication; and it cannot fail to prove interesting to all who delight in narratives of military operations. The December campaign led to no decisive results; that of January, abounded in the most startling and exciting incidents, and virtually controlled the fate of the war. VOLUNTEER.

"Like a Bird."

The editor of the *Examiner* has been studying ornithology, and on Tuesday gave Senator Nye the benefit of his studies. He starts by calling him "Nye the Sage-Brush Buzzard." He then says that on the occasion of his lecture an article which had appeared in the *Examiner* deterred many from witnessing the *foul* exhibition. The next remark is:—"The bird said many things characteristic of his *foul* nature." Then follows an allusion to the fact that "birds of a feather flock together," and further on we are told that:

"Nye gloats in blackguardism. He takes to it just as ducks do to water, or carrion crows to putrid meat."

Again we find a remark about his "*foul* language," and the ornithological editor closes his article thus.

"We hope it will be long before our State is desecrated by his *foul* presence again. Farewell, sweet buzzard of the sage brush, farewell."

It is quite evident that the editor had a sort of indistinct idea that "foul" was just the proper word to use often in abusing Senator Nye after he had called him a bird, and that allusion to ducks and carrion crows would come in well after starting with the idea of a buzzard. Senator Nye, in spite of this terrific article, on the morning following his appearance felt perfectly well, packed up and went East by the steamer—shook his plumage and was off "like a bird."

"Sure, it's a Benefit!"

On the occasion of the sacred concert given by M. and Mme. Heine on Sunday last, all the musical artists who took part in it tendered their services; and the lessees of the Metropolitan Theatre charged a merely nominal sum. The reason of this was: M. Heine the blind violinist, and Mme. Heine the accomplished pianist (though recognized as extremely talented artistes), have met with bad luck in this city—they arrived at an unfortunate season. It is not only members of the musical profession who sympathize with genius when it meets with bad luck, as was proved by the following incident. The agent of M. and Mme. Heine engaged a carriage on the night of the concert, to convey M. and Mme. Heine and one of the artistes, who had volunteered from the outskirts of the city, to the theatre. On their being set down at their destination the following dialogue between the agent and the hackman took place:

Agent—"How much do I owe you—three dollars, isn't it?"

Hackman—"Sure, then, isn't it a benefit? You don't owe me a cent."

Agent—"Well, it isn't exactly a benefit; the musical artistes have volunteered—"

Hackman—"Volunteered? To sing for nothing, is it?"

Agent—"Yes, but I must pay you your fare—"

Hackman—"Divil a fare will I be taking for a benefit. Why mayn't I volunteer as well as the singers?"

And upon this the carriage was driven off rapidly. The agent, who has been in many parts of the world, wondered whether such an event could take place in any country save California.

Economy, Me Boy!

There is a class of individuals of capacious and powerful intellect, and a mathematical turn of mind, who are in the habit of calculating things down about as close as Lowell's "Deacon" in "Fitz Adam's Story," in the last *Atlantic*, of whom the poet declares that,

"He a flint would skin,
And make a profit on a single pin,"

and that he was in the habit of soothing his qualms of conscience for selling New England rum, by piously and plenteously "baptizing it" with water, before dealing it out to the public. There are a good many of this class *out*side of Yankeedom proper; nay, we have a few specimens even in San Francisco. The Daily *Times* has a handsome bulletin board on Montgomery, street just south of California (though by no means so gorgeous as a work of art, as that of the *Dromatic Chronicle*,) but it seems to be displayed for ornament and not for use inasmuch as it stands at the edge of the sidewalk, black and bare, with never a paper posted upon it from week's end to week's end. It is reported that one of the unfortunate stockholders in the dropsical sheet, observing this circumstance, stepped into the office and inquired of the "business manager" why the paper was not displayed on the board, to which the latter replied in a confidential whisper, and with an air of supernatural sagacity—"Why, if we stick up the paper outside, *they can read it for nothing, and won't buy papers!*" With such keen and far-seeing policy as *that*, it is simply an impossibility that the *Times* should fail. The *Alta* had better hand in her checks.

A Serenade,

One or the belligerent parties contending for the possession of the Silver-street Schoolhouse, received the compliments of a serenade, on Friday morning, at about one o'clock. The instrumental music was of a most remarkable character, the soft, mellifluous notes of a gong constituting the predominating element. One of the belligerents also assures us that he distinctly recognized the peculiar tones of the bewgag. The performance closed with a song, executed by four manly voices. The song seemed to be a parody of Longfellow's "Excelsior." The following is a specimen:

The shades of night were falling fast
As down through Silver street there passed,
A butcher in a butcher's cart—
And as he rode, he cried, right smart:
"Pork Chops!"

His nose turned up, his eyes so green,
Flashed like a cleaver bright and keen,
And like a Piute war-whoop rang
The accents of that butcher's tongue:
"Pork Chops!"

Yea! like a locomotive's scream,
When the engineer lets off the steam,
Or, like a bull calf's roar, who smells
The reeking slaughter-house, he yells
"Pork Chops."

"Drive not so fast," the old man said,
"There is a mud-hole just ahead."
"Old man, dry up!" the youth replied,
And louder than before he cried.
"Pork Chops!"

There were quite a number of additional stanzas, equally musical and spirited, which, however, our informant cannot recall. It still remains a matter of doubt whether the serenade was designed as a compliment to Maj.-Gen. Atom and his guerilla corps, or to the adverse faction. The performance concluded with "O, Bob Ridly, O" with a *bone* accompaniment.

The Rival Heroes.

The steamer which left these shores on Thursday, bore away Thomas Maguire, Esq., the Napoleon of the Drama, and the Honorable J. W. Nye, disrespectfully termed by the *Examiner*, "The Sage-Brush Buzzard." A band was in attendance which discoursed sweet music in honor of *some one*. The Hon. J. W. Nye, called by his enemies "The Buzzard," etc., took the compliment to himself and commenced to make a speech by way of expressing his gratitude. Unfortunately the Hon. etc., was mistaken. Thomas Maguire, otherwise "The Napoleon of the Drama," was the party who was intended to be honored. The Hon. J. W. Nye was requested to "dry up," and three cheers were given for "The Napoleon, etc." The Napoleon of the Drama did not attempt to make a speech. Like Sir Christopher Wren, his deeds speak loudly for him. If any one wishes to know why three cheers were given for Tom. Maguire—as he is generally called—by the immense crowd who assembled to wish him good luck on his departure, they must be told that this manager has been the support of the dramatic profession in California, has founded theatres in many parts of the State, and in Nevada, and by his energy has provided genius with bread and the public with amusement, for the last fifteen years. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the crowd preferred the "Napoleon of the Drama" to the gentleman so disrespectfully termed "The Buzzard," etc.

Derby and Dizzy.

"LONDON, January 31.—It is asserted that Lord Derby's Administration will fall to the ground if the speech at the reopening of Parliament does not recommend reform."

The Derby race is nearly run,
The Commons' leader's dizzy,
Dizzy and Derby curse John Bright,
For having been so busy.

Great Curositics.

A notice in the *Call* of Sunday last, announced that "the decapitated heads of the Italian and French murderers" were on exhibition at a certain place in this city. If the "bodiless trunks" were also exhibited, immense crowds would flock to see—nothing.

HOW I LOST MY WHISKERS.

"DO you object to smoking, sir?"

This I asked in my blandest manner of an old gentleman who sat, with his face hidden by a newspaper, opposite to me in a railway carriage.

All the seats in the carriage were filled; I and four others were on our way from Cambridge to enjoy the Christmas vacation. Our spirits were high, for there is a delight in banishing for a time all thoughts of conic sections, Newton's "Principia," and the little-go, and entertaining, in exchange, visions of "hope," skating parties, and all the orgies which every right-minded family hold at this season in honor of King Christmas.

But I must introduce you to my chums, for chums we were, although our tastes did not all lie in the same direction. Jack Stirrup is (or rather was at that period) a riding and hunting man, and was not unfrequently to be seen at Newmarket; Stretcher, on the other hand, loved boating, and preferred the sight of a well-developed biceps to that of the best bred hunter, and would often remark to Jack, "How on earth you can say that you would rather see the 'Two Thousand' than the 'Time-race' in the 'Colquhoun Sculls,' I cannot for the life of me make out." Edwards was a poor and reading man, but his wit and talents rendered him a universal favorite; whilst Davies was a rich, open-handed, good-hearted fellow as ever lived. For my own part, I do not think I had any well-defined peculiarity, but did a little of everything. I read a little, rowed a little, hunted a little, had a fair income—in short, if I had any characteristic at all, it was a love of laziness and practical jokes.

We congratulated ourselves in getting a carriage to ourselves (with the exception of the old gentleman I have named,) for we intended to keep out the cold, and beguile our journey with sundry pipes and cigars. We had our cases out, and were preparing to light up, as a matter of course, when we were astonished by my *vis-a-vis* dashing away the newspaper which had hidden his face.

"Do I object to smoking? Yes, sir, I do object! I object very strongly, sir! and beg that you will instantly replace your cigars in your pockets. I insist on having no smoking in this carriage!"

We looked aghast at this sudden burst of old-gentlemanly wrath.

"Might I ask if you intend traveling far on this line, sir?" inquired Edwards, in his comically-polite tone.

"What is that to you, sir? What business is it of yours where I am going to?"

"I merely wished to suggest, in case of your traveling far, that, pleasing and delightful as it would be for us to enjoy your agreeable society, yet nevertheless, we would try to bear the loss, should you prefer to change carriages at the next station."

"No doubt you would wish to get rid of me; but no, sir! I don't move my seat, and the first one that smokes I report to the guard."

"In that case, I fear we shall be obliged, painful though it be, to tear ourselves away," I said, as we drew up at a small station.

Fortunately we found the next compartment empty, and as we started again we pulled out our cigar-cases, this time to light their contents.

"The old boy has certainly got out of bed the wrong side this morning," said I, puffing away.

"Or has made a mistake in his betting book," remarked my sporting friend. "We'll give him a benefit now, at any rate; I vote we take it in by turns to puff smoke through the lamp-hole. Let's look at him; he! cooled down a little; is about to compose himself to sleep. I'll trouble you for his night-cap; come and look at it, Fred."

I did so, and roared on seeing a red, woven cap of comical shape, which added very considerably to the wrathful expression of the wearer's features.

With perseverance which deserved a better cause, we each made a tube of paper, and putting the end through the lamp-hole, took our turn at "smoking him out;" and I blush as I now think how heartily we enjoyed the enraged state in which he paced up and down the empty carriage, like a caged tiger.

The next time we stopped, however, the guard put his head into our carriage window and said, with a wink—

"Gentl'm in next compartment complains of your smoking, sir."

"Smoking!" we exclaimed, with mock indignation. "Do we look as though we'd been smoking? What nonsense!" and added in a mysterious manner, "You see there's one vacant seat; of course we're not going to tell tales of the man who occupied that."

"All right!" said the guard, laughing. "I wasn't born yesterday." And after a slightly confidential transaction of a pecuniary nature, left us in peace.

The snow, which had been falling heavily all day, now lay thick all around. Our eyes ached again, as we looked out of the window (which was itself all frosted over) on to the dazzling snow which covered all the landscape; and as we stamped our feet on the floor of the carriage, we began heartily to wish ourselves at our journey's end, and by the fireside.

"Halloo! what are we stopping for now? I wonder whether we're going to do an upset, or anything exciting of that kind?" said Davies, looking out of the window. "I don't see a train anywhere that we can have a friendly collision with."

"Get out here, gentlemen," said the guard, passing the window; "the line is snowed up, and we shall have to wait till it is clear."

The grumbling which this pleasant announcement caused was immediately stopped by our hearing the voice of our disagreeable companion in the next compartment. "Line snowed up, is it?" said that gentleman, trying to appear calm in his fury; "and we get out here? Oh! and do you suppose I am quietly going to submit to this? The line ought to have been cleared ready for us. I shall bring an action."

"But, sir!" I said, "how on earth could they"——

"Might I request to know who spoke to you sir? I consider your remark and interference, excessive impertinence."

This was a little too bad, and I turned to Jack and whispered that we would devise some plan of giving our friend a lesson demonstrative of the evils attending bad temper at Christmas time.

We were fortunately stopped at a distance of only two hundred yards from a station; but a very poor station it was, without any waiting room or refreshment-rooms.

The station-master, who was a pleasant sort of fellow, said we should have to wait but a couple of hours, and gave us a room, where we made the best of a bad job, and having sent for some beer from the nearest "public," became, as Edwards mathematically observed, approximately happy. The old gentleman, however, had not yet vented all his wrath, but kept on anathematizing the snow and the railway people at intervals. After we had warmed ourselves, Stretcher proposed that we should have some songs; but as no one volunteered, I suggested that we should get on our way sooner if we all went out and helped to clear away the snow from the line. To this all agreed (with the exception of our amiable friend, of course.)

We had worked away merrily for about an hour, and were congratulating ourselves on being able to start again, when Jack came running up with a very pleased expression of countenance, and as he tapped me on the shoulder, I remembered that he had not been with us for the last half-hour.

"Fred," he said, "I've an idea."

"Keep it then," I replied, "for it is so rare a commodity with you, that I would not deprive you of it for the world."

"Don't chaff, and I'll tell you all about it. I went up into the room at the station just now, and found our friend, the old boy, fast asleep in his chair, completely collapsed under the soporific effects of the fire, and a glass of brandy and water. I immediately ran into the village and bought these," he said, showing me a handful of screws, a gimlet, and a screwdriver.

"What in the name of everything ridiculous do you want these for?" I asked.

"Don't you see? We shall be able to start again directly, now that the line is clear; we meanwhile run up stairs, and screw the old gentleman firmly into the room—the train goes on—we are revenged for his surly behavior to us, and he will then learn that 'old gentlemen should not be ill-tempered at Christmas time.'"

"Capital!" I said, always ready to fall in with a practical joke; "let us be off at once."

We certainly found the old gentleman in as Morphean a torpor as we could wish. His feet were propped up on a chair whilst his boots were drying, and he was breathing, with his mouth wide open, in a rather apoplectic manner.

"Shall I put a snowball into each of his boots?" I said.

"No! that would be too much of a good thing, but I'll tell you what you shall do; you're rather a swell at drawing, aren't you? I'll just burn the end of that beer-bottle cork, and you shall artistically adorn his face."

"That is splendid," he whispered, as I finished off with giving him a moustache, which turned up in a facetious manner. "Just move that looking-glass, and put it so that he may admire himself directly he wakes; and now let us be off."

We walked on tiptoe to the door. The hinges began to creak; and cold as the weather was, a faint prespiration began to develop itself on my forehead, as I noticed the old gentleman move in his chair; it was, however, only to turn his head on to the other shoulder, and we closed the door in safety.

"Give me the screws quick," I said, "and go to the bottom of the stairs and prevent anyone coming up." I bored hole after hole as noiselessly as I could, and having made the door as fast as eight good screws would make it, I ran down stairs and whispered, "All right!"

"Is there a gentleman up-stairs, sir?" said the station-master, walking towards us. "He asked me to wake him in time for the train, and it is just ready to go."

"Oh! he won't like to be disturbed till the last moment, you may be sure," said Jack. "By-the-by, I wished to talk to you of a plan by which I think your station might be much improved."

Now architecture happened to be one of the station-master's hobbies, and they were soon deep in discussion. I beat a hasty retreat to the guard, and producing a sovereign, said:

"If you get us off in five minutes from now, waiting for no one, and ring your bell at the very last minute, this is yours."

"All right, sir! the luggage is all in, and most of the passengers. Take your seats. Going on!" he shouted, whilst I stood with my watch in hand.

"One minute left! Ring the bell now!" I said. "If they undo those screws in one, or even five minutes, I'll eat them."

We jumped into a carriage, the guard gave the final whistle, and the train moved slowly on. We anxiously watched the result of our plot, with our heads out of window. After waiting one or two minutes, we noticed a figure gesticulating at the station window. The train then passed into a deep cutting, and we lost sight of it.

I think I have forgotton to say that I was going to spend the Christmas with a college friend. He had gone down a few days before, and had promised to meet me at C——— station.

You may imagine that I was not sorry to find myself arrived there, nor yet to see my friend Tom stamping his feet on the platform, no doubt thoroughly tired of waiting for the train. As he drove me up, he began talking of the different arrangements he had made for our mutual amusement. "To-morrow," he said, "I've set aside for a skating party; I have had the pond in the park swept, and invited all *les jeunes demoiselles* within reach, and as they have all accepted, it will give you a fair idea of our 'native beauty.'"

Now, of all jolly things in the world, I think a skating party is the jolliest. Tom says that I am fond of showing my skating off; but I deny that this has anything to do with it. In the first place the frosty weather (and the mulled claret) induce high spirits: then there are the tumbles to laugh at, and the ladies' skates to strap on (which last, in my own mind; is not the least pleasant part of the entertainment.)

We had by this time reached the house, and, after having accomplished our toilettes, Tom took me into the drawing-room.

"The guv'nor isn't at home; but let me introduce you to my sister Minnie."

Miss Minnie rose, and held out her hand at once, but, for my own part, I was too dumbfounded to utter a single word. I am told that I am far from eloquent when describing female beauty, so I will not attempt it here; but I must say that I had never, and have never since, seen such a pretty and merry face. When dinner was announced, however, I had recovered my equanimity sufficiently to offer her my arm, and after a short time we got to know one another thoroughly.

The dinner (perhaps it *may* have been the port wine) had opened my heart, and when we had removed to Tom's sanctum to smoke (where by-the-by, Miss Minnie insisted on joining us, saying that she "liked the smell of tobacco, and found it so dull by herself") I began to relate my adventures with the old gentleman.

Peal after peal of laughter arose as I proceeded with my narrative. I warmed with my subject, quite outdoing myself in the description of the old gentleman's angry face and his irate behavior.

"Here!" I said, in triumph, "is my trophy!"—and I held out the nightcap.

Never shall I forget that moment—brother and sister stared at it for one second, and then Tom, looking vacantly at me, immediately went into a hysterical fit of laughter. His face began to grow quite black, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

My face presented anything but a laughing appearance, for I was struck with amazement at this behavior. At last, with what little breath he had left, he managed to get out the words—

"It's—the—guv—'nor's—night—cap!"

As he said this, he pointed to a small label inside the cap, which I had not noticed before, and there, sure enough, were the words:

T. Grumblethorp, Esq.
Grumblethorp Hall.

Reader, have you ever wished the earth to open and swallow you up? How heartily did I wish it at that moment. I saw the whole affair at a glance: I had been playing a practical joke upon the gentleman in whose house I was sitting, and had been describing him in the most ridiculous light to his daughter. How I hated Tom for laughing (his sister was nearly as bad, by the way), whilst I sat turning alternately red and pale, considering what on earth was to be done. At this moment a servant entered the room.

"A telegram for Miss Grumblethorp."

She hastily looked over it, and then read it aloud to us:—

"Shall come by the 8:30 to-morrow morning. Some young jackanapes have played a practical joke, and caused me to miss the last train to-night."

At last I found words. "Tom," I said, "I must fly. Miss Grumblethorp, I cannot sufficiently apologize to you for—"

"Oh! you need not apologize to me, nor must you go either. Tom, you must devise some escape out of the dilemma."

"It would certainly never do for the governor to recognize you; he'd never forgive you, and would cut me off with a shilling. Oh! I have it; I sentence you, in punishment, to cut off those whiskers and moustache—he'll never know you then.

"Never!" I said, with determination. "I'm not a vain man, but I will never voluntarily make a fright of myself."

"Oh! I'm sure you'd look much better without them," said Miss Grumblethrop; "besides, remember the skating party to-morrow; I want you to teach me *so* much. You really must not go.

I was not proof against this. The adorable Miss Minnie actually wishing me to stay! Again, I recolleeted that I had no other invitation for Christmas, and all my family were spending the winter abroad. Under these circumstances, I determined to risk all, and stay where I was sure to enjoy myself.

Next morning I rose early, had a "clean shave," and borrowed a pair of light-blue spectacles. When I met Miss Grumblethrop on my way to breakfast, she declared the disguise was capital, telling me, at the same time, that her father had arrived, and was in the breakfast-room. I was formally introduced, and by the way that he received me it was evident he had not recognized me in the least.

"Always glad to see Tom's friends," said the old boy, in quite a cheerful tone. "Thank goodness he doesn't choose for companions such puppies as those who insulted me yesterday. I wonder whether they consider themselves gentlemen?"

In this strain he continued to talk all breakfast-time, whilst I answered with perfect gravity, not daring to look at Minnie, for I felt sure she was enjoying the joke.

My story is nearly over. I enjoyed the skating party thoroughly, for I spent most of the day in teaching Minnie. I also accompanied her the next evening to a ball, where I found she could move much more quickly and gracefully than on the ice.

I am now married; and though I have since grown my whiskers, yet my father-in-law has never suspected that I was "the young jackanapes that made him late for the train" (he has never mentioned the burnt-cork business) and has always been so kind to me that I have heartily repented of it.—*London Society.*

Female Beauty.—Revive the beauty of bygone ages, and you will revive all the beauty and ugliness of those days; for there must have been a good deal of uglincss, otherwise the beauty would not have been so forcibly appreciated. Had there been more pretty girls in the days of Troy, Helen would have had few suitors, and Illium might have been standing yet. What I mean to say, is this: In those days people dressed so that unless their features were almost perfect they were literally nothing. All the minor graces which set off a mediocre person now were perfectly unavailable under the system of costume. But imagine for a moment all your acquaintances, dressed in this way. Would not the majority be frightful? How few faces and complexions would stand that binding back of the hair; how few forms could show to advantage beneath the simple robe, without stays or stiff petticoats: how few feet would be endurable in sandals; how few arms would bear the noonday suns and the sharp winds, which would soon turn them to the pattern and form of a washerwoman? Perhaps the old Jewish costume worn by Rebecca and Rachel may have been a shade better, but there was the same exposure of the neck and arms, with the additional disadvantage of a robe that showed a leg encased in hideous hose and boots, and that refused to sweep with Grecian amplitude around the limbs of the fair wearer. Cleopatria, who was both dark and stout, could wear only white or purple, and the heavy diamond of strings of pearls that were allotted as the garb of Egyptian princessess. How dark and uncomely must have been the majority of her countrymen, may be judged from the sensation she made. The Roman ladies were famed for their stately carriages and somewhat large, but noble features; and when to these charms they added regularity, delicacy, and beautiful color, no doubt their simple, open, coquettish style of dress was very becoming to them; but without the latter qualification, how gaunt and course they must have appeared.

"There is one thing sure," said Mrs. Partington, "the females of the present geueration are a heap more independent than they used to be. Why, I saw a gal go by to-day that I know belonged to the historical class of society, with her dress all tucked up to her knees, her hair all huzzled up like as if she hadn't time to comb it for a week, and one of her grandmother's old caps in an awful crumbled condition on her head. Why, laws, honey, when I was a gal, if any of the fellows come aloug when I had my clothes on tucked up that way, and back kivered with an old white rag, I would run for dear life and hide out of sight. Well, well, the gals then were iunocent, unconfisticated critters; now they are what the French call blazes."

Good Prospects.—The new Marquis of Waterford has a splendid career in the future. Before his twenty-second year has closed over his head, he finds himself the head of a noble family, with an unencumbered property of nearly £70,000 a year.

FORGETFULNESS.

There is a haven of sure rest
From the loud world's bewildering stress
As a bird dreaming on her nest,
As dew, hid in a rose's breast,
As Hesper in the glowing West:
So the heart sleeps
In thy calm deeps,
Serene Forgetfulness!

No sorrow in that place may be,
The noise of life grows less and less;
As moss far down within the sea,
As, in white lily caves, a bee,
As life in a hazy reverie—
So the heart's-wave
In thy dim cave,
Hushes, Forgetfulness!

Duty and care fade far away,
What toil may be we cannot guess;
As a ship anchored in a bay,
As a cloud at summer-noon astray,
As water-blooms in a breezeless day:
So 'neath thine eyes
The full heart lies,
And dreams, Forgetfulness!

James Russell Lowell.

THE PIRATE CAPTAIN KIDD.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF HIS LIFE AND EXPLOITS.

SEARCHING for buried treasure is a favorite employment with some men, and laughed at by all others. No one has forgotten the amount of money sunk in a coffer-dam on North river, a few years ago, in the search after one of Kidd's vessels loaded with gold and silver and diamonds. At the present moment it is stated that two expeditions, sustained by considerable capital, are pursuing the same search, one somewhere in New England, and the other at Oak Island, Nova Scotia. These are perhaps not the only seekers. Here and there along the shores it is not uncommon to see one, two or three individuals pursuing the same search. On the whole, it is probable that a great many people really believe that the treasure may be found. A few facts where there is so much fancy may be worth recalling.

Doubtless one of the most terrible names in the juvenile literature of England and English America, during the last century and a half, has been that of Robert Kidd, the pirate. In the nursery legend, in story and in song, his name has stood forth as the boldest of buccaneers. The terror of the ocean, when abroad, the story said that he returned from his successful voyages to line our coasts with silver and gold, and to renew with the devil a league, cemented with the blood of victims shot down whenever fresh returns of the precious metals were to be hidden. According to the superstitions of Connecticut and Long Island, it was owing to these bloody charms that honest money diggers have ever experienced so much difficulty in removing the buried treasures. Often, indeed, have the lids of the iron chests rung beneath the mattock of the stealthy midnight searcher for gold; but the flashes of sulphurous fires, blue and red, and the saucer eyes and chattering teeth of legions of demons, have uniformly interposed to frighten the delvers from their posts, and preserve the treasures from their greedy clutches. But notwithstanding the harrowing sensations connected with the name of Kidd, and his renown as a pirate, he was but one of the last and most inconsiderate of that race of sea robbers, who, during a long series of years in the seventeenth century, were the admiration of the world for their prowess and its terror for crimes.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century Kidd was in command of a merchant vessel trading between New York and London, and was celebrated for his nautical skill and enterprise. The first mention of him in authentic colonial history occurs in 1691, in which year the journals of the New York Assembly tell us that on the 18th day of April much credit was allowed to be due him "for the many good services done for the province in attending with his vessels." But in what capacity, or for what object, he thus "attended with his vessels," does not appear. It was also declared that he "ought to be suitably rewarded." Accordingly, on the 14th of May following, it was ordered by the same assembly "that the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds be paid to Captain Kidd, as a suitable acknowledgment for the important benefits which the colonies had received from his services."

The presumption is that those services were in some way connected with the protection of the colonial merchant vessels from the attacks of the pirates who were at that time hovering along the coasts of the Northern colonies. Indeed, the harbor of New York was no stranger to the pirate vessels, and the commerce between them and the "people of figure" in this city was not inconsiderable. It was no great secret that the pirates were frequently in the Sound, and were freely supplied with provisions by the inhabitants of Long Island; and, still further, it was well known in the year 1695 that the English freebooters had fitted out their vessels in the harbor of New York. On the arrival of the pirate vessels from their cruises their goods were openly sold in the city, and the conduct of the Colonial Government was such that collusion, if not direct partnership, between them and the public authorities was not doubted.

Such was the condition of affairs when Robert Livingston, of New York, recommended to Governer Bellamont, Captain Kidd as a man of integrity and courage, acquainted with the pirates and their places of rendezvous, and as one in all respects fitted to be entrusted with the command of a vessel engaged in making war on them. A ship was accordingly procured and equipped and placed under command of Kidd, who sailed from New York under regular commission in April, 1696. For a time he served faithfully; and on his return from his first voyage he was received with public honors, and awarded another grant from the colony of two hundred and fifty pounds. But on his next voyage he stretched away to the Indian Ocean and became a pirate himself. Selecting the Island of Madagascar as his principal place of rendezvous, and burning his own ship after having captured one that suited him, his depredations upon the commerce of all nations are represented to have been great.

It is beyond doubt true that Long Island Sound contained several of his hiding places. "Kidd's Rock" is well known at Manhasset, upon Long Island, to this day. Here he is supposed to have buried some of his treasures; and many have been the attempts of the credulous in this section to find the hidden gold. There is also no doubt that he was wont to hide himself and his vessel among those curious rocks in Sachem's Head Harbor, called the Thimble Islands. In addition to the "Pirate's Cavern" in this vicinity, there is, upon one of those rocks, sheltered from the view of the Sound, a beautiful artificial excavation, of an oval form, holding, perhaps, the measure of a barrel, called "Kidd's Punch Bowl." It was here, according to the traditions of the neighborhood, that he used to carouse with his crew.

It is a fact beyond controversy that he was accustomed to anchor his vessel in Gardner's Bay. On one occasion in the night, he landed upon Gardner's Island, and requested Mrs. Gardner to provide a supper for himself and attendants. She knowing his desperate character, dared not refuse; and fearing his displeasure, she took great pains, especially in roasting a pig. The pirate chief was so pleased with her culinary success, that on going away he presented her with a cradle-blanket of gold cloth. It was of velvet, inwrought with gold, and very rich. A small piece of it remains in the family. On another occasion, also, when he landed upon the island, he buried a small casket of gold, silver and precious stones, in presence of Mr. Gardner, but under the most solemn injunctions of secresy.

Repairing soon after this occurrence to Boston, where Lord Bellamont chanced to be at the time, he was summoned before his lordship and ordered to give a report of his proceedings since he had sailed on his second voyage. Refusing, however, to comply with the demand, he was arrested on the 3d of July, 1699, on the charge of piracy. He appears to have disclosed the fact of having buried treasure on Gardner's Island, for the same was demanded by the Earl of Bellamont and surrendered by Mr. Gardner. We have seen the original receipt for the amount, with the different items of the deposits. The sum was by no means large, and affords evidence of no such mighty sweepings of the seas as have been told of by tradition. Of gold, in coins, gold dust, and bars, there was seven hundred and fifty ounces; of silver, five hundred and six ounces, and of precious stones, about sixteen ounces.

Meanwhile, Kidd was taken to England, tried on an indictment for piracy and murder, and hung in chains with six of his crew, In addition to the indictment for piracy, he was indicted for the murder of one of his own subordinate officers, named Moore, who he killed in a quarrel, by striking him over the head with a bucket. He was convicted upon both charges, but protested to the last that he was the victim of conspiracy and perjury.

Suspicions were entertained by the public that the execution was a sham; that the government dared not put him to death and that, to avoid disclosures, a man of straw was hung in his place. In proof of this assertion, it was generally and positively alleged that Kidd had been seen alive and well many years afterward by those who could not be mistaken as to his identity. There is little doubt, however, of his having been honestly hung at Execution Dock, in London, on the 12th of May, 1701.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

The Beauty of Marriage.—Every woman should be married to one worthy of her. Marriage brings care and wear—but it is the ring which is worn that keeps bright, and the watch which lies still and unwound that gets out of order. The sweet sympathies involved in the relations of the family: the new responsibilities—the new compensation secured—for all outlays of strength brings about a delightful play of all the faculties of the heart and intellect which in their reaction on the body produces an effect that, in the end, is nothing less than preservative. Notwithstanding the assertions of mathomaticians the marriage ring is the spanning "circle" which husband and wife have the problem set them of making all things "square."

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

A LEARNED LADY NOVELIST.

MISS AUGUSTA J. EVANS, the author of *Beulah*, and of that fearfully erudite work, *Macaria*, which we hesitate to call a novel, has just made her third appearance before the public, in a bulky volume entitled *St. Elmo*. Evi dently Miss Evans is bent on removing the popular reproach against her country-women, that they are lacking in that thorough culture and wide range of bookish knowledge that characterizes a large class of female writers in England, such as Mrs. Oliphant, Frances Power Cobbe, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Harriet Martineau, and scores of others who could be easily enumerated. In *Macaria*, the heroine was represented as possessing a fund of various erudition quite sufficient to set up half a dozen professors—not Yankee professors be it understood, for the authoress takes especial pains to state that the studious lady was obliged to send to Europe for mathematical works and instruments that could not be procured in this land of imperfect culture. As the period of the story is no more remote than the first year of the late rebellion, plain people who have not pushed their mathematical studies beyond trigonometry, and whose knowledge of their practical applications does not extend farther than surveying or navigation, or the measuring of inaccessible heights and distances, are naturally somewhat puzzled to guess what mysterious "instruments" those were, which could not be found in the United States in the year of grace 1866.

St. Elmo is no less remarkable for the tremendous amount of "cram" which it evinces, than was its immediate predecessor; but instead of being devoted to the glorification of the "Lost Cause," its *animus* seems to be a spirit of antipathy to the woman's rights' movement. A motto from one of Ruskin's most characteristic rhapsodies adorns the title page, and furnishes the key-note to the "teaching" of the story:

"Ah! the true rule is—a true wife in her husband's house is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of the best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of the highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth; from her, through all the world's clamor, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's welfare, he must find his peace."

As a specimen of the dizzily elevated style of this instructive fiction, and an illustration for the benefit of foreign sneerers of the amount of learned allusion which an American lady can crowd into a couple of pages of a novel, we give the following, which Englishmen particularly, are expected to accept as a fair sample of the dinner-table-talk of our "educated females":

"Mr. Manning, who sat next to Edna, engaged her in an animated discussion concerning the value of a small volume containing two essays by Buckle, which he had sent her a few days previous.

Something which she said to the editor with reference to Buckle's extravagant estimate of Mill, brought a smile to the Englishman's lip, and, bowing slightly, he said:

'Pardon me, Miss Earl, if I interrupt you a moment to express my surprise at hearing Mill denounced by an American. His books on Representative Government and Liberty are so essentially democratic that I expected only gratitude and eulogy from his readers on this side of the Atlantic.'

Despite her efforts to control it, embarrassment unstrung her nerves, and threw a quiver into her voice, as she answered:

'I do not presume, sir, to 'denounce' a man whom Buckle ranks above all other living writers and statesmen; but, in anticipating the inevitable result of the adoption of some of Mill's proposed social reforms, I could not avoid recalling that wise *dictum* of Frederick the Great concerning philosophers—a saying which Buckle quotes so triumphantly against Plato, Aristotle, Descartes—even Bacon, Newton, and a long list of names illustrious in the annals of English literarture. Frederick declared: 'If I wanted to ruin one of my provinces, I would make over its government to the philosophers.' With due deference to Buckle's superior learning and astuteness, I confess my study of Mill's philosophy assures me that, if society should be turned over to the government of his theory of Liberty and Suffrage, it would go to ruin more rapidly than Frederick's province. Under his teachings the women of England might soon marshal their amazonian legions, and storm not only Parnassus but the ballot-box, the bench, and the forum. That this should occur in a country where a woman nominally rules, and certainly reigns, is not so surprising, but I dread the contagion of such an example upon America.'

'His influence is powerful, from the fact that he never takes up his pen without using it to break some social shackles; and its strokes are tremendous as those of the hammer of Thor. But surely, Miss Earl, you Americans can not with either good taste, grace, or consistency, upbraid England on the score of woman's rights' movements?'

'At least, sir, our statesmen are not yet attacked with this most loathsome of political leprosies. Only a few crazy fanatics have fallen victims to it, and if lunatic asylums were not frequently cheated of their dues, these would not be left at large, but shut up together in high-walled inclosures, where, like Sydney Smith's 'graminivorous metaphysicians,' or Reaumur's spiders, they could only injure one another and destroy their own webs. America has no Bentham, Bailey, Hare or Mill, to lend countenance or strength to the ridiculous clamor raised by a few unamiable and wretched wives, and as many embittered, disappointed, old maids of New England; whose absurd pretensions and disgraceful conduct can not fail to bring a blush of shame and smile of pity to the face of every truly refined American woman. The noble apology which Edmund Burke once offered for his countrymen, always recurs to my mind when I hear these 'women's conventions' alluded to: 'Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle repose beneath the shade of the British oak, chew the cud, and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number, or that, after all, they are many in number, or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour.' I think, sir, that the noble and true women of this continent earnestly believe that the day which invests them with the elective franchise would be the blackest in the annals of humanity, would ring the death-knell of modern civilization, of national prosperity, social morality and domestic happiness! and would consign the race to a night of degradation and horror infinitely more appalling than a return to primeval barbarism. Then every exciting political canvass would witness the revolting deeds of the furies who assisted in storming the Tuilleries; and repetitions of scenes enacted during the French Revolution, which mournfully attest how terrible indeed are female natures when once perverted. God, the Maker, tenderly anchored womanhood in the peaceful, blessed haven of home; and if man is ever insane enough to mar the divine economy, by setting women afloat on the turbulent, roaring sea of politics, they will speedily become pitiable wrecks. Sooner than such an inversion of social order, I would welcome Turkish bondage; for surely utter ignorance is infinitely preferable to erudite unwomanliness.'

'Even my brief sojourn in America has taught me the demoralizing tendency of the doctrine of 'equality of races and of sexes;' and you must admit, Miss Earl, that your country-women are growing dangerously learned,' answered Sir Roger, smiling.

'I am afraid, sir, that it is rather the quality than the quantity of their learning that makes them troublesome. One of your own noble seers has most gracefully declared: 'a woman may always help her husband,' (or race) 'by what she knows, however little; by what she half knows or misknows, she will only teaze him.' I never hear that much abused word 'equality' without a shudder; and visions of Cordeliers and Versailles furies. I have no aristocratic prejudices, for my grandfather was a blacksmith, and my father a carpenter; but I do not believe that 'all men are born free and equal;' and I think that two-thirds of the Athenians were only fit to tie Socrates' shoes, and not one half of Rome worthy to play valet and clasp the toga of Cato or of Cicero. Neither do I claim nor admit the equality of the sexes, whom God created with distinctive intellectual characteristics, which never can be merged or destroyed without outraging the decrees of nature, and sapping the foundations of all domestic harmony. Allow me to say, sir, in answer to your remark concerning learned women, that it seems to me great misapprehension exists relative to the question of raising the curriculum of female education. Erudition and effrontery have no inherent connection, and a woman has an unquestionable right to improve her mind, *ad infinitum*, provided she does not barter womanly delicacy and refinement for mere knowledge; and, in her anxiety to parade what she has gleaned, forget the decorum and modesty, without which she is monstrous and repulsive. Does it not appear reasonable that a truly refined woman, whose heart is properly governed, should increase her usefulness to her family and her race, by increasing her knowledge? A female pedant who is coarse and boisterous, or ambitious of going to Congress, or making stump speeches, would be quite as unwomanly and unlovely in character if she were utterly illiterate. I am afraid it is not their superior learning or ability which afflicts the nineteenth century with those unfortunate abnormal developments, familiarly known as 'strong-minded women;' but that it is the misdirection of their energies, the one-sided nature of their education. A woman who cannot be contented and happy in the bosom of her home, busied with ordinary womanly work, but fancies it is her mission to practise law or medicine, or go out lecturing, would be a troublesome, disagreeable persouage under all circumstances; and would probably stir up quite as much mischief, while using ungrammatical language, as if she were a perfect philologist. Whom did Socrates find most amiable and feminine, learned Diotima or unlearned Xantippe? I think even mankind would consent to see women as erudite as Dame, or Isotta Nagorola, provided they were also as exemplary in their domestic relations, as irreproachable and devoted wives and daughters as Eponina and Chelonis, Alcestis and Berengaria."

This truthful and lifelike delineation of the prandial usages and small talk of our best society, receives its finishing touches in the next paragraph, wherein the gallant Mr. Manning in the ladies' presence elegantly characterizes strong-minded women as "hideous hermaphrodites."

We are told that *Macaria* had a host of enthusiastic admirers. To all such we can conscientiously say that they will find *St. Elmo* no less delightful. But we would not advise any unlearned person to commence its perusal without preparing for the intellectual feast by placing a classical dictionary, a dictionary of quotations, a compendium of ancient history, and Appleton's New Eucyclopœdia, within their reach for constant reference. As it is evident that the volume was not written without the assiduous use of these valuable manuals, it is but natural that the reader should frequently require similar aid. The book is to be had at Roman's.

A BRILLIANT MONTHLY.

The January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is perhaps the most brilliant upon the whole, that has been issued during the entire existence of that periodical. The December number of *Blackwood*, the last that has been received here, is not to be compared with it for literary merit. Lowell's poem, "Fitz Adam's Story." is the gem of this issue, and is the most truly *American* poem that has ever been written. It is conceived and expressed in the genuine spirit of Chaucer; but is in no sense an imitation. In fact, it is just such a poem as we can conceive that Chaucer would have written had he been like Lowell, a New Englander of the nineteenth century. Is not the following, for instance, in the very spirit of the Father of English Poetry?

The next whose fortune 'twas a tale to tell
Was one whom men, before they thought, loved well,
And after thinking wondered why they did.
For half he seemed to let them, half forbid,
And wrapped him so in humors, sheath on sheath,
'T was hard to guess the mellow soul beneath;
But, once divided, you took him to your heart,
While he appeared to bear with you as part
Of life's impertinence, and once a year
Betrayed his true self by a smile or tear,
Or rather something sweetly-shy and loath.
Withdrawn ere fully shown, and mixed of both
A cynic? Not precisely: one who thrust,
Against a heart too prone to love and trust,
Who so despised false sentiment he knew
Scarce in himself to part the false and true,
And strove to hide, by roughening o'er the skin,
Those cobweb nerves he could not dull within.
Gentle by birth, but of a stem decayed,
He shunned life's rivalries and hated trade;
On a small patrimony and larger pride,
He lived uneaseful on the Other Side
(So he called Europe), only coming West
To give his old-world appetite new zest.
A radical in thought, he puffed away
With shrewd contempt the dust of usage gray,
Yet loathed democracy as one who saw,
In what he longed to love, some vulgar flaw,
And, shocked through all his delicate reserves,
Remained a Tory by his taste and nerves.
His fancy's thrall, he drew all ergoes thence,
And thought himself the type of common sense,
Misliking women, not from cross or whim,
But that his mother shared too much in him.
And he half felt that what in them was grace
Made the unlucky weakness of his race.
What powers he had he hardly cared to know,
But sauntered through the world as though a show,
From comic weakness he had an eye
Keen as an acid for an alkali,
Yet you could feel, through his sardonic tone,
He loved them all, unless they were his own.

Other portions, still without the slightest trace of anything like imitation, strongly remind the reader of Goldsmith. Indeed, there are passages not one whit inferior to the finest to be found in the "Deserted Village." Take for instance, the following picture of the "best room" of a country tavern:

There was a parlor in the house, a room
To make you shudder with its prudish gloom.
The furniture stood round with such an air,
There seemed an old maid's ghost in every chair;
Each looked as it had scuttled to its place
And pulled extempore a Sunday face,
Too smugly proper for a world of sin,
Like boys on whom the minister comes in.
The table, fronting you with icy stare,
Strove to look witless that its legs were bare,
While the black sofa with its horse-hair pall
Gloomed like the bier for Comfort's funeral.
Two portraits graced the wall in grimmest truth,
Mister and Mistress W. in their youth,—
New England youth, that seems a sort of pill,
Half wish-I-dared, half Edwards on the Will,
Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a trace
Of Calvinistic cholic on the face.
Between them, o'er the mantel, hung in state
Solomon's temple, done in copperplate:
Invention pure, but meant, we may presume,
To give some Scripture sanction to the room.
Facing this last, two samplers you might see
Each, with its urn and stiffly weeping tree,
Devoted to some memory long ago
More faded than their lines of worsted woe;
Cut paper decked the frames against the flies,
Though none e'er dared an entrance who were wise,
And bushed asparagus in fading green
Added its shiver to the franklin clean.

It is stated in a foot note, that this poem was written many years ago, to form a part of a larger one, to be entitled, "The Nooning," made up of tales in verse, some of them grave, and some comic. If the whole is executed in the style of the present portion, it will constitute the most valuable, because the most characteristic poem, yet produced by any American author. We cannot refrain from one additional extract, which is as graphic as anything in the "Canterbury Tales" or the "Deserted Village:

While the first snow was mealy under feet
A team drawled creaking down Quompegan street;
Two cords of oak weighed down the grinding sled,
And cornstock fodder rustled overhead;
The oxen's muzzles, as they shouldered through,
Were silver-fringed; the driver's own was blue
As the course frock that swung below his knee.
Behind his load for shelter waded he;
His mittened hands now on his chest he beat,
Now stamped the stiffened cowhides on his feet
Hushed as a ghost's; his armpit scarce could hold
The walnut whipstock slippery-bright with cold.
What wonder if, the tavern as he past,
He looked and longed and stayed his beasts at last,
Who patient stood and veiled themselves in steam
While he explored the bar-room's ruddy gleam?

Such a poem as this, is of itself sufficient to lend lustre to a single number of any monthly, even were the rest of its contents of no more than the average magazine order of excellence; but we have in addition a noble and characteristic poem by Emerson, another by Whittier, a third by Stedman, and several specimen pages of a translation into English blank verse of the first book of the Iliad, by Bryant. Among the prose contributions are: the first instalment of Dr. Holmes' new novel, the *Guardian Angel;* a Plea for Culture, by T. W. Higginson; the Strange Friend, a singular story by Bayard Taylor; and a delightful article entitled, the Kingdom of Infancy, so much in the style and vein of Frank Bret Harte, that we should unhesitatingly have attributed it to him but for allusions to certain "Boston-boy experiences" on the part of the writer, and also to continental travel, which it contains. The weakest articles of the number, or more properly speaking—the only ones that are not characterized by striking merit of one kind or another, are the two political ones on impeachment and impartial suffrage, respectively. In this enumeration

we have forgotten to mention what will prove to a great majority of readers, perhaps, the most interesting contribution of all, nnmely, n paper by James Partou on Henry Ward Beecher's Church. Mr. Parton nppears to think that Mr. Beecher has discovered or invented something very like a new style of religion, and one eminently adapted to the American mind; and so high is his appreciation of the Plymouth-Church style of conducting public worship, nnd of "dealing with the souls of modern men," that he suggests that "it would be well for all persons aspiring to the clericnl vocation to begin their preparation by making a pilgrimage to Brooklyn Heights."

AMUSEMENTS.

Maguire's Opera House.—On Saturday last, John McCullough whose careful and artistic impersonation of "Hamlet" excited a desire in the mind of the public to see him in other Shaksperian parts, nttempted *Richard III.* Mr. McCullough's "Hamlet" was, as we have said, good; nnd if it did not display original genius, was unobjectionable. Mr. McCullough's "Richard" was, in the passionnte passages, about as bnd as could be imagined; the quiet passages were read with discretion, and evinced an appreciation of their meaning. The dream scene was horribly bad; a San Francisco audience is too polite to hiss, but the solemn silence (broken only by an ironical "A-a-h" from an individual who pretended to be perfectly overcome with its force) which in gallery, dress-circle and parquette followed, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" was quite ns expressive as any sibilation could have been. Mr. McCullough must unlearn much which he learned under Forrest. In particular, he must make no grimace on the stage which he has not practised many times previously before a looking-glass; and should, until he has made his frontispiece more flexible, refrain from mak- ing faces at all.

The Opera House was crowded on Wednesday night, when Augustin Daly's dramatization of Charles Reade's novel of *Griffith Gaunt* was produced. The plot of this play, entitled *Griffith Gaunt*, or *Jealousy*, is ns follows:

"Griffith Gaunt—" a Cumberland 'Squire, (John McCullough) falls in love with Kate Peyton, (Miss Kate Denin,) the daughter of an impoverished country gentlemnn, "Squire Peyton," (D. C. Anderson.) "Griffiith Gaunt" has been brought up by Mr. Charlton of Bolton Hall, whose property he expects to inherit. Mr. Charlton supposes that "Griffith" will marry "Kate Peyton," and has expressed his determination to leave his property to either him or "Kate;" he says: "It makes no difference to which, as they will enjoy it together." At the opening of the play, "Griffith" and "Kate" have returned from hunting. "Griffith" is jealous of "George Neville," (John Wilson) who is in love with "Kate;" "Kate" loves "Griffith," but will not say "yes," a quarrel takes place, and "Griffith" leaves her determined to forget her in a foreign land. He has scarcely had time to mount his horse before "Tom Leicester," game-keeper at Hernshaw, who is popularly supposed to be his half-brother, enters with a letter addressed to Griffith, from Bolton Hall, which contains the intelligence of Mr. Charlton's death. This he delivers to "Kate," she requests "Mr. Neville," who makes his appearnnce soon after, to gallop after "the gentleman who may be seen riding up the hill," and deliver it to him. He is about to do so, when he happens to discover that it is addressed to his rival "Griffith Gaunt," he then refuses, "Kate" laughs at him for thinking it a love-letter from her, and declares she will take his horse and deliver it herself. "Ned Galton" (E. Melville) "Neville's" chum tells "Griffith" that "Neville's" horse was accepted by "Kate" as a love-token, and that "Kate" has accepted the master as well ns the steed. "Griffith Gaunt" seeks "Neville," and on his indirectly confirming the false story, brands him as a liar. A duel ensues in which "Griffith" is slightly wounded. When the will is read at Bolton Hall, it is found that the property is left to "Kate." "Griffith" resigns his pretensions to her hand on her father taunting him with the loss of the estate. "Kate" overhears the conversation, comes forward, and by clever management, overcomes "Griffith's" scruples; he proposes, is accepted, and the two become one. "Caroline Ryder" (Mrs. Jackson), "Kate's" lady's-maid, is in love with "Griffith," and determining to be revenged on "Kate," becomes a female "Iago." "Kate" is of a devotionnl turn, and spends much of her time with her priest, "Brother Leonard." (E. N. Thayer). "Caroline Ryder" makes "Griffith" jealous of the priest by slanderous insinuations, and finally brings the priest and "Kate" together, leads "Griffith" to the spot and causes him in a fit of jealous rage, to hurl the priest to the ground, trample on him and rush off, leaving his wife as he declares "forever." After a lapse of three months, we find "Griffith" ill in bed, in the Packhorse Inn, Lancashire, kept by "Old Vint," (George Purdey), and "Dame Vint," (Mrs. Judah). "Griffith" is tenderly nursed during his sickness, by their daughter, "Mercy Vint," (Miss Julia Corcoran), who has n rustic lover, "Paul Carrick," (W. Barry), n cow doctor. "Griffith" has learned to love "Mercy" during his illness, and on his recovery asks her to become his wife. He has assumed the name of "Tom Leicester" since his arrival in Lancashire. After the marriage has taken place, the real "Tom Leicester," who is searching for "Griffith," meets "Mercy Vint" at a fair to which she has come with her mother immedintely after the conclusion of the ceremony. "Tom Leicester" discovers that his late master has borrowed his name and married again, and giving "Mercy's" lover, "Paul Carrick," a token from "Kate" to present to "Griffith," goes home. This token—the bullet he received in the duel—is given to "Griffith" by "Mercy," and leads to the discovery of the truth. "Griffith," fearing prosecution for bigamy, hastens to his first wife for the purpose of procuring his £2,000. "Kate" gives him proof of her innocence, which he goes into his chamber to read. While he is becoming convinced of her innocence, "Kate" is made aware of his doings in Lancashire by "Caroline Ryder," who has wheedled the truth out of "Tom Leicester." "Kate" swears vengeance; goes out with "Tom Leicester," who being drunk, falls into the river and is drowned. "Griffith" leaving the house shortly afterward, seeing this accident happen, calls, "murder!" "help!" The body is, after the lapse of many days, found in an unrecognizable condition, and supposed to be that of "Griffith Gaunt," he having gone away into concealment. Kate is arrested and tried for murder. "Caroline Ryder" gives evidence against her, and is cross-examined by "Kate." "Mercy Vint" appears in court with a letter from "Griffith" received two days before, but this letter is not admitted as sufficient proof of his being alive, "Mercy" being unable to swear to the handwriting. At the last, when "Kate" has given up all hope and the case is about to close, "Griffith" rushes into court, "Kate" is acquitted; nothing is said about his bigamy, they kiss and are friends, and the curtain falls.

Griffith Gaunt is a very good dramatization of the novel. Augustin Daly, instead of sticking slavishly to the story told by the novelist, has taken just so much as was suitable to his purpose as a dramatist. There is no unnecessary "talk" in this play, nnd the scenes follow one another in natural order. It was produced nt the Opera House with a strong cast. John McCullough played "Griffith Gaunt" very well indeed, and carefully refrained from over-doing the emotional parts. Miss Kate Denin's impersonation of "Kate Peyton" was well sustained throughout, and in the trial scene she was rewarded with much applause. Mrs. Harry Jackson "brought down the house" again and again by the admirable manner in which she brought out the fine points in the character of "Caroline Ryder." When seized by the throat by "Tom Leicester," who threatens to murder her for worming his secrets out of him, the manner in which she disarms his resentment by smiling in his face, was excellent. Harry Edwards made the most of the part of "Tom Leicester," and caused roars of laughter. Miss Julia Corcoran played "Mercy Vint" very prettily, nnd quite gained the sympathies of the audience for that wronged young woman. Harry Jackson caused much laughter by his make up and acting in the *role* of the "Attorney General," but made the character too low comedy to satisfy the more judicious of the audience. The fair scene was well managed, and the brush of Andrew Torning added much to its success. *Griffith Gaunt* is announced till further notice. It deserves to have a long run, being one of the most attractive pieces ever produced in this city.

The season at the Opera House, under the management of Charles Tibbetts, has opened most auspiciously.

The Manager *pro tem.* having had long experience in the business, will, udoubtedly, cater to the amusement of the public in a manner that will cause the absence of the great "Head Centre" of theatricals on the Pacific coast to be little felt.

On Monday, Miss Kate Denin, who has, during her stay here, achieved an enviable degree of notoriety, will take a farewell benefit, previous to her departure for the East.

Metropolitan Theatre.—The houses at the Metropolitan theatre have been pretty good during the week, and the performance has been ditto. The ballet of the *Vivandiere* is one of the best which has been produced. Tomorrow, the Blaisdell Bell Ringers will give a sacred concert, in which we presume the tune played will be "Hark! the Merry Christ-Church Bells!" On Monday, we understand, the *Sheep's Foot*, in which Willie Edouin, who has, we are glad to state, recovered from his recent indisposition, will make his re-appearance, will be produced. As we have received no bill, we can give no further particulars.

Dramatic Readings.—On Tuesday evening Mrs. H. L. Weaver will give a literary entertainment at Maguire's Academy of Music. The Stockton *Independent* speaking of this lady, says:—

"Entirely free from the airy pretension and straining, after effect which characterize the style of many of our professional public readers, she reads with that graceful ease, fine intonation, and clear and distinct expression, which is indispensable to reading of a high order of merit."

The price of admission has been set at fifty cents.

Woodward's Garden.—This beautiful suburban resort is now fresh and beautiful in its growing shrubbery and verdure The shell walks are dry nnd hard, and the grounds are in a most beautiful condition.

Sacred Concert.—To-morrow evening, Mrs. Laura Cuppy having gone to Sacramento to deliver one of her charming lectures, and thus left the Opera House unoccupied, a sacred concert will be given, in which Signorina Brambilla, M. and Mme. Heine, and Signor Mancusi will appear

Sherman's March Through Georgia.—This fine painting on exhibition at Snow & Roos's Art-Gallery, 219 Montgomery street, has been heartily admired by the thousands who have visited it. It will remain on exhibition but a short time longer. The admission fee, 25 cents, is so reasonable that everyone should see Sherman's March, pictorially represented.

Original Wit.

There is such a rich hank of wit on which people of the present day may draw if they present checks representing a power of memory and the faculty of passing this small change of genius in such a manner that it will be received that few people need work in the mint of wit. Tkere are so many of these thieves of fun abroad, thieves who clean, repair, alter and re-fit the witty sayings of men of genius and pass them off as origiual, that even a fool may in course of time eventually acquire sufficient skill to enable him to rob the thieves, and will in course of time he accounted a wit. There is no scuse of shame in these predaceous fools. Until Time shall he no more there shall be found a fool, who, on seeing a man smoking a pipe will not blush to nsk: "Is that a meerschaum, or a mere sham?" The battle of Armageddon will he fought before one of these indefinite articles will fear to exclaim when lighting the lamp: "This will throw some light on the subject." There are people who "write for the papers" who are not nshamed to appropriate weak, worn out "jokes," made hy their confreres in iniquity and reproduce them. Whenever the Lion's mouth snaps at one of these small deer, it having been guilty of some sad absurdity, an illusion is made to "the ass in the lion's skin. "Bottom with the head of an ass," "the ears of the ass visible," or some other eqnally crushing phrase is used as applicable to the "Lion's Mouth." This is glorious fun, and we trust that it is appreciated as it deserves to he by the public.

Asphaltum Pavement.—The unsightly wooden planks which have so long disgraced the sidewalks of our city are fast giving way to handsome pavements of asphaltum. The asphaltum pavement laid down in so many parts of the city, hy the Pacific Asphaltum Company uuder the supervision of Mr. M. E. Fitz-Gibbons, has proved far cheaper than the wooden planking which used to be so much used. Property holders who study their comfort and their pockets, will choose asphaltum instead of wood and thus add much to the appearance of the city. The Pacific Conpany are at present employing an immense force of men, and it is to he hoped that it will not he long before the sidewalks in every portion of the city are paved with their asphaltum pavement. *

California Products.—California is now sufficiently old a State to manufacture nearly all the articles it needs for home consumption. In spite of Teetotal organizations, Californians generally maintains that good whisky is a good thing, a thing to he desired, a thing to make a man merry without making him sick. Messrs. Hunter, Wand & Co., 609 Front street, are at present manufacturing an article of wheat whisky which is to the Pacific Coast what Cutter's Bourbon is to Kentucky, and destined finally to drive out of this market all the evil spirits which are imported from the Eastern States. *

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—15.

"Medicine Chests always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended, however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

A good thing for a cold or stormy day—when the winds fairly howl and the rain pours down in torrents, or it is only an ordinary day of "bad weather," then is the time for all who are aching with pain or "feel bad" on general principles, to take one of "Dr. Bourne's Baths,' and presto, they find that a glorious change has come over them, worth ten times the cost of money and time. Try it and prove it. The worse the day the better the bath. No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.

"Whilst upon the subject of warm baths, permit me to add that a vast amount of sickness is endured, and, of course, many deaths caused, by more attention not being paid to it. The intimate relation between our outward covering and all of the internal organs, the "cutaneo-hepatic sympathy," as physicians term that existing between the skin and liver, prove the imperative necessity of keeping this external covering in the best of order. Now, because it has always been fashionable as well as health-invigorating to visit mineral springs during the summer, invalids put off going to these Siloam thermal pools until that period; whereas, winter is the time in which such bathing is beneficial. The allopathic, or pill dragging disciples of Esculapius, in San Francisco, often advised me not to take a hot bath during cold, cloudy and stormy weather, lest I should take, or increase, a catarrh: but in this, I think the great steam man, Dr. Bourne, is in the right, since he advises people feeling out of sorts during such season, that then, above all others, is the time to take a hot bath."—*Correspondent of the Daily Alta California.*

Cures Guaranteed to the Sick, in almost all cases—even after the medicine doctors have poisoned them with drugs, to the last point of safety in not taking life—by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, who can make the guarantee, because he neither employs drugs, nor the cajolery of mesmerism, but proceeds upon the basis of square, solid, natural common sense and science. *

The Sick are Quickly Cured, without medicines, bleeding, blistering, or plastering, by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, who also guarantees cures in almost all cases, for a stipulated fee. *

Fresh Maccaroni.—Complaints are daily made by families, and boarders at hotels and restaurants, of soups made from maccaroni and vermicelli that has grown stale and wormy, being kept too long on hand by retailers; some of which has been in the market since 1849. There may be some who are not aware that there is in our city a large establishment for the manufacture of all kinds of maccaroni, vermicelli and all the principal Italian preparations for soups, made from fresh farina, and sold at cheaper rates than the imported article. Encourage home manufacture, and leave your orders at the Italian manufactory. No 706 Sansome street, between Jackson and Pacific. *

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XI.—THE AMERICAN LETTERS.

STEWART ROUTH was as hard a man as could readily be found, but his hardness was not proof against his meeting with George Dallas, and he showed Harriet how great a trial it was to him, and how much he feared his own constancy, when he told her he thought she had better not be present at their meeting. The curse of an unholy alliance had fallen upon these two, and was now beginning to make itself felt. Each was desirous to conceal from the other the devices to which they were compelled to resort, in order to keep up the false appearances to which they were condemned; in all their life there was no time in which they were free from restraint, except in solitude. But, though the effect was in each case the same, the origin was widely different. Harriet suffered for her husband's sake; he, entirely for his own. He had calculated that if anything in his appearance, voice, and manner, should escape his control, George would be certain to impute it to the natural feelings of horror and regret with which he would have received the intelligence conveyed to him by Harriet, of George's discovery of the identity of the murdered man.

"You had better remain up stairs until I call you," Routh had said to Harriet, "when Dallas comes to dinner. It will be easier for you," he added. Harriet was sitting listlessly by her dressing-table while he spoke, and he stood behind her chair, and looked gloomily at the reflection of her face in the glass.

She smiled faintly. "Thank you, Stewart," she said; "it will be easier." Then, after a brief pause, "Would you very much mind my not going down to dinner at all?"

So far from minding it, Routh instantly felt that her absence would be a great relief. It would enable him to sound George thoroughly, to scheme upon whatever discoveries he should make concerning his future plans; and then, Harriet had done all the hard work, had prepared the way for him, had got over the difficulty and the danger. A little unpleasantness, some disagreeable emotion, must indeed be encountered, that was inevitable, but everything might go off well, and if so, Harriet's restraining presence, Harriet's face, with its constant reminder in it, would be much better out of sight.

"Not at all," he answered. "Stay-up-stairs if you like. I'll tell Dallas you are a little knocked up, but will be all right in the morning."

"He will not be surprised, I dare say," she replied, "though it was not my way to be knocked up, formerly."

"Nor to be always harping on one string, either; and I can't say there's a change for the better," said Routh, roughly. Once or twice of late the innate ruffianism of the man had come out toward her, from whom it had once been so scrupulously concealed. But she did not heed it; not a quiver crossed the drooping rigid face, at which Routh once more glanced covertly before he left the room. It would have been impossible to tell whether she had even heard him.

Routh went down to the well-appointed dining-room, so different to the scene of the dinners of which George had formerly partaken, in the character of his guest. Wherever Harriet was, neatness and propriety never were absent, but there was something more than neatness and propriety in Routh's house now. Nevertheless, the look which the master of the house cast upon the well-laid, well-lighted table, with its perfect, unobtrusive, unpretentious appointments, was full of gloom. He wished he had not come down so soon; the inevitable meeting assumed a more portentous aspect with every minute that it was delayed: he wished he had not told Harriet to remain in her room. The fact was, Routh was staggered by the first failure of his plans. Everything had gone so right with him; his calculations had been fulfilled so exactly, so unfailingly, until now, and this unexpected accident had befallen through a blunder of his own. True, Harriet had met it with amazing tact, and had so treated it, that if only it could be further dexterously managed, it might be turned to ultimate advantage, and an incalculable strengthening of his position. Let him keep his thoughts to that view of the question, and keep his nerves still. Were they going to play him false now, his nerves, which had never failed him before? So Mr. Stewart Routh passed a very unpleasant quarter of an hour before his expected guest arrived. He had just had recourse, as much in weakness as in nervousness, to a flask of brandy which stood on the sideboard, and had drank off half a glassful, when a knock at the door was quickly answered by the grave and correct man-servant, who formed an important and eminently respectable feature of the improved household of the Rouths, and the well-known quick tread of Dallas crossed the hall.

"Well, Routh, old fellow!"

"George, my boy; delighted to see you!"—and the meeting was over; and Routh, looking into the young man's face, saw that not a trace of suspicion rested upon it, and that the material before him was as plastic as ever.

"Harriet is not very well this evening," said Routh, "and begs you will excuse her if she does not make her appearance. I undertook to make it all right, and indeed I am rather glad we should be alone just at first. I have so much to say and to hear, and Harriet has had a long talk with you already."

"Yes," said George, and his smile was at once overcast, and his face darkened into gloom, "I had a long talk with her. Of course, Routh, she told you the dreadful discovery I have made, and the curious way in which I am implicated in this ghastly affair."

"She told me all about it, my dear fellow," returned Routh.

"But here comes dinner, and we must postpone discussion until afterward. I can only say now that I think Harriet's view of the matter perfectly correct, and her advice the soundest possible; it generally is, you know of old." And then Routh made a slight signal suggestive of caution to his guest, and the two men stood by the fireplace and talked of trifles while the irreproachable man-servant set the dishes upon the table, assisted by a neat parlor-maid.

While far more serious thoughts were busy in George's mind, over the surface of it was passing observation of the changed order of things, and an amused perception of the alteration in Routh himself. It was as he had said in his letter—he had assumed the responsibility, the pose, the prosperity of the genuine ploddiug "City man;" and he looked the part to absolute perfection. "And yet," George thought, "he knew that one who was with us two the last time we met has met with a violent death; he knows that I am in a position as painful and perilous as it is extraordinary, and that he is indirectly mixed up with the dreadful event, and he is as cool and unconcerned as possible. I suppose it is constitutional, this callousness; but I'm not sure it is very enviable. However one thing is certain—it makes him the very best adviser one can possibly have under such circumstances. He won't be carried away by the horror of the circumstances, anyhow."

The dinner proceeded, and George yielded rapidly to the influences which had been so powerful, and which he had been so determined to resist, when out of Routh's presence and under the sway of his penitence and his determination to reform. The conversation of Routh asserted all its old charm; the man's consummate knowledge of the world, his varied experience, the perfect refinement and tact which he could display at will, the apparent putting off of old things, the tone of utter respectability which enabled George's newly shapened conscience to consent to the fascination as really as his predilection, had more than ever an irresistible attraction for the young man. During dinner, which, in the altered state of affairs, involved the presence of the servant, Routh kept the conversation almost entirely to Dallas' own doings, plans, and prospects. He knew Amsterdam well, and talked of Dutch art and the history of the Low Countries, with much skill and fluency. Without an allusion which could supply material for the curiosity and the gossip of the servants, he made George understand that the Bohemian element had been completely banished from his life and its associations; he sketched a plan of London life for George, moderately prosperous, quite practical, and entirely inoffensive. He made him, in short, as ready to congratulate himself on the resumption of their intimacy in the present phase of his moral being, as he had been to rejoice in its formation under former conditions.

Routh's spirits rose with his senses. He felt a depraved pride in the devilish skill he possessed in his grand faculty of deception. He excelled in it, he revelled in its exercise, and he had not enjoyed it, in this orthodox way, of late. He had been making money, it is true, and doing some real work as well as a good deal of swindling in the process, but he had had only the opportunity of using a certain set of his faculties. His persuasive eloquence, his personal influence, his skillful and expansive but shrewd falsehood, had lain dormant for some time. As a singer who has lost his voice for a time suddenly finds the liquid notes filling the air with all their accustomed power and sweetness, and exults in the recovered faculty, so Stewart Routh marked the pleasure, the enthusiasm, almost enabling George to forget the coming painful topic of discussion from which only a few minutes divided them, as he listened to the voice of the charmer, who had never before charmed him so wisely nor so well.

At length the wine was set upon the table, and then they were alone; and by this time, so complete did Routh feel his resumption of power over George Dallas, that it was with indifference only very little feigned that he said:

"And now, George, let us go into this sad business about poor Deane. It has quite floored Harriet, as I dare say you guessed."

"And so you give me the same counsel as Harriet has given me," said George, when he had to tell his story all over again, and had worked himself up to a new fit of excitement over the horror of the murder, and the dreadful idea of ignorance of the deed in which the dead man's relatives still remained.

"I do, indeed, George," said Routh, solemnly; "in taking any other course, you will expose yourself to certain difficulty, and, indeed, to imminently probable danger. While you have been telling me all this, I have been thinking how fortunate it was that I was away at the time, and so down upon luck, that I never knew or thought about my public affairs, and so did not hear of the murder except in the vaguest way. In the peculiar lustre of our London civilization, you know, George, somebody found dead in the river is so frequent a mote, that nobody thinks about it."

"Not in a general way," said George; "but they made so much of this, and were so confident that it was a political affair. I cannot understand how any of us escaped hearing of it."

"Yes," acquiesced Routh, "it is very extraordinary, but such things do happen. And rather fortunate, it seems, that they do, for if I had dropped in on the inquest, it would have been very awkward for you."

"Why?" said George; "after all, the truth must have come out, and all this misery about my mother would have been avoided."

An evil look from Routh's eye lighted for a moment on the young man's unconscious face, then glanced away as he said:

"You forget that all I could have said must have strongly favored the notion that the man who wore the coat which the waiter swore to, and was last seen with Deane, was the last person who ever saw him alive. If I had had time to think, of course I shouldn't have said a word about it; but if I had been hurried into speaking, that is what I must have said. Come, George, you are much too sensitive about this matter. Of course, I'm sorry for Deane, but I care a great deal more for you, and I decline to look at any part of this matter except such as concerns you. As to his relatives, as that part of the business appears to distress you most keenly, I must set your mind at rest by informing you that he had not a near relation in the world."

"Indeed," said George. "How do you know?"

"He told me so," said Routh. "You will say, perhaps, that is not very trustworthy evidence, but I think we may take it in this particular instance for more than its general worth. He was the coldest, hardest, most selfish fellow I ever knew in the whole course of my experience, which had included a good deal of scoundreldom, and he seemed so thoroughly to appreciate the advantages of such isolation, that I believe it really did exist."

"He was certainly a mystery in every way," said George. "Where did he live? We never knew him—at least I never did—except loafing about at taverns, and places of the kind."

"I don't know where he lived," said Routh; "he never gave me an address, or rendezvous, except at some City eating-house, or West-end billiard-room."

"How very extraordinary that no one recognised the description. It was in every way remarkable, and the fur-lined coat must have been known to some one. If I had seen any mention of the murder, I should have remembered that coat in a moment."

"Would you," said Routh. "Well, it would have thrown me off the scent, for I never happened to see it. An American coat, no doubt. However, I have a theory, which I think you will agree with, and which is this: I suspect he had been living somewhere in another name—he told me he wasn't always known by that of Deane—under not very creditable circumstances, and as he must have had some property, which, had he been identified, must have been delivered up to the authorities, those in the secret have very wisely held their tongues."

"You think there was a woman in the case?"

Routh smiled a superior smile.

"Of course I think so; and knowing as much, or as little of the man, as you and I know, we are not likely to blame her much for consulting her own interests exclusively. This seems a curious case to us, because we happen to know about it: but just think, in this enormous city, in this highly criminal age, how common such things may be. How many persons may not have dropped out of existence since you and I last met, utterly unknown and uncared for, amid the mass of human beings here? It is no such rare thing, George, believe me, and you must listen to reason in this matter, and run absurd risks to do an imaginary piece of justice."

This was Harriet's counsel merely put in colder, more worldly words. Routh watched his listener keenly as he gave it, and saw that his point was gained. He would have been glad now to have turned the conversation into some other channel; and did partially succeed in directing it to Dallas' literary prospects and intentions, but only for a time. George pertinaciously came back to the murder, to his mother's state, to his apprehensions that she might never recover, and to his altered feelings toward Mr. Carruthers.

Routh made very effective use of the latter topic. He enlarged upon the pride and sensitiveness of Mr. Carruthers; adverted to the pleasure with which, in case of her recovery, his mother would hail the better state of things for which Mr. Carruthers' letter to his step-son, combined with George's adoption of a new and steady career, would afford an opening; and congratulated George upon having been saved from

taking any step which, by bringing public notice upon himself in so terrible a matter, must have incensed the proud man, and irritated him against him incalculably.

George was amenable to this line of reasoning, and with only occasional divergence from the main topic of their discourse, the evening passed away, and the two men parted for the night, it having been agreed that Harriet should be taken into consultation in the morning, and a well-considered letter written to Mr. Carruthers.

George Dallas was in the dining-room on the following morning before Routh and Harriet came in, and he found a letter directed to himself, in a hand with which he was unacquainted, on the breakfast-table. He broke the seal with some alarm and much curiosity. A slip of paper folded round two thin limp letters, formed the enclosure; it bore only the words: "My dear boy, I forgot to give you these letters. You had better read them. I think they are from your uncle. E. B."

George sat down by the window, through which the soft air of a morning, bright and beutiful even in London, came refreshingly in. He looked at the postmarks of the two letters, and broke the seal of that which bore the earliest date, first. As he read the letter, which was long, and closely written, an occasional exclamation escaped him, and when he had finished its perusal, he threw it hastily down, and impatiently tore open the other. This one on the contrary, was brief; he had read the few lines it contianed in a few minutes, with a face expressive of the utmost astonishment, when Harriet, whose noiseless step had escaped his hearing, entered the room.

Without pausing to exchange the customary greeting, she came quickly toward him, and asked him "What was the matter? Had he any bad news?"

"Not bad news, but most astonishing, most unexpected news, Mrs. Routh. These letters have been sent to me from Poynings; they are written to my mother by my uncle, her only brother, and they announce his immediate arrival in England. How fortunate that Ellen should send them to me. But I don't know what to do about sending the news to my mother. She ought to know it. What can I do?"

"Communicate with Mr. Carruthers at once, George," said Harriet, in a tone of quiet decision with which she was accustomed to settle matters submitted to her judgment. "He is with her, and knows what she can bear. Sit down now and have some breakfast, and tell me about this uncle of yours. I never heard you mention him."

She took her place at the head of the table. She was dressed, as he had been accustomed to see her, with neatness and taste; there was no change in her appearance in that respect, yet there was a change—a change which had struck George painfully yesterday, and which, in the midst of all agitation of to-day, he could not keep from noticing.

"Are you well, Mrs. Routh?" he asked her, anxiously. "Are you sure you are well? I don't like your looks."

"Never mind my looks, George," Harriet said, cheerfully; "I am very well. Get on with your breakfast and your story. Routh will be here presently, and I want to know all about it before he comes. He gets impatient at my feminine curiosity, you know."

The smile with which she spoke was but the ghost of her former smile, and George still looked at her strangely, but he obeyed her, and proceeded with his breakfast and his story.

"I don't know much about my mother's family," he said, "because they did not like her marriage with my father, and she kept aloof from them, and her parents were dead before she had the opportunity of appeasing them by making the fine match they would have cousidered her marriage with Mr. Carruthers to be. I know that some of their relatives were settled in America, some at New York, some in South Carolina, and my mother's brother, Mark Felton—queer name, puritanical and fanatical, with a touch of the association of assassination about it—was sent out to New York when quite a child. I forgot to tell you that it was my mother's stepfather and her mother who objected to her first marriage—her own father died when she was an infant—and on her mother's second marriage with a Mr. Creswick—a poor, proud, dissipated fellow, I fancy, though I never heard much about him—the American branch of the family sent for the boy. My mother has told me they would have taken her too, and her step-father would not have made the least objection—we have not been lucky in step-fathers, Mrs. Routh—but her mother would not stand it; and so she kept her child. Not for many years, for she married my father when she was only seventeen. Her brother was just twenty then, and had been taken into the rich American firm of his relatives, and was a prosperous man. She knew very little of him, of course. I believe he took the same view of her marriage as her mother had taken; at all events, the first direct communication between them took place when my mother was left a handsome, poor, young widow, with one boy, who did not make much delay about proving himself the graceless and ungrateful son you know him to have been."

George's voice faltered, and an expression of pain crossed his face. Harriet looked at him kindly, and laid her soft white hand on his.

"That is all over, you know," she said. "You will not err in that way again."

"But the consequences, Mrs. Routh, the consequences. Think of my mother *now!* However," and he drew a long breath, and threw his shoulders back, like a man who tries to shift a burden, "I must go on with my story. There's not much more to tell, however. My mother might have had a home for herself and me in her brother's house, but she could not bear dependence, and has told me often that she regarded unknown relatives as the most formidable kind of strangers. Her brother's wife made him resent my mother's determination to remain in England, and do the best she could for us both on our small means. Of course, all this was an old story long before I knew anything about it, and I fancy that it is only lately any correspondence has taken place between my mother and her brother. From this letter" (he touched the first he had read) "I can divine the nature of that correspondence. My mother," said George, sadly, "has appealed to her brother on behalf of her prodigal son, and her brother has told her his sorrows in return; they have been heavy, and in one respect not unlike her own. He, too, has an only son, and seems to find little happiness in the fact."

"Did you not know of your cousin's existence until now?" asked Harriet.

"Oh yes, I knew of it, in a kind of way; in fact, I just knew he existed, and no more. I don't think my mother knew more. I fancy in some previous letter he told her of his wife's death and the general unsatisfactoriness of Arthur."

"He—your uncle, I mean—is then a widower?"

"Yes," replied George. "I won't bother you with the whole of this long letter, Mrs. Routh; the gist of it is this: My cousin, Arthur Felton, is not a good son, nor a good anything I fancy, for I find my uncle congratulating my mother upon my affection for her, my good feeling, in spite of all—(bless the poor man! he little knew how his words would wound, and how ill deserved is the extenuation!)—and prophesying all manner of good things about me. It appears this hopeful son of his has been in Europe for some months, and probably in London for some months too, as my uncle says—stay, here is the passage: 'Arthur has with him a letter of introduction to you and Mr. Carruthers, some trifles from this side of the world which I thought you might like, and my instructions to make his cousin's acquaintance as soon as possible. You speak of George as living habitually in London; I hope by this time they have met, are good friends, and are, perhaps, chumming together. I have not heard from Arthur for some time. He is a careless correspondent, and not at any time so regardful of the feelings of other people as he might be. I dare say the first intelligeuce I shall have of him from England, as he cannot possibly want money'—that looks bad, Mrs. Routh," said George, breaking off abruptly, and looking up at her; "that looks bad—'as he cannot possibly want money, will be from you. I know you will receive him kindly, and I earnestly hope he may make a favorable impression on Mr. Carruthers.'" Here George left off reading the letter, and looked blankly at Harriet.

"And he has never presented himself at Poynings, has he?" she asked.

"Never, that I know of; and of course Ellen Brookes would have told me, if he had. Besides, you see this letter was late for the mail, and arrived with this other one. My mother never saw either, and they have been lying more than six weeks at Poynings."

"No doubt your cousin is still in Paris. All Americans delight in Paris. He would be in no hurry to leave Paris, depend on it, if he had no more interesting acquaintance than that of an aunt and a cousin to make in London, and as much time before him as he chose."

"I should think with you, Mrs. Routh, only that this letter written at New York on the third of April, says my uncle had heard from Arthur, who had merely written him a line from London, saying: 'Here I am. Particulars by next mail.' The mail brought no particulars, and my uncle writes to my mother, subsequently to this long letter, which is cheerful enough, you'll observe, that he is a prey to a presentiment that something is wrong with Arthur, also that he has conceived the strongest wish to come to England and see her, and especially to see me—that he has sufficient money and leisure to gratify the inclination—that he will wait for the chance of further intelligence of Arthur, and to arrange certain business matters, a month longer, and then come to England. He seems to have formed a remarkably elementary notion of my respected stepfather's manners, customs, and general disposition, for he proposes to present himself at Poynings immediately on his arrival, and never appears to entertain the least misgiving as to the cordiality of his reception. He must have been astonished at getting no answer to either letter, and I should think must have had his presentiments considerably sharpened and strengthened by the fact."

Here George referred to the date of the later of the two letters, and exclaimed:

"By Jove! I should not be surprised if he were at Poynings now!"

At this moment Routh entered the room, and, in his turn, had the new aspect of affairs explained to him, but at no great length. He displayed very little interest in the matter, thought it very probable that Mr. Felton might have arrived in England, or even at Poynings, but did not see what George could do in that case.

"You can't go and entertain another man at a house where you haven't the entrée yourself," he said. "I suppose the old woman will let you know if he really comes to Poynings. In the meantime, send the letters on to Mr. Carruthers. You expect to get his address from some girl or other—his niece. I think I understood Harriet—and ask what is to be done, It's rather a lucky turn up, Dallas, I take it, and will help your good-boy intentions toward your stepfather wonderfully, to have a rich uncle to act as a connecting link between you. By-the-by, he's sure to set you up in life, George, and period ical literature will be robbed of a shining luminary."

George did not altogether like the tone in which all this was said. It was a little sneering, and altogether careless. Nothing was so difficult to Routh, as it is always is to men of his class, as the sustained assumption of interest in any affairs but their own; and now that his anxieties of the previous day were relieved, and he had no immediate object in which Dallas was concerned, to gain, he was impatient of any interruption of his immediate pursuits, and harsh and rough with him. He sat down and ate his breakfast hastily, while he read a heap of letters which lay beside his plate.

"I don't know, indeed," George had replied good humoredly to the speech which had jarred upon him; "but you are busy, Routh, and I won't trouble you with my business just now. Mrs. Routh and I will discuss the letter to Mr. Carruthers."

"A telegram for Mr. Dallas," said the irreproachable servant, who entered the room while George was speaking. "Please to sign this, sir."

Routh looked up from his letters, Harriet set down the teapot, and quietly taking up the slip of paper which the man had laid upon the table by George's elbow, signed it with his name, writing it with a pencil which hung at her waist. The servant left the room, and George said:

"I was not wrong. This is from my uncle, and it comes from Amherst. He says: 'Meet me at Morley's Hotel this evening at six.'"

"Very odd," said Routh. "Well, George, I am sure I wish you all manner of luck with your American uncle."

He had taken up his hat and gloves as he spoke, and now rang for the servant, whom he directed to call a hansom. The man went to the door, and transferred the commission to a street-boy lingering about there, who ran off and returned in two minutes with the required vehicle. George and Routh were standing on the steps as the boy re-appeared, talking. They shook hands, and Routh was stepping into the cab, when George followed him, and said, in a whisper:

"Was it not extraordinary the boy did not recognise poor Deane?"

"What boy?" said Routh, in astonishment, and stepping back on to the flagway.

"Why, that boy; the boy you always employ. He brought you my message the other day. Don't you remember it was he who brought your note to poor Deane that day at the tavern?"

"I did not remember; I did not particularly notice," said Routh. "Good-bye." And he jumped into the cab, and was driven away.

George went back into the house, eyed curiously by Jim Swain, who touched his cap as he passed.

[To be continued.]

Russian Railway Traveling.—Russian railway carriages are little houses on wheels. In the first, and partly also in the second class, their interior may be described as a saloon with all the necessaries, and some of the elegancies, of such an apartment. It is furnished with looking-glasses, heated by porcelain stoves, and lit by lamps and candles. Along the sides soft divans are arranged; the middle is occupied by a mahogany table, and double windows, with red curtains, exclude not only the rude touch of the Russian air, but also the aspect of the winterly sky. The company sits or lounges about, chatting, reading, or playing cards, chess and dominoes. The day passes pleasantly enough, and as night comes, the passengers betake themselves to rest almost as comfortably as at home. By a simple process the divans are made into beds, and supplied with pillows by the officious guard. In the first class the carriages are also provided with second stories, so to say, reached by an elegant staircase, and fitted with complete beds; in the second, if there are too many passengers to be accommodated on the divans, part of them are lodged in berths which take the place of the rack provided in England for hats and caps. At length every one is snugly enscoused, the ordinary good wishes are exchanged, and it is night in the car. The guard and the driver only keep awake. During the twenty-four hours a passenger is whirled along between St. Petersburg and Moscow, the train stops twenty times at least. The stations are elegant buildings, painted red, with broad white facings round the windows and along the eaves. Without, the very picture of cleanliness, they are well-stocked receptacles of the good things of this world within.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1867.

A HIGHER CULTURE.

THE January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains an article entitled, "A Plea for Culture," in which the deficiencies of our American culture and its means and instruments, as compared with that of the old world, are frankly acknowledged. The writer takes high ground in the advocacy of a system of education for which we fear that this nation is not yet prepared. For many years to come, none but a purely utilitarian system, and one having direct and immediate reference to practical ends, can hope to obtain popular support. Until this generation at least, shall have passed away, the prevailing view in the United States, of the paramount object of education, will continue to be what it now is, namely, that it is to fit its recipients for business, or in a more general sense, to qualify them for achieving "success in life." The communities in which any higher view than this is entertained, are at present very few in our country, and will not probably increase very largely during the next half century. Even among those who pass with us for "educated men," the number who value culture for its own sake, independent of the direct practical uses to which it can be rendered subservient, is pitiably small. The acquirements that do not serve to advance a man in business or politics, or to state the case baldly, that cannot be employed as money-making powers in some direction, are very generally despised, or at least regarded with mild indifference. This is natural enough, in the present stage of our civilization, and it is no legitimate subject of complaint. We therefore regard the *Atlantic's* "Plea for Culture," as both premature and futile. A higher culture is sure to come in due time, and in the meanwhile it cannot be forced by any hot-house process. The great universities and libraries, and museums, and art-galleries of Europe, are the growth of many centuries, whereas we have not yet completed our first. As yet, we scarcely have an "American literature," much as we have been given to magnifying our half-dozen standard writers. Aside from the works of Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Thoreau, what literature can we boast that is distinctively and characteristically "American?" What that is not a mere echo of European modes of thought? But already we fancy that we can see the dawning of a better era, in such poems as Whittier's *Snow Bound*, and Lowell's *Fitz Adam's Story*. These are purely American in subject and treatment. They have the flavor of the soil, and could have been written nowhere in the world outside of New England. The same can scarcely be said of Longfellow's *Evangeline* or *Hiawatha*, great as is the poetic beauty of those fine poems. As to American art, its only really great achievements are to be found in the works of two painters, and the same number of sculptors. Our standard of "Scholarship" is below that which prevails in any other civilized country; but it is steadily and rapidly being elevated, and there is no reason to doubt that by the middle of the next century, we shall possess a literature and a culture as brilliant and splendid as that of any European nation at the present day, or as that of Greece in her golden age. Meantime we must be patient.

NEW YORK is probably at present the worst-governed city in the United States. The annual report of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners of New York shows that it is next to impossible in that city to procure the conviction of a certain class of offenders, owing to the "humane feeling" of the Judges and District Attorney. The New York papers of the better class, declare that the courts of the metropolis offer the most admirable materials for the satirist. The indisputable fact is, that in New York a very low and vulgar class of politicians have for several years past been in the ascendancy, and that the various departments of the city government have been filled by persons of the most disreputable character. Only a few weeks since, Judge McCunn, of the Superior Court, refused to allow a plaintiff in a gambling case to amend his complaint, inasmuch as the "ends of justice would not be promoted by helping a man to get back money fairly staked and lost." The learned McCunn, in delivering his opinion, said: "The gentlemanly system embodied in the common law, allows no action for money lost or won in gambling." Of course it is "ungentlemanly" to interfere between gamblers and their victims: and New York Judges seem to be "gentlemanly" enough (if McCunn is a fair specimen) to resent any attempt to appeal to the law on the part of those who have suffered from the artifices of swindlers.

THE "GAY SCIENCE."

SUCH is the rather mystifying title of a new work, by Mr. E. S. Dallas, recently published by Chapman & Hall of New York, in which the possibility of reducing criticism to a science governed by definite rules and principles is discussed at length. The question as to whether there is any such thing as a fixed and definite standard of taste by which the relative excellence of literary productions can be guaged, is an old one, and certainly an interesting and important one. If there are no principles applicable to works of art and literature, all our judgments of them must be capricious, whimsical, and arbitrary. One man's opinion is just as good as another's, and the maxim, *de gustibus non disputandum* is as applicable to a poem or a picture as to a salad or a salmi; Miss Smith's verdict in regard to the last popular novel, "It is *so* interesting," is entitled to precisely as much respect as McGrowler's elabrate review in which he demonstrates with a vast show of ciritical learning that it is "all bosh." Mr. Dallas is evidently of the opinion that true criticsm is not arbitrary, and that if it has not yet attained the dignity of a science, that dignity may yet be attained. "It is only from comparative criticism," he says, "that we can expect science; but hitherto, criticism has been very much lost in detail, and has never attempted comparison on a large scale. We have to extend the area of comparison before the possibility of science begins to dawn." The author very justly insists that all criticism that is not scientific in its character, that does not proceed upon distinct principles, and that does not render definite and intelligible reasons for its decisions, is worthless. And yet any person who is in the habit of reading the "book notices" of our leading dailies, or even those of the great majority of our "literary" papers, must have observed that the accomplished gentlemen who undertake to dispose summarily in a paragraph or two, of the most notable productions of the day, seldom condesend to appeal to a principle or to cite a rule, or to resort to anything that can ever by the utmost strain of courtesy, be styled reasoning. For the most part, their "criticisms" are essentially of the same character as those of the gushing Miss Smith or the sentimental Miss Tompkins. Within the last few weeks we have actually seen so-called "reviews" of Edgar A. Poe's poems in two different "leading dailies" of this city, in which the author's personal character and moral infirmities were taken into account in estimating the quality of his poetry! Really, it would seem to be time for a serious discussion of the question whether there is such a thing as an extract standard, by which the merit and value of works of art and literary productions can be at least approximately determined.

OUR NAVY.

THE New York *Nation* thinks that the annual report of Mr. Secretary Welles, while excellent in many respects, cannot stand the test of a critical analysis. It is also of opinion that the tenor of the report justifies the inference, that our monitor iron-clads are already in an unserviceable condition. "In fact," says the *Nation*, "these vessels are already badly damaged from outrageous neglect, and if still suffered to remain exposed, will soon be good for nothing at all. Now, we do not object to the proposed use of League Island, if the channel there is susceptible of being made precisely fit for the shelter of our armored vessels. But we do object to so plumply shifting upon the shoulders of Congress the whole burden of blame for the wrong already done these admirable instruments of war. They carried us successfully through the rebellion, and were then left almost to shift for themselves. Congress might as justly be censured for the spoiling of neglected rifles or of the clothing of the troops, as for the injury done to these vessels."

The *Nation* proceeds to argue that the "laminated" armor with which our monitors are plated, is decidedly inferior to solid iron of the same thickness, so far as regards impenetrability to hostile shots, and recommends the substitution of solid armor for the laminated. The New York weekly may be better posted in details of this sort, than our naval authorities, but we doubt it. Meantime, it is a consolatory and re-assuring circumstance that the leading periodicals of England and France do not appear to share the opinions of the *Nation* in regard to the inefficient condition of our navy. On the contrary, they are evidently inclined to accord it the superiority over that of any of the great maritime powers.

NEW MUSIC.—Mr. M. Gray, the well known publisher of popular music at 613 Clay street, has placed on our desk the following new songs and waltzes: "My Heart is Over the Sea;" "Kitty Carew;" "Murmuring Shell;" "Nearest and Dearest;" "We Parted by the River Side;" "Nora O'Neal;" "Write Me a Letter from Home," and the "Quica Waltz." On the arrival of each steamer, Mr. Gray's store is invaded by bevies of young ladies who flutter round like butterflies gathering musical sweets, and depart laden down with spoils. The majority of the above named pieces of music are likely to become popular in the musical world of San Francisco. We have received "The Sumner Guard March," composed for, and dedicated to the Sumner Light Guard, Co. E, 1st Reg't. Infantry, 2nd Brigade N. G. C., from the member by whom it was composed.

[For the Californian.]

DEAD.

"ONE OF THE OLDEST RESIDENTS." IN MEMORIAM. *Jan. 16th*, 1867.

IN the deep shadow of unearthly gloom
Onward we come,
Bearing another to his lonely tomb;
Place for the lost one!—Room
Within the silent home
For one more, dead.

Keep silence, for it is a solemn trust.
That which we bring,
Though but a relic now of human dust—
A soul-less, life-less thing—
Never again exultantly to spring,
Earth's paths to tread.

Yet still, with reverent brow regard the bier.
So must ye lie.
But ashes of the good and true are here!
When ye shall die,
Will ye be like the scattered flowrets nigh,
All withered?

And swift forgot,
Or like our dead, shall real mourners tell,
The good deeds never dreamed of—tears be shed
That others wonder at?—Good friend farewell!
Peace is with thee, with us the passing bell,
The page unread.

ISABEL A. SAXON.

SILK CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

Every development of the resources of California is sure to be encouraged in its incipiency by the thinking and large-minded citizens of the State. The time when men of Caucasian race grovelled like savages in the mud on the banks of rivers, extricating gold from mud with the aid of such rude instruments as a shovel and a tin pan has passed away, and now the mind must be exercised to develope the resources of this richly-gifted State, and give employment to the thousands who annually flock to her shores. We have received from the publishers, H. H. Bancroft & Co., a neat volume of 246 pages, which contains much useful information on the subject of a new branch of industry, which will, within a few years add millions to the wealth of this State if it meets with the encouragement to which it is entitled. The volume to which we refer is the *California Silk Grower's Manual*, by Louis Prevost, who claims to have had twelve years experience in raising the mulberry, and six years in raising the silkworm. We will let Mr. Prevost speak a few words for himself by making a few extracts from the preface to his little volume. He says:

I have already demonstrated, but will more fully prove it again in this Manual, by *facts only*, that our advantages are so numerous and everything is so much in our favor here, that we certainly *can raise the silk in California* for *half the cost* of any other silk countries. We have the best soil and the best climate to raise silk, and we will soon have a large population to produce it, because I know, that rich culture, which is superior to the *mines*, as it is *surer*, will bring a large emigration here from the States, and all parts of the world.

With reference to the ability of California to compete with the silk-producing countries, which at present supply this staple to the world, he says;

"We can raise here *silk of the very best quality*, and I think that I can venture to say here, that China and Bengal will before long feel the effects of my efforts, which will result in the production of silk to compete with them. They may produce a low priced article, if they choose, but the *quality* of silk, in all cases, *decides the question of preference*."

There are many important facts in this work which we trust will receive due consideration from our citizens. We advise all who are in search of a new direction for their energies, to invest in this work. We trust that the day will soon come when the trees of California will be bedecked with golden fruit as precious as that gold which is hidden beneath its soil. To our mind Mr. Provost's arguments are conclusive; we trust that they may prove equally so to those who are in a position to turn the information given by him to practical advantage.

WE OBSERVE that the English Tory organs represent the great reform demonstration of the Trades' Unions in London as a positive failure, because not more than 25,000 men marched in the "great procession," instead of 200,000, as was promised. But the Radicals deny that they ever promised 200,000 men, and allege that their enemies, the Tories, promulgated that estimate in order to be able to declare it a failure in case that number should not appear. Nevertheless, the demonstration seems to have been a very imposing one. It marched through the fashionable quarters, for the purpose as is alleged, of intimidating the clubs and the more aristocratic portions of the population of London. Though the participants in the demonstration refrained from any unseemly demonstrations, the affair was generally regarded in the light of a threat.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE SALE.—The 100-vara lot on the southeast corner of Market and Ninth streets is to be sold in subdivided lots by Maurice Dore & Co., on Wednesday next This is the most valuable property that has been placed under the hammer for years past. The lots will be sold without reserve, and on liberal credit. For particulars see advertisement on our sixteenth page.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONCERNING BOARDING-HOUSES.

A PROTEST BY A VETERAN GROWLER.

Not many weeks since, I saw in one of our daily papers this notice: "Rooms with board, for a single gentleman only, in a French family; the comforts of a home and an excellent opportunity to acquire the French language are hereby offered. References exchanged," etc., etc. Being a bachelor of a studious turn of mind, and withal tired of wandering 'round for my meals at restaurants, I determined to secure for myself "the comforts" and embrace "the opportunity" set forth in the quoted advertisement, which I thought fortune had thrown in my way. So I made due application at No. —, X. street. My references were eminently satisfactory, and as everything looked fair when I went to "spy out the land," I made no inquiries concerning the house—more especially as no referees were named to me. Being pleased with the lay of the land, I immediately struck a bargain with the head of the family, a buxom lady of two score years and ten, there or thereabout, as lawyers phrase it, and in a few days was domesticated in her establishment, settled, as I supposed for the remainder of my natural, or at least of my bachelor life. But hope told a flattering tale. I remained in that ranch but one short month. Before leaving I drew up the following bill—call it a bill of rights, bill of attainder, bill of complaint, an indictment, or whatsoever you will—and presented it to the landlady with my farewell salutation, as I went into voluntary banishment from the shelter of her roof tree:

San Francisco, —— 1866.

Madame: There are things which I do not like, and these are them: *I do not like* to have—

The window-shutters of my room closed every day, as it puts me to much trouble opening them; to have the carpet of my room patched and the patches not securely tacked to the floor; to have the soap-dish and my soap spirited away, the strainer amiably being left for my use; to have two gas burners in a room, one of them only being for use, the other a "dead light," a dummy; to have a marble-topped stand put in my room, and after I become fairly domiciled to have the same taken away; to have a decent table promised me and then not have the same put in my room; to have pillow-cases two sizes too large for the pillows; to have said pillow-cases *pinned* in on the under side to make them appear "O. K." To have all this done with impunity, looks very much as if the landlady had baited her hook for a "sardine" and then tried to "play me for a Josh." I do not like to have breakfast, lunch or dinner late; to have a little bandbox-like dining-room, (say 6 by 8 ft.); to have said dining-room "as dark as Egypt and smelling like antiquated cheese;" to have a basket of washed clothes standing in a corner of the aforementioned room; to have the butcher peer into the window while folks are at meals; to have the table covered with a soiled cloth; to have the napkins of the same suit; to have odds and ends of China for dishes and battered cups and saucers, representing a dozen old styles of iron-stoneware; to have a cruet-stand which looks as if it had the small pox in its old age; to have poor oil and weak vinegar in cruets stopped up with old bits of paper; to have three pepper-castors for black pepper, one only containing a modicum of the same condiment; to have mustard semi-occasionally, for the same a rusty and discolored spoon; to have salt almost petrified in the salt-cellars; to have stained knives, the same being ornamented with common bone handles; to have battered forks with prongs all skewed around; to have ancient plated spoons, (which, like the rest of "the silver,") are covered with gangrene; to have a water pitcher with a broken handle; to have tough steaks and stringy chops served up at meals; to have the meat (such as it is) cut into knotty chunks by the landlady when carving; to have bakers bread, ditto pies; to have neither hot bread nor "flap-jacks" for breakfast; to have antique ram, called, for decency's sake, "lamb"; to have weak and watery coffee, hardly fit to be called an aqueous distillation of the Arabic berry; to have "skim" milk for the coffee, the same being an unworthy imitation of the pure lacteal fluid, (said milk I suspect is made hot by pouring boiling water into it.) I do not like to have the table waited upon by a daughter of the landlady; to have her named Mignonnette; to have the mother call her more than six times at any one meal; to have Mignonnette pack things around and dump them down in the most awkward way; to have her stick her thumbs into the food; to have the dishes skewed round in all sorts of ways instead of being set upon the table "decently and in order"; to have the landlady of the house say she has bought quail for dinner and never see them; to have to wait until every one else is helped before I get anything to eat; to have a smaller piece of pie than any one else; to have cake and pie at the same time for dessert, for then there is but little of either; to have *cold* pudding; to have no one ask *me* if *I* would like to have more pudding or another piece of pie; to have the parlor turned into a permanent bed-room: to have no tocsin sound the alarm for meals; to have the lodger in next room to mine perform a little upon the flute; to have a tight-fitting night-key; to have the mistress of the house tell me that "anything will do for a single man;" and last but not least, "the unkindest cut of all" to have at the last dinner I took in the establishment, baked apples, *without sweetening*, for dessert.

I did not stop to find out what Madame said about my long document, but she might keep more of the fish that come into her net if she would only profit by these hints. I now run round again to my old restaurant haunts for my meals, and enjoy my Bohemian style of life better than I ever did before by the contrasts with my recent experiences; and if I can't learn the French language without the questionable "comforts of a home" in a "high toned boarding house," I rather think it will be the better in the end "for my stomach's sake and often-infirmities."

[For the Californian.]

THE JUDGMENT OF LOVE.

Love judged a heart one day, and in his scale
Its frailties all were laid,
He watched in fear which side might first prevail,
When it was justly weighed.

Each sin and error in the balance proved,
That hearts are often weak.
But then perchance how much they may have loved;
And find not what they seek.

Each cruel word and thoughtless act rose up,
Each wrong stood boldly out,
And bitterly stern memory summoned up
E'en virtues, when in doubt.

One scale soon fell, for frailties on their side
Sunk down the trembling beam;
But Love in pain would fain its errors hide,
Not judge hearts as they seem.

He looked through tears and clasped the heart around,
Quick rose its faults on high,
For Love forgives our sin 'tis always found,
And passes errors by.

X—X.

THE SOCIAL ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A WOODEN HOUSE.

If I observe to an acquaintance that I prefer living in a wooden building to occupying a room in a three-story brick house, I am sure to receive the reply: "Oh, yes; on account of earthquakes."

I deny that it is solely on account of the earthquakes, or "electroquakes," which occasionally occur, that I prefer to live in a frame house. A building of this description possesses many advantages over one built of brick.

The man who occupies a room, the walls of which are sufficiently thick to cut off all sounds from without, is too apt to become a solitary and misanthropic being, who takes no interest in the joys and sorrows of his next-door neighbors.

I am more fortuuate. I occupy a room in a frame building which also affords a home to three families. I never feel solitary, although a bachelor. A quarter of an inch of wood and the thickness of a cotton fabric is all that interposes between me and the glorious vault of heaven overhead, while instead of being immured in a vault-like chamber with heavy walls, an inch thickness of timber suffices to protect me from the wind and storm, without entirely debarring me from communication with the outer world, when I have retired to my room.

I require neither a watch nor a clock in my room to tell me the hour, when I am lying in bed reading and smoking. I can hear clocks constantly striking. I have the advantage of six clocks! First, the clock down stairs will strike nine; about a quarter of an hour afterward, the clock in the room adjoining will strike ten; and in about twenty minutes more, I hear another clock strike nine; the other three strike various other hours, but all strike within an hour. I am thus not only saved the expense of a time-keeper of my own, but am also supplied with a variety of horological opinions on the time of day.

My next-door neighbors have a dear baby, a baby in which I almost imagine that I possess a proprietary interest. I heard its first cry, I listened to its croup, I mourned over its whooping cough, I listened with distress to its cries of pain during the agonies of teething. It had a habit of crying very early in the morning at one time, which was, I must confess, the cause of some distress to me, and roused diabolical thoughts in my mind. At one time I *hated* that dear little child—it was just beginning to walk—it would sit down just outside my door and yell for hours together. The author of all evil suggested to me the idea of scattering candy sprinkled with strychnine outside my door, but I resisted the devil and he fled from me; I placed no poisoned candy there for that child to devour.

I am involuntarily a participant in all the family secrets of my neighbors; I know all their doings, nothing is hid from me. I hear the mild remonstrances of Mrs. Smuff when Smuff, who drinks, comes home in a state of intoxication, and feel a deep interest in her endeavors to restrain him from indulging in wicked eccentricities. Smuff is very strange when he is drunk. It was only a week ago that he howled like a demon because Mrs. Smuff refused to kill her pet canary and give it to him broiled on toast, for his supper. He has a morbid appetite when inebriated. My neighbors who live under me are in the habit of practicing Irish jigs, and their saltatory exercises give a pleasing vibratory motion to the house, and in a measure rock me to sleep.

I have no lack of music. Nothing can be more soothing in its effect than "Wearing of the Green" sung by five rude male voices. Attached to the house is a stable, in which three horses kick and plunge many times during the night, and shake the building as no earthquake I have ever experienced could shake it. A moderately-sized dog in the room adjoining mine, can get up a very fair imitation of an earthquake as far as our house is concerned, by simply scratching himself. It is pleasant to feel that one is not alone; therefore, I prefer occupying a room in a wooden house to being bricked up, isolated and debarred from participation in the joys and sorrows of my fellow creatures.

Trem.

[For the Californian.]

SOME THOUGHTS ON DEATH, AND THE CONSOLATIONS OF MORTALITY.

The mysterious "V." writes in her strong story, *Paul Ferrol*, of the "deep dishonor of Death." It is all that jars me in the pleasant reading of that romance.

To most of us, highways and byways where kings and great people have passed, are ever after memorable; and the dry earth where His feet have stood, is made a pilgrimage through dangerous deserts.

Then how is death any longer a dishonor, when the Prince of Peace has solved its mysteries?

Isn't death the cloudy portal of the hereafter; veiled and overshadowed, lest we on earth should long sinfully to follow thither, betimes? May not some deaths be gloomy mysteries, lest the advancing spirit should cry out at the incalculable glory of the angels that are ever in waiting?

For, at that day, how would our souls be filled with unutterable longings!

Have not some quickened saints caught glimpses of that most beautiful shore, and whispered it in ecstasy as hastening hence? Peace eternal!

O! rest is for me, and you, and all who will. What have they to do but to touch tunefully the lute, to sing, and to walk in fragrant grasses, beside lake and rill, in the majestic meekness of exalted natures? The joy of living and of knowing that life eternal is praise, and so they live the life of prayer.

What if this is preaching, shall I not preach if it please me? I am, at least, my own audience and hope to profit by it.

Why may I not preach? I may suffer with the best of you.

Poor am I! My day idol is more to me than my neighbor's image of silver.

I suppose there is no life, though starving in its poverty of incidents, but has its own experiences.

In the whole range of stage-business that conducts this spectacle of life, I can recall but one bit of mechanism that works badly, and here the grace of the trick is spoiled and the actor often in a dilemma. This unskillful *trap* is experience. Experience begins her teachings at the last end of the lesson, and is more an enigma than a recitation.

I should have been born a preacher. My impressions are so serious, and I am always honorably disposed toward my convictions. I respect my thoughts as I respect good words from my betters. They seem a vein of gold, often, in this earthy body, so I am enriched with them. They console me; they administer rebuke; they present the cup of joy also.

Thoughts are the bondsmen of conscience. But my thoughts are royal slaves, and feast with their king, alway.

I am not sure how thoughts are born. The sun can hatch ostrich eggs and breed maggots; but thoughts claim a more glorious ancestry, being neither bird nor vermin. Perhaps after much brooding over the nest full of revery, a thought is born: then is its sex disclosed, whether it be prose or verse. Revery—indolent, so-called, and scoffed at—revery, patient and long suffering, is the progenitor of a sweet and gentle flock.

In revery we look backward, mostly; we are therefore wise, having been over the ground ourselves. It is to drink familiar draughts from the antique goblet of memory. It is a breath of the past. How I love a breath of the past, with the mellowness of autumn about it, fragrant of autumnal leaves and the musky odor of dried flowers. It is the old poem forever repeated. The broken vase, haunted forever with those lingering odors. In such a revery I learned of the affliction of my friend.

There were two companions together. Death entered. The one was taken and the other left.

I could not go to her and break in upon her grief. I wrote to her. Letters never speak above a whisper, but are silent ministers.

These thoughts I sent to her—coming as a poem, unsullied and beautiful. I offered them as something purer and better than I, and as something wholly above and beyond me. I prayed they might minister to her in the midst of her desolation.

In a paper so discursive as this has proven, such passages of that epistle as I remember may be readily admitted, and I am sure she will forgive this record use of them:

"Do not mourn"—said the message—"her who is gone. You would not call her back to weary and be heavy laden. You would not deny her the society of angels. You are not unkind; and that were unkind and selfish.

"Do not weep! Why should we weep above a rose, whose breath of balm has sped away! Should not its subtle odor sweeten forever more the air of Heaven?

"Out of the loam of this corrupting body, springs heavenward the invisible blossom of the soul!

"Oh! friend, rejoice therefore; for this mystery of death shall dignify thee also with the grace and glory of transfiguration."

Charles Warren Stoddard.

The London *Star* says the Americans are pre-eminently a cosmopolitan people. There is not a court or capital in Europe in which they do not muster in force. There is not an obscure nook in the byways of travel in which they may not be found, making themselves as much at home as if they were in the Fifth Avenue of New York, or on prairies of Illinois.

A BIRD-BREAKFAST.

BY C. H. WEBB.

IT is not of a "bird-breakfast" in the common acceptation of the term that I purpose to write. In this instance it was the birds that ate instead of being eaten, a distinction which may not suggest itself as material to the reader, but which, we have reason to believe, makes a vast difference in the *status* of things to the birds.

I spent the summer at home.

Border Hill cottage is situated upon the brow of a gently sloping eminence, about a half mile removed from the busy heart of the village. It is backed by green woods, and relieved on either side by smiling meadows, across which the breath of the clover-blooms is blown to mingle with the musk of the roses and the scent of the eglantines, which grow nearer the house. In the door-yard there are apple-trees, mountain ashes, maples, locusts, beeches, and any number of those seedy-looking trees among whose branches caterpillars delight to crawl, to say nothing of a cedar hedge. And of that hedge perhaps the less said the better. Like the side-whiskers of my younger brother, it is only an experiment; and the cedars which compose it stand most unsociably and unbecomingly apart, each one looking scraggy and disconnected from its neighbor, as though it intended to advertise to passers-by, "No connection with the concern next door!"

Still, for all its scragginess and uninvitingness, early in the season one bold bird ventured to build in that cedar hedge. Fanny, who takes all the birds about the premises under her protection, brooding over their nests as though she were the bird that built them, and had a direct interest in the progress of incubation, spied out this nest one day, and brought us all to enjoy with her the discovery. Columbus was scarcely content with finding a continent; but to my little niece a fresh nest is a new world. There were four eggs nicely tucked away among the leaves, and the sight was certainly a pleasing one. But an unlooked-for misfortune occurred. At the time that the summons came to see the nest, a monkey, which was the companion of my travels from the Isthmus of Panama, was on exhibition, and the family were wondering at his tricks. We took Jocko along to see it, thinking he might take an interest in such things. The result proved that he did. The moment that his quick, mischievous eye caught sight of the nest, forth darted his long, hairy arm, and the eggs were in his hand and down his throat before one could say Jack Robinson, or raise a finger in even ineffectual remonstrance. Had he repented he might have been forgiven, but he lived and was unrepentant. So he is known to Fanny as "*that* Hateful Monkey" to this day.

After the unfortunate affair just chronicled, Fanny, persisting in considering me and the whole party as *particeps criminis* with Jocko, refused to reveal the whereabouts of any subsequent nests. But strangely enough, this severe reticence produced a result quite as unforeseen and disastrous as did her former indiscreet confidence. One day the monkey was on the veranda, and we all stood watching his gyrations and performances upon an *échelle perileuse* of a pattern that no human gymnast that I know of has yet attempted. Suddenly, while he was seated at the top of one of the pillars—taking a breathing spell, as we supposed, between acts—a cloud of dust arose, there was a scattering of straw, and we caught a gleam of something speckled. Down at our feet lay the *debris* of a ravished nest, and we knew that the poor brown bird's speckled eggs had gone down Jocko's insatiate throat. There was no denying his guilt; the albumen yet dripped from his cruel mouth, and his paws were swift witnesses to his crime; he was taken yellow-handed, and even an alibi could not have saved him. Thenceforth he was banished to the back-yard, where he is still serving out a sentence of solitary confinement with a chain and ball attached to his leg. And as for myself, the unwitting and unwilling accomplice in all the mischief, if Fanny had her way, it is probable that I should be doing penance in like manner with that arch-offender, for she persistently asserts that "Uncle Charlie *knew* the nest was there, and *told* the monkey."

But all this while our bird-breakfast is getting cold.

For some reason or other the birds seem to prefer occupying the eaves of the veranda to nesting among the trees; it is considered more aristocratic perhaps. And as for the cedar hedge, after the application of a monkey-wrench to that unfortunate nest, as has already been related, it came to be regarded by feathered families about to set up house-keeping as a not very eligible location. It seemed generally understood among birds that any nest built in those deceitful cedars was certain to be destroyed and devoured by "a monster in human form;" but, notwithstanding the kindred incident which occurred in the other *locale*, it was impossible to shake their faith in the veranda. So the blue birds, immediately after seeing their first nest wrecked under its shelter, proceeded to pick flint and try it again. Material lay ready to their shuttling feet, and soon these were at work with a click like a weaver's loom. Soon, too, the nest was built, and soon it was lined with eggs, though, as Fanny said, "*neither* of the birds *never* cackled once." Then we had visions of a solicitous-looking little head peering above the straw walls, while a bird, too busy to be a bachelor, though blue-coated and dandified enough to all seeming for a D'Orsay, brought grasshoppers and other light summer refreshments to his brooding bride. In due time a cheerful chirp was heard, and then we knew that Lady Bluebird's work was ended—that the chicks were out of the shell. The mouths of those little birds, peeping over the edge of the nest, awaiting the arrival of their daily berries and worms, were indeed "curious to see." Have you ever seen a young bluebird's mouth? Why, it is as wide as a shovel and almost as deep as a petroleum well—literally stretching from ear to ear, and going down till you can see no further for the darkness. I was sometimes afraid that the old birds, as they leaned carelessly over the edge of the nest, would drop into one of the dreadful gulfs, and be seen no more in the air forever. It was wonderful to me that Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird did not sometimes despair of filling the aching voids revealed to them; and it occurred to me that were I Mr. Bluebird, I should drop a brickbat down each throat, and so fill each mouth permanently and at once. But the papa seemed patient; and if ever he reproached his partner in business for the troubles she had brought him, it was late at night, and after the young birds were asleep.

The particular breakfast about which this article is written must have been a gala breakfast, in celebration of some holiday, or perhaps the wedding of the parents. Happening to be up early, I was present—though not an invited guest. My first appearance upon the scene discomposed all parties except myself. However, drawing up my chair near to one of the pillars of the veranda, so that the honeysuckle which wound around them spilled its dew into my ear, I made myself at home—the best way, I have observed, of putting everybody else thoroughly at ease. But it was some time before the proprietors of the nest would trust themselves under the same roof with me. Pretending business abroad, they both flew twittering away. Feeling confident of their return I waited and watched. By-and-by a rush of wings, and there, on a twig of an apple-tree opposite, perched the happy couple. They looked at me sharply and reprovingly, as though to wonder what I was doing there, and why I did not take the hint and my departure, when I saw so evidently that I was not wanted No idea of going entered my head, for I was curious to investigate domestic economy as practiced in dwellings where drawing-room, parlor, kitchen and bed room are all on one floor, without even a leaf between by way of partition. Both the bluebirds had something in their bills—"shad-flies," I think. After waiting some time for me to get up and go, Mrs. Bluebird, seemingly losing all patience, quietly swallowed the food she had in her bill. Mr. Bluebird cast a reproachful glance upon her, but said nothing. His heart may not have been too full to speak, but certainly his mouth was. What do you think that Mrs. Bluebird then did—perhaps by way of showing her independence? She very coolly picked the fly, grasshopper or whatever it was, from her husband's bill and swallowed *that*. For an instant he looked at her, more in sorrow than in anger, an *et tu Brute* expression in his eye, then with a sudden burst of passion gave her a dab with his beak which sent a feather or two fluttering down the leafy lane. I rejoice to record that Mrs. Bluebird accepted the chastisement meekly, and with the conscious air of one who knew that it was deserved.

After awhile the birds became bolder and made timid excursions toward the veranda, trying to get a flying peep at their nest, to see how things were going on in the interior. Seeing that I made no hostile demonstration, these flights became less hurried, and at last they ventured inside for a moment. Never stirred I from my chair, nor winked an eyelid, and gradually confidence was established between us, and I accepted as one of the family. On this basis of mutual good faith they made thenceforth regular trips to their distant larder, leaving me in charge of things during their absence. As they always flew away in one direction, I imagine they must have had an immense number of worms on deposit in some adjoining field—a bank, if I may use the expression, upon which they were authorised to draw sight bills. For the first time in my life I understood how food came to be familiarly called "grub."

How the parents discriminated among all the mouths that were stretched up to them for supplies, I do not know. Indeed, I do not think they pretended to discriminate at all; on the contrary, they just seemed to drop the "victual" into the first mouth that came handy. It may be that some distinction was made in favor of the one widest opened, but there are no premises to build such a supposition upon. Sometimes I suspected that one mouth got it all, the cunning little owner edging quickly around and presenting it at all sides of the nest in rapid succession. He succeeded in making a revolving mouth of it, but, unlike the patent fire-arm, one that could never be adequately loaded.

One thing I was glad to note for the credit of my sex. The papa bird was industrious, nay, indefatigable in bringing food to the house. I think he must be known among the nestwives of Bluebirdom as a Good Provider. With providing, however, I fear his mission ended, for I can not conscientiously say that he seemed to know much about taking care of babies. Mrs. Bluebird would tuck the little ones in with her bill, fondle and dandle them in their straw cradle, and chirp all sorts of baby-talk for their delectation; but Mr. Bluebird simply brought his grasshopper, worm, or berry; poked it into a convenient mouth as though he were posting a commercial letter; stood on one leg for a minute or two with a puzzled and awkward look, evidently impressed with a conviction that he ought to do something, but did not know exactly what to do or how to do it; and then flew off after another worm. Had he attempted to be more useful in the nursery, I doubt he would have made a distressful figure of it, perhaps holding his baby wrongside up, as I have seen ambitious papas do. But in the face of his inevitable awkwardness he was such an attentive father and devoted husband, that I wonder Mrs. Bluebird did not get up early some morning and sew brass buttons on his blue coat by way of giving him a pleasant surprise.

I was not permitted to enjoy my bird-breakfast alone. One by one the whole family put in an appearance, yawning in the early morning as though each wanted a grasshopper. All the household, except the monkey, was represented; but the birds had now got used to spectators, and the breakfast went merrily on. The only interruption was occasioned by the introduction of a bright green paroquet, a companion piece to the monkey—also a native of Panama—and my *compagnon de voyage* thence. Fanny hung his cage out on the veranda, that he might enjoy the scene and be refreshed with pleasant reminiscences, possibly, of the days when he too breakfasted *al fresco* with his family under great palms, which cast the surrounding trees immeasurably into the shade. Mercy on us, what a fuss there was! Both birds darted at the cage like furies, beating their wings against the wires, and endeavoring to spear the poor little inmate with their sharp beaks. He, poor fellow, was terribly frightened, betraying in his distress an agitation similar to that which King Phineas may have displayed when the harpies were rushing around him and making free with his tables. Not content with being embroiled themselves, the excited Bluebirds sounded a bird battle-cry, and in less time than I can write it, the air and trees around were full of feathered warriors. Not the birds in blue alone, but robbins, sparrows, wrens, ground-birds, yellow-birds, linnets, cat-birds, flew to the fray—for it could not be called a rescue. I remember one little tom-tit, literally "no bigger than your thumb," that dashed into the *melée* with a spirit worthy of a larger bird. He took little working part, it is true, but he sat on the fence and cheered the combatants on, ruffling his feathers the while and endeavoring to look as big as a buzzard. Thinking to end it all by showing that the green-doubleted stranger was a friend of mine, and consequently entitled to the hospitalities of the mansion, I stepped forward and took him from the cage. At once the confusion was doubled, and in the wild sweep and whirl of wings and snip of beaks that followed, the Central American was knocked from his perch upon my finger and dashed to the ground with a violence which dislocated one of his brightest tail feathers. It was indeed singular how the timid little creatures, before afraid to venture within the verauda's length of a human being, became so suddenly brave when they thought their birdlings in danger. Picking up my *protege*, I beat a retreat, pursued by the flying artillery so suddenly, but so effectively organized—robins, wrens, cat-birds, tom-tits, and all setting up a wild concert of triumph in honor of their victory.

I fancy that long in bird history thereabout, the story will be told of the appearance of the green monster with the terrible hooked beak, and his complete discomfiture, as well as that of his Anak allies, by the brave volunteers that rushed and rallied to the border.

Months since the birdlings were fledged and flew away, and amid the multitude of blue-coated visitors we fail to distinguish our former pets and guests. The nest still remains, but it is dilapidated and mouldy, and will scarce do for another season's occupancy without many and thorough repairs.—*Hours at Home.*

THE negro actor, Ira Aldridge, has had an immense success at Versailles in "Othello"—the only tragedy, unfortunately, he can appear in. The theatrical performance was preceded by a splendid dinner, given to the stars of the literary world, at the Hotel des Reservoirs—once, by the by, the sumptuous residence of Marquis de la Pompadour. Alexandre Dumas was among the last to arrive, and set next to M. Barriere. The prince of romancists was in full force, and related more anecdotes during the hour devoted to dinner than an ordinary man would have remembered in a month. The Versailles theatre was crammed to suffocation, and Aldridge was tremendously applauded by the somewhat old-fashioned inhabitants of that antiquated town. His costume alone insures the admiration of the feminine world, and if all the Othellos of the present day only sported half the gold, precious stones and pearls which dazzled the Versailles audience, the Cassios would indeed have remarkably little chance of winning their Desdemonas' smiles. Aldridge's acting was declared to be splendid.

A fashionable lady of New York recently become insane from jealousy of Niagara's waterfall.

S.T-1860-X.

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Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky, and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon prematurely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.

E. THOMAS LYON, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR superior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries. *

DR. H. A. BENTON,

The ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, is now cosily fixed in his new quarters, over Congress Hall, Bush street, adjoining the Russ House, and is prepared to treat patients in all the best modes of curing. The Electro-Medicated and Hot Air Baths will do wonders in many cases, in breaking up obstructions, and if properly attended afterwards, will insure success.

BILLIARD TABLES.

JACOB STRAHLE IS DETERMINED TO FURNISH Billiard Tables cheaper, and on more reasonable terms than any other establishment on the Pacific coast, having secured repeated premiums for finish and durability of work, as well as for his latest styles of cushions. This shows conclusively that his tables are superior to any manufactured in the city. His manufactory is at 537 Sacramento street, near What Cheer House. *

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

VAN VLECK & KEITH,

Designers and Engravers

ON WOOD,

No. 611 Clay street, San Francisco.

WM. KEITH. D. VAN VLECK.

MRS. G. M. NICHOLS,

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY,

No. 651 Clay street, 2 doors below Kearney,

San Francisco.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,

Machinist,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

TOWNE & BACON,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices

536

In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

DO

YOU

WANT ANY

Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

RUSSELL & HOLDING'S

EXCHANGE,

522 Market street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

THE FINEST WINES AND LIQUORS ARE dispensed at the Exchange.

All the British Columbia papers on file.

N. B.—A commodious BACK ROOM for the accommodation of customers is one of the feature of the establishment. ☞Families supplied, and Goods delivered Free of charge.

W. E. BRIDGE,

BLACK HAWK,

Livery and Sales Stables,

317 PINE STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Carriages, Buggies and Good Saddle Horses for Hire or Sale on the most Reasonable Terms.

Particular attention paid to boarding Horses.

DR. HAYDEN,

Dentist,

653 Clay street, between Kearny and Montgomery,

San Francisco.

PIANOS!

PIANOS!

AT

AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

A Big Thing and no Humbug.

OF THE THOUSANDS OF COMPOUNDS BEFORE the public, "RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA" for the Hair, alone, does just what it promises.

Hon. Warren Chase, the Spiritualist Lecturer, says:

"My hair and whiskers have been many years gray. RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA has restored both to their original color, black, and covered the baldness on the top of my head with a fine growth of black hair I have several friends who have used it with the same results, and I cordially recommend it as one of the few medicines that will do what its labels and circulars claim for it. WARREN CHASE."

October, 1865

Call for RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA, and for your own pleasure and comfort do not be put off with anything else, "said to be just as good."

JOHN F. SNOW,
24 Post street, San Francisco,
Agent for the Pacific Coast.

ALSO,

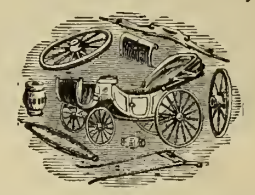
Coloring, Cleansing and Restoring of

FEATHERS, KID GLOVES, SILKS, FURS, WOOLENS, ETC.,

24 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny,

SAN FRANCISCO.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

FIRST PREMIUM

Billiard

TABLE

MANUFACTORY.

P. LISENFELD,

512 BATTERY STREET,

Between Jackson and Pacific, San Francisco,

Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements.

Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description.

☞All goods sold are warranted.

WM. WORTHINGTON,

House and Sign Painter,

Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c., &c.,

735 Market street,

Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

RESIGNATION OF AGENCY

OF THE

PHŒNIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD.

San Francisco, January 8th, 1867.

L. B DELL, HAS THIS DAY RESIGNED THE LOCAL Agency of the above company, and removed his office to DELL, CRANNA & CO.'S store, 511 1-2 and 513 FRONT STREET, where he is ready to effect insurance in either Home or Foreign companies, and furnish information on insurance matters free of charge. Thanking his friends and patrons for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage in the future.

L. B. DELL, 511 1-2 and 513 Front street.

GROCERIES AT WHOLESALE PRICES, IN LOTS TO suit family trade, at

HASKELL & BUCKELEW'S,
514 Market street.

CRANBERRY PRESERVES, 35 CENTS PER CAN, or three cans for $1, at

HASKELL & BUCKELEW'S.

OSACCA JAPAN TEA. A FRESH LOT, IN 5 LB. boxes, just imported, by

HASKELL & BUCKELEW,
514 Market street.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

A NEW FERRY BOAT—To run between Mare Island and Vallejo, is now lying at the foot of Fourth street receiving her finishing-up touches. She is a neat little craft, credible to the skill of our mechanics. Her engines were constructed by John Lochhead, a San Francisco engineer, who has the credit among the craft, of having construeted over one hundred steam engines in the last half-score of years.

FRONT STREET.—The business of this commercial mart is fast moving southward, towards Market street. Many leading houses are already permanently located south of California street. Recently the old established house of D. J. Oliver & Cc., moved to their new locality, corner of Front and Pine streets, where our interior readers will find them on their spring visits to this city, with greatly increased facilities for business.

The members of the French Cabinet have resigned their portfolios. Napoleon has issued a decree forbidding the Chambers hereafter to reply to the speech from the throne.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

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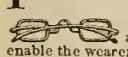
PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT.


PERFECT SPECTACLES EXactly suited to the Eyes will enable the wearer to pursue the most minute employment, either by day or artificial light, without creating that sense of weakness or fatigue to the organ generally complained of by those using ill suited or common Spectacles.

PRICE of Perfect Glasses, $2 50, and upward. Sent pre-paid to any post office on the Coast. Applicants by mail will receive a circular containg directions, etc.

Address C. MULLER, Optician,
205 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

GEO. BORDWELL,
ARCHITECT,

No. 224 Montgomery street,
Opposite the entrance of the Russ House,
San Francisco.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

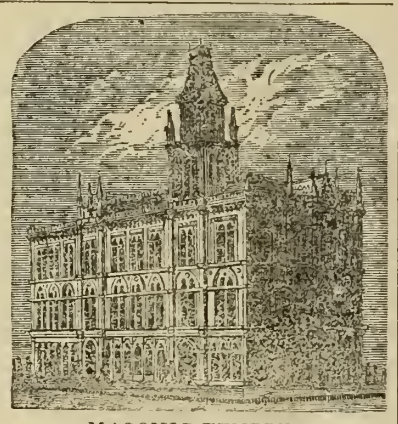
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms,

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.



MASONIC TEMPLE,
Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!

Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years (15th (1866) in San Francisco,) enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

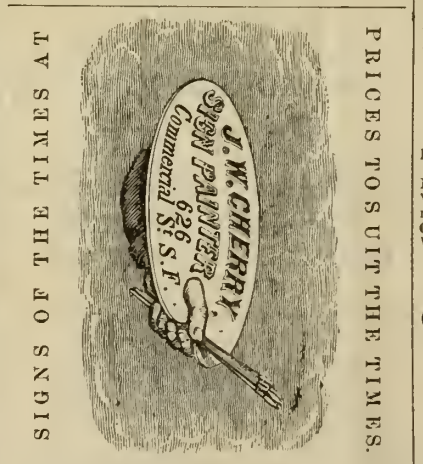
Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

ALSO,

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, &c., &c.,

NO. 411 SANSOME STREET,
Between Commercial and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.



WILLIAM BRODIE,

California Foundry,

FREMONT STREET, NEAR MARKET,
San Francisco.

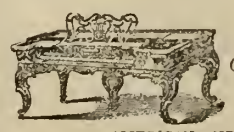
LIGHT AND HEAVY CASTINGS
Of every description, made to order.

Special attention paid to all kinds of HOUSE WORK, PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL.

NEW MUSIC STORE.

WAREROOMS OF CHICKERING & SON'S

Piano-Fortes.


MASON & HAMLIN'S

CABINET

ORGANS,

AMERICAN AND FIREIGN

Sheet Music,

VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS,

Musical Instruments and Music Merchandise, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Rates.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO,
421 Montgomery street, next door to A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

MINERS' FOUNDRY

AND MACHINE WORKS,
FIRST STREET, between Howard and Folsom,
SAN FRANCISCO.

HOWLAND, ANGELL & KING,
MANUFACTURERS OF

Steam Engines,

MILL AND QUARTZ MACHINERY,
And Iron Castings of all kinds.

FULTON FOUNDRY & IRON WORKS

HINCKLEY & CO.,

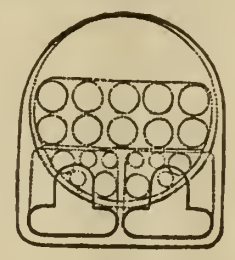
MANUFACTURERS OF

STEAM ENGINES,
Quartz, Flour and Saw Mills,

Mining Machinery, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings,
45, 47 AND 49 FIRST STREET
Between Market and Mission—San Francisco.

BRODIE'S IMPROVED
QUARTZ-CRUSHER.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER WORKS.

KITTREDGE & LEAVITT,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fire Proof Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc,

Corner Fremont and Market street, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of Second Hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. G. Bussey, of Jackson, Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this State. It is done by Mathematical Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works,

THIS LOCK PUT ON SAFES NOW IN USE

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 512 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Cogbill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st.
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chiesgo, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 524 Market, opposite Second
C. Wedderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Ptorr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Speen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Sparza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

"Gris," of the Cincinnati *Times*, a humorist of considerable note, and a chap of undisputed originality, has been tempted, after reading certain verbographs of the editorial corps of some of the New York dailies, to serve up for the amusement of his friends and the public generally, certain

COUNTRY EDITORS.

Come with me, and let us visit the office of the Ink Slinger—that lever, whose fulcrum being Jimtown, moves the world! This is the stairway. You can tell it by the marks of inky fingers upon the walls. The road is blazed with ink stains upon two pairs of stairs, and then you come to a door upon which is a sign, which reads:

JIMTOWN INK SLINGER.

Job Printing Done Here.

We enter and look around. At one end of the room is a hand power press, upon which the outside of the Ink Slinger is being struck off. In one corner is the editorial table, strewn with exchanges, backed by a case of pigeonholes, surmounted by a dust-begrimmed bust of old Dan Webster.

"But where are the editors?" methinks you ask. Do you see that man with his sleeves rolled up, working the press? His coat and vest are off, and you can see that his pants are held up by one suspender—suspended by but a single thread, as it were. Occasionally he shoves the hair back from his sweaty, yet massive brow, leaving inky marks upon his forehead, and then he jaws the boy who assists him—gives the *devil* his due, as it were. That sir, is Plunkins, the proprietor and senior editor of the Ink Slinger. There he is, in that sublime unconsciousness of greatness which ever marks the truly great. You wouldn't believe that brawny and inky hand, which works the crank so vigorously, has penned editorials that have carried consternation into the Tuileries and shook the British throne to its very foundation! Well, you don't have to.

When he asks the foreman for a "chaw terbaccer," and pauses reflectively while he bites off a liberal amount of "plug," you cannot imagine what mighty thought is taking form in his brain, or how it will startle the very confines of the earth in the columns of next week's Ink Slinger. Of course you can't.

How now? ah! here comes the junior editor, Chubb, and takes a seat at the table. He has been out to collect a bill of a showman for twenty-five half-sheet posters, on yellow paper, and finding that the show-man had slipped away in the night, he is naturally a little ruffled. His hat, which is a little too large for him, is a littled ruffled too. He swears and chews tobacco, and has a way of ejecting tobacco juice from between his front teeth. You wouldn't take that man to be one of the most promising young stars in the newspaporial firmament.

Look at him casually and observing that his paper collar had been turned, you wouldn't say this is a man who, in the course of the next fifty or sixty years, is destined to be the moving spirit of the Ink Slinger, as he is now one of its principal lights as a tolerable *liver*. No, you wouldn't say that. But time will tell. He is very young, not over fifty-six or seven, yet he has been a prodigious traveler, walking from Buffalo to Albany many a time—when he drove on the canal. After sawing a little wood for the office stove, he will set up a puff for a saloon across the way, and then go over and work it out. In this line of humor he is without a rival in America.

That sedate-looking man working at the "case" by the window, edits the religious department. He does it evenings. He stands high in the church—up in the gallery. He keeps a volume of the Pilgrim's Progress on his case, which he pours over. The stains on it were caused by some printer boys pouring over it—they poured a pitcher of beer all over it.

That lad working by his side goes out occasionally to pick up items of local interest for the paper. He has remarkable talent for picking up things. One night he came in with two pairs of fowls and a can of oysters that he had picked up.

Besides these principal editors of the Ink Slinger, there are a number of "occasional writers" who drop in. Here is Blobbs, the paper mill man, who has written occasionally for several years past to have an old paper bill settled, and has come to see about it. There is an odor of steamed straw and old rags about him. It is worth something to see the manner in which the mighty Plunkins puts him off.

Plunkins says he looks for his "war correspondent" every minute, and shows us a note, in which a correspondent informs him that he is coming to "clean out" the office. He means war, evidently. The door opens suddenly and in he comes—an excited man, with a red face and a red cowhide. Fighting editor, who has been practicing vigorously with dumb-bells, since our entrance, lights upon him, and out he goes upon the landing. The face of the senior editor shines with a serene and heavenly light as the body of the "war correspondent" is heard to bound rapidly down two pairs of stairs.

The correspondent who is constantly writing to the Ink Slinger communications, complaining of some terrible outrage upon the public, such as neglecting to place a mile-stone in Squawbush township, when it is notorious that there are two in the township immediately adjoining, and who signs himself "Justice," drops in. He wears iron-bow'd spectacles and iron gray hair, his clothes don't fit him very well, and there is a perpetual scowl upon his face and growl in his voice. He is a pleasant man to have around.

Then there is "Constant Reader," who is constantly dropping in to read the exchanges, always getting very much in the way; and "A subscriber of thirty four years' standing," who has a subscription account standing for thirty-five years at least.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

STEAMERS FOR FEBRUARY.

February 9th—GOLDEN AGE, Captain W. F. Lapidge, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray,
February 18th—GOLDEN CITY, Captain Jas. T. Watkins, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Harris.
February 28th—MONTANO, Capt. Jos. Sutton, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Furber.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE OPPOSITION STEAMER

MOSES TAYLOR,

WILL SAIL FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,

From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

FRIDAY, - - FEBRUARY 15, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship

SANTIAGO,

(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The AMERICA will sail on March 5th.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

FIRST PREMIUM 1857 — EUREKA — 1858 — 1864 — 1865

OF

MACCARONI, VERMICELLI,
PASTE & FARINA.

(706 SANSOME ST. 706)
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BRIGNARDELLO, MACCHIAVELLO & Co.

GREAT REDUCTION!

FURNITURE

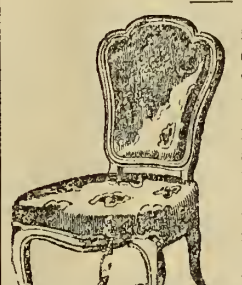
At Less than Gold Cost,

AT THE WAREROOMS OF

J. PEIRCE & CO.,

Nos. 415, 417, 419 California street,

SAN FRANCISCO.



WE ARE NOW CLOSING out our last year's stock of FURNITURE etc., at UNPARALLELED LOW RATES.

It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.

Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to buying elsewhere.

J. PEIRCE & CO.,
415, 417 and 419 California street.

BRANCH STORES—No. 715 Market street, between Third and Fourth; and Main street, Stockton.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

Splendid Presents

TO SEND ABROAD.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS

.....OF.....

California Scenery!

A SERIES OF OVER

ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!

ILLUSTRATING

The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NATURE,

And Published by

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

317 & 319 Montgomery Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

N. B.—CATALOGUES containing a complete LIST OF VIEWS, sent to any part of the world, FREE of POSTAGE.

Martha Washington HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure, but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
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REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast

REDINGTON & CO.'S

Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea-sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

THE OLD MILL.

There was a little stream which ran through the forest, year after year, for I cannot tell how long, with nothing to do but bubble and gurgle, and splash and dash, and run along just as it had a mind to.

By-and-by a miller stopped it, and put it to work in his mill. Who can tell how many bushels of corn and sacks of wheat it ground to make bread for the families far and near? Sometimes it could hardly work fast enough; but it worked steadily—so steadily that wise men began to say—"Here is water enough to turn a cotton-mill, too."

The boys liked to go to mill with their grists. It was fun to see the big water-wheel splash and dash round and round, and watch the corn drop into the hopper, and hear the clapper, clapper of the grinding, and see the meal pouring. Besides, the old miller was a favorite. He did not talk much, to be sure; but he was a good listener, and almost always had the last word, if no other.

A new boy came one day with George Kent, when he brought his grist. They called him Jake. Jesse Stearns was sitting on a bag of meal with a book in his hand. The schoolhouse was not far off, and the boys often visited the mill with their books as well as their bags.

"Studying, are ye?" cried Jake. "Well, I never liked schooling. My father wanted me to go to the academy. He wanted to make a scholar of me; but I had no notion of that, not I. I had rather go to sea."

"Water which runs at its own will
Is never known to turn a mill."

said the old miller, who was busy tying up a bag of grits.

The boys looked round, but the word "sea" caught their attention.

"Then you have been to sea?" cried Abe Winslow, coming in from the door; "just where I wanted to go."

"Yes, I went to sea," said Jake, "but I got sick of it after two voyages, and so I quit."

"Water which runs at its own will
Is never known to turn a mill,"

said the old miller, from behind his hopper.

"The old fellow is forever telling about his mill," said George, in a laughing whisper.

"Well Jake, what next?" asked Jesse.

"Then father put me into a machine-shop; but they pretty soon found I was no mechanic. I did not like it, and so ran away."

"And turned up here to try your hand at farming." said Jesse. "You must stick to it, and work like a Trojan, to have it turn to much account, father says."

"I do not know about that," said Jake.

"Water which runs at its own will
Is never known to turn a mill,"

said the old miller, who had kept his ears open. "Do you know what that means, youngsters?"

"Why, it means that water left to itself is not likely to grind corn or turn spindles," said Jesse.

"It means you must dam up your power to make it tell," said George.

"It means that to accomplish anything, you must stop and work," said Winslow.

"To my mind, it means we must have a purpose and clinch it," said the other man.

Jake saw in a moment that the old miller was hitting him, and pretty soon he backed off the premises. The rest of the boys went back to school, while he took his way up stream, where he sat down on a mossy bank. The water flowed smoothly here, but all the while it seemed to sing in his ear—

"Water which runs at its own will
Is never known to turn a mill."

THE London *Review* tells the following story of Bismarck: "He is said to be partial to brandy, and before leaving Berlin for the seat of war a little son of his asked him how long he was to be away. He replied that he did not know, Thereupon a servant came in to inquire how many bottles of cognac were to be packed up in the Count's luggage. 'Twenty-four,' was the answer. "Ah, papa," cried out the 'terrible infant,' 'now I know how long you are to be from home,—twenty-four days.'"

THERE is a line of 450 miles of continuous railroad west of St. Louis.

REMOVAL!

Wightman & Hardie's

DRY GOODS AND CARPET WAREHOUSE

HAS REMOVED

To No. 220 Sansome Street,

TWO DOORS SOUTH OF CALIFORNIA.

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Has removed from Washington street, to

HIS NEW BUILDING

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NORTH-WEST CORNER PINE AND FRONT STREETS,

Where he offers for sale

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c., &c.,

ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

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Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,

AT

GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S

NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

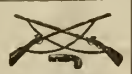
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

(Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

WILSON & EVANS,



No. 513 Clay street,

Importers and Dealers in

FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

WILSON & EVANS.

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Architects,

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R. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Cogbill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. H. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

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DEALER IN

Coal and Charcoal,

816 and 818 Mission st., near the corner of Fourth,

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Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

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No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

Belduke & Co.,

(Formerly of Concord, New Hampshire.)

LONG IN THE EMPLOY OF THE CELEBRATED firm of L. DOWNING & SON, having arrived in this city for the purpose of the Manufacture of

CONCORD CARRIAGES,

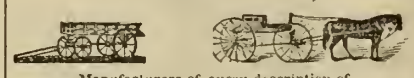
And having on hand a large assortment of EASTERN MATERIAL, we are prepared to receive orders for the same. CARRIAGES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, equal in style and Durability to those imported from the East. Special attention given to setting axles in Concord style. CARRIAGE SPRINGS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

All the work from our establishment warranted to give entire satisfaction. Also, we are prepared to furnish Concord Harness made to order at our establishment.

NO 820 FOLSOM STREET,
Between Fourth and Fifth.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,



Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

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Dealers in and Manufacturers of

LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,

37 and 39 Webb street,

Between Sacramento and California.

Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

A Rare Chance.

THE UNDERSIGNED, INTENDING TO RETIRE from business, desires to call the attention of the public to a LARGE STOCK OF CARRIAGE MATERIAL at his store, No. 506 MARKET STREET, and No. 7 SUTTER STREET, which he will SELL AT COST. Until said goods are disposed of, he will BUILD TO ORDER, at his factory, corner of FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, all kinds of

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c,

A good assortment of which can always be found on hand, and at a less price than can be had at any other place in the city. Will keep about 50 workmen employed to complete all unfinished work and contracts, in order to close business by the first day of July next. Has on hand and for sale, Six First-class Concord style 9-Passenger STAGE WAGONS, and a good assortment of LUMBER or FARM WAGONS, EXPRESS WAGONS, CARTS, &c.

Also, will soon have finished FIFTY BUGGIES.

H. CASEBOLT.

WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

Manufacturer of

Saddles, Harness and Collars,

North-west corner Davis and Commercial streets.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

A good assortment, made from the best Materials, in the highest style of Workmanship, constantly on hand.

Manufacturing and Repairing done promptly, on reasonable terms. ☞ Country Trade solicited.

GEO. BORDWELL,

ARCHITECT,

No. 224 Montgomery street,

Opposite the entrance of the Russ House,

San Francisco.

B. MACKAY,

ARCHITECT,

NO. 434 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Next door to the Pacific Insurance Company.

N. P. COLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
Cor Sansome & Commercial streets.

Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

CLEANSE THE BLOOD.

WITH CORRUPT, DISordered or vitiated Blood, you are sick all over. It may burst out in Pimples, or, Sores, or in some active disease, or it may merely keep you listless, depressed and good for nothing. But you cannot have good health while your blood is impure. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA purges out these impurities and stimulates the organs of life into vigorous action, restoring the health and curing disease. Hence it rapidly cures a variety of complaints which are caused by impurity of the blood, such as Scrofula, or Kings' Evil, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Tetter, or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Cancer or Cancerous Tumors, Sore Eyes, Female Diseases, such as Retention, Irregularity, Suppression, Whites, Sterility, also Syphilis or Venerial Diseases, Liver Complaints, and Heart Diseases. Try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and see for yourself the surprising activity with which it cleanses the blood and cures these disorders.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound "Sarsaparilla," and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. We think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. We can only assure the sick, that we offer them the best alterative which we know how to produce, and we have reason to believe, it is by far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered by any body.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is so universally known to surpass every other remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease, that it is useless here to recount the evidence of its virtues. The world knows them.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

Fireman's Fund
INSURANCE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT from Statement for Year ending Dec. 31, 1866:

Capital stock, all paid up, - -	$500,000 00	
Surplus, - - - - - -	181,139 39	
		$681,139 39
ASSETS.		
Loans on Real Estate, - -	$471,404 00	
Loans on Personal Property, -	79,685 92	
Real Estate owned by Company,	78,768 30	
Cash on hand and in Bank, -	26,817 30	
Other Securities, - - -	27,138 45	
		$683,784 97
LIABILITIES.		
Amount of personal accounts, $973 73		
Dividends unpaid, - - 1,671 85		
	2,645 58	
		$681,139 39
Am't of losses paid during the year,	$57,290 12	
Amount of losses unsettled, -	5,339 40	
		$62,629 52
Dividend declared for 1866		$87,500 00

THE FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY beg leave to call the attention of the public to their ANNUAL STATEMENT, feeling satisfied that a careful examination of the same will convince people of its stability, and induce many to patronize the Company.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000, and when any risk is considered too great a portion is re-insured in responsible Companies.

Desirable risks taken at REDUCED RATES.

Losses paid in United States Coin.

W. B. BOURN, President.
D. J. STAPLES,
Vice-President and Executive Officer.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pres't.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

GREAT WESTERN
Life Insurance Company.
OF NEW YORK.

STOCK and MUTUAL

The Security of the Stock Plan, with all the Advantages of the Mutual System.

POLICIES AND DIVIDENDS ARE NON-FORFEITABLE.

Thirty Days Grace for Payment of Premiums.

J. W. BRUMAGIN.
General Agent for California,
Office 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

DR. FONDA SAN FRANCISCO
EYE INFIRMARY,

PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED, EXCLUsively for the treatment of all diseases of the EYES, and for the past seventeen years Principal of the La Fayette (Ind.) Eye Infirmary.

P. W. FONDA, M. D.,
Surgeon in charge Infirmary,
223 Kearny street between Bush and Sutter.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE,
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)

NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS,	ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS,	WATER HOUSES,

And all kinds of

Asphaltum Work,

Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED
BY USING
Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,

Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb 6, 1866.

MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.

Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

MR. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.

Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.

San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.

To F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Wholesale Agents, CRANE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & Co., SAN FRANCISCO.

AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with

24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,

giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to hear

"THE OTHER SIDE,"

and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.

Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Adddress

F. E. SHEAR, General Agent,
No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS W. SUTHERLAND, deceased.

It appearing to the said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by Alexander R. Baldwin, the Administrator of the estate of Thomas W. Sutherland, deceased, praying for an order of sale of Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the charges and expenses of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 12th day of February A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the Court room of said Probate Court at the City Hall, in said city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 10th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true, full and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 10th day of January A. D. 1867

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGILES, Deputy Clerk.
J. F. HUTTON, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. j12 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M PRINCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.]
D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and aud for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS SMITH, deceased.

Order of Publication on Application for Order of Sale.

On reading and filing the petition of Christian Schreiber, Administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court Room thereof, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 4th day of February 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 2d, 1867. j5 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the Estate of ALFRED RODMAN and ELOISE RODMON, Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by John C. Merrill, the Guardian of the estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, Minors, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of his said wards, that it would be beneficial to the said wards that such real estate should be sold at private sale.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estates, appear before this Court at the Court Room thereof at the Court House in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 4th day of February, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before said hearing of said petition in the THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

January 2d, 1867.
D. P. HARSTOW, Esq., Attorney for Guardian. j5 5t

ESTATE OF LOUIS McGLAUFLIN, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Estate of Louis McGlaudlin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at her residence, No 773 Brannan street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

EMELINE McGLAUFLIN, Executrix.

San Francisco, January 5th, 1867.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Executrix. j5 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE HAMILTON THOMPSON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE HAMILTON THOMPSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the U. S. Surveyor General's office, Pioneer Hall, Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, January 25th, 1867.

G. HOWARD THOMPSON,
Administrator of Estate of George Hamilton Thompson, deceased, j26 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L REED, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L. LIEN, PETER S. McNIEL, SARAH J McNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be declared and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM LOEWY, Clerk

[SEAL.] By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 5c cts.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one-half of the common property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to and be delivered to this plaintiff; and that the care, custody and education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendant may, by order of this Court, be restrained and enjoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant be ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUdicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovenamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and be put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j19 3m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE, - - SOLE PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
CHAS. TIBBETTS, - - BUSINESS MANAGER
C. L. GRAVES, - - - STAGE MANAGER
W. STEVENSON, - - - - - TREASURER

Miss Kate Denin, Mrs. H. Jackson,
Mr. J. McCullough, Mr. H. Edwards,
And a Full Corps Dramatique!

THIS EVENINO AND AFTERNOON, FEB. 2D,
Augustin Daly's Version of
GRIFFITH GAUNT!
A DRAMA OF THE PASSIONS.

Griffith Gaunt, John McCullough; George Neville, John Wilson; Squire Peytod, D, C. Anderson, Father Francis G. Pardey; Brother Leonard, E. N. Thayer; Chief Justice, H. Sinclair; The Attorneo General, Harry Jackson; Hawyer Housemin, H. D. Thompson; Ned Galtou, E. Melville; Tom Leicester, H. Edwards; Paul Carrick, W. Barry; Old Vint, Geo. Pardey; Doctor, H. Macklyn; Kate Peyton, Miss Kate Denin; Merey Viut, Miss J. Coreoran; Caroline Ryder, Mrs. Harry Jackson; Dame Vint, Mrs. Judah; Jane Frost, Miss Mary Coreoran; Betty, Miss Emma Miles; A Pretty Gipsey, Miss Sonle; Meg, Miss Anita

SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3,
GRAND SACRED CONCERT.
PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle, - -	$1 00	Orchestra, - -	$1 00
Parquette, - -	50	Upper Circle, -	25

No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, - - - - - Sole Proprietor
CHAS. TIBBETTS, - - - - - Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES, - - - - - - Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON, - - - - - - Treasurer

GRAND SACRED CONCERT!
ON
SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3d,

Signorina E. Brambilla,
The Favorite Prima Donna.
Mrs. Joseph Heine,
The Celebrated Pianist.
Mr. Joseph Heine,
The Blind Paganini.
Signor C. Mancusi—
AND
A FULL ORCHESTRA!

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - -	$1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - - - -	50
Gallery, - - - - - - - - - - - -	25

Box Office open on Saturday and Sunday, from 10 to 4 o'clock, when seats may be secured.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. H. L. WEAVER.—*Madam:* Having heard with pleasure of the success and superiority of your accomplishments in elocution, as shown by your hitherto gratuitous public readings in this city, we beg leave to request that, before leaving San Francisco, you will give a literary entertainment at such time and place as you may designate. Respectfully yours,

A. L. Stone,	Horatio Stebbins,
Ira G. Hoitt,	Ebenezer Knowlton,
H. M. Scudder,	J. C. Pelton,
John Swett,	J. W. Winans,
M. C. Briggs,	James Strattou,
James Denman,	Alpheus Bull,
George Barstow,	Giles H. Gray,
B. H. Moulton,	S. C. Bughee.

San Francisco, January 28, 1867.

DR. A. L. STONE AND OTHERS.—*Gentlemen:* Your kind note inviting me to give a Public Reading, is received and accepted. If agreeable, I would mention TUESDAY EVENING, February 5th, as the time; and Maguire's Academy of Music, as the place most suitable. Very truly yours, H. L. WEAVER.
San Francisco, January 28, 1867.

TICKETS, - - - - - FIFTY CENTS.
Reserved Seats 50 Cents Extra.

Box Office open for selection of reserved seats from 10 to 4 on the day of reading. Doors open at 7; reading to commence at 8. Tickets for sale at the principal bookstores.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,
Art Gallery, Museum,
CONSERVATORIES, AND ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,
On Mission and Valencia streets.
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.

A Museum of Natural History containing over four hundred specimens of Zoology has just been opened.
NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.
Admission to all parts of the Gardens and Museum 25 cents. Children under 12 years of age, half price.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars.

☞Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS

"SHERMAN'S
March Through Georgia."

ADMISSION, - - - TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THOS. NAST'S GREAT PAINTING now on Exhibition at the Fine Art Gallery of SNOW & ROOS,
219 Montgomery street, (Russ Block.)

FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,

Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, San Francisco.
A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - - Proprietor

ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

L. G. SCHORD,
SUCCESSOR TO
WILLIAM P. LORING & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fine
Wines, Liquors and Segars,
NO. 534 MERCHANT ST.,
Between Montgomery and Sansome sts.
Families and Clubs supplied on Short Notice.

JOHN LOCHHEAD'S
STEAM ENGINE WORKS
Beale Street, near Mission, San Francisco.

STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationery, or Locomotive.
HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,
Portable Engines of all sizes,
Donkey Pumps, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The attention of the parties engaged in shipping or inland navigation is called to the
SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP
of Mr. LOCHHEAD, who has been in the business in San Francisco for the last fourteen years and enjoys the reputation of having built ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN STEAM ENGINES.
Screw Propellers of all kinds, and Steam Boat Machinery generally, made to order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in every particular.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

MISS S. A——'S VALENTINE:

"Take this little flower; take it and think of me!
Think, in the hours of lonelinesa, of the one who gave it thee;
Place it within thy bosom, let it never be forgot,
But let it whisper oft to thee, "Forget me not."

MISS A. M. C——'S VALENTINE:

"The brightest smiles that ever fell
Are not so dear as thine to me;
And oh! these lines but faintly tell
The love that fills my heart for thee."

TO —— ——:

Think not this gift is idly penn'd
To pass a weary hour away;
Or that the giver in the end
Will in his friendship e'er decay!

'Tis sent in all sincere esteem,
And with the purest heartfelt prayer
That heaven'a most enduring beam
May guard and shield thee from all care.

MISS MARY B——N'S VALENTINE:

How dear the dream
In distant hour of ill,
Should all he change,
To find the faithful still.

ST. VALENTINE'S ADVICE.

To the unmarried of the nation,
As they would avoid the mortification,
And shun the appellation
Of old maids and old bachelors in this generation,
To make direct application,
Without any flirtation,
To APPLETON'S station,
Where VALENTINE holds his oblation,
For an appropriate communication,
Which will afford a gratification,
In the highest acceptation,
And he a sufficient remuneration
For the money spent on the occasion,
From the smallest to the greatest valuation.

VALENTINES in extra fine French Boxes—also in solid Rosewood and Mahogany cases. Sold with or without jewelry.
VALENTINES of every conceivable variety; Valentine Cards, Valentine Mottoes and Stationery.
THIRTY New and Original California Comics.
COMICS.....5 cents.
VALENTINE WRITERS, Comic and Sentimental.
APPLETON'S VALENTINE EXPRESS,
With ten Horses, will deliver Valentines every hour of Valentine's Day in every part of the city.
D. E. APPLETON & CO.,
508 Montgomery street.

NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

B. MACKAY,
ARCHITECT,
NO. 434 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Next door to the Pacific Insurance Company.

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MAURICE DORE & CO.,
REAL ESTATE, STOCK AND GENERAL
AUCTIONEERS.
OFFICE AND SALESROOM, 327 MONTGOMERY ST.
W. A. QUARLES, Auctioneer.

*WEDNESDAY,.....*February 6, 1867,
At 12 O'clock, at Salesroom,
SPECIAL CREDIT SALE.

100-Vara Lot No. 303,

Southeasterly corner Market and Ninth streets, fronting on Market, Ninth and Stevenson streets, in thirty-three subdivisions, without reserve, on a liberal credit.

TERMS: One-third Cash;
One-third in One Year;
One-third in Two Years.

Deferred payments to bear interest at 10 per cent. per ann.

In calling the attention of Capitalists and the Public generally to the sale of this splendid property, we deem it unnecessary to point out its unequalled advantages as a central business location, believing every man in this city as capable of appreciating these as ourselves.

We would state, however, as our opinion that within ten years this 100-Vara Lot will be considered as central and equally as valuable as that on the corner of Market and Second streets is to day, for which $300,000 has recently been offered and declined.

The sale will be positive, and every subdivision will be offered and sold to the highest bidder without reserve.

☞ TITLE PERFECT.

TRUMP & BRADY,
No. 615 Market street,
In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,
STEAM AND GAS FITTING,
PLUMBING, ETC.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.
Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.
All Work warranted, or no charges made.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. - - - Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

Occidental Restaurant.
J. E. SORBIER & CO., - - PROPRIETORS,
536 Washington street,
A few doors below Montgomery.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of JOHN F. LOGAN, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of Mary Banks and Catherine Rogan, claiming to be the nearest relatives and heirs, being the aunts of John F Logan, deceased, setting forth that the administrator has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said John F. Logan, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of March, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said John F. Logan, deceased, according to law.
It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said fifth day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated January 30th, 1867. feb2-4w
Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.
Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this first day of February, A. D. 1867.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk
[Seal and stamp.] By A. J. JENKINS, Deputy Clerk.

CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION OF THE "UNIVERSITY" *HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION.*

INCORPORATED JANUARY 23d, 1867.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, RESIDENTS OF THE State of California, and citizens of the United States of America, and citizens thereof, do hereby certify:
That under and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled "An Act to authorize the formation of Corporations, to provide the members thereof with Homesteads or lots of land suitable for Homesteads," approved May 20th, A. D. 1861, and an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act to authorize the formation of Corporations, to provide the members thereof with Homesteads, or lots of land suitable for Homesteads, passed May twentieth, eighteen hundred and sixty-one," approved April 4th, A. D. 1864, we have associated ourselves together, and formed ourselves into an incorporated company, which shall be known as the "UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION."
The objects of said Corporation shall be the purchase of forty-three full Blocks and fifteen fractional Blocks of Land in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, in what is known as the University Mound Tract, the same being numbered and designated on a map of the University Mound Tract Survey, on file in the office of the City and County Recorder of said city and county, as follows:

FULL BLOCKS.

Numbers Twenty-one, Forty-four, Forty-five, Forty-seven, Sixty-one, Sixty-two, Sixty-three, Seventy-five, Seventy-six, Seventy-seven, Seventy-eight, Seventy nine, Eighty-five, Eighty-six, Eighty seven, Eighty eight, Eighty-nine, Ninety, Ninety two, Ninety-three, Ninety-four, Ninety-five, Ninety six, Ninety seven, One Hundred, One Hundred and One, One Hundred and Two, One Hundred and Four, One Hundred and Five, One Hundred and Six, One Hundred and Seven, One Hundred and Ten, One Hundred and Eleven, One Hundred and Twelve, One Hundred and Thirteen, One Hundred and Fourteen, One Hundred and Fifteen, One Hundred and Sixteen, One Hundred and Seventeen, One Hundred and Eighteen, One Hundred and Nineteen, One Hundred and Twenty-eight, and One Hundred and Twenty-nine.

FRACTIONAL BLOCKS.

Numbers Eight, Nine, Sixty, Sixty-four, Eighty-three, Eighty-four, Ninety one, One Hundred and Three, One Hundred and Eight, One Hundred and Nine, One Hundred and Twenty-two, One Hundred and Twenty-three, One Hundred and Twenty four, One Hundred and Twenty-five, One Hundred and Twenty six; and the same being a portion of the Bernal Ranch—the improvements thereof—and the subdivision thereof into lots and parcels suitable for Homesteads, and the distribution of such lots or parcels among the shareholders.
The capital stock of said corporation shall be the sum of One Hundred and Twenty-six Thousand Dollars, divided into Four Hundred shares, of Three Hundred and Fifteen Dollars each; and the fund to be raised, the said sum of One Hundred and Twenty six Thousand Dollars.
The said corporation shall exist for the term of five years from the date of the filing of this certificate in the office of the County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, unless sooner dissolved in the manner provided in the by laws or by law.
The business and concerns of said corporation, for the first three months of its existence, shall be managed by a Board of five Trustees, whose names are George B Taylor, L. L. Robinson, H. A. Gorley, E. Thomas, D. D., and Thomas B. Lewis.
The office and principal place of business of said corporation shall be located in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.
The right of increasing the capital stock, as provided in Section 15 of the Act above mentioned, is hereby reserved.
In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this twenty-third day of January, A D. 1867.

L L ROBINSON,	[L. S.]
E THOMAS,	[L. S.]
H. A. GORLEY,	[L. S.]
GEO. B. TAYLOR,	[L. S.]
J. F. MICHEL,	[L. S.]
OLPHA BONNEY, Sen.,	[L. S.]
THOMAS B. LEWIS,	[L. S.]

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.
On this twenty-ninth day of January, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, before me, John White, a Notary Public in and for said city and county, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared the within named L. L. Robinson, E. Thomas, H. A. Gorley, Geo. B. Taylor, J. F. Michel, Olpha Bonney, Sen., and Thomas B. Lewis, whose names are subscribed to the annexed instrument as parties thereto, personally known to me to be the individuals described in and who executed the said annexed instrument, and they each acknowledged to me that they executed the same freely and voluntarily, and for the uses and purposes therein mentioned.
[L. S.] In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, the day and year in this certificate first above written.
JOHN WHITE, Notary Public.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
This is to certify, that the University Homestead Association filed in my office their Certificate of Incorporation on the 29th day of January, 1867, at the hour of 3:30 P. M. Attest: WM. LOEWY, County Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy County Clerk.

OFFICERS OF THE UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION.

E. THOMAS, - - - - - -	President.
LESTER L. ROBINSON, - - - -	Treasurer.
THOMAS B. LEWIS, - - - - -	Secretary.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

E. Thomas,	Lester L. Robinson,
Geo. B. Taylor,	Thomas B. Lewis,
H. A. Gorley.	

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of JAMES FITZPATRICK, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of James Fitzpatrick, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the place of the transaction of her business, at the office of her attorney, Geo. B. Merrill, Esq., No. 520 Montgomery street, San Francisco. MARY FITZPATRICK,
Administratrix of Estate of James Fitzpatrick, deceased.
San Francisco, February 2d, 1867. 4w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM SHANAHAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of William Shanahan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, at the store of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. Dated February 1, 1867.
WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the Estate of William Shanahan, deceased. f2 5t

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 12 OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 9, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

Gymnastics a la Japanois, an original story, by John Clerk; My Valentino, by "Trem;" Lost Day, a poem, by W. A. Kendall, Life in the Bush, a story; An Editor's Christmas Story; Paragons, an essay; "Black Sheep;" Lion's Mouth;" The Romance of little Willie Crane; Petrified Pork; Calisthenics for Girls; A Poet Annihilated; The Supreme Court Decision: Next Governor; Literary Gleanings; Dramatic Matters; Correspondence, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale" IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

The Romance of Little Willie Crane.

A large amount of space in that valuable paper, the *Morning Call*, has been devoted to an account of the trials and sufferings of little Willie Crane. "One cognizant of the facts" writes a thrilling description of the atrocities practiced in our public schools, which recalls to our mind accounts of the tortures of the Inquisition and the horrors of the galleys. Little Willie, aged seven years, a pupil in the Union Street Primary School, is, it appears from the statement of "one cognizant of the facts," given to romancing, and the inventive faculty which he possesses in a large degree was the cause of his getting into serious trouble on the 31st ult. We gather the following particulars from the letter of "one cognizant of the facts," which appeared in the *Call* of Thursday:

"On the 31st of January, one of the lady teachers lost a pin. Search was made, but still the pin could not be found. A female teacher then asked if any one of the scholars knew anything of it. Little Willie raised his hand and told the teacher that he saw a girl take up the pin, upon which the teacher accused him of having the pin, and told him if he did not give it up she would 'skin him alive.'"

The author of this letter then states that "he said yes, he had the pin." When asked where it was, he could not tell, and we are told the following scene occurred:

"She stripped him and beat him, (breaking two sticks on him.) The child fainted from pain, and another teacher asked to give him a drink of water, but the humane whipper refused, and answered, 'Let him get out as he got in it, without water.' Willie's sister tried, and begged to go to him, but was denied. This was done at the school, in presence of the scholars."

Then he was dragged home by two teachers and a Spanish boy, and his parents being out, the house was searched, beds were pulled apart, and the pockets of clothing belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Crane were searched. We are told that the child's "body to-day, bears the bruises and marks all over him," resulting from "two sticks" having been broken over him. After a fruitless search of the house, the teachers delivered the boy over to Mr. Pelton, who "placed him in the station-house and preferred charges of petty larceny against him." The child was put in the dark cell, after having told a great many different stories as to the whereabouts of the pin. The mother "begged that he might not be put in such a dungeon, it would throw him into fits and he would die. The policeman's answer to her was, 'If you do not get him again, alive, you will dead.'" Then we are told that his father had to leave his work, and lost his situation. The case was postponed till the 3d instant, and in the mean time the pin was found by the teacher in one of her pockets. "One who is cognizant" makes out a strong case of ill treatment. Mrs. Aurelia Griffith, the Principal, makes answer; she says that Willie, on the pin—which was the property of an ex-teacher, being missed—volunteered the statement that a girl had taken it. On being urged to confess if he himself had taken it, he first said that he had, and had 'hid it in a hole by a pawnbroker's;' he next said that his mother had put it in the cupboard. Mrs. Griffith says:

"I advised the girl to look again there for it. However, even she did not search any other place. *No one's bed or pockets were touched.* I then sent the boy to the Superintendent, following as soon as I could go home and get ready."

With regard to the beating—with two sticks—the following statement is made:

"*That the child was struck by me, or any of my assistants, is totally false.* There is not one of my scholars, including Willie and his sister, (who both continue with me, notwithstanding the inhuman conduct with which I am charged,) can say I ever struck him even one blow. That I threatened to skin him alive, that I whipped him until he fainted from pain, and then refused him water, is so perfectly absurd that it requires no denial."

Mr. Pelton follows suit, but plays his hand badly. He, after confirming the statement of Mrs. Aurelia Griffith in many particulars, states that he took the boy into the dark cell and talked to him "in the kindest manner." He continues:

"He came from the cell with me, and as I was about leaving, his mother and sister came in and narrated the 'whipping,' 'search,' etc., etc. Being pressed with other business engagements, I left the boy with the Police Officers, by whom he was soon surrendered to his parents. The officers in charge thought the matter might, with propriety, be further investigated. I thought so, and left the boy with them, as stated."

We gather from the above statements that the ex-teacher is very careless. Mrs. Aurelia Griffith is apt to jump at hasty conclusions, and, we think, to lose her temper a little—Willie Crane is a wicked and silly little "story teller," and Mr. Pelton is a most careless and untrustworthy guardian of youth. His conduct in leaving the boy in prison was utterly unjustifiable, even if he was "pressed with other business engagements." The best way in which to settle this matter would be for Mr. Pelton, who appears to have caused most of the trouble, to find employment for the boy's father; let the ex-teacher be "cut" by her friends as a careless woman; let Mrs. Griffiths refrain from taking a child's testimony against himself, under circumstances similar to those narrated above; and let the martyred "Little Willie" in addition to his already-endured sufferings, have a good whipping; and "one who is cognizant of the facts" refrain from publishing children's stories as "facts."

Calisthenics for Girls.

Some one who signs himself, "One Who Knows," is much agitated by a suggestion made in a morning paper, that gymnastics are not practised in the Girls' High School. He writes to the *Bulletin*, and says:

"A recent article in a morning paper has complained that gymnastics are not practised in the Girls' High School. We propose to show, not only the disadvantages, but even the absolute wrong of introducing calisthenics into a school of young ladies. Among the ancients it was the custom to practice the athletic art nearly or entirely naked, as the word gymnasium clearly indicates."

"One Who Knows" does not clearly mark the distinction between "calisthenics" and "gymnastics." He may be shocked at the idea of girls indulging in any exercise to which a name signifying "naked antics" is given, but surely "calisthenics" are quite proper, as calisthenic is derived from two Greek words signifying "beauty" and "strength," and containing not the slightest allusion to nakedness. "One Who Knows," after saying that he "proposes to show the absolute wrong of introducing calisthenics into a school of young ladies," succeeds in showing nothing of the kind. He says that young ladies wear corsets, and are therefore unable to practise calisthenics without injury to their constitutions. It is not necessary for a young lady to practise the flying trapeze, or to hold fifty-pound weights at arm's length; but if a young lady will wear very loose corsets—as all young ladies should—and devote half an hour a day to swinging light dumb-bells adapted to her strength, brandishing the Indian clubs, and going through posturing exercises, she will expand her chest, add grace to her form, and in fact gain beauty and strength. "One Who Knows" knows nothing about the matter on which he "proposed" to write. It is "proposed," if calisthenics—not gymnastics—are introduced into ladies' schools, to adapt the exercises to the strength of the pupils, and the potent objections which this knowing correspondent hints that he could advance if he choose, would prove very weak ones. Calisthenics, as practised by ladies in the best schools in all parts of the world, have never resulted in injury in any case; and young ladies practise them in the attire which society approves of. For the sake of utterly horrifying "One Who Knows," we might observe that a company of trained female gymnasts—"The Saltatory Sisters" or "Summerset Sisters"—might draw even larger houses than did the Bnislay Brothers.

Familiar With the Classics.

The classical editor of the *Times* (the same accomplished individual we presume, who quotes one "Catullus" as a Latin author, and refers to one "Entellus" as a character in Virgil) commences an editorial in Wednesday's issue, thus:

"Familiarity with the classics has taught every one what a siren is. The man who listened to *its* music, forgot glory, patriotism, and died in an ecstacy of crazed delight."

Listened to *its* music indeed! Evidently the young gentleman's "familiarity with the classics" has not taught him the fact that "sirens" are of the feminine gender. We suspect, moreover, that it was rather a reference to Webster's Unabridged, than any "familiarity with the classics," that taught him all that he knows about these musical damsels. The circumstance that the youth appropriates Webster's language, and spoils it in the appropriation, seems to justify this suspicion. Webster says, that they who heard the sirens' song "forgot their country and died in an ecstacy of delight." This isn't quite fine enough for a schoolboy's taste. There must be more sounding words. It isn't enough to forget "country;" the phrase gains strength when "patriotism" and "glory" are tugged on to it. To die 'in an ecstacy of delight" isn't sufficient for this chaste and powerful writer, and so he improves it into "an ecstacy of *crazed* delight." Young gentlemen who are ambitious to excel in fine writing by amplifying definitions taken out of a lexicon, should bear in mind the fact, that there are a great many persons, now-a-days, who rejoice in the possession of an "Unabridged," and are in the habit of consulting it occasionally.

The Repentant Burglar.

During the last week, it has transpired that a suburban thief, who kept a ranch near Lone Mountain, where he herded his stolen goods, stole some silver spoons, on one of which, finding an inscription denoting that it had been used in giving medicine to a beloved child, now dead, he—the Christianlike and benevolent thief, tormented by the stings of a long forgotten conscience—actually re-burglared the house and restored the spoons. He should be sentenced to serve many years in the Customhouse, or in some other capacity under Government.

Petrified Pork.

We always rejoice when strange discoveries are made on the Pacific coast, which will serve to attract attention to the comparatively new and rapidly increasing States in this favored, wonderful, but too-little appreciated portion of the earth. The discovery of a cannon ball—which might fairly be supposed to be pre-Adamite—in this State, at the depth of many hundred feet, filled us with joy. The further discoveries of petrified carrots and a fossil cigar at an equal depth below the earth's surface, enraptured us. Such discoveries could take place nowhere save in the States of California and Nevada, and could not fail to draw the attention of the inhabitants of the older and more worn-out portions of the earth to this coast. In an exchange we find the following:

"S. H. Pugh found recently on Carson river, in Churchill county, Nevada, on the emigrant route, an article supposed to be petrified bacon. It weighs about two pounds, and when found it was a foot long and eight inches wide. It is hard enough to drive a nail, and was lying when discovered in the loose sand, a distance from the stream."

This story is not as satisfactory as it might have been made, by the exercise of a little skill and imagination on the part of the gentleman who published it. If he had, instead of saying that this piece of stone was "supposed to be petrified bacon," boldly stated that it was indubitably petrified pork, the story would have passed current with more ease. We have every reason to believe that not even the oldest and most experienced experts are able to detect the smoky flavor which distinguishes bacon from pork, after the bacon has been petrified for any length of time. We fear that there will be a general effort made to pooh! pooh! Mr. Pugh's petrified bacon discovery. We can hardly say of this, *Se non è vero è ben trovato.* We should have preferred that Mr. Pugh should find his streaked stone, which is "supposed to be petrified bacon," several hundred feet below the surface of the earth, or somewhere in the primary formation. Pre-Adamite pork, petrified, would be a grand geological novelty, and might lead to the sending of a special commission to this coast from one of the scientific societies of Europe; but a "streaky stone" which looked like bacon, found under a few inches of sand, can awake no interest in the scientific world. Why, oh why, didn't Mr. Pugh pitch that petrified pork down the deepest shaft in the deepest mine in Nevada!

A Poet Annihilated.

The literary coryphens of the Grass Valley *National* has gone forth upon the war-path after our young friend, Charles Warren Stoddard. After quoting Mr. Stoddard's quaint little lyric entitled "A Rain Song," which was contributed to Mrs. Wright's new California Magazine, and some eulogistic comments thereupon by the *Dramatic Chronicle*, the Grass Valley critic thus proceeds:

"*We* call such verses as the above 'trash,' and if they are exquisite at all, they are exquisitely silly and nonsensical. We do not ask anybody to take our dictum in the matter, but let judges of poetry read the lines for themselves, analyze them as we propose to do, and form their own conclusions. Look at the first verse. Though the author would shield his 'sweet-heart' from the *snow* and the *winds*, yet he could not forbid the *rain* coming. One would suppose that he was going to say that, although he could not shield her from the snow and the winds, yet he would shield her if he could. But, he has no such notion and declares that it is the rain which mostly troubles him. Although he *would* stop snow and wind, yet he *can not* stop *rain*. Does he mean to signify that it might snow and blow on her, at will, so far as he was concerned, but that he would be pleased if it would not rain on her?

The literary illuminator of the regions of quartzdom would do well, if the above furnishes a just measure of his critical ability, to steer clear of disquisition upon poetry and *belles lettres*. The poet's idea is palpable enough to persons of taste and appreciation. The "snow" and "sleet," and "the four fierce winds that blow" are things that beauty is to be protected against—but not surely against the gentle and refreshing "Summer rain." Alas! what terrible work these provincial editors make of it, when they venture upon an irruption into the uncongenial field of polite literature. We would earnestly recommend to the Grass Valley genius, a course of Kaime's Elements of Criticism, and Quackenbos' English Rhetoric.

"The Name of Jesus."

The *Bulletin* of Wednesday last published an extract from some work, the name of which we have been unable to discover, with the above caption. The opening paragraph of the extract we give:

"It is a remarkable fact that while the name of Jesus was one of the most common among the Jews, in the time of our Saviour, it has now almost disappeared as a name from all the nations of the earth. Strong as is the desire of parents that their sons should inherit the virtues of distinguished personages, and widespread as is the custom of naming children after them, as a fit expression of that desire, yet what mother presumes to name her son Jesus!"

Whoever wrote the above, was certainly unacquainted with Mexico. In that country there are hundreds of men who bear the sacred name, at the mention of which every head should bow. In our California courts, again and again, a ruffian bearing this most holy name is brought up, accused of murder, theft or assault. If the writer of the above really wishes to ascertain "what mother would presume to name her son Jesus," he must come to the Pacific coast, where he will find thousands of mothers who have not the slightest scruple about the matter.

LIFE IN THE BUSH.

SURVEYING and exploring a new district in Queensland, is a matter of some hardship and peril. In the evenings, after the day's work is over, when we have finished our "damper," salt beef, and tea, and are smoking our pipes round a blazing log fire, many a strange story is told. My men are old Bushmen, and are up to a thing or two; especially My Chainman.

He is a harum-scarum, reckless, handsome, genuine Irishman of very respectable family, induced to emigrate many years ago as a hopeless scapegrace. He has knocked about New South Wales and Queensland in all sorts of capacities. I fell in with him by chance. I was fortunate enough to save his life, engaged him, and believed him to be as devoted and fine a fellow as there is in the world.

A few days ago, My Chainman was journeying in the direction of Sydney, from a place in the interior called, I think, Jiuballah. Having stopped at several public-houses on the way, he found himself still on his journey, with a ten-pound note, half a sovereign, and a half-crown, in his pocket. About a hundred miles from Sydney, he found some confusion in a public-house which he had entered to obtain refreshment. The landlady was crying bitterly, and the servants were in a great fright.

When he entered, the hostess eagerly exclaimed:

"You are not one of thim, are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Och, it's the Bushrangers I mane. *You* are'nt one of *thim?*"

"No. Have they been here, then?"

"Yes, half an hour ago, and cleared my house of all I had. Musha! The widdy's curse be upon them!"

"Have they gone down the road, or struck right into the bush?"

"Gone down the road to stick up all they meet wid."

"How many?"

"Three; sorrow less."

Now, My Chainman *must* go down to Sydney. He could not take the bush for it, as he did not know the country well enough. He might evade the Bushrangers by some lucky chance, either by the aid of night or other means. He was dressed, of course, in the gear of a thorough Bushman, and they might spare him on the old Scotch principle, "Hawks pyke not oot hawk's een." Besides, he might conceal his ten-pound note, and it would not break his heart to lose his half-sovereign and half-crown. On the whole, then, he saw nothing for it but to resume his journey. He chose his short sock as the best place for the bank-note, and thrust the note into it, without folding it up.

Forth he went, and rode rapidly on for about an hour without seeing the rangers; however, he distinctly saw the fresh tracks of *four* horses in advance. At an abrupt turn of the road, he was covered by three revolvers, and addressed by three voices:

"Dismount!"

No help for it. He got off his horse, and took a survey of the "glorious three." One was a very good-natured-looking fellow; the other seemed rather backward; the third was an unmistakeable ruffian.

"Where have you been? You're a digger."

"I'm just coming from the Wanoorah Diggin's."

These gold fields were noted for their poverty.

"How much money have you got?"

"One half-sovereign and one half-crown."

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

It was the good natured man who spoke in this dialogue.

"I think, Jim, we may let him off. The poor devil must be hard up, coming from those wretched diggings."

"We'll have something to say to him first," replied Number Three, whose accent was Irish; and this gave My Chainman some hope.

"Well, at all events, he must have a glass of grog." My Chainman accordingly drank a bumper that took his breath away.

"Walk before me into the bush," then said Number Three.

"Not a bit of it, Jim; let the poor devil go. Why, he's a countryman of your own. What do *you* say, Jack?"

"Never mind what Jack says!" replied Number Three. "Don't make an ass of yourself, Dick! I'll have my way in this."

He motioned to My Chainman to go on; and on he went until they reached a belt of scrub.

"Halt! Now, listen to me. It's my opinion that you are a schemer. If I find one shilling on you more than you have acknowledged to," (he swore a terrific oath,)"I'll blow your brains out on the spot. Strip!"

My Chainman owned to me that for a moment he felt a mortal terror, but he shook it off, and proceeded to undress.

"Take off your jumper first—not *your* boots. Now your flannel shirt. Throw them over to me."

He examined them thoroughly.

"Take off your boots. Throw them here. Now your trousers."

He found in the pockets the two coins. And my Chainman hoped that the search was over. Not yet.

"Take off yer socks!"

To hesitate was instant death. The ruffian shook both the socks. Let the reader fancy the beating of My Chainman's heart, meanwhile! As he had thrust the note into the sock *without folding it up*, and as the robber had caught the note with the thick sock between his finger and thumb, it was thus prevented from dropping out. To such small things a man may owe dear life itself.

"Now be off."

"What!" said My Chainman. "Would you send a man away stark naked, and in this weather, too?"

"You ought to be thankful for your life."

Just then, up came Dick.

"Haven't you searched him yet? What the devil's the use of keeping him in the cold?"

"You mind your own business, Dick."

"Jim," retorted Dick, "you know I can stand a good deal; but you're not the man to bide a quarrel with me when I'm roused. I won't allow you to do as you did last time. Give this man his boots and trousers; keep his jumper if you want it."

Thus they spilt the difference, and My Chainman was left on a bush-road without a horse, and only half clad. He had his ten pound note, however."

After walking briskly for about twelve miles, he came to a sly grog-shop, where he found two men conversing; one, evidently the host; the other, (he knew as well as if it had been revealed to him,) was the *fourth* Bushranger.

In the endless wilds of Australia, there is not a Bushman whose life does not often depend on "tracing;" and so wonderful do Bushmen become in this respect, that they can tell the date of every mark upon the ground. I have heard them debate as to whether a black's track was an hour old, or two hours. Now, My Chainman had seen the tracks of *four* horses in company, and he had carefully tracked the fourth up to this "humpy," close to which it was standing quietly tied by the bridle.

"If I don't ride that horse away from this, to-day," said My Chainman to himself, "may I never have the blessing of St. Patrick!"

The host was a little man; the Bushranger was a tall and muscular villain, with long black hair falling down his shoulders—a bad-sign, as it showed he had been long "out."

They had been talking on a subject that had excited the Bushranger, and that subject, as far as My Chainman could gather from the muttered words he overheard at his entrance, was that the police were on their way up, and not very far off.

My Chainman gave the the masonic sign; it was answered by the host.

"Hallo," said the Bushranger, "wher do you hail from?"

"I have come down the road."

"Haven't you got a horse?"

There was no use shamming here, so My Chainman at once replied:

"I was struck up and robbed twelve miles from this, by the Bushrangers."

"The devil! Are they so near? Isn't it fortunate, Casey, that I know this in time?"

"Why?" said Casey. "You are not going that way. You came from that direction yourself, a while ago:"

The Bushranger at that moment was lighting his pipe with a burning coal; and his back was turned. My Chainman gave a look and made a gesture which was perfectly understood by the shrewd little host.

"I must be going, old man," said the Bushranger, after his pipe had been successfully lighted. "Let's have a glass of grog all round first."

"All right!" said the little man. Three glasses of rum soon stood before the party. My Chainman put his hand forward to take up one of the glasses, but Casey, with an awkward apology about helping the gent, handed the robber that very glass, gave another to My Chainman, and drank off the the third himself.

My Chainman understood all this, and hoped that the stupifying potion would soon take effect. But no. The ruffian's constitution was as sound as the foundations of St. Paul's and the draught only increased his sharpness and penetration.

"Do you think I don't see through you?" said he, with a diabolical glance as Casey. "I am not sure of *you*" (this was to My Chainman); "if I was, I know what I should do."

"What have I done, sir?" said Casey.

"What have you done, you villian? everything. I'll have your life!"

"Now, although My Chainman did not think that the ruffian meant the threat literally, yet he made his little preparations. The fellow was armed to the teeth. He had two revolvers in his side belt, and a doublebarrelled gun stood close to him. A large sheath-knife hung on his hip. Every second increased the ruffian's fury. His curses and threats were appalling. Casey, the other side of the fire, sat, the picture of dismay.

"Why don't you answer me?" the robber at last shouted.

"Because," gasped Casey, "I have nothing to say."

"Nothing to say?" roared the Bushranger. "Take that!"

He drew a revolver, half rose from his seat, and, with wonderful quickness, levelled the weapon at Casey. But My Chainman was quicker than he. He had quietly picked up an American tomahawk which lay on a block beside him, and, just as the Bushranger had given the half turn to fire, down came the tomahawk on the back of his neck. The pistol exploded at the same moment. The wretched man gave hardly a quiver. He was dead in a second. The two survivors looked into each other's faces.

"Of course he was a Bushranger?" inquired Casey, after a long pause.

"Of course he was," said My Chainman; and he then told him the whole story. "But even if he were not, I did it in self-defence, for he would have shot me the next minute."

"You saved my life, however," said Casey, and that is everything to the purpose."

"I thought at first," said My Chainman; "that you were in league with the robbers."

"Probably I might have been forced to be so in time." was the reply; "but I have not been here long, and, rely upon it, I shan't be here long.

"What is best to be done?" said My Chainman. "Shall I ride on and meet the police, if they *are* on the way?"

"For the Lord's sake don't!" exclaimed the other. "His mates are sure to be in no time, and they'll torture me if they find this out."

"Get up behind me, and we'll both ride off," said My Chainman.

"Then I leave everything belonging to me to be plundered"

"Well, then, man, what is it you want? What's your advice?"

"Let us throw the body down that rack into the scrub there, and then clean up. You ride off. I'll pretend that their mate was after you. If you do meet the police don't say a word about it."

"But the horse and saddle may be stolen property?"

"You must chance that. It's the only plan."

My Chainman adopted the only plan, rode down to Sydney, and sold the horse.

"But now, sir," said he, "comes the strangest part of the story, and, if I didn't feel sure that you would believe me I never tell it. Years passed, and I happened to be traveling through a town where the assizes were going on. I heard that a great murderer was to be tried, so I went to hear the trial. As I live and must die, one of the officials of that court, and not the lowest either, was Jim, the Bushranger who stripped me!"

"Of course you communicated your discovery to the police?"

"My Chainman gave a dry cough, and, I rather think, got red in the face.

"I never much cottoned to the police, sir, at any time—least of all, then. Not so much for my own sake as for others."

"I see, I see," said I; "but I hope that was the only human blood you ever shed?"

"The only drop," said My Chainman, in some confusion, "saving and excepting one other case. That's a longer yarn than this."

MORNING CALLS IN INDIA.

I MUST say that calling in India, notwithstanding all its *désagrémens* of time and temperature, is sometimes productive of great amusement, and that the country would be more empty of occupation than it is without it. You are also, generally speaking, sure of obtaining admittance to the houses you visit. In a place where Europeans are forbidden by the climate to stir out of doors during certain hours, it is very difficult to find a plausible excuse for refusing to see visitors. Some few there are, of course, as in England, who make a point of never being fit to see by anybody—these few belong to the "very insane," and the apologies made by the native servants for their non-appearance are sometimes very amusing. The usual question on reaching the portico of an Indian bungalow is—"Can missus see?"—it being a popular superstition among the Europeans, that to enable a native to understand English, he must be addressed as if he were deaf, and in the most infantile language. If a lady desires on any particular occasion to be invisible, she has already given the general order. "Missus can't see," for the benefit of her visitors; but a native can never deliver a message pure and undefiled. He considers it not sufficiently polite, perhaps, that it should be unaccompanied by an excuse, so he generally invents one. "Missus washing head," and "Missus in tub," are two of their favorite devices for getting out of the scrape, and I have overheard a servant detailing such a circumstantial story of my being out, and where I had gone, and wherefore, that I felt a double criminal, lying on my sofa, to think I had unintentionally laid such a burden on his soul.—"*Gup*," *in Temple Bar*.

In Berlin, horse meat has found so much favor that the number of horses slaughtered in a year has already reached two thousand six hundred, and is constantly increasing.

PARAGONS.

THERE are some people whose good fortune it has been from very early years to be accustomed to perform every duty in an exemplary and thoughtful manner, and who may look back with just pride on a long course of virtue. It is a curious spectacle for men of the world to see the pattern creatures whom they have known from the beginning, sitting patiently on through life each under the shade of his own figtree, pleasantly ruminating on his own completeness. If following the advice of his parents and guardians is a title to the great prizes of life, a pattern being of the sort has done all that can be required of him. As a boy he obeyed his masters when he was at school, and his aunts when he was at home for the holidays. He neither ran into debt, nor tore his trowsers, nor smoked the weediest cigars with furtive enjoyment in a damp barn, nor sat up late to play thimblerig by the unhallowed light of a forbidden dip, nor learned his lessons by the help of cribs, nor pulled the hair of other little boys when they beat him in the school. He was always respectful to the masters, and careful of his clothes and of his pocket-money. As he grew older, he still preserved the same high standard of juvenile precocity. At college, he was invariably regular at chapel and lectures, never vexed the righteous soul of his dean, abstained from suppers and from cards, and left the University very much regretted by all his senior tutors. Such a noble career ought upon theory to lead, in after life, to distinction and success. And when we find that it leads to nothing of the sort, it really seems as if society were very ungrateful to those whose one anxiety has been never to do anything to offend it.

Virtuous young men of the kind are destined in all probability to see themselves distanced in the race by those who at school were little monsters, and who at the University were bigger, without being much better, than they were at school. The grown-up scapegrace has it all his own way at dinner or in a ball-room, wins the Victoria Cross somewhere at the antipodes before the paragon has ceased to be a very junior clerk in a Government office, and cuts out beauties and heiresses by the superior vigor of his conversation under the paragon's very nose. For a long time the paragon goes on comforting himself with the reflection that the success of his aggravating contemporary is an accident and a mistake. Some men, he thinks, make the running early in life, but the best men can afford to wait and bide their time. But, as years wear on, it becomes more and more difficult for the paragon to keep up this innocent little piece of self-delusion. Providence does seem to be going ahead with the scapegrace in a way designed perhaps to fulfill some mysterious purpose, but a way nevertheless which it is impossible to mistake. A cold perspiration breaks out on the paragon's forehead one fine morning, when the newspaper informs him at breakfast-time that the wicked scapegrace has attained celebrity and greatness. This is what comes of doing what one is told, and eating the bread of propriety. The world labels the unhappy being as a prig, if not as a goose, and concentrates its whole attention on the sayings and doings of his abandoned but successful rival. It is a sad, but still a certain truth, that the world is not very fond of paragons. It likes virtue drawn, so to speak, indifferently mild. The men who win its best things are the men who give it pleasure, and either amuse it or serve it well; while the paragon gives nobody pleasure, except his sisters, and maiden aunts.

A great distinction between maiden aunts and bachelor uncles is that the former admire the family prig, while the latter cannot abide him. In a quiet feminine circle in his own family the prig or paragon, has always been a source of just pride and gratification. The women of the family remember all his virtuous little ways ever since he was a boy. They recollect the many hymns and text of Scripture he learnt under their auspices, and they have got treasured up among their domestic archieves the kettleholders he worked when he was in weak health, and the prizes for moral conduct he brought home half-yearly from his class. Uncles do not care much about hymns or worsted-work, and never know what on earth to do with the prig when he is thrown upon their hands. His conversation is not exciting; he is a poor hand at whist; and they cannot have him to dinner without being oppressed with the faint perfume of mediocre respectability that seems to cling to his clothes. Society at large is entirely on the side of the prig's uncles. It values young people, not for their antecedents, but simply and solely for what they can produce in the shape of amusement or solid work. Wealth, beauty, fashion, rank, and even intellect have their market value, and can be sure of commadning a sure return. But virtuous mediocrity very unjustly is believed to have no price at all, and is a mere drug in the social market. By the time he has arrived at middle age, the paragon finds the lesson out by sad and sober experience, and, when it is too late to change, begins possibly to regret his past career. Nobody cares about paragons; and when they come to marry, their very wives end by being bored with their society.

Mankind is, indeed, so hard upon prigs that it is important to reccollect that, after all, they have their uses, and that the social machine would not get on without them so easily as might be conceived. As a rule, paragons do not accomplish very great or magnificent things. They have been always accustomed to run in a beaten groove, and to abstain from the very appearance of excess, whereas a slight infusion of excess is essential to make up a thoroughly successful character. Morality and religion forbid us to believe that it is necessary to begin by sowing wild oats before one sows any crop worth having. Wild oats are usually a mistake. It is so difficult to leave off sowing them precisely at the right moment, that the most prudent, as well as the most exemplary, course is to abstain from cultivating them at all. But an innate capacity for wild oats is perhaps a *sine qua non* of all energy of character. And this is one of the capacities which a prig appears usually to have wanted from his cradle. He not only does not sow wild oats, but he has not the least portion of wild-oat flavor in him. Discipline, and an anxiety to be correct and regular, have taken it out of him long ago.

Living by rule has become a part and parcel of his nature; and he cannot do anything except in harness, and with his moral bliukers on. Throughout the rest of his existence he never can get out of the pace which is drilled into him at starting, and his mission during life will be to keep step to the last. And it is this very characteristic which makes the despised prig so valuable a member of that society which always will persist in underrating him. A vast proportion of the business of the world is in reality performed by the possessors of humdrum virtue. It is to such lines of business that paragons and prigs usually devote themselves, and it is ungracious and unreasonable not to recognize the services they render.

Inferior Government offices may be selected as one specimen of the employments for which paragons may be said, for instance, to be pre-eminently fitted. It is highly important that the work which is transacted in such places should be done punctually, and according to the best and most received maxims of virtue. A spirit of dash and adventure is the last thing desirable for such an occupation. A bold fiery genius, who was for revolutionising and reforming his species, would be a serious bore and nuisance. He would be for ever inking the letters he had to copy, forgetting to date his despatches, muddling his accounts, snubbing deputations, and displaying insubordination in the presence of incompetent or unenergetic superiors.

What is wanted in the department is a good, sensible, accommodating punctual paragon. His duty is not to startle the office from its lethargy, or to distress it by his impulsiveness, but to be regular in his attendance, to write a fair copy-hand, to cross his t's, to be good at figures, to obey orders with exactness, and to be bland and dignified to the clerks and messengers.

It is not in the power of any Administration to fill up Government offices exclusively with such men as these. Younger sons have to be provided for, constituents to be gratified, and an honest competency to be distributed among hangers-on of the fashionable world. This makes it all the more important to have a number of steady and trustworthy paragons to run by the side of the wild young officials who have been let in, just as tame elephants in the East are told off to keep the wilder elephants in order. In such spheres of duty paragons accordingly have a distinct and admirable mission, and they never could undertake it successfully if they had not been brought up to some such noble work. The paragon, happily, is made for it. All through his life he has been religiously crossing his t's and dating his letters, and kind and conciliatory to his companions.

It is the fashion among less finished characters to look down on the humbler virtues of carefulness and punctuality. How very full of inconvenience and annoyance the world would be without such virtues, may be estimated in a moment by anyone who considers the extreme discomfort of being kept waiting for a train, or for his dinner. Without paragons we should always be kept waiting for something or other. Theirs is the class which observes the time for everybody and which sees that no avoidable annoyance is inflicted on more impatient souls.

Another sort of position which paragons would appear pre-eminently capable of filling is that of secretaries to large societies. Nobody could promote anything, not even the conversion of the heathen, without a bevy of attendant paragons. Getting out programmes, fixing the hours of committee meetings, corresponding with patrons and subscribers, is a business that makes heavy calls upon the humdrum virtues. We should think that a nobleman like Lord Shaftesbury, who has spent a useful and honored life in making his inferiors pious, would acknowledge in his confidential moments how much he owed to paragons and prigs. But for them, he might always be in danger of being the right man upon the wrong platform. He would be looking after the Jews when he ought to be looking after shoeblacks, and putting down Sunday bands when he ought to be putting down *Ecce Homo*.

Such institutions as Social Science Associations must be, we should imagine, a standing testimony to the order of human beings whose merits we have been discussing. We speak with absolute impartiality on this point, for we have not the wildest notion who on earth gets Social Science Associations up, but we cannot believe that they ever could be got up without the intervention of a whole regiment of prigs. Mayors of provincial towns have to be conciliated, the hours arranged for Lord Brougham's arrival and departure, lodging to be found for male and female orators, and communications of the most paramount importance to be maintained with hotel-keepers, philanthropists, and the Press. What would become in like manner, of the Paris Exhibition next year, but for similar assistance? The thought is an instructive one, and ought to reassure all parents who are anxious lest their sons should be paragons in vain. Humdrum virtue may not be admired or popular, but it will always have a vocation, and be well paid for application to it. When any father is tempted to repine at the spectacle of the success of scapegraces, and the social obscurity of paragons, he has only to think of Lord Shaftesbury and the Paris Exhibition. Little virtues make the world comfortable, just as little vices destroy its comfort. Little foxes spoil the grapes, but little prigs help all our grapes to ripen.—*Saturday Review.*

"CHRISTMAS BELLS."

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play,
The wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—*Longfellow.*

THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

THE Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company lately held its annual meeting, and the Directors presented a report which was in effect a history of the Company's proceedings from its foundation in 1841, to the present time. It is a history of progress from small beginnings to vast and complicated enterprises. This great Company, now only a quarter of a century old, representing the largest and most important firm of carriers between England and India, possesses a fleet of steamships equal to the navy of a second or third rate State. It owns no fewer than 53 excellent steamers of large tonnage and commensurate power, besides a squadron of auxiliary tugs and sailing transports. It has regular stations at almost every important seaport in the Eastern hemisphere. It carries upon an average about 16,000 first-class and 3.000 second-class passengers every year over a route of many thousand miles, It pays every year upwards of half-a-million sterling for coals, and keeps about 100 000 tons of this fuel constantly in stock. It feeds as well as carries its passengers, and its expenditure of stores in a single year comprises 15,000,000 lb. weight of provisions, 1,500,000 bottles of wine, beer and spirits, and 180,000 head of cattle and poultry. These figures will appear prodigious, but the fact is that upwards of 10,000 persons are victualled daily on board the Company's vessels. Every now and then, in great national emergencies, the Company performs transport service for the Government. During the Crimean War the Peninsular and Oriental steamers carried 60.000 men and 15,000 horses to their destination, and the same vessels at the time of the Indian mutiny carried regiment after regiment to the East with rapid and timely dispatch.

The enterprise was originally projected on a modest scale, probably without any expectation of its actual development. A capital of £1,000,000 was thought sufficient in 1841 for the purposes in view, and though provision was made for a supplementary stock to the extent of £500,000, it was not until 1847 that this resource was employed. Seven years later, however, authority was sought and obtained for increasing the capital stock by another million, making a total of £2,5000,000, represented by 50,000 shares at £50 each. The Company was also, even in those early days, invested with the privilege of "borrowing powers;" but its limits in this respect were not wide, and they have not been exceeded. Debentures to the amount of £800,000 must be added to the stock, so that the share and loan capital together amount to £3.300,000. Now upon this capital, calculating the shares at par, the Company has paid an average dividend of 9 1-2 per cent. during the whole period of its existence—a return which, if not extravagant, may certainly be deemed satisfactory. The gross expenditure of the Company is somewhere about £2,000,000; its gross revenue about £2,200,000, leaving the odd £200,000, or rather less, divisible as profit.—*London Times.*

ONE of the novelties of the London season is kangaroo hams, imported from Australia.

THREE hundred rabbits' tongues formed the principal ingredients of a new dish lately served at Compiegne.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S.

"Liffith Lank; or Lunacy, Founded upon Incidents in the Adveuturous Life of Griffith Gaunt, Esq., by C. H. Webb," is the title of a neat brochure of some fifty pages, humorously illustrated by Eytinge, and comprising, as the name sufficiently indicates, a clever burlesque of the most salient points of Mr. Reade's much talked-of novel. No one at all familiar with Mr. Webb's writings, could hesitate for a moment in assigning the authorship of the performance to that gentleman, even had his name been withheld from the title page. Indeed, the three or four lines of dedication are quite sufficient to identify him. They run thus:

To the Hon. Henry J. Raymond:

Who first published this travestie in the New York *Times*, and who has cut out more, printed less of, and uniformly paid better prices for my contributions than any other editor living, this little volume is respectfully dedicated.

The prefatory "By Way of Explanation" is equally characteristic:

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

For the leading idea of this little story, let me frankly confess that I am indebted to Mr. Charles Reade. *Liffith Lank*, is, in great measure, the legitimate offspring, or rather offshoot, of *Griffith Gaunt*, which will account for any similarity that there may be between the two ramifications. For the general style and the topographical effects introduced, I am also indebted to Mr. Reade; but, having said thus much, all is said. For the illustrations I am only indebted to Eytinge—not having yet paid that eminent, excellent, and patient artist for his labors. Originally published in the New York *Times*, I was persuaded to consent to the republication of the travestie in its present form. And I will take this occasion to say, that I am ready and, in fact, eager, to be persuaded to consent to the republication of any thing I have ever written—provided some one else can be found to incur the expense and risk. If my little book amuse the public, I shall be pleased; if it pays, I shall be more than pleased; for

> "My soul is not a palace of the past,
> Where priest-worn creeds, like Rome's grey Senate, quake,
> Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse.
> The time is ripe and rotten ripe for CHANGE.
> Then let it come!" C. H. W.

"Idalia," a novel, by "Ouida." "Strathmore," and "Chandos," the novels by which this florid but vigorous writer first became known to the public, found hosts of admirers, and notwithstanding their exuberance of style, and wild extravagance of character and incident, it must be admitted that they contained scenes and descriptions of unusual power, and exhibited extraordinary fertility of invention. We suspect the author to be a young man of decided genius, whose taste has not yet matured. He exhibits the same partiality for gorgeous rhetoric that characterized Bulwer's earlier productions, and there is also a strong dash of the Guy Livingstone element in his style of portraiture and characterization. Another evidence of a crude and undisciplined taste is to be found in his constant habit of lugging in quotations from all languages, ancient and modern, and ostentatiously exhibiting his various reading by endless learned allusions, often forced and far fetched. In this respect indeed, "Ouida" is almost as pedantic, though not with so much awkwardness, as Miss Augusta Evans. Scraps of Latin, French, German, and Italian are lavishly scattered through nearly every chapter, half a dozen of which are graced with such titles as "Souffrir en Roi," "Netes Vous Pas du Paradis?" "Die Qualst Nich als Tyran: und ich? ich Lieb Dich Noch!" etc. The love of superlatives that revealed itself in "Strathmore" and "Chandos" characterizes the present volume. As John Travenna was "the keenest intellect in Europe," and Strathmore one of the "best shots," "best billiard players," etc., in England, so in "Idalia" we have the usual complement of Admirable Crichtons. On the sixth page we are introduced to an individual who brings down an eagle "with an aim which marked him as one of the first shots in Europe," after which the theme of his prowess is thus amplified:

"God forgive me. I have taken a life better than my own!"

"The words were involuntary, and unlike enough to one whose superb shot had become noted from the jungles of Northern India to the ice-plains of Norway, from the bear haunts of the Danube to the tropic forest of the Amazon," etc. And again, in the next paragraph but one: "The skill which you would have challenged the first marksman of Europe to have beaten, will look, for a second at least, oddly base and treacherous, and cowardly when the Lord of the Air lies like carrion at your feet." If, after all this, the reader is not duly impressed with the shotsman's skill with a rifle, it certainly is not the author's fault. "Idalia" is strongly marked by all the characteristics, beauties and blemishes of "Ouida" and those who have found pleasure in reading "Strathmore" and "Chandos," will find this new production no less to their taste.

"RACHEL'S SECRET," A NOVEL, by the author of "Master of Marton," New York, Harper & Brothers.

EUREKA MASK BALL.—The Third Annual *Bal Masqué* of the Eureka Social Club will be given at Platt's Hall, on Thursday evening next. Some fine prizes are offered for the best masks in attendance. An unusually large number of tickets have been disposed of.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS,

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.—At Maguire's Opera House. *Griffith Gaunt* was played to good houses on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday night, Mrs. Sophie Edwin who has not, much to the regret of the public, for many months past made her appearance on the stage, came out of her retirement and played "Pauline" in the *Lady of Lyons*. Mrs. Edwin received a warm welcome at the hands of the many friends who had assembled to do her honor. The charming manner in which she played "Pauline" delighted everyone, and she received the honor of a call at the close of the third act, and again at the conclusion of the play. John McCullough read and acted "Claude" generally very well; he was better in the last two acts than in the commencement of the play. Mr. Edwards has become an immense favorite with the San Francisco public, and each new assumption of character serves more fully to confirm their good opinion of him. His impersonation of the bluff old "Col Damas" was a capital piece of acting. Mrs Harry Jackson, who accepts with the most charming good nature any part in the play, on the occasion of the last production of *The Lady of Lyons*, played the part which fell to her by right; on Thursday evening she played "Widow Melnotte," and made much out of that small part. Harry Jackson caused much laughter by his impersonation of "Glavis;" and Mrs. Judah was admirable, as ever, as "Madame Deschapelles." In the *Stage Struck Barber*, John McCullough gave a very clever imitation of Forrest; and Mrs. Harry Jackson made the audience roar with laughter by her acting in the part of "Jane Chatterly," with imitations of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. Last night, Miss Alice Kingsbury made her re-appearance in *Fanchon* to an overflowing house, and received an enthusiastic greeting from the audience. This afternoon, a *Fanchon* matinée will be given for the last time: and in the evening, Miss Alice Kingsbury will appear in *The Child of the Savannah* and *The Cricket on the Hearth*. In the latter piece, Miss Kingsbury displays once more her skill in cricket-play. In the "Cricket" on the heath, and the "Cricket on the Hearth" she is equally at home. On Monday, Boucicault's last great success, *The Long Strike*, will be produced, and will probably make a great hit. Strikes are not uncommon among our workmen of San Francisco; they must all be interested in this play, which shows how a long strike was managed in England.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Academy of Music will be opened on Wednesday evening next by a company from Maguire's Opera House, and Miss Amy Stone, an actress of the Maggie Mitchell school of acting, will make her first appearance.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—At the Metropolitan Theater business has been good during the week. The *Sheep's Foot* was produced on Monday, in such a slovenly style, that many prophesied that it would fail to draw; however, on the third night, all the weaknessess had been removed, and the *Sheep's Foot* gave general satisfaction. Miss Emma and Miss Clelia Howson add much to the attractions of the play by their delightful singing.

George Pauncefort, one of the best actors at present among us, intends to give, in the course of a week or two, an entertainment of a novel description, and one which should meet with favor from such a cosmopolitan public as that of San Francisco. *Othello* is to be produced in the following manner:

Mr. Pauncefort will play "Othello" in English. That he will play it well is beyond a doubt. "Desdemona" will also be in English. Mr. Bonuet, our best French actor, will play "Iago" in French; "Cassio" will be played in German, by the well known actor, Mr. Niemeyer; and "Emilia" will be played in the same language by Mme Hermann; and Senor Lopez will play "Rodrigo" in Spanish. A somewhat similar performance lately given in New York, was very successful, and Mr. Pauncefort should have his house filled.

PLATT'S HALL is at present occupied by a band of musical artistes and sable comedians, entitled the New York Minstrels. There are some fine voices in the troupe, and duets, quartets and choruses are finely sung.

On Tuesday evening Mrs H. L. Weaver gave a literary entertainment at Platt's Hall, it consisted of readings from many of the best poets. Mrs. Weaver gained most applause for her reading of Yankee dialect poems by James Russell Lowell and others. Her voice lacks the strength necessary to give force to stirring passages. A large and fashionable audience was in attendance.

THE NEW IDEA on Commercial street, is shortly to be opened for the production of a new horse drama, entitled *Gila*.

TOUCSTONE.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.—The annual concert and ball by this Society took place at Platt's Hall on Thursday evening. The orchestra was not so strong as it should have been in the string department, owing to the regular engagement of many of our best violinists at the theatres, preventing their attendance; but the performance, under the leadership of Mr. J. L. Schmitz, was very creditable to the Society, and appeared to be heartily enjoyed by the audience. The orchestral music consisted of Lindpaintner's "Vampyre" overture, the "Larghetto," from Beethoven's Second Symphony, and the "Coronation March" from *Il Prophete*; besides Schubert's "Serenade," for coronet, violincello and oboe, and an "Air," with variations, for French horns—both with orchestral accompaniment. Misss Emma Læmlein played Beethoven's 'Sonato Pathetique" with force and correctness, although we do not think it the sort of music in which she appears to the best advantage; it requires a greater maturity of style, and deeper experience of life, to give it full expression. Miss Rebecca performed Wallace's brilliant and graceful "Polka de Concerte" with fine effect; and in response to a persistent *encore*, the sisters played one of the favorite Gottschalk's four-hand pieces. The only vocal selection on the programme was Balfe's "Good Night, Beloved," admirably sung by Mr. Henri Herberte. At the close of the concert, the hall was cleared for dancing, which continued till a late hour.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR WRITERS ABROAD.

To the Editors of the Californian:

THERE is a coolness that is, to say the least, refreshing in the manner with which an English reviewer sets about his work when the subject is an *American Author*. If their fiat was acknowledged as final, and their judgment conclusive, our authors would certainly publish with fear and trembling.

As their political writers could see nothing but a succession of faults in all acts of our Government during the late war, so their critics see nothing of merit among our writers.

One after another, those whose ablilities are acknowledged at home, send forth the creations of their genius, and are immediately overwhelmed beneath a flood of English ink. Their last effort in this line is the utter annihilation of Professor Longfellow as a poet, by that most English of all their periodicals, the *Saturday Review*.

Now, we have been taught to regard him as a poet of fine imagination and pure culture, combining the poet and scholar, and have congratulated ourselves that he was worthy of a place among those who long ago had passed

> ——"that fearful stake the poet casts,
> "When he comes forth from his sweet solitude
> "Of hopes, and songs, and visionary things,
> "To ask the iron verdict of the world."

But our trans-Atlantic friends, taking pity on our ignorance, have concluded to instruct us as to what is and what is not—for, "this sort of thing can't go on, you know; it is quite absurd, I assure you:" and so assuming the critic's scalpel, they have dextrously dissected some of the poems and discovered (to their own satisfaction, I hope) that "he is commonplace; a trifle above mediocricy; but, on the whole, very commonplace; no poet, but yet a very happy versifier."

Shades of the immortal "Scotch Reviewers," where are ye now! for years ago, if I mistake not, genial "Kit North" and that worthy coteric of sharp yet just critics who wrote for *Blackwood*, had pronounced Longfellow as in the first rank of living poets.

But as this later dicta must, of course, finish the Professor—for who would dare dispute authority given so *selon les regles*?—hear how he is dealt with: "The attenuated little volume, which has just appeared, contains a dozen or so pieces that may please the rather weak-headed young ladies who insist that Mr. Longfellow is the most delightful of all possible poets. * * * We could not expect Mr. Longfellow to fall *much* below the extremely moderate level to which he usually attains." And, again, in speaking of "Giotto's Tower:" "The idea is very pretty, the language is graceful as usual; but let us think what the idea comes to, and we find it is of the most ordinary stamp: there is no close and rich interweaving; simplicity is carried too far, because there is beneath the simplicity of form no hidden depth of meaning."

Poor Longfellow! how he is to be pitied. Observe the delicate style of the above extracts; the patronizing and self-satisfied air with which he disposes of Longfellow's claim as a poet, could scarcely be equalled by the Reviewer of the *Times* or *Chronicle*, and, perhaps, even they might take a lesson from the "happy dispatch" there given to the victim.

But, although he whom we were wont to class among those whose names were durable as is our language, has been thus rudely cast down from the pinnacle to which we had raised him, it is a pleasure to know that there is one among us who is appreciated by these all-observing critics! At last have they found him, and his name is "Artemus Ward;" and he is chosen as the embodiment of American humor. After having written and talked himself completely out with our public at home, he appears to have been installed among the *Londoners* as a first-class wit and humorist; his levees are reported thronged, and when he "speaks his piece," the *literati* as well as the general public are completely carried away by his grotesque humor. Lengthy criticisms of his style and manner are found in all the great *Weeklies* and *Reviews*, and all, or nearly all, speak in terms of unqualified praise.

Looking at their choice as a humorist, we may, perhaps, congratulate ourselves that they have not found a poet in Professor Longfellow, for they who pronounce him commonplace, rank "Artemus Ward" among the first of humorists.

WAHSTOEG.

[For the Californian.]

MY VALENTINES.

BY TREM.

ST. Valentine's Day is near at hand again, and recalls recollections of the valentines which I have dispatched in former years.

I remember well my first valentine. I was deeply in love with Jessie Cameron, the youngest daughter of our clergyman; I was eight years old, she was seven. My funds were low when that St. Valentine's Day came round, in consequence of heavy losses in playing marbles; and not being possessed of the cash necessary to purchase such a valentiue as I desired to send to my much loved Jessie, I determined to invest my small remaiuing capital in the necessary materials and manufacture one. A sheet of paper with embossed edge cost but little; I was the fortunate possessor of a box of paints; old envelope boxes supplied me with flowers aud gold and silver leaves with which to surround my central design. On three consecutive evenings I labored on that valentine, and when it was completed, receiving its finishing touch in the addition of three orange blossoms from my lately married sister's wedding wreath, I considered it perfect. Alas! I had a rival. Jack Derriman had a larger allowance of pocket-money than I; he it was, who had won all my marbles, including my favorite "taw;" he it was, who after assisting me in the manufacture of my valentine by the gift of a gorgeous pen-box, utterly destroyed the effect which I fondly hoped it would produce on the mind of my darling Jessie, by an act of the basest treachery. He loved Jessie, or pretended that he did; at any rate, he wished to cut me out. After helping me in the production of my home-made valeutine, he knowing well for whom it was designed, expended a month's pocket money on the purchase of one of the most gorgeous valentines which had ever been seen, and this he sent to Jessie. More than this: the traitor told Jessie that mine was a "second hand, patchwork affair," and drew invidious comparisons between it—on which I had bestowed so many hours of anxious thought and patient labor—and his, which had been purchased with "vile dross," as I observed to dear Jessie, when she told me what he had said to her. The traitorous Jack won the day. Jessie, dazzled by his valentine which had more gold about it than mine, accepted him as her sweetheart and left me to despair. I recovered from that blow. I have had many similar blows since, and have recovered from them also. I have never failed since the age of eight years of age to observe St. Valentine's Day, by sending at least one of the love-tokens which every lady is glad to receive. I have told you about my first valentine; I must now tell you about my last—that is, it will probably be my last, if things turn out as I expect them. On the morning of Sunday, January 21st, 1866. I, as usual, went to Grace Church; I am happy to state that my thoughts were fixed upon the service until nearly the conclusion of the sermon, when happening to turn my head to the left, I saw a young lady seated but a short distance from me whom I had never before observed, though as I before observed, I am a constant attendant at Grace Church. As I looked at her, she turned her head toward me, her eyes met mine, I felt that my fate was decided. I never saw such eyes before in my life. It is not the slightest use my attempting to describe her as she appeared to me that Sunday. I did not hear another word of the sermon after I met the glance of those eyes. The instant the service was over, I rushed—no, I did not rush, but I walked as fast as I decently could—out of church and waited the coming of my fate. Another glance which she gave me—simply, I suppose, because I had a wild maniac sort of appearance from intense emotion—when she reached the door of the church quite finished what the first one had commenced. I was really in love. I had fancied myself in love fifty times before, but now I knew that I was indeed a victim to that disease. There is no such thing as preventing yourself from falling desperately in love by trying to inoculate yourself with the disease in a mild form. Cow pox given by vaccination, no doubt prevents one from having small-pox in a malignant form; but the fact of having had love in a mild form once, twice, or even thrice, does not prevent anyone from having the disease in a desperate form. I was desperately in love. After much patient enquiry, I discovered the name of the angel—she is an angel—with whom I was in love. I saw her constantly and she saw me; we talked with our eyes; I dare not of course speak to her; I dare not write to her. In vain I enquired of all my acquaintances if they could procure me an introduction to Miss Lottie ——. I could not find anyone to help me. I was in despair. We met so often, and yet we could not speak. I was in despair. On the 10th of February, I was walking moodily down Montgomery street, revolving in my mind many plans already half-formed for begining an introduction to her on whom all my thoughts centered; I stopped suddenly before a stationery store, the window of which was all ablaze with valentines. I did not exclaim: "Fool, fool, fool, that I have been!" but I thought I had been a donkey not to have thought before of the idea which now flashed through my mind. Of course I might send a valentine though I must not write. I entered the store, chose the most costly valentine I could find and dispatched it at once. On St. Valentine's Day I received a valentine which consisted simply of a small sheet of embossed note paper, on which was written in a lady's handwriting, "James Smithson Byleson." I could not make out the meaning of this mysterious valentine for some time. I knew James Smithson Bylesou the Front-street merchant—almost everyone in San Francisco knows him, and he knows everyone—but why should he send me a valentine? Still thinking of the only one whom I had ever seen who was capable of arousing love in my breast to the extent of destroying my appetite for my dinner, the idea struck me that *she* might have sent this valentine. I went to James Smithson Byleson, I asked him if he knew Miss Lottie ——. He answered, "he rather thought he did, as he had stood up for her when she was christened." Joy! joy! I know I acted like a maniac on that occasion; but Byleson, though he had not stood up for me, had known me for many years, and was aware of my perfect respectability. He introduced me to the parents of my charmer; she never would confess to having sent me that blessed valeutine, but she never denied it. I know she loved me after becoming acquainted with her for a very few weeks. We were soon engaged to be married, and unless some entirely unexpected impediment presents itself, such as a horrible storm of rain, an earthquake or something of that kind, I shall marry Miss Lottie —— on Thursday next, the 14th inst.; and though I do not believe in the *worship* of saints, being a member of the Protestant Episcopalian Church, shall certainly feel very grateful to, and think most respectfully of, good St. Valentine.

"GRAPE CULTURE."

THE above is the abbreviated title of a volume of some two hundred and sixty pages, by T. Hart Hyatt, editor of the *California Rural Home Journal*. The book seems to evince some practical as well as theoretical acquaintance with the subject, aud can scarcely fail to prove useful to all persons owning a vineyard, or engaged in the manufacture of native wines. Mr. Hyatt undertakes to tell his readers "why, where, when and how to plant and cultivate a viueyard, manufacture wines, etc.," and he claims that the information he furnishes on these points is "especially adapted to the State of California." The following headings of a few of the chapters, or "parts" as the author prefers to designate them, will sufficiently indicate the range and variety of the contents: "The Best Soils for Vineyards;" "Location, Site, and Exposure for a Vineyard;" "Preparing the Ground;" Laying Out and Planting;" Pruning and After Culture;" Vineyards of Morocco and Spaiu Compared with those of California;" "The Author's First Vineyard in the Laud of the Moor;" "California Wines and Wine Vineyards;" "Diseases and Insects Injurious to the Grape;" "The Vintage, Gathering Packing, Marketing, etc." The book seems to have been somewhat hastily prepared, and newspaper articles on the subject, often of no particular authority or value, have been very freely used. An unusually complete index renders the volume convenient for ready reference on all the topics treated of. It is for sale at Bancroft & Co's.

A Cunning Dutchman.

A few evenings ago, a solid-looking Hollauder played a trick ou a fellow countryman, which was worthy of a smart down-east Yankee. The two—we will call them Hans and Fritz—went into the Faust Cellar, (where George keeps a weighing machine for the gratification of his fat customers) for the purpose of deciding a bet concerning their respective weights. Hans had bet Fritz a dozen of wine that he weighed 180 pounds—(knowing full well at the time, that Fritz had been present when he was last weighed about three days before, and knew that his weight then was but 176 pounds,) Fritz took the bet, feeling quite sure that Hans was not gaining flesh at the rate of four pounds a week. When the two reached the Faust Cellar, Hans was in no hurry to be weighed; but taking a seat, engaged Fritz in conversation. While talking to Fritz, he drank, one after another, at intervals of about seven minutes, ten large glasses of lager beer. When he had accomplished this—to any but a German, impossible feat, he told the unsuspectiug Fritz he was prepared to decide the bet. He was weighed, and turned the scale at 180½ pounds. Fritz paid the bet, but was much puzzled to account for the sudden increase in the weight of his friend. At last, after pondering for some time, he looked mournfully at Hans, placed his hand on his protuberant paunch, and with a deep sigh, exclaimed: "Ach! Poor Hans! I have thought 'twas so. Das ist nicht more *fat*. Das ist dropsy."

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—The extensive dry goods house of Meagher, Taaffe & Co., have just taken their annual account of stock, and have determined to reduce their stock on hand in certain articles of dress and dry goods by marking them down to prices that defy competition. The following dress goods have been so reduced: 5,000 yards of good checked silks to $1 50 per yard; 4,000 yards extra checked silks te $1 75 per yard; 5,000 yards super plain colored silks (all colors,) to $3 per yard; also every description of black silks at unprecedented low prices. Cotton goods, cloths, sheetings, etc., and linen sheetings and shirtings; pillow linen, table damasks and cloths; towels and napkins; blankets: flannels, quilts, and every description of hotel and house-keeping goods have also been greatly reduced. This reduction is made by Meagher, Taaffe & Co., with a view to reduce their immense stock of these dry goods now on hand, by forcing their immediate sale. Bargains are always sure to find purchasers, and we assure the public that the above-named goods are offered at unequalled low rates. Meagher, Taaffe & Co. import their goods direct from New York and Europe, in connection with their wholesale house of this city, and buying at the lowest figures are enabled to undersell all other dry goods houses without loss to themselves.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 1, 1867.

To the President and Directors of the Builders' Insurance Co.:

GENTLEMEN:—The Dashaway Association, of this city, as we believe, one of the most noble public institutions of San Francisco, and that has under its protection that best of Charities, the Home for the care of the Inebriate, is now in arrears. Our matured indebtedness on our Hall, on Post street, must by some means be paid off, and the Society is, through its Committee, now making an appeal to the public of San Francisco to assist us in this hour of need. And when we recall to the public mind the thousands of our best citizens that have, through this Organization, been restored from the lowest state of inebriation, we feel that the public will now cheerfully respond to our necessities. Will your noble, philanthropic body, that has already done so much for Charity, do a little for us, and by so doing assist us to continue our labor of Love, in redeeming the lost of earth.

Respectfully, yours,

J. B. BADGER,

Chairman of Subscription Committee.

ANSWER.

TO J. B. BADGER, ESQ.—SIR:—Your feeling appeal, of this date, on behalf of the Dashaway Temperance Association, has moved the Directors of the Builders' Insurance Company, and we respond ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, enclosed.

Yours is a thankless, up-hill work, and yet is one of the most useful which any public or private Association can undertake. To save men, women, and children from the horrors of intoxication, is surely a work approved by Heaven. Temporary drunkenness is temporary insanity. Habitual drunkenness is habitual insanity. A few years of this habit leads to permanent madness. From persons habitually intoxicated nothing is derived for society. Everything they undertake or touch fails aud perishes. The employment they obtain is short lived. The good which they attempt, and MIGHT achieve around them, dies an abortion. Their example is more distructive than the cholera in its worst form. Most of the fires in cities, and the burnings and scaldings at sea, most of the homicides and robberies, the assaults aud divorces, spring from intoxication. It is destructive alike of health, honor, religion, honesty, and industry.

It is hardly possible to calculate the value of Temperance in the community; and on the other hand, it is equally hard to calculate the loss by drunkenness. One habitual drunkard is a loss to the community of ten dollars a day, because he looses his time and is a defaulter to the commonwealth, not being able to give any employment or profitable custom to his neighbors. Ten dollars a day of a leakage will compound to twenty thousand dollars in ten years. Ten thousand habitual drunkards (about the number we have in California) destroy every ten years two hundred millions worth of the National Capital, which is the common property of us all. To have saved a thousand persons and more, as you have done, from habitual intemperance, has conferred vast benefits on the commuuity, and makes us all your debtors. Therefore do we recognize you as an Institution every way worthy of support.

It will gratify the good man, GOVERNOR DOWNEY, who laid the foundation stone of your substantial Hall, to learn how well you have worked, and that you have nearly redeemed from debt the Temple erected to Temperance, as you have redeemed many hundreds from the horrors of intoxication.

Respectfully, the Managers of the Builders' Insurance Company, per THOS. MOONEY, President. California street, near Sansome, February 2, 1867.

REPLY.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 2, 1867.

THOMAS MOONEY, ESQ., AND GENTLEMEN DIRECTORS OF THE BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY:—Your noble response to our appeal for aid is received, and to show the promptuess with which you acted in our behalf, your generous check for One Hundred Dollars bears even date with my note to you.

Gentlemen, we thank you for the money most heartily; but your noble words of encouragement have cheered our hearts as much, and more than the gold; and if all the moneyed Institutions of our city were actuated by the same noble sentiments that have dictated your letter, then, indeed, would our labors be easy and our burden light.

In the name of the Dashaway Association, and in the name of many a now happy fireside, rescued, through its benign influence, from degradation, misery, aud want, I return you our sincere aud grateful thanks.

It adds still another to the long list of noble deeds that are already recorded in letters of living light to your credit on the page of benevolent acts.

J. B. BADGER.

Chairman Subscription Committee, Dashaway Association.

MALARIA.—The decayed and decaying vegetation of newly settled lands, when damp, exhale a miasmatic poison which, absorbed through the lungs into the blood, causes the intermittent fevers and kindred diseases, which prevail in our Western States and Territories. But this great scourge of our rich alluvial bottoms in the West, is now robbed of its sting. Dr. Ayer has discovered an antidote which effectually neutralizes its venom; has combined it in a remedy—"AYER'S AGUE CURE"—which rarely, or, as some of our neighbors say, never fails. It is reliable both for prevention and cure. With it, men may live with complete immunity from the malignant effluvia which has hitherto rendered many localities almost unhabitable. Those suffering from CHILLS AND FEVER may find in it immediate relief, and those exposed will find sure protection from attack, by taking it in small quantities as a preventive.

COLDS, COUGHS, and all affections of the throat and chest cured in the most pleasant and speedy manner, by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

THE sick are guaranteed cures in almost all cases, by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. No medicines whatever, nor mesmeric jugglery.

THE motto of J. J. Knowlton's new gratuitous paper is: "Base is the slave who pays."

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.—LOOKING OUT ON THE TAUNUS.

IT was a beautiful day in the early autumn, and though "all the world" had not yet mustered at Hombourg von der Hohe groups of fluttering dresses, whose bearers were further adorned with perfect boots and exquisite hats, and could, for the most part, boast of the attractions of youth and prettiness, were abroad in the alleys, under the shade of the slim, graceful trees. The sounds of distant music from the bands dispersed about for the delectation of the visitors, and those of glad, careless voices in such leisure talk as suited the scene and the season, mingled themselves and came floating in upon the warm air at the open windows to regale the ears of such as had not gone out to share in the busy idleness of the majority of the sojourners at the Baths

At one of these open windows, which looked out upon a pretty prim little garden, the strollers might have observed three gentlemen in earnest and protracted conversation. One was seated in a large arm-chair, which occupied one of the sides of the bay-window; a second leaned against the open frame of the central compartment; and the third, a shorter and slighter man than either of his companions, stood upright between them, and as he spoke, turned his head and his keen eyes from one to the other with an animated and characteristic gesture. The gentleman seated in the arm-chair, a tall, frostily gray, scrupulously dressed, and polite elderly man, who constantly twirled a heavy gold eye glass in very white and bony hands, was Mr. Carruthers of Poynings.

The smaller, slighter man, who formed the centre figure of the group, was of somewhat remarkable aspect. Very wiry and alert of frame, well knit and upright, his figure had a certain youthfulness about it which was contradicted by his face—that of a man who had passed the confines of middle age. His face was handsome, thoughtful, and bore the impress of heavy trouble, and in the dark eyes, and generally in the straight and refined features, it presented a strong resemblance to Mrs. Carruthers.

Not unnaturally, for the gentleman in question was Mark Felton, Mrs. Carruthers's brother.

The third component of the group, a young man, who leaned against the frame of the open window and looked out, his face turned away from the speaker and the "other listener," his tall and loosely-built figure distinctly visible from the road, was George Dallas.

"Under these circumstances, and seeing that waiting was inevitable, and that I could do nothing in the matter actively," Mark Felton was saying, "I determined to come on here at once. All I heard at Poynings——"

"I hope you were properly entertained there?" said Mr. Carruthers, in the old of "of Poynings" manner.

"Perfectly, my dear sir—perfectly. As I was saying, all I heard at Poynings, and what George told me"—he cast a quick glance at his nephew here, in which there was already liking—"made me more than ever anxious to see Laura. Besides, I was exceedingly anxious to make your acquaintance without any further delay."

"A wish which I reciprocated, I assure you, Mr. Felton."

"In bringing George with me, I acted on my own judgment and on a conviction that you would regard the matter as I do. I believed you would consider him entitled to see his mother, and would be glad to learn from me that his prospects in life are as much improved as his inclination and determination to do them honor are genuine and strong."

"You are quite right, Mr. Felton," said Mr. Carruthers, who had begun to feel himself somewhat beaten by fate, and was, secretly, immensely relieved that his step son had made his appearance without having been sent for, and in such unexceptionable company. "It is necessary now, that Mr. Dallas—that—that George" (he got out the word with an immense effort, and it meant everything) "should be near his mother. I am glad to know he has found a friend in you."

"And I am still more glad to believe," said Mr. Felton, not precisely interrupting him, but taking advantage of a slight pause to speak—"I am glad to know that he found me just when he was learning to do without any one."

It is possible that a good deal of Mr. Carruther's trouble—and he had suffered severely since he had left England—had had its origin in a conviction, which had stolen upon him at first, that he had not been faultless in his conduct toward his wife and his treatment of her son. He had found out very soon after they had left Poynings—for in the deadening of her faculties, forgetfulness of her fear of him had come—how mistaken he had been in supposing that he had suppressed her love for George, her constant remembrance of him, or had supplied by all he had given her for the boon he had withheld. In her placid way, when she would sit for hours talking to herself, his wife had administered some very telling lessons to Mr. Carruthers. It was with an uneasy surprise that he came to feel how very dear she was to him, how indispensable to his life, how strangely the things which had held the first place in his estimation, behind which he had ranked her, and she had been content humbly to follow, fell away into complete insignificance. He actually forgot Poynings at times, and was not worried by fears that the lawn was not properly mown and smoothly rolled, or by visions of fallen leaves lying about in the sacred places.

His moral perceptions had been suddenly awakened and enlarged, from the recognition of his true share of blame in the calamity which had befallen them, to an exaggeration of of that share, which had rendered him almost oblivious of the provocation he had received. Had George Dallas suddenly appeared before his stepfather at Poynings, he might not have been well received; the influence of old habits and associations, in the sense of the promulgation of the old edict of banishment, might have successfully overpowered the new influences striving with pride and obstinacy in the by no means bad heart of Mr. Carruthers. But the occasion had been most auspicious. Here, in a foreign place, where Mr. Carruthers was positively oppressed with a sense of strangeness, and where no one was present to know anything about the concession he was making, he had but trifling difficulties to overcome, and the meeting between the three gentlemen had been kindly, unreserved and cordial.

The report of his wife's condition, which Mr. Carruthers had made to her son and brother, was not very reassuring. Had Mr. Carruthers been in a less charitable frame of mind he might have taken the silence and sadness with which George received his assurances on this point for sullenness; but he did not, he was actually learning to make allowance for the temperaments and the feelings of other people.

Mr. Felton and his nephew had arrived at Hombourg on the preceding evening, and Mr. Felton had communicated by letter with Mr. Carruthers, who had named an early hour on the following day for receiving his unknown brother-in law and his little-known step-son. Their interview had lasted some time, when Mr. Carruthers expressed his belief that good might result to his mother from seeing George.

The young man turned his face from the speaker, and made no answer.

"It will be necessary, of course, to have the physician's advice and permission in the first instance," said Mr. Felton, "before either George or I can see her. I suppose she is in good hands here?"

"In the best possible," replied Mr. Carruthers. "Dr. Merle is famous in the treatment of these strange mental maladies; indeed, it was in order to consult him that I changed my plan, and came here instead of going to the south of France as I had intended."

"So Miss Carruthers told me," said Mr. Felton; which simple observation caused George Dallas to start perceptibly, and to turn abnormally red in the face.

"Indeed," said Mr. Carruthers. "I did not know you had seen my niece."

"No?' said Mr. Felton. "I suppose she left it to me to tell you of her prompt politeness to an intruder. When I had seen your housekeeper, and learned all she could tell me, especially that my sister had not received my letters, and knew nothing of my return to England, I quickly made up my mind to join you abroad. Miss Carruthers being in correspondence with you, and therefore able to give me all information I wanted, was clearly the person I ought to see, so I started for the Sycamores, saw her—and a very beautiful and charming girl she is—heard from her all she had to tell me, and then went up to town to make acquaintance with my nephew."

Mr. Carruthers felt and looked rather conscious and uneasy while Mr. Felton was making the explanation. Clare had a considerable involuntary share in the self-reproach and regret he was experiencing. His wife had been, to a certain extent, sacrificed to her, and the remembrance disconcerted him. As for George, where was all his resentment against his stepfather now? Where was all his exultation that he and destiny united had outwitted the proud and pompous old tyrant, as he had called him in his thoughts, and brought about a meeting, which his inner consciousness told him had had no trifling result for either, between him and the jealously guarded heiress? It argued well for George's future that he felt deeply sorry at the moment the girl's name was mentioned. It was too late now, as George felt bitterly for such regret.

Clare would probably know him in his true character, soon, for he saw at once that Mr. Carruthers, having taken the generous resolution, had taken it thoroughly; and she would despise him for the deceit he had practised towards her, forgetting, in his hot-headed resentment against her uncle and infatuation with herself, that such knowledge must come, and such contempt come with it. Heavily the punishment of the past was falling upon George Dallas, even in this hour of reconciliation, or rehabilitation, of absolute good fortune. His uncle had been impressed in his favor beyond his expectations; he had learned not to expect much from young men and only sons; and George had been perfectly candid with him, so that the elder man had gained an insight into his character, full of encouragement and hope. Mr. Felton had told him that he should make his future safe, so far as pecuniary independence could secure it; and though George had suffered severely from want of money, and knew well from how much evil he might have been preserved by its possession, he did not over-estimate the extent of that security; so that the tide of fortune had indeed turned for the prodigal son. But the husks were still between his teeth, and bitter in his mouth. There were two women in the world infinitely dear to him, and he had injured them both; the one, probably, mortally; the other, basely, as he now knew and felt,—how severely time alone could tell. The fortune with which his uncle would endow him could not purchase the reversal of these facts; the respectability with which he could cover the past could not efface that stain.

"As a man soweth, so shall he reap;" and harvest-time was heavy for George.

Thus thinking, George's attention had wandered from the conversation between the others, and was only recalled by Mr. Felton's addressing him directly.

"Your mother was always in possession of your address, George, was she not?"

"Certainly," replied George, "until lately—until her illness. I left London for Amsterdam just before it commenced, and did not hear from, or write to her, beyond a few lines, until I got your letter, sir," turning to Mr. Carruthers.

"That decides it, you see," continued Mr. Felton, in pursuance of the remarks which George had not heard. "My sister evidently never received any letter or message from Arthur, or, as you suggest, she would have put George in communication with him. I can only conclude that he left England again to return to some of his Continental haunts. They were not too reputable," said Mr. Felton, bitterly; "and has not yet returned. I must only wait, and for every reason I had better wait here."

"Certainly," said Mr. Carruthers. "I am very sorry you should have anything to distress you, in addition to my wife's illness, in coming to England, especially in connection with your son."

A footman, one of the "suite" who had attended Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings on their departure from that deserted locality, now entered, and announced that Dr. Merle had arrived. As it had been previously arranged that Mr. Carruthers should consult that high authority in their absence, the uncle and nephew took their hats, and went out into the prim little garden, whence they reached the shady road. There they paced up and down, passing and passed by the groups of loungers, some of whom were attracted by the pre,occupied and serious air with which the two gentlemen conversed.

"If I did not know that he had sufficient money to last for a longer time than I have been without news of him, and also that he has a happy knack of making money wherever he may be, in some way or other, I should at once communicate with the police," Mr. Felton was saying.

"Yes," said George, "but the worst of it is, we don't know what police to communicate with, whether English or foreign. If he had not taken his money out of the Liverpool bank, we might suppose him to be in England, but that looks conclusive, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does," said Mr. Felton; "the only clew I have is the fact that he did draw the money, and wrote me the line I told you of—" he opened his pocket-book mechanically as he spoke, glanced at a letter placed within the leaves, replaced the book in his breast-pocket, and went on—"promising further particulars. It is almost incredible that he should be in England, and not have written again. My letters, addressed to the Liverpool bank, have not been sent for. He got one when he drew the money."

"Yes, I know," said George. They had talked the matter over many times, and never drew nearer a conclusion. It was evident to George, on the present occasion, that the character of his uncle's apprehensions was undergoing a change. At first, he had treated his son's silence as only one additional example of the utter callousness and indifference to which the father was only too well accustomed. George, to whom his cousin was an utter stranger, had accepted his uncle's view of the matter, at first, unquestioned, but he had become unsatisfied and uncertain about it of late, and was anxious, without alarming Mr. Felton, to lead him to take active steps for obtaining information of the whereabouts of his son.

"I feel satisfied he left England again, and knows nothing of my movements. He will write out to New York, however, and, if he has only done so now, there will be some delay before he knows I am in Europe."

"Don't you think," asked George, hesitatingly, "he would send to Liverpool for the letters, if he were in any uncertainty, before writing to New York? I confess I don't like his leaving them unclaimed. None of the reasons which may explain his silence reach to an explanation of that. I don't think you ought to let much more time go over. If you had a likeness of him—" He hesitated very much here, and looked

aside at his uncle, who turned sharply towards him, and said :

"Well! What! If I had a likeness—"

"You might have had it copied, and the photographs distributed to the police, so that if anything should be wrong"

"Wrong? In what sense, George? Do you begin to fear that anything has happened to him? You never said so at first."

"Because I did not think so, uncle, and I am not seriously uneasy now,—not at all; but I think a reasonable time has elapsed, and we ought now to make active inquiry. When he turns up, and finds out what trouble and anxiety he has given, he will be more considerate in future."

"Ah!" said Mr. Felton with a sigh, "I don't think Arthur is open to any conviction of that kind. What do you think it best to do now?"

"Well, uncle, you see you have been three weeks in Europe, and those three weeks make a considerable addition to the time since you heard from him. If you write by the next mail to New York for a copy of his photograph—You are sure you have not one with you?"

"Quite sure. Since I found I had not one in my desk, I have searched everywhere among my luggage, but I have not one."

"Well, then, if you write by this mail for a copy, and it is sent by return mail, if he has not turned up in the mean time, and things go on well here, I think you had better put the matter into the hands of the police. It is true you do not know whether Arthur is in England now, or abroad; but the last place in which you know him to have been is London, and from that information they must work."

"True," said Mr. Felton; and then continued, in a slow, reluctant tone, "I shrink from it, I confess. A matter which is placed in the hands of the police always implies something disgraceful; and though I don't expect to find that Arthur has disposed of his time and his money very creditably, I don't like to make so sure of it as I feel convinced a close investigation will make me."

Mr. Felton spoke with some agitation, and George thrilled with a mingled feeling of pity and dread, he did not know of what. But he said cheerily :

"Well, sir, let us hope there will be no occasion for making any such investigation. You can't have an answer for nearly three weeks, and a great deal may happen in that time. Arthur may be here long before then, to answer for himself, and laugh at us for our anxiety about such a citizen of the world, old and new."

"I don't like it," George thought, as he walked on in silence by the side of his uncle—"I don't like it. And it is very plain that I am not the only black sheep in the family flock, nor, I suspect, the blackest. I will see that he writes to New York, and I will tell Routh all about this when he comes, and hear what he says. My uncle will not mind my telling him now, I dare say."

"When do you expect your friend, George," asked Mr Felton, striking the chord of George's thought, after the fashion which everyone knows, and nobody can explain.

"To-morrow, or the day after, sir," replied George. "Routh wrote from Paris yesterday."

"I am sorry for Mrs. Routh," said Mr. Felton; "she's too secretive and too cautious, too silent and too cunning, for my fancy; but she is an interesting woman, and a wonderfully good wife, I am sure, though of the stony order."

"That is come to her lately," said George, in an eager tone, "since her health has failed so much. You cannot imagine what a different creature she was only a little while ago She was as bright as the sunshine, and as gay as a lark. She is, indeed, a wonderful wife,—the most devoted I ever knew; and her usefulness in everything, in all a woman's ordinary ways, and in many extraordinary,—in all Routh's business matters, is marvellous. Even her delicate health, though she has lost her good looks very much, and her spirits quite, has not made any alteration in that. I cannot conceive what Routh would do without her."

"M'm! I wonder if he is quite so uncertain," said Mr. Felton, dryly, and George's surprise. "I don't like your friend, and I don't trust him."

"What do you mean?" asked George. "Don't trust him? Do you mean that you don't trust his feelings or his conduct to Harriet?"

"Precisely so, my dear boy. Mrs. Routh is a devoted wife, but I am very much mistaken—and remember, I have been playing looker-on for a fortnight or so, and interested in my part, too, considering what you told me about yourself and these people—if she is not a very unhappy one. I do not pretend to explain my convictions, but I am quite clear about them. She loves Routh,—that's plain enough,—but she is miserable with him."

"Do you really think so? She is dreadfully changed, I I know, but I thought it might be only in consequence of her ill health. Miserable with him! At all events, he is not unkind to her. I know he is very anxious about her health, for he has left London, at much inconvenience and great risk of loss, to bring her here for the waters."

"And for a turn at the gaming-tables for himself, I fancy. Routh has to me the air of a man who has been constrained into temporary respectability, and is heartily tired of it."

"I am sorry you have so bad an opinion of him, sir," said George, who could not resist an uneasy impression that his uncle was right, and that the experiment of renewed intimacy with Routh was not likely to be brilliantly successful, "for I was thinking of consulting him about the best way of finding out Arthur's whereabouts."

"No, no," said Mr. Felton, quickly and emphatically; "say nothing to him about any business of mine; give the man no pretext to fasten an intimacy upon me. We want no cleverness of his kind in our work."

"Very well, sir," said George. He was discontented with his uncle, because he had formed what the young man knew in his heart was a just opinion of Routh, and discontented with himself because he could not combat it. "Of course I will speak of your affairs to no one without your permission. But one thing I must say for Routh, I do think he loves his wife."

"And I think he hates her," said Mr. Felton.

They had turned in their walk, and were close by the little garden gate as he uttered these words. At that moment it opened, and a servant appeared. He told the two gentlemen that Mr. Carruthers wished to see them, and they followed him silently into the house.

* * * * * * *

"I am quite clear that the experiment may be tried with safety and advantage," said Dr. Merle, at the close of a long conversation with Mr. Felton and George Dallas. Dr. Merle was an elderly gentleman, with a bald head, a thin face, and eyes as piercing, as strong, and as resolute as those of an eagle; a sort of man to be "quite clear" about his ideas and decisions in general. "I have felt persuaded all along that the state of Mrs. Carruther's nervous system was produced by a shock, though Mr. Carruthers had no knowledge of the fact, and could supply me with no particulars."

Here was a pretty state of things; Mr. Carruthers of Poynings obliged to listen to a stranger informing him that his own wife had received a shock on his own premises without his knowledge, confirming the opinions of two other presuming individuals, and totally indifferent to the effect upon his feelings. But Mr. Carruthers of Poynings bore it wonderfully well. He actually nodded acquiescence toward the presumptuous doctor, and did not feel in the least angry.

"Yes," repeated Dr. Merle, emphatically, "there has been a shock, no doubt about it. The nerves are still very weak, very much shaken, but the general health so much re-established, that I do not anticipate anything but the best results from the attempt to communicate a pleasant and happy impression to Mrs. Carruthers, though owing to her distressing state just now, that impression must necessarily take the form of a shock also. But"—and Dr. Merle smiled, and looked at each of his hearers in turn—"I think you will agree with me, gentlemen, that there is little, if any, reliable evidence that anyone was ever killed or hurt by an agreeable surprise. Mr. Carruthers has been so good as to convey to me that it would be an agreeable surprise to my patient to see him and her son together, and I am quite clear that the sooner the experiment is tried, and that Mrs. Carruthers knows there is also another pleasure in store for her"—with a bow to Mr. Felton—"the better."

George stood up, and followed his stepfather mechanically. His conviction, from the first moment he had heard of his mother's state, had been strong that she would be roused to recollection by the sight of him, and restored to a condition which would permit him to dissipate the delusion which had so terribly affected her. He only knew the secret—he only could undo the ill. Should this fail, he would reveal all to Mr. Felton and to his stepfather, whose altered conduct to him had removed the danger of any ill results to his mother from such a revelation.

Mr. Carruthers preceded George across a wide corridor to a large and airy room, where the windows were wide open—where white curtains fluttered in the air, scented by the breath of flowers. Just inside the door he motioned to George to remain there, and then approached a large chair, whose high back hid its occupant from George's sight. He stooped over the chair, and said, in a softer voice than the Poynings household had been accustomed to hear: "Laura, I have brought some one to see you this morning."

George could not see from where he stood, but he concluded there was a sign of assent, for Mr. Carruthers beckoned him rapidly forward, and the next instant he was by his side, and had seen his mother's face. Another, and his mother had started up, and with a piercing cry of "George! my son! my son!" had fallen senseless into his arms.

[To be Continued.]

The Chinese who were lately on a visit to England and France, are publishing their views of the two countries. The account is given in the Pekin *Gazette*, and will be shortly translated into English.

Genuine Japanese girls will serve coffee at the Paris Exhibition, in a genuine Japanese *café*.

CHIGNONS.

MARSEILLES is the great *entrepot* for the trade in human hair, more than 40,000lb. weight of this commodity being imported there annually, chiefly from Italy, and more particularly from Sicily, Naples, and the States of the Church, while a moderate quantity comes from Spain and certain departments of France. The French provinces which yield the largest supply are Brittany and Auvergne, and buyers go round on market-days, when the young demoiselle who wishes to dispose of her locks mounts a wine cask, and, unloosening her head-dress, showers down her hair. An active bidding follows. As the weight of hair in an ordinary chignon does not exceed three ounces and a half, the annual quantity imported into Marseilles alone would be sufficient for upward of a hundred and eighty thousand head-dresses. A large quantity of the hair arriving at this port is there made up and re-exported to Algeria and Spain. The hairdressers of Marseilles, all of whom are more or less engaged in the hair and chignon trade, are something like 400 in number: of these, four large houses manufacture among them 55,000 chignons annually for home consumption alone, 30,000 of which are sent into the interior, while the 25,000 are disposed of in Marseilles and the suburbs. One Parisian house in the Passage des Petits Peres retails no less than 15,000 chignons annually, at prices averaging from 12f. to 70f. each, although chignons can be purchased as high as 250f. Chignons of red or flaxen hair, which comes chiefly from Scotland, are the most expensive. When the hair arrives at the manufacturer's, which it does in large sacks holding something like 200lbs. each, it is thoroughly washed in hot water until every particle of grease is removed from it; it then has a final bath of potash, and when perfectly dry is passed through common flour. The number of chignons exported from France to England during the past year was 51,924, in addition to which there was exported a sufficient quantity of hair for 7000 chignons to be made up in England. The total value of the exports of hair and chignons from France during 1865 amounted to 1,206,605f., or upward of $230,000. England took the largest quantity, and the United States figures next on the list.

U. S. NATIONAL AND STATE DEBTS.

AT first sight nothing is more striking than the condition of the American finances. We are astonished at the spectacle of a great self-governed nation undergoing apparently without murmur or remonstrance, a load of taxation which is without a parallel in history. Not only is the actual amount of revenue raised for national purposes in the United States greater than has ever been raised elsewhere; it is furnished by a system of imposts of the most galling and extravagant nature. The intricacy and minuteness of our own financial system in our worst days are simple compared with those of the Union. The exercise of every trade is fettered by its peculiar burden; every act of sale is made the occasion of levying a tribute to the treasury. The total revenue thus acquired is far in excess of the current wants of the nation, and a surplus accrues of such a magnitude as to promise to pay off its stupendous debt before the generation passes away which saw it created. Candor must compel us to acknowledge that this result surprises us not only in itself, but because it runs counter to what we anticipated considering the quarter in which it is discovered. No one among us believed that the American nation would commence the redemption of its debt as soon as the war was over, and we had reason for our disbelief. The conduct of the greater number of individual States in past times cast—nay, the conduct of every State in the Union, with the single exception of Massachusetts, at this moment casts—a slur of suspicion upon the honesty of the collective nation. Where each member of the federation departs from its bargain, and refuses to pay debts at all, or pays debts borrowed in gold with paper promises worth from a half to two-thirds their nominal value, what security was there for honesty of the federation itself? Our doubts were justifiable—but the federation has hitherto put to shame our suspicion and, indeed, is showing an example which might stir up the nations of the Old World to emulate its conduct.—*Times*.

The Cholera in Europe.—The total deaths in London from the recent epidemic have been 5548, exclusive of 2692 deaths from diarrhœa, due in part to the cholera element. In the year 1849, when the population of London was about two millions and a quarter, cholera slew 14,137 people of all ages; in 1854 not less than 10,738 out of two millions and a half; and in the present year, when the population exceeds three millions, the deaths have been 5548, of which 3909 occurred in the East London district, and 1639 in the rest of the metropolis. Holland and Belgium have published down to a recent date, for which the Registrar-General is indebted to M. de Baumhauer and M. Heuechling, and the facts prove that the epidemic is as fatal as it ever was under unfavorable sanitary conditions. Thus in 22 cities and towns of Belgium and Holland, containing less than half the population of London, or 1,460,808 people, the deaths from cholera alone in the present year were 20,643.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1867.

THE SUPREME COURT DECISION.

AS we predicted at the time when the telegraph brought the first intelligence of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Indiana Milligan case, it turns out that there is nothing in that decision to justify the excitement and alarm which its announcement created. All that was actually decided by the Court, was—first, that upon the facts presented, a writ of *habeas corpus* ought to be issued in behalf of Milligan; second, that on said facts he ought to be discharged from custody; and third, that upon the allegations and showing appearing in the petition and exhibits, the military commission mentioned therein had no jurisdiction to try and sentence Milligan in the manner stated. Applying the legal principles laid down by the Court to the facts of the particular case, it was held that under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1863, entitled "An act relating to *habeas corpus*, and regulating judicial proceedings in certain cases," the trial of Milligan as a treasonable conspirator, by a military commission, and consequently his conviction and sentence, was illegal and void, inasmuch as the constitutional civil tribunals were at the time of the trial in regular and unobstructed operation in Indiana, their powers and functions not being suspended or interfered with by the war which was raging in neighboring States. In this decision the Court was unanimous, for it is to be considered a "decision" only so far as the doctrines laid down apply to the actual questions involved. But Mr. Justice Davis, not content with passing upon the case before the court, availed himself of the occasion to deliver himself of certain general views which, though having some connection with the questions discussed during the argument, were not necessary to the decision of the particular case, and therefore were simply his own private opinion. The question was, whether the trial of Milligan was legal, under the Act of Congress already referred to, and the Court were unanimously in the opinion that it was not, on the ground that the act did not apply to States where the regular civil tribunals were in peaceful operation; but only to those where they were rendered powerless by reason of the existence of a condition of actual warfare. It being thus decided that the military trial in question was without authority in the Act of Congress, the case before the court was disposed of, and the Judges had discharged their whole official duty. Hence, when Justice Davis proceeded to declare that Congress could not have authorized such a trial, and that if the act *had* authorized it, such act would have been unconstitutional and void, the uncalled-for *dictum* was not the decision of the court, but the private opinion of the Justice. Still, the other eight Justices seem to have thought it well, since their associate had raised this abstract question, to express their own views regarding it, and four of them assented to the opinion announced by Justice Davis, while the remaining four, constituting a minority, held that Congress, under the authority to raise and support armies has the power in time of war to "determine in what States or districts such great and imminent danger exists as justifies the authorization of military tribunals for the trial of crimes and offences against the discipline or security of the army, or against the public safety." Unpleasant, and even startling as it is to find that a majority of the individuals composing the national judiciary hold opinions which would deprive the legislature of the power necessary to put down rebellion, it requires only a little reflection to lead to the conclusion that such views are purely abstract theoretical, and can have no practical effect whatever. The decisions of the war will outweigh the decisions of any court, however authoritative and august, much more will they outweigh the opinions of individual judges. Justice Davis and four of his associates contend that the military arrests and trials of civilians in the loyal States were unconstitutional in all cases, and that no exigency or necessity whatever can justify proceedings not warranted by the Constitution. One would think that even the most hair-brained abstractionists would by this time have realized that it is altogether idle to pursue this line of argument. Public opinion, and the *ultima ratio* of an appeal to arms, have settled that the nation had a right to do anything and everything necessary to save itself from destruction, and any attempt on the part of judges or courts to reverse that decision, will be found no less harmless than it is amazing.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.—Send in your "statements" to Assessor Wheaton before the first of March. Read his advertisement on sixteenth page.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR.

The interior papers generally seem to be disposed to take up the battle-axe for Mr. Bidwell, as the next Governor of California. The Chico *Courant* sets the example, which has been promptly followed by quite a number of provincial journals. The Sacramento *Union*, and the San Francisco *Bulletin* have unmistakably indicated a leaning in the same direction. Mr. Bidwell is doubtless a man well qualified for the position. But has not the "interior" had at least a fair proportion of "Governors of California?" Is it not about time that San Francisco, the Commercial Capital of the State, and which pays one half of the entire amount of taxes of the Commonwealth, should have a hearing? We have nothing to say against Mr. Bidwell; but is it to be conceded as an indisputable fact that San Francisco has no citizen equally well qualified for the position of chief executive of the State? If such is indeed the case, we do not see that any valid objection can be urged against the "Statesman of Chico." But if San Francisco can furnish an equally worthy candidate, we think it no more than simple justice that her claims should receive due consideration.

NEW DAILY.—Yesterday afternoon the first number of *The Daily Dispatch*, a new evening paper, made its appearance. The *Dispatch* is somewhat smaller than the *Morning Call*, and a trifle larger than the *Oakland News*. In its salutatory, entitled "A Few Words with the Public," it says that before entering upon the hazardous enterprise of starting a new daily, its projectors have "carefully surveyed the field, sounded the public mind, considered the obstacles to be surmounted, and estimated the expense which must be incurred before the undertaking could be made remunerative." The result of this "survey" and "estimate" has, it seems, convinced the proprietors of the *Dispatch* that there is a field in this city for "a cheap evening paper." Time will show whether the views and estimates which have encouraged the proprietors of the *Dispatch* to undertake the perilous enterprise of starting a new daily paper in San Francisco, were sound and accurate, or otherwise.

SERIOUS CHARGE.—For more than a year past it has been a matter of general suspicion and popular belief that the police of San Francisco has refrained from interfering with the fashionable and aristocratic gambling establishments of this city. In yesterday's *Call* Judge Cowles is reported to have assumed the responsibility of lending his endorsement to this very grave charge against our police authorities. If the *Call's* statement is correct, it seems highly probable that a thorough investigation of the charges will become inevitable. It is quite certain, that notwithstanding the stringent laws enacted for the suppression of gaming houses, these establishments still exist and flourish in our midst. If they do so by the connivance of the police, it is desirable that the fact should be established.

[For the Californian.]

LOST DAYS.

I AM not one of those who cry
Come back, lost days! to days long dead;
Deeming fall fountains, fountains dry,
And dry ones full instead.

Regret cannot the past reflame,
Nor moments quenched again relight;
To mourn is adding shame to shame,
And darkness unto night.

The lost I bury with, good-bye!
And, few or many, none deplore;
And if I sigh, for this I sigh,
The dread of losing more.

It is enough the present day
Makes honor mine, or mine disgrace;
That in it I may win my way
To foremost praise and place.

For kindly fortune chance repeats
As rounds the future to the Now;
And ever as Time's hammer beats,
Fame waits the hero's brow.

And if no brow the crown shall wear,
'Tis not that fate has grown unkind;
For though unworn, the crown was there,—
The hero lagged behind!

Still constant as the constant day,
And golden as the golden Sun,
Is chance; and still the laurel bay
Of Glory may be won.

So as the days that are to come
May be improved with actions wise;
And from the many I may some
Grasp and immortalize;

I to the last can cry content,
And to oblivion give the Past;
The bow of promise still is bent!
The die is yet uncast!

January, 1867. W. A. KENDALL

[For the Californian.]

GYMNASTICS *A LA JAPANOIS*, BY PROFESSOR JOHN J. JONES.

WHEN I engaged lodging at the respectable private house of Mrs. Honeydew, widow. No. 3,999 Stockton street, that lady informed me, in her blandest tones and with her most insinuating smile, that she had already let her only other suite of rooms to a very estimable young gentleman by the name of Jones, who held the position of Secretary to the Aggravated Accidental Insurance Company of New South Wales, and whom, she was sure, I would find a most agreeable acquaintance. That very evening I was introduced to Mr. Jones in Mrs. Honeydew's elegant parlor and before a fortnight had elapsed we were as intimate as if we had lived under the same roof for years.

Mr. Jones was a little above the medium height, lean, but muscular and active as a cat. His features were of a Roman cast, his complexion fair, his hair and moustache light, sandy in fact, his carriage lofty and graceful, and his dress, though not particularly fine except on Sundays, always scrupulously neat and becoming. His age was about twenty-seven, and if it were germane to the point of this narrative, I might add that he was, on the whole, rather good looking. He was generous to a degree, frequently asking me to drink with him, and take a cigar when he had a spare one. I speak of poor Jones in the past tense, because, though he may yet be in the land of the living, the place (No. 3,999 Stockton street) that knew him once knows him no more forever. "He has gone from our gaze like a beautiful dream," and his sudden and mysterious departure is mourned by Mrs. Honeydew, myself, and other hopeless creditors.

Every individual with any force of character has his or her idiosyncracy. Jones's developed itself in the direction of gymnastics and acrobatics. He was an active member of the well known "Club of Hercules," and never permitted any other engagement to interfere with his nightly practice at the Hall, except when he visited public gymnastic exhibitions elsewhere—a species of amusement of which he was enthusiastically fond, though he invariably decried the merit of the *artistes*, and boasted that he could have performed each and every one of their feats with much more skill and grace. He admitted the muscular strength of the gentlemen of the Martinetti-Ravel troupe, but considered them awkward and tame as compared with himself. And, to give the braggart his due, he was a clever gymnast, as I had an opportunity of knowing, having frequently at his solicitation accompanied him to the Hercules Club Hall and witnessed his performances. He was the *facile princeps* of the Club in all feats requiring quickness and dexterity, a skillful equilibrist, and could turn a double somersault on a tight-rope with rare ease and grace. He never regarded any feat as too difficult for him to attempt, and he once consulted me about the propriety of his giving a public funambulistic exhibition, in which he proposed to surpass the most venturous performances of M'lle Celeste, Blondin, or any other man. In short, though a generous friend, a genial companion and an accomplished man of business, Jones was a gymnasto-maniac.

When the troupe of Japanese gymnasts made their first appearance at the Academy of Music in this city, Jones and I went together to witness the exhibition. During the first part of the entertainment my companion was garrulous as usual, and gave vent to his contempt for the pagan performances in strong language. But when they began to exhibit their marvelous feats of balancing, my scornful critic became suddenly mute, and sat interested and taciturn until the curtain fell upon the final group. We were unusually silent during our walk home together, my companion's mind being evidently occupied by the wonderful things he had seen, and I musing upon the singular change which had been so quickly wrought in him. It had been our custom, before retiring to rest, to spend an hour or two together, smoking and conversing about the events of the day; but on this occasion, as soon as we reached our lodgings, Jones bade me a hasty "good night," hurried to his apartment and locked himself in. I was surprised at this singular conduct; but before many days I was enlightened as to the cause of it.

Jones continued to visit the Academy of Music every evening. Sometimes I accompanied him, but oftener I did not, as the exhibition grew tiresome to me after a few repetitions, and I had other engagements which I did not care to forego. I noticed farther changes in the appearance and demeanor of my friend. His potations, hitherto quite moderate, became more deep and frequent; his gait was unsteady, his dress disordered, and his eyes—when he raised them from the ground, upon which they were now almost constantly fixed in abstraction—gleamed with unwonted brilliancy. I could rarely engage him in conversation, and if I asked his opinion of the Japanese as gymnasts, he evaded the question. About this time I began to hear strange noises in his rooms at nights, as of bodies more or less heavy falling to the floor. Once there was a sound as of the smashing of crockery, followed by a rattling noise as if a number of articles of furniture had been violently overturned. I had retired to bed, but hastily dressed myself

and went to see what was the matter. I found Mrs. Honeydew, our hostess, at Jones's door, *en dishabille*, on the same errand. I rapped twice before Jones vouchsafed a gruff "What d'ye want?" and when I demanded an explanation of the loud and unusual noises which had disturbed the repose of the household at such an unseemly hour, he replied that I "must have been dreaming, and had better go to bed again." As we could get no further satisfaction from him, Mrs. Honeydew and I wended our separate ways to our respective dormitories, and were disturbed no more that night, though we were frequently startled by similar noises on subsequent nights. I endeavored to draw from Jones a solution of the mystery, and with good-humored raillery accused him of having become a "medium," and turned his apartments into a rendezvous for boisterous spirits; but, though he took my jesting in good part, I could get no satisfaction out of him. In my own mind, however, I was convinced that he was privately practising the Japanese feats of balancing, using his parlor and bedroom furniture in lieu of the blocks, trays, tubs, and jars employed by the gymnasts from over the sea,

Not wishing to compromise my friend's reputation for sanity, I did not mention my suspicions to Mrs. Honeydew, although that good lady frequently engaged me in conversation in reference to Jones's strange and preposterous conduct, and more than once intimated that she had determined to give him notice to quit her house.

"I am sorry, Mr. Clerk," said this estimable woman, "to be obliged to request a friend of yours to leave my house"—

"You forget, my dear madam," I interposed, "that if Mr. Jones is my friend, I first made his acquaintance through your kind offices, under your own roof, and that you recommended him to me as a desirable associate. For his present mysterious behavior I am in no manner responsible, and do not wish to be implicated with him as a disturber of your domestic peace."

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Clerk," said she. "I have satisfied myself that Mr. Jones alone has been guilty of the outrages of which I complain. He is either a Spiritualist or madman. The furniture in his apartment—which cost me a great deal of money, Mr. Clerk—has been broken to pieces; the plastering on the walls and ceiling has been knocked off; and I have to buy a new basin and ewer for his washstand almost every other day. When I venture to speak to him about these things, he tells me to 'charge it in the bill!' Then, he makes such an awful racket at night that no one can sleep in the house, and the neighbors have complained of it, and he looks so wild out of his eyes, and I am a respectable woman and move in the best society, and I *can't* have such a character in my house; and—and—oh, Mr. Clerk, don't you think if he were to go away, you could get some quiet, gentlemanly friend of yours to take the apartments?"

While Mrs. Honeydew was speaking her excitement increased, and her utterance became more rapid, so that when she ceased she was in tears and out of breath. I scarcely knew how to reply to her. If I had taken her view of the case it would have been better for both of us; but unfortunately I didn't. My usual good nature got the better of me. After a moment's consideration, I said:

"Calm yourself, my dear Mrs. Honeydew, and believe me that Mr. Jones will soon recover from his strange mood. Although I have not lately been in his confidence, I am convinced that an unhappy love affair has temporarily upset his mental balance; but he will soon get over that—I see symptoms of improvement in him already."

"Poor fellow!" sighed the sympathetic lady. I had struck the right chord in her benevolent heart, and I knew that for a time, at least, she would submit uncomplainingly to Jones's vagaries. But I had deliberately framed and uttered a falsehood to screen him, and I was to pay the penalty.

To my great joy, Jones did begin to improve. A portion of his old gayety of manner returned; the midnight noises almost entirely ceased in his rooms; our landlady recovered her serenity, and I felt greatly relieved. In the meantime the company had been replaced at the Academy of Music by Risley's superior troupe of Japanese gymnasts. Jones went nightly to see them, and I accompanied him on two or three occasions. On the evening of their last performance, January 28th, he insisted that I should go with him "to see the Japs." He had secured seats for us, and I went. On our way to the Academy, he would have me stop at every respectable saloon we came to, and take a drink with him. He was in unusually good spirits; I caught the infection, and yielded too readily to his solicitations. He did not appear to be so much interested in the performance as upon former occasions, and at every interval he would go out—I with him, of course—to drink. When the entertainment was over he proposed that we should go to a popular saloon and partake of an oyster supper and a bottle of wine. My evil star was in the ascendant, and I consented. At what hour we reached home I do not know—the quantity of brandy and champagne I had swallowed made me oblivious. It was past noon when I awoke. Jones had already gone out, and with an aching head I walked down to the Aggravated Accidental Insurance Company's office to see in what condition the day had found him after the night's debauch. He was not there—the office was closed, although it was in business hours. I feared that he was sick, or that some accident had befallen him; but on the next corner I encountered him.

"Hello, Clerk!" he exclaimed boisterously; "how do you feel this morning, old boy? Hair pulls, eh? So did mine when I got up, but I'm all right now. Let's get a cocktail, and then go and have some breakfast."

While we waited in the restaurant for breakfast to be served, it occurred to me to ask Jones what he thought of the "Japs?"

"The Japs. be hanged! Between you and me, they are a lot of humbugs. I can beat them myself! Let's take a bottle of wine."

Fearful of a return of Jones's late disorder, I changed the subject. After breakfast—during which we drank a good deal of wine—he proposed that we should play billiards. I suggested that it would be better to wait until after business hours. "Hang business," said he; "let it take care of itself to-day." I submitted passively to his guidance, and we devoted the rest of the day and evening to pastime and revelry. Jones insisted on paying all bills, and he borrowed all the money I had—about fifty dollars. It was midnight when we went home, both of us in a high state of exhilaration. We went together to my rooms.

"Now," said Jones, after I had succeeded in lighting the gas, "let us wind up the evening's entertainment with some wonderful feats of equilibration, by Professor John J. Jones, of the Hercules Club. The Japanese be blowed! They may do well enough in their own country, but they won't pass here. You thought they performed some wonderful feats; but *I'll* astonish you!"

He kept his word.

Procuring the pillows from my bed, he placed them on the floor—one for his head and the other for his back. Then, removing his outer garments, he lay down, in position, and requested me to hand him a chair.

"Hadn't you better use your own furniture?" I suggested. "It is already damaged, and I'd rather not have mine broken up."

"Pshaw! Clerk, don't make a fool of yourself. I tell you I have practised these things until I can do them better than any Japanese that ever walked. If you are afraid of your furniture being injured, I'll give you a policy in the Aggravated Accidental!"

As my head was not so clear as it might have been, he easily persuaded me to humor his whim; and as he succeeded in balancing a common parlor-chair tolerably well, when he demanded my heavy rosewood spring-bottom rocking-chair for his next experiment, I handed it to him without hesitation. "Now," said he, after he had balanced it in an upright position for a moment or two, "I am going to toss it upside down and catch it on my feet. "Look out!"

"Don't!" I exclaimed, and started forward to seize it, but too late. With a quick motion of his muscular limbs he sent it whirling to the ceiling, which it struck with great force, loosening and bringing down a quantity of plastering. In its descent it brought down and demolished a large mirror in a handsomely ornamented gilt frame, broke a large fragment from the marble mantle-piece, bounded thence to my writing-desk, which it overturned, drenching the carpet with ink and strewing it with pens, paper, scraps of manuscript, etc., and finally landed on the floor, a complete wreck. I stood viewing the scene in speechless consternation; but some demon seemed to possess Jones. Springing to his feet, he shouted—"Accidents will happen! ceiling too low—better luck next time!" and rushing into my bed-room, he returned with my washstand. "This will do better," he cried. "Who'! whoop! hooray! Get out of the way with your Japanese humbugs, and give Professor Jones a chance!" At that moment he stumbled over some broken fragments of the rocking chair, and fell flat to the floor. The washstand, with its basin, pitcher, etc., were added to the general wreck. Jones lay quite still after his fall, and on examination I found that he was insensible, having struck his temple against some sharp fragment, stunning him and causing a frightful gash.

In the meantime, the horrible din had aroused the whole household. I heard suppressed screams and the sound of hurrying feet in the hall below, and soon female voices were shouting "police!" I was dreadfully frightened, and thoroughly sobered. I was in a terrible predicament for a respectable young man, and could see no way out of it. I thought of dragging Jones to his room, locking him in, and then barricading my own door; but before I could put the plan in execution, I heard the policeman's voice at the hall door, and presently his manly step ascending the stairs. I resolved to face the minion of the law, and rely upon my native shrewdness to get me out of my difficulty. So I threw open my door and met the policeman on the threshold. He was followed at a respectful distance by Mrs. Honeydew, Norah the housemaid, and the small fry of Honeydews, mingled alarm and curiosity appearing on every countenance.

I bowed respectfully to the officer. "You see how it is, sir," said I. "This young man, as Mrs. Honeydew knows, has been slightly deranged of late. We thought he had recovered; but to-night his malady has returned in a more violent form than ever. He has destroyed all the furniture in the room, and I fear has seriously injured himself. Hadn't you better examine him, sir?"

The officer assenting, we raised Jones from the floor, and laid him upon a sofa. The blood was slowly oozing from an ugly cut on the side of his head, but he breathed deeply and regularly, whence I inferred that his injury was but slight. After some discussion it was determined to lay him on his own bed for the night, and on the morrow measures were to be taken to test his sanity and remove him to more suitable quarters. So we bound up his wound and bore him to his couch. When the officer had gone and the house become quiet again I also sought my bed, but it was long before sleep visited my eyelids.

It was late in the morning when I awoke. As soon as I had dressed myself, I went to Jones's room. The door was open, although for security it had been locked on the outside. I entered; he was gone, and on looking around, I discovered that his trunks and other personal effects had been removed. I sought Mrs. Honeydew and inquired what had become of Jones. She did not know; she thought he was still asleep in his room. I hastened to the office of the Aggravated Accidental Insurance Company; it was closed. I went to the Police office and made inquiries; no one knew anything about him, and the officer who had been at Mrs. Honeydew's the previous night, would not be in the office until noon. Then I bethought me that the steamer sailed that day for Panama, with the Japanese on board, and that Jones in his delirium might have purposed to go with them. I ran down to the wharf, to find that I was just too late. The steamer was moving from the wharf, and there on the guards stood Jones, dressed in full Japanese costume, with a fan in his girdle. I would not have recognized him but for the triumphant smile which lit up his features when he saw me, and his sandy hair, which he had not had time to dye. Feeling naturally incensed at his conduct, I shouted:

"Jones, you rascal"—

"Good bye, old fel!" he interrupted, with a profound salaam. "You see I'm one of 'em—off to the Paris Exhibition—come back with lots of money and glory. Love to Mrs. Honeydew, and tell her"—the rest of his words were lost in the general confusion of voices, as the passengers interchanged farewells, for the hundredth time with their friends on shore.

I subsequently learned that Jones engrafted himself into the troupe in lieu of one of the Japanese, who was somewhat inefficient, and desired to return to his native land. He had procured an interview with Maguire and Professor Risley some days previous to the sailing of the steamer, for the purpose of testing his skill, and had exhibited so much dexterity—even surpassing the Japanese in their most difficult feats—that they engaged him at once and let the other go. I have no doubt that after he has dyed his hair he will be able to palm himself off upon the public as a genuine "Jap." I have been told that it was the purpose of Maguire and Risley to represent him in New York and Paris as a female Japanese—a deception which would be much favored by his light complexion. The pagan who was left behind, gives it out that he is a historian, and that he is busy writing up a book on California for the edification of the Tycoon's subjects. Of course I know all about *that*.

I have done forever with Jones. I have removed from my elegant apartments in the respectable house of Mrs. Harriet Honeydew, widow, No. 3,999 Stockton street. The fact is, the lady and I had a little difference. She insinuated that, as the intimate friend of Mr. Jones, I ought to pay for the breakage he had caused—the rent of his rooms, although she was a poor lone widow, she was willing to throw off. I applauded her generosity, but declined to imitate it. I would not pay a stiver on Jones' account, and that was the long and short of it. So we parted.

Mrs. Honeydew has furnished apartments to let to two single gentlemen—references as to sanity required. The Aggravated Accidental Insurance Company has not yet, I believe, advertised for another Secretary, and their office remains closed. There are rumors afloat that the Company's affairs are not in a solvent condition.

Should this meet the eye of John J. Jones, amateur gymnast, he will please consider himself fully discharged of all obligations to me—including a debt of fifty dollars, money lent—on condition that he shall never, under any circumstances, attempt to renew acquaintance with me.

JOHN CLERK.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—The Feast of St. Valentine, the patron saint of lovers, falls on Thursday next. Already the signs of the coming festival are appearing in the stores and street. D. E. Appleton & Co., 508 Montgomery street, take the lead in the Valentine business, and dispose of many thousands of dollars worth of these amatory epistles every year. Gaily caparisoned horses dash through the streets, bearing mail-bags full of Valentines from Appleton's repositories. Cupid's postman is met with a smile at every door at which he knocks.

AN EDITOR'S "CHRISTMAS STORY."

BASED ON FACT.

I AM an editor; and I must say that, of all professions, that of editorsbip is the most difficult and the most thankless. Still it has its bright spots, its pleasant reminiscences.

Softening of tbe brain, hysteria, mania, monomania, paralysis, and apoplexy, are tbought to await tbe man or woman whose dire destiny has called him or her to this modc of earning bis or her livelihood. Breaking stones on tbe road is tbougbt to be easy in comparison to it. Statistics are said to inform us (and though a friend of mine maintains statistics are fallacious, I am a believer in tbem,) that a great proportion of the unhappy tenants of asylums are literary men, chiefly editors. Still, as I said, the editorial life has its bright spots.

And yet, on the whole, the condition of an editor, as Thackeray found to his cost, is a laborious and tbankless one. To tbose who love excitement, it is also somewhat dull and dreary. By a singular fatality tbe bouses in which publishers live, and wbere consequently tbe magazines or reviews which are their property are edited, are of the most lugubrious and mysterious kind.

The tenement is not a sbop, or a warehonse, or a cellar, or clnb, or private house, bnt it partakes a little of the characteristics of all tbese abodes. The male sex abound tbere; and however lively and *debonnaire* these identical men are up to tbe moment tbey enter, as soon as they cross these thresholds they are changed into mournful undertakers' mute, fatigued, hopeless-looking specimens of mortality. The higher one ascends these cavernous places, the worse tbey are. Tbere are strange echoes up the stairs; there is a buzz and murmur of voices, and yet there is an unnatural quiet as if dreadful surgical operations were being performed beyond closed doors; that sort of stillness which one feels is liable at any moment to break into violent screams; and altogether there is a strong savour of Hood's "Hannted House" permeating them from top to bottom.

In a back room, on tbe drawing-room floor of one of tbese honses, I have spent abont six bours a day for the last six years. The carpet bas been changed four times, for the marks of my steps pacing up and down, witb manuscripts in band, can, alas! too soon be traced on it. But the cbairs bave not been changed; tbe black horse-hair is worn in parts to wbite; the table-cover is dingy; the dust of twenty years looks down upon me from tbe window curtains; the panes of the windows are made partly of clouded glass, but whether by ingrained dirt, or an artificial process, I have never yet discovered. A dim religious light prevades tbe apartment.

I arrive at nine o'clock. On one table are the letters which tbe first post bas already bronght, on another tbe mannscripts. I sit in an arm-chair, before my desk, at a third. On an average I read and answer daily about three dozen letters; I read every day several manuscrips. What some of these letters, what some of tbse manuscripts are, words nre powerless to describe. There is a belief common, that the editor of a magazine, besides accepting or rejecting articles offered for bis magazine, can distribute patronage and shower pecuniary aid on all who apply to him. He is supposed to be at once and together a Crœsns, a Lord Mayor, and a minister of grace and justice. Some of the letters, though unutterably silly, are touchiug from the trust and confidence in blindness and sympathy which they reveal. Grent sorrow, like great bappiness, often teaches an Arcadian simplicity. But these are the minority. The majority are written by persons whose alpha and omega is their own puerile personality. And the manuscripts! To a Rochefoucauld, how much would their mere outsides betray! Desultory, untidy, careless persons send unstitched manuscripts, without addresses, or with false ones. Dcfiant of spelling, or subversive ol grammar, with neither beginning, middle or end, the melancholy spectacle, the pathetic record of their contents, would make angels weep. There are undoubtedly exceptions. It has occasionally bappened that an author who bas afterwards found a world-wide acceptance, began his first timorous steps in the field of public favor by sending a story to my periodical.

But do the public or the authors ever remember the patient laborer who toils through the reams of badly-written foolscap or cream-laid, to find the few pearls amidst all those shapeless oysters? I have always thought that Mrs. Hemans' poem of the Diver would find an answering chord in the breasts of many editors.

One bitter cold morning, a few days before Christmas, in the year —, I sate as usual at my desk. Among the heap of manuscripts was one, written on the softest cream-laid French white paper, in a childisb lady's hand. on lines which had been carefully erased afterward. It was a little story of no great literary merit, but there was an aroma of youth and of sweetness in every line. There was a promise in it; it was like the light in the sky before the sun has risen on a fine day—an omen, a portent of snnshine and warmth, but no more. I put it down as if I had touched the petal of a rose. There was a tiny scented note beside it—of course full of italics:—

——*Street, Dublin, Dec.* —, 186—.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR—I send you a little story. I am only sixteen, and papa and mamma do not know *anything* about it, but please tell me if it be worth anything. I *want* it to be printed; I *want* to be paid for it. It is not for myself, though, but I want the money to give my *dear* brother a *nice little* birtbday present.—I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours, etc.,

EMILY ——."

Then came the address and the signature. The writing of the note was less neat and regular than the manuscript. But tbere was the same fragrance of dainty youth about it.

I beld it a long time in my hand. I am an old man; at all events middle nged; perbaps something more; my beard is grey, my hair is grey too. I have no doubt tbat to the *jeunesse dorée* whom I occasionally meet I wear the look of Dicken's patriarch, but my beart is younger tban my appearance. Little distillations came, or seemed to come, from the paper I beld. Had I been a Foster or a Home I might perhaps have divined the writer; bnt, certes, it was with no common feeling of interest that I sat down and wrote my answer to the note. I returned the manuscript, but wrote gently and tenderly. I gave it as my hope and my opinion that, with a little more care and study, the youthful writer would achieve a success. I even promised to print that identical manuscript if it were a little revised and corrected, and I pointed out how it might be made available. I opened tbe window of my den after I had written my note. Tbe weeds piercing through the flags below had a less dreary look than they bad ever had before; a gleam of sunshine shone on them, and their frosty verdure borrowed sometbing of Picciola brigbtness from it. I posted my letter and the manuscript to the address named, and went home wondering if ever I should hear from the writer again. With that, bowever, all thoughts of tbe manuscript passed away. The antbor was too timid to reply.

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On Christmas Eve I was asked as nsual to dine with an old friend of mine at St. John's Wood. He was a married man, with a pleasant comely wife, and several small children, male and female. We dined *en petit comité*

"The cbildren are not coming down to dinner," said my hostess, "for they are going to give ns a surprise afterwards."

I bowed and was delighted, both at the anticipation of plensure to come and of privation for the first time of considerable present annoyance. I need not say I was then a bachelor. When we went up stairs after dinner we fonnd the folding-door which divided the front from the back room closed.

They were opened after a while. The Cbristmas hymn was sung, and a German tree of the most brillinnt splendor was revealed; on its branches were hnng gifts worked and embroidered by the children for tbeir parents, and for the friends of their parents. The three little girls and their governess bad done it all.

While my friend and his wife were embracing and thanking the children, I had time to notice the governess. She was very young, almost a child herself. A mass of bright hair was gathered up in great waves at each side of her head, and fastened in a loose, thick loop behind. The bright curls were so arranged as to reveal the ear. The ear and cheek were, I should rather say tbey are, like those painted by Leighton in his "Painter's Honeymoon." Need I say more of their loveliness? But the pretty blue eyes looked as if they had cried a good deal; and there had been recent tears, for tbe eyclids were somewhat swollen. She was not sad at present, however, for she played on the piano for the children and for me, their old godfather, to dance to, and she joined with us in a game of blind man's buff. When the children retired, she retired also.

"What a charming person," I said.

"She is most excellent," said my friend. "Although she is so young, Miss ——— is the bread provider of her family. Her father and mother have, according to the cant phrase, seen better days; in fact, they are people of good birth, and once had a good fortune. They have a son and daughter. The son is a fine fellow also. Both tbe son and the daughter give the greater part of their earnings to their parents; but the son has not been very fortunate. My little governess, she is only seventeen (my children are so young they do not need a prim, regular governess, for they only study with her three hours a day), does more with her salary, mediocre as it is, than her brother can do with his hard work. He is a clerk in a bank."

"And she helps him also, I suppose?"

"I dare say she does, but I have never inquired, for she is full of reticence and reserve on those points I only know she would sit up all night, and work like a slave all day, to help both her parents and her brother. She is going home to-morrow; but he, I fear, cannot afford the expense of the journey. The parents live now in Socotland."

"Could we not help him?" I said bashfully.

My friend smiled. Both brother and sister spent Christmas at home.

My good fortune threw me a good deal after this with my friend's governess. Must I say that from that Christmas Eve I was never heart-whole?

The following Easter we were engaged, and before the next Christmas Eve which followed we were married. What an aim and a hope my life had now acquired!

We have a little suburban house, and I leave my wife every morning to pursue my editorial labors, and return every evening, forgetting my work and my worries, knowing that the sweetest heart and the fairest face I have ever known, await me in my modest but happy home. I have never heard again from the author of the manuscript which had so much interested me; and, truth to tell, had never thought of her since that Christmas Eve. Two or three years have passed since then, and we have two babies. Such babies! I will not rhapsodise; but if rosy flesh, and round contours, and lovely limbs can be called beauty, my girl and boy would win the prize in any show of babies in the world.

Their mother is always playing with them. She often puts her delicate, slender white hand under my baby's girl's foot, and the baby makes believe to stand on it. What a picture it is! the tiny toes, and the dent in the round little ancle, and the pearly instep, harmonize, yet contrast so gloriously with the taper fingers, and the blue veined white of that flower-like hand. It is like a rosebud laid on a white camellia. She then holds the baby-girl to me, and I kiss it before I go. My two-year-old boy toddles after me and gives me his chubby little fist to hold till I get to the door. And so we live. I could not help, as I sat at my labors a few days ago, recalling the picture of motherly beauty and woman loveliness I had left at home. How I wished all womanhood could be typified thus!

As I walked up and down the room reading a scratchy, scrawly manuscript, and fumbling over it in desperation, for the tiresome person who had sent it had by some ingenious carelessness mulcted it of its last page, my thought flew far and wide, and by some association I cannot attempt to explain, the pretty manuscript from the youthful writer who had sent me no more, was recalled to me.

Unconsciously the manuscript I held faded from my mind, and the other was present with me. I wondered what had become of her—had she written any more?—where and how was she?

Every moment I had become more and more possessed with this memory. I was so happy myself that I felt for all who seemed to have care and struggle in their lives. I looked out the address to which I had written before, and wrote to the unknown a few lines. I said that time had passed (five years, almost) that the youthful inexperience which had prevented the paper she had sent me from being accepted must now be corrected, and that I should be glad and willing to see anything else she had written, if she had written anything since then.

Within a few days I had an answer. The writing was in a feigned hand, quite unlike the round hesitating girlish hand I had remembered. The words were, however, as sweet and innocent as the first had been.

"It is so good of you," ran the note, "to remember me, but I do not write any more. I am so happy. I have such a dear, kind, good, noble husband [Oh, these womanly exaggerations, I thought, as I sat in my editorial chair], and such darling babies. I wrote, for I wanted to help my dear ones, but they have been better helped by others than I could ever have hoped to help them. If you seek to know me, you shall do so. If, when you go home, you see a woman with a rose in her hand, hold out yours, you will know me."

I smiled at the romantic fervor of this reply, and a desire arose that my wife and the writer of that letter should know each other, and then I went on with my stupefying avocations.

As I went home, I confess I looked about for a woman with a rose in her hand, but as might naturally be supposed, neither in cabs nor omnibuses did such an apparition manifest itself.

As I entered my own door I gave an impatient shrug at the idea of having been the subject of a foolish jest. But whom did I see standing just within the threshold of my home? my darling, with her fair, child-like face, and bright hair; and joy and youth crowning her with a triple crown, and in her hand was a rose!

"Dear husband," she said as I kissed her, "I think I loved you from the moment I had your kind, indulgent, and thoughtful note. I had written that absurd little story, for I sadly wanted a little money to pay for Gerald's return home at Christmas, to be with papa and mamma, and I had a foolish notion that I could write."

"And you were disappointed, my pet; what a savage I must have seemed."

"No; I felt how foolish I had been, and I cried heartily but I thought you good and kind, all the same. And Gerald got home too, and we had a happy Christmas after all."

I kissed her.

"But are you never going to write a story for my magazine again?"

"I don't know," she said, archly; "meanwhile, you can write ours if you like."

THE Faculty of Paris has just conferred the degree of "Bacheliere-des-Sciences" on a young lady named Mdlle. Maria Brassetti In France there are several feminine Bachelors of Letters, but the present is only the second lady who has succeeded in passing an examination in sciences before the Faculty. The first obtained her diploma about two years ago.

S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermitteut fevers.
They purify the breath aud acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a heverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold hy all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels aud Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled hottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold hy all dealers, at $1.00 in large hottles, aud by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Ageuts.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminuate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has beeu counterfeited. Inquire for and take none but LYON'S, hearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot be otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervation, listlessness, sleepiness, melancholy, want of appetite, etc., compose a class of ailments greater than all others combiued. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaiuts they have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by clergymen, merchants, ladies, and persons of sedentary habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. The extent of their sale is almost incredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spaviu, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Straius, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantaneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with signature of G. W. Westhrook, und having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky. and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon prematurely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.

E. THOMAS LYON, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other.

DR. H. A. BENTON,

The ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, is now cosily fixed in his new quarters, over Congress Hall, Bush street, adjoining the Russ House, and is prepared to treat patients in all the best modes of curing. The Electro-Medicated and Hot Air Baths will do wonders in many cases, in breaking up obstructions, and if properly attended afterwards, will insure success.

BILLIARD TABLES.

JACOB STRAHLE IS DETERMINED TO FURNISH Billiard Tables cheaper, and on more reasonable terms than any other establishment on the Pacific coast, having secured repeated premiums for finish and durability of work, as well as for his latest styles of cushions. This shows conclusively that his tables are superior to any manufactured in the city. His manufactory is at 537 Sacramento street, near What Cheer House. *

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kiuds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is hut the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who bad suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolatiou which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. I in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR superior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries. *

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

VAN VLECK & KEITH,

Designers and Engravers

ON WOOD,

No. 611 Clay street, San Francisco.

WM. KEITH. D. VAN VLECK.

MRS. G. M. NICHOLS,

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY,

No. 661 Clay street, 2 doors below Kearney,

San Francisco.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,

Machinist,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

TOWNE & BACON,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices

536 In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactery manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

DO

YOU

WANT ANY

Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

RUSSELL & HOLDING'S

EXCHANGE,

622 Market street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

THE FINEST WINES AND LIQUORS ARE dispensed at the Exchange.

All the British Columbia papers on file.

N. B.—A commodious BACK ROOM for the accommodation of customers is one of the feature of the establishment ☞Families supplied, and Goods delivered Free of charge.

DR. HAYDEN,

Dentist,

653 Clay street, between Kearny and Montgomery,

San Francisco.

PIANOS!

PIANOS!

AT

AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

A Big Thing and no Humbug.

OF THE THOUSANDS OF COMPOUNDS BEFORE the public, "RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA" for the Hair, alone, does just what it promises.

Hon. Warren Chase, the Spiritualist Lecturer, says: "My hair and whiskers have been many years gray. RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA has restored both to their original color, black, and covered the baldness on the top of my head with a fine growth of black hair I have several friends who have used it with the same results, and I cordially recommend it as one of the few medicines that will do what its labels and circulars claim for it. WARREN CHASE."

October, 1865

Call for RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA, and for your own pleasure and comfort do not be put off with anything else, "said to be just as good."

JOHN F. SNOW,
24 Post street, San Francisco,
Agent for the Pacific Coast.

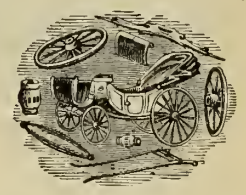
ALSO,

Coloring, Cleansing and Restoring of

FEATHERS, KID GLOVES, SILKS, FURS, WOOLENS, ETC.,

24 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny, SAN FRANCISCO.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 1?

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

FIRST PREMIUM

Billiard

TABLE

MANUFACTORY.

P. LISENFELD,

612 BATTERY STREET,

Between Jackson and Pacific, San Francisco,

Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements. Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description.

☞ All goods sold are warranted.

WM. WORTHINGTON,

House and Sign Painter,

Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c., &c.,

735 Market street,

Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

RESIGNATION OF AGENCY

OF THE

PHŒNIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD.

San Francisco, January 8th, 1867.

L. B DELL, HAS THIS DAY RESIGNED THE LOCAL Agency of the above company, and removed his office to DELL, CRANNA & CO.'S store, 511 1-2 and 513 FRONT STREET, where he is ready to effect insurance in either Home or Foreign companies, and furnish information on insurance matters free of charge. Thanking his friends and patrons for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage in the future.

L. B. DELL, 511 1-2 and 513 Front street.

JOHN LOCHHEAD'S

STEAM ENGINE WORKS

Beale Street, near Mission, San Francisco.

STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.

HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,

Portable Engines of all sizes,

Donkey Pumps, Etc, Etc., Etc.

The attention of the parties engaged in shipping or inland navigation is called to the

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP

of Mr. LOCHHEAD, who has been in the business in San Francisco for the last fourteen years and enjoys the reputation of having built ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN STEAM ENGINES.

Screw Propellers of all kinds, and Steam Boat Machinery generally, made to order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in every particular.

THE BATH.

Off, fetters of the falser life!
  Weeds that conceal the statue's form—
This silent world with truth is rife,
  The wooing air is warm.

Now fall the thin disguises, planned
  For them to weak to walk unblamed;
Naked beside the sea I stand—
  Naked, and not ashamed!

Where yonder dancing billows dip,
  Far off to ocean's misty verge,
Ploughs Morning, like a full-sailed ship,
  The Orient's cloudy surge.

With spray of scarlet fire before
  The ruffled gold that round her lies,
She sails above the sleeping shore,
  Across the waking skies.

The dewey beach beneath her glows;
  A penciled beam, the light-house burns;
Full breathed, the fragrant sea-wind blows—
  Life to the world returns!

I stand, a spirit newly-born,
  White-limbed, and pure, and strong, and fair,
The first-begotten son of Morn—
  The nursling of the air.

There, in a heap, the masks of Earth—
  The cares, the sins, the griefs—are thrown,
Complete, as through diviner birth,
  I walk the snuds alone.

With downy hands the winds caress
  With frothy lips the amorous sea,
As welcoming the nakeduess
  Of vanished gods, in me.

Along the ridged and sloping sand,
  Where headlands clasp the crescent cove,
A shining spirit of the land,
  A snowy shape, I move;

Or, plunged in hollow-rowling brine,
  In emerald cradles rocked and swung,
The sceptre of the Sea is mine,
  And mine his endless song.

For Earth with primal dew is wet,
  Her long-lost child to rebaptise;
Her fresh, immortal Edens yet,
  Their Adam recognize.

Her ancient freedom is his fee;
  Her ancient beauty is his dower;
She bares her ample breasts, that he
  May suck the milk of power.

Press on, ye hounds of life, that lurk
  So close, to seize your harried prey;
Ye fiends of Custom, Gold and Work,
  I hear your distant bay!

And, like the Arab, when he bears
  To the insulted camel's path!
His garment, which the camel tears.
  And then forgets his wrath.

Lo! yonder badges of your sway—
  Life's paltry husks to you I give,
Fall on, and in your blindness say:
  We hold the fugitive!

But leave me to this brief escape,
  To simple manhood, pure and free,
A child of God, in God's own shape,
  Between the land and sea.

UNION BUSINESS COLLEGE.—This institution is designed to initiate young men in all the practical minutia of a business education. The pupil commencing as a merchant, keeping his own accounts, and closes his course of study at the head of a great commercial bank with one million of capital, the affairs of which he becomes proficient to conduct before graduating. The value of such a course of education in the future must become incalculable to many a youthful student. The chambers of the Union Business College are located in the building of the Merchants' Insurance Company, 208 California street.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.—Messrs. Saul & McArron are now prepared to execute all kinds of work in their line. Having recently enlarged their establishment, they now offer better facility for the manufacture of stage coaches, thorough-braced express, milk-wagons, etc., than any other manufacturers in their line. Their work and repairing can be relied on, and they would be pleased to see their old friends and the public at their manufactory, Nos. 579 and 581 Market st., between First and Second.

"LOOK well before you leap," is very good advice in its way; but how can sickly-looking people follow it?

Poor Charles, who was lately splitting with laughter, has been spliced by the parson.

Why is John Morrissey like the Dead Sea? Because he is death on Faro.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel.

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

MASONIC TEMPLE,

Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!

Cures Without Medicines.

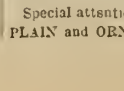
Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.



ALSO,

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, &c., &c.,

NO. 411 SANSOME STREET,

Between Commercial and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES AT

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

NEW MUSIC STORE.

WAREROOMS OF CHICKERING & SON'S

Piano-Fortes.

MASON & HAMLIN'S

CABINET ORGANS,

AMERICAN AND FIREIGN

Sheet Music.

VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS,

Musical Instruments and Music Merchandise, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Rates.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,

421 Montgomery street, next door to A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

WILLIAM BRODIE,

California Foundry,

FREMONT STREET, NEAR MARKET,

San Francisco.

LIGHT AND HEAVY CASTINGS

Of every description, made to order.

Special attention paid to all kinds of HOUSE WORK, PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL.

MINERS' FOUNDRY

AND MACHINE WORKS,

FIRST STREET, between Howard and Folsom,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HOWLAND, ANGELL & KING,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Steam Engines,

MILL AND QUARTZ MACHINERY,

And Iron Castings of all kinds.

FULTON FOUNDRY & IRON WORKS

HINCKLEY & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEAM ENGINES,

Quartz, Flour and Saw Mills,

Mining Machinery, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings,

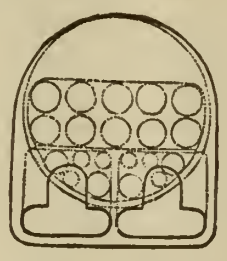
45, 47 AND 49 FIRST STREET

Between Market and Mission—San Francisco.

BRODIE'S IMPROVED

QUARTZ-CRUSHER.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Cold Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER WORKS.

KITTREDGE & LEAVITT,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fire Proof Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.,

Corner Fremont and Market street, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of Second Hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. C. Bussey, of Jackson, Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this Safe. It is done by Mathematical Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works,

THIS LOCK PUT ON SAFES NOW IN USE

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S

SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 P

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush stre
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) c
ner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Thi
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Mark
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery stre

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgom
ery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pi
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corn
California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor C
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pin
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and Californ
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis
and 124 Market

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry s

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 5 Third stree
below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 524 Market, opposite Secon
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery s

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 120 Montgomery street.
Dam & Southerland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Mark
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Bessou, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnguy & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howar
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scale
120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacrament

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 850 Howard street.

WARD'S NAUTICAL EXPERIENCE.

NOTES FROM HIS "LOG BOOK."

In overhaulin of my old trunks the tother day, I found the follerin' jernal of a vyage on the starnch canawl bote *Polly Ann*, which happened to the subscriber when I was a young man (in the Brite Lexington of youth, when par ain't no such word as fale) on the Wabash canawl:

(Monday, two P. M.)—Got under wa.—Hosses not remarkably frisky at fust. Had to bild fires under 'em afore they'y start at all. Started at last very suddint. causin the bote to lurch very violently, and nockin me orf my pins. (Saler frase.) Several passenjers on board. Parsed thru delightful country. Honist farmers was to work sowin korn and other projuce in the fields. Surblime scenery. Large red-headed gal reclining on the banks of the canawl, bathin her feet.

Turned in at fifteen minutes past eleving.

(Toosday.)—Riz at five, an' went up on the hoop deck. Took a grown person's dose of wicker with a member of the Injianny Legislature, which he urbanely insisted on allowin me to pay for. Bote tearin thru the briny waters at the rate of 2 Nots an hour, when the boy on the leading hoss shouted—

"Sale hoe!"

"Whar away?" hollered the capting, clearing his glass, (a empty black bottle, with the bottom nockt out) and bringin' it to his eagle eye.

"'Bout four rods to the starbud."

"'Jes so," screeched the capting. "What vessel's that air?"

"The *Kickin' Warier*, of Terry Hawt, and be darned to you!"

"I, I, sir," hollered our capting. "Reef your arft hoss, splice your mane jib-boom. and sail your chambermaid! What's up in Terry Hawt?"

"You know Bill Spikes?" sed the capting of the *Warier*

"Wa'al, I reckin'; he kin eat more fride pork ner any man of his heft on the Wabash. He's an ornament to his sex!"

"Wa'al," continued the capting of the *Kickin' Warier*, "what do you think of that?" as he parsed along a black bottle over to our capting.

"The country is indeed in danger," sed our capting, raising the bottle to his lips.

The wessels parted. No other incident that day. Retired to my chaste couch at five minits parst ten.

(Wensday)—Riz airly. Wind blowing N. W. E. Hevy sea on and ship rollin' wildly in consequents of pepper-corns havin' bin fastend to the forred hoss's tale.

"Heave two!" roared the capting to the man at the rudder, as the *Polly* gave a friteful toss. I was sick and sorry I'd cum. "Heave two!" I hearn him holler again, and stickin my head out of the cabin window, I *hev.*

The hosses becum dosile eventually, an' I felt better. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," said the capting, shovin' a bottle towards my plate, "it's whisky. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stammick gets out of order. It's a excellent Tonic." I declined the seductive flooid.

(Thursday)—Didn't rest well last nite on account of an uprore made by the capting, who stopped the Bote to go ashore and smash in the winders of a grosery. He was bro't back in about an hour, with his hed dun up in a red handkercher, his eyes bein' swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of jint. He was bro't aborde on a shutter by his crue, and deposited on the cabin floor, the passenjers all risin up in their births, pushin' the red curtains aside & lookin' out to see what the matter was.

"Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this onseemly style, my misguided friend?" sed a sollum lookin' man, in a red flannel nite-cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beasts of the field."

"Wall, the fack is," said the capting, risin hisself on the shutter, "I've been a little pre foodiced agin that grosery ever sum time, Bu I made it lively for the boys, Deacon! Bet your life!" He larfed a short, wild larf, and called for his jug. Sippin' a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passenjers, sed "Bless you! bless you!" and fell into a sweet sleep.

Eventooaly we reached our jerney's end This was in the days of Old Long Sing, be4 the iron horse was foaled. This was be4 steembotes was goin' round bustin' their bilers & sending people higher nor a kite. Them was happy days, when the people was intelligent and wax figgers and livin' wild beests wasn't scoffed at.

"O dase of me boyhood
I'm dreamin' on ye now!"

ARTEMUS WARD.

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S *Through Line to New York.*

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR FEBRUARY.

February 9th—GOLDEN AGE, Captain W. F. Lapidge, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray,
February 18th—GOLDEN CITY, Captain Jas. T. Watkins, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Harris.
February 28th—MONTANO, Capt. Jos. Sutton, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Furber.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on April 3d, for Hongkong via Kanagawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.

The steamship HERMANN, Capt. M. P. Nolan, will be dispatched on Friday, March 1, for Yokohama, carrying passengers and freight, and the U. S. mails.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

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THE OPPOSITION STEAMER

MOSES TAYLOR,

WILL SAIL FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

FRIDAY, - - FEBRUARY 15, 1867,

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(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The AMERICA will sail on March 5th.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets.
Up stairs, San Francisco

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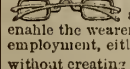

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PRICE of Perfect Glasses, $2 50, and upward. Sent pre-paid to any post office on the Coast. Applicants by mail will receive a circular containg directions, etc.

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FURNITURE

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AT THE WAREROOMS OF

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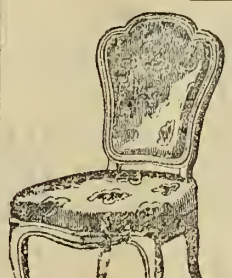
Nos. 415, 417, 419 California street,

SAN FRANCISCO.



WE ARE NOW CLOSING out our last year's stock of FURNITURE etc., at UNPARALLELED LOW RATES.

It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.

Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to buying elsewhere.

J. PEIRCE & CO.,
415, 417 and 419 California street.

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

Splendid Presents

TO SEND ABROAD.

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California Scenery!

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The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.

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ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.

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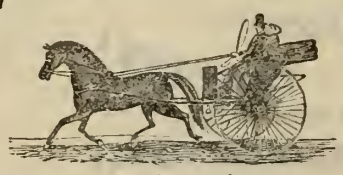

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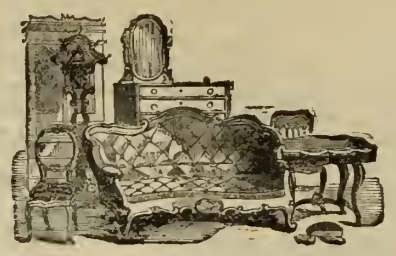

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PRICE 50 CENTS.

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Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla"

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CLEANSE THE BLOOD.

WITH CORRUPT, DISordered or vitiated Blood, you are sick all over. It may burst out in Pimples, or, Sores, or in some active disease, or it may merely keep you listless, depressed and good for nothing. But you cannot have good health while your blood is impure. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA purges out these impurities and stimulates the organs of life into vigorous action, restoring the health[illegible]ng disease. Hence it rapidly cures a variety of complaints which are caused by impurity of the blood, such as Scrofula, or Kings' Evil, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Tetter, or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Cancer or Cancerous Tumors, Sore Eyes, Female Diseases, such as Retention, Irregularity, Suppression, Whites, Sterility, also Syphilis or Venerial Diseases, Liver Complaints, and Heart Diseases. Try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and see for yourself the surprising activity with which it cleanses the blood and cures these disorders.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound "Sarsaparilla," and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. We think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. We can only assure the sick, that we offer them the best alterative which we know how to produce, and we have reason to believe, it is by far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered by any body.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is so universally known to surpass every other remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease, that it is useless here to recount the evidence of its virtues. The world knows them.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware.

Main street, Petaluma.

THE "Fat Contributor" is writing "Easy Lessons in Geography" for one of our exchanges. The following is on

EARTH.

The earth is an old subject, we don't know how old. Wise men have endeavored to ascertain its age in various ways, and have succeeded very well, only differing in their calculations a few thousand centuries or *so*.

We have several reasons for writing upon the Earth, the principal one being the the imperfect facilities afforded for getting upon any other planet to write. Nothing prevents our writing upon the sun, or the moon, except the difficulty in getting there.

The Earth is the third planet in order from the sun, and the largest within the belt of the planetoids. We have wondered, sometimes, why the Earth did not have a *belt* all to herself, being the Champion of the Universe.

The ancients looked upon the Earth as a flat disc, swimming upon water like a piece of toast in a basin of milk. Once upon a time a a lot of adventurous young ancients started out to find the jumping off place, and continuing on a straight line they were astonished to find themselves in the very spot whence they started. They informed their parents of the circumstance, and they, after about a century of painful and laborious thought upon the subject, came to the conclusion that the Earth must be round, "because if it ain't," triumphantly asked a jolly old ancient, "how could the boys ha' got *round* it? There was no getting round that, and the Earth has been of a spherical form ever since.

It is estimated that about two-thirds of the surface of the globe is covered with water. Although millions of living creatures slake their thirst daily, the quantity of water has not been materially diminished for centuries past, at least not since the introduction whisky-shops, which prove a great saving of water, and therefore of immense benefit to navigation.

The greatest distance from the Earth to the sun is 96,000,000 of miles, and the least distance something over 94 000.000 miles. A saving of 2,000,000 of miles could be effected if a railroad should ever connect the two planets, by taking the least distance. This would shorten the time consumed in running, and reduce the expenses very materially. Any railroad man will tell you that.

The Earth moves around the sun from West to East, consuming 365 days and 6 hours in every revolution, traveling nights and Sundays. Joshua, it will be remembered by some of our oldest citizens, once commanded the sun to stand still, and she is standing *still*. It ain't every fool of a planet that can get *around* the the sun. The Earth does it, however. She would get around most anything,

The Earth turns upon its axis, making one revolution every twenty-four hours, except in Mexico—there they have a revolution two or three times a day.

It is the revolutions of the Earth that make night and day, to everybody but printers and editors who work on morning papers—it is *all day* with them.

After digging a certain depth into the bowels of the Earth the temperature becomes warm, and it grows warmer as you *warm* to your work, so that at the depth of thirty miles everything is like molten iron at a white heat. There is good reason for believing that people who cheat the printer, and who try to get into shows without paying for it, are sent thirty miles into the bowels of the Earth when they die.

The earth is not such a dismal place to live upon as many try to make out. So far as our knowledge extends—and we probably know as much about it as anybody—it is far preferable to any of her sister planets as a permanent residence. At least, we are satisfied with it, and intend to remain here so long as we are "on earth."

It has been decided, in one of the French courts, that to call a woman a "female," is to insult her, and the offense is fiuable.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT from Statement for Year ending Dec. 31, 1866:

Capital stock, all paid up, - -	$500,000 00	
Surplus, - - - - -	181,139 39	
		$681,139 39
ASSETS.		
Loans on Real Estate, - -	$471,404 00	
Loans on Personal Property, -	79,685 92	
Real Estate owned by Company,	78,738 30	
Cash on hand and in Bank, -	26,817 30	
Other Securities, - - -	27,138 45	
		$683,784 97
LIABILITIES.		
Amount of personal accounts, $973 73		
Dividends unpaid, - - 1,671 85		
	2,645 58	
		$681,139 39
Am't of losses paid during the year, $57,290 12		
Amount of losses unsettled, -	5,339 40	
		$62,629 52
Dividend declared for 1866		$87,500 00

THE FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY beg leave to call the attention of the public to their ANNUAL STATEMENT, feeling satisfied that a careful examination of the same will convince people of its stability, and induce many to patronize the Company.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000, and when any risk is considered too great a portion is reinsured in responsible Companies.

Desirable risks taken at REDUCED RATES.

Losses paid in United States Coin.

W. B. BOURN, President.
D. J. STAPLES,
Vice-President and Executive Officer.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pres't.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

GREAT WESTERN

Life Insurance Company.

OF NEW YORK.

STOCK and MUTUAL

The Security of the Stock Plan, with all the Advantages of the Mutual System.

POLICIES AND DIVIDENDS ARE NON-FORFEITABLE.

Thirty Days Grace for Payment of Premiums.

J. W. BRUMAGIN.
General Agent for California,
Office 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

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PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED, EXCLUsively for the treatment of all diseases of the EYES, and for the past seventeen years Principal of the La Fayette (Ind.) Eye Infirmary.

P. W. FONDA, M. D.,
Surgeon in charge Infirmary,
223 Kearny street between Bush and Sutter.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE,

(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)

NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of

Asphaltum Work,

Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JAMES FITZPATRICK, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of James Fitzpatrick, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the place of the transaction of her business, at the office of her attorney, Geo. B. Merrill, Esq., No. 520 Montgomery street, San Francisco. MARY FITZPATRICK,
Administratrix of Estate of James Fitzpatrick, deceased.
San Francisco, February 2d, 1867. 4w

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED

BY USING

Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,

Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb 6, 1866.

MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.

Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

MR. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.

Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.

San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.

TO F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Wholesale Agents, CRANE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with

24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,

giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to hear

"THE OTHER SIDE,"

and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.

Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Address

F. E. SHEAR, General Agent,
No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS W. SUTHERLAND, deceased.

It appearing to the said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by Alexander R. Baldwin, the Administrator of the estate of Thomas W. Sutherland, deceased, praying for an order of sale of Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the charges and expenses of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 12th day of February A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the Court room of said Probate Court at the City Hall, in said city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 10th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true, full and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 10th day of January A. D. 1867

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. F. HUTTON, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. j12 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M PRINCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED]
D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN F. LOGAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Mary Banks and Catherine Rogan, claiming to be the nearest relatives and heirs, being the aunts of John F. Logan, deceased, setting forth that the administrator has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said John F. Logan, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of March, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said John F. Logan, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said fifth day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 30th, 1867. feh2-4w

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this first day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk
[Seal and Stamp.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM SHANAHAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of William Shanahan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, at the store of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. Dated February 1, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the Estate of William Shanahan, deceased. f2 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE HAMILTON THOMPSON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE HAMILTON THOMPSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the U. S. Surveyor General's office, Pioneer Hall, Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, January 25th, 1867.

G. HOWARD THOMPSON,
Administrator of Estate of George Hamilton Thompson, deceased, j26 5t

GEO. BORDWELL,

ARCHITECT,

No. 221 Montgomery street,

Opposite the entrance of the Russ House,

San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L REED, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L LIEN, PETER S. McNIEL, SARAH J McNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administratur of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be declared and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM LOEWY, Clerk
[SEAL.] By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one half of the common property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to and be delivered to this plaintiff; and that the care, custody and education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendant may, by order of this Court, be restrained and enjoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant be ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply ro the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judical District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUdicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovenamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree ndjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, in wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment ducketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and be put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j19 3m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE, - - Sole Proprietor and Manager
CHAS. TIBBETTS, - - Business Manager
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Miss Alice Kingsbury in the Great Plays of
CHILD OF THE SAVANNA!
....AND....
CRICKET OF THE HEARTH!

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

MISS S. A——'S VALENTINE:

"Take this little flower; take it and think of me!
Think, in the hours of loneliness, of the one who gave it thee;
Place it within thy bosom, let it never be forgot,
But let it whisper oft to thee, "Forget me not."

MISS A. M. C——'S VALENTINE:

"The brightest smiles that ever fell
Are not so dear as thine to me;
And oh! these lines but faintly tell
The love that fills my heart for thee."

TO —— ——:

Think not this gift is idly pour'd
To pass a weary hour away;
Or that the giver in the end
Will in his friendship e'er decay!

'Tis sent in all sincere esteem,
And with the purest heartfelt prayer
That heaven's most enduring beam
May guard and shield thee from all care.

MISS MARY B——N'S VALENTINE:

How dear the dream
In distant hour of ill,
Should all be changed,
To find the faithful still.

ST. VALENTINE'S ADVICE.

To the unmarried of the nation,
As they would avoid the mortification,
And shun the appellation
Of old maids and old bachelors in this generation,
To make direct application,
Without any flirtation,
To APPLETON'S station,
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UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION.

INCORPORATED JANUARY 23d, 1867.

THE OBJECT OF SAID CORPORATION IS THE purchase of forty-three full Blocks and fifteen Sectional Blocks of Land in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, in what is known as the "University Mound Tract Survey," on file in the office of the City and County Recorder of said city and county, as follows:

FULL BLOCKS.

Numbers Twenty-one, Forty-four, Forty-five, Forty seven, Sixty one, Sixty-two, Sixty-three, Seventy-five, Seventy-six, Seventy-seven, Seventy-eight, Seventy nine, Eighty-five, Eighty-six, Eighty seven, Eighty eight, Eighty-nine, Ninety, Ninety-two, Ninety-three, Ninety four, Ninety-five, Ninety-six, Ninety seven, One Hundred, One Hundred and One, One Hundred and Two, One Hundred and Four, One Hundred and Five, One Hundred and Six, One Hundred and Seven, One Hundred and Ten, One Hundred and Eleven, One Hundred and Twelve, One Hundred and Thirteen, One Hundred and Fourteen, One Hundred and Fifteen, One Hundred and Sixteen, One Hundred and Seventeen, One Hundred and Eighteen, One Hundred and Nineteen, One Hundred and Twenty-eight, and One Hundred and Twenty-nine.

FRACTIONAL BLOCKS.

Numbers Eight, Nine, Sixty, Sixty-four, Eighty-three, Eighty-four, Ninety one, One Hundred and Three, One Hundred and Eight, One Hundred and Nine, One Hundred and Twenty-two, One Hundred and Twenty-three, One Hundred and Twenty-four, One Hundred and Twenty-five, One Hundred and Twenty six; and the same being a portion of the Bernal Ranch—the improvements thereof—and the subdivision thereof into lots and parcels suitable for Homesteads, and the distribution of such lots or parcels among the shareholders.

For further information, READ THE PROSPECTUS containing Act of Incorporation, Articles of Association, etc. All persons desirous of securing lots in the UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION, are requested to apply at once at their

OFFICE, IN STEVENSON'S BUILDING, CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STS.

As shares are being rapidly taken, and the opportunity will soon be lost. Prospectus and maps can be obtained free of charge, at the office of the Association.

OFFICERS OF THE UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION.

E. THOMAS, D. D., - - - - - President.
LESTER L. ROBINSON, - - - - - Treasurer.
THOMAS B. LEWIS, - - - - - Secretary.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

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H. A. Gorley.

By order of the Board.

THOMAS B. LEWIS,
Secretary University Homestead Association.

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THIS Institution is designed to prepare Boys and Men for business pursuits, and to impart a thorough commercial education. It is conducted upon thorough business principles. The student, upon entering the college, is furnished with a capital in cash and merchandise, rents a place of business, opens an account with the bank, insures his goods in the insurance office of the College, and enters upon the arena of business. He commences speculation, carrying out all the details of trade, buying and selling goods, depositing in and checking from the Bank, making and negotiating notes, drafts, bills of exchange, etc., recording the transactions and keeping the books in a regular and scientific manner. From this he advances to other capacities, until he finally takes his position in the Union Business College Bank, a regularly established institution, complete in all its appointments, and having in circulation of one million in college currency. This course saves from four to six weeks time in copying useless manuscripts. There is no vacation, and students can enter upon any business day during the year. The public are invited to call and examine the various Departments. Sessions day and evening.

JAMES VINSONHALLER, President.

Important Notice
TO
TAX-PAYERS.

THE ATTENTION OF EVERY CITIZEN OF THE City and County of San Francisco is called to the following provisions of the Law in relation to the assessment of REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY for State and City and County Taxes:

"Between the first Monday in February and the second Monday in March, EVERY PERSON, corporation, association, company or firm, owning, claiming, or having any interest in, or having the POSSESSION, CHARGE OR CONTROL of any real estate, or any PERSONAL PROPERTY, shall deliver to the City and County Assessor, at his office, a statement under oath, of all such real estate or personal property, and the CASH VALUE of such personal property." (Statutes 1862, page 57.)

"All property, both real and personal, of every kind, nature, and description whatever, within this State, whether owned by individuals or corporations, and whether its owner be A RESIDENT OR NON RESIDENT of this State, is liable to taxation; and all persons, corporations, and associations doing business in this State, either as principals or partners, whether special or otherwise, and not residents of the State, shall be assessed and taxed on all sums invested in any manner in said business, in this State, the same as if they were residents of this State; and said taxes shall be collected from the property within this State of said persons, corporations, associations, or firms." (Statutes 1866, page 803.)

Printed copies of the form of statement, as prescribed by law, can be obtained at the Assessor's Office, City Hall, without charge. WILLIAM R. WHEATON,
fe9 City and County Assessor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF AUGUSTA SAAL.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Saal, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of his Attorney, R. W. Hent, Esq., northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the city and county of San Francisco. Dated February 9th, 1867.

H. O. GOUGH, Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Saal, deceased. fe9 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ELLEN O'CONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Ellen O'Connell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco. WM. A. QUARLES, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen O'Connell, deceased.

San Francisco, February 9, 1867.

W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Administrator, 323 Montgomery street. fe9 5t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on 6th day of February A. D. 1867, in the matter of the Estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, minors, the undersigned, Guardians of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on THURSDAY, the 14th day of March, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the counting room of J. C. Merrill & Co., Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, of, in and to all the undivided two ninths of the lot of land situated in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing on a point on the westerly side of Berry street, one hundred and thirty-seven and a half (137 1-2) feet northeasterly from the northeast corner of Berry and Third streets; thence running northeasterly along said westerly side of Berry street one hundred and thirty seven and a half (137 1-2) feet to a point; thence at a right angle northwesterly two hundred and forty (240) feet more or less to a point in the easterly line of King street; thence at a right angle southwesterly along said line of King street one hundred and thirty-seven and a half (137 1-2) feet; and thence at a right angle southeasterly two hundred and forty feet, more or less, to the point of beginning.

And offers or bids for said property, in writing will be received at said place, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county, from this date till Thursday the 14th day of March, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon, by the undersigned. J. C. MERRILL,
Guardian of the Estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, minors. 19

Dated February 8th, 1867.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of FRANCOISE P. BETUEL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Francois M. Betuel, the Executor of the last will and testament of Francoise P. Betuel, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Francoise P. Betuel deceased, appear before the said Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the devisees of the said Francoise F. Beutel, deceased, according to law:

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before the said eleventh day March, A. D. 1867 in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 5th, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true, full and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 8th day of February A. D. 1867

[SEAL AND STAMP.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
19 5t By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. F. & WM. H. SHARP, Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the matter of the Estate of JOSEPH W. KERR, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Honora Kerr, the Administratrix of the Estate of Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, Anno Domini, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 11th day of March A. D., 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, February 5th, 1867. 19 5t

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 8th day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
HAIGHT & PIERSON, Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John Couch, the Administrator of Sarah McLaughlin, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his annual and final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said Sarah McLaughlin, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order for distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Sarah McLaughlin deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

M. C. BLAKE Probate Judge.

Dated San Francisco, February 8th, 1867.

I. N. THORNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. fe9 5t

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No. 13 OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 16, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Of the Poet and His Golden Clime, by Charles Warren Stoddard; My Omnibuss, by "Trem:" Mr. Toby Tompkins' experiences, by Prentice Local Art Items, by Astræa: Literary Gleanings and Gossips; Lion's Mouth;" President Lincoln's Negro Barber; Wicked Sunday papers; A Critic Broke Loose; England in Trouble, Ravages of a Mania; The Author's Benefit; Editorial, Dramatic Affairs etc. POETRY: Crows' Feet, by Emily Lawson; Flowers, by Isabel A. Saxon; SELECTED: My Railway Collision; Australian Jim Walker, a story; Scene in Palestine; hunting with the Lasso "Black Sheep;" Horses of the Desert; Surrat's behavior in Italy; Musical Faculty of Birds; Poetry, etc.

[For the Californian.]

CROWS'-FEET.

WHEREFORE are these ominous hushes!
Where are now the lark's song-gushes,
Where the silvery-throated thrushes,
Are they dead?—or are they dumb?
Or, are bird-notes holier, dearer,
And the gates of heaven nearer
Whence the lark-songs echo clearer
Ere the crows'-feet come.

Are the dandelions growing?
Are the apple blossoms snowing?
Round the fragrant thistles blowing
Do the bees grow quarrelsome?
If we find the four-leaved clover,
Will it tell us of our lover?
Ah, its prophecies are over
When the crows'-feet come.

Pearly rillets thrill and tangle
Childhood's daisy dotted dingle,
Friends throng youth's enchanted ingle,
Time flies—never wearisome;
But the autumn streams go fretting,
Friends change—early joys forgetting,
Hope on hope, like moons are setting,
When the crows'-feet come.

In that ingle's magic gleaming
Love looks in delicious dreaming,
Pleasure sits in careless scheming,
Softly ticks life's pendulum—
Till at last, through gleams and flashes
Dream-built castle sways and crashes,
Flares and falls, and leaves but ashes,
And the crows'-feet come.

Sunward sails the fickle swallow,
Bluebirds, blackbirds, robins follow,
All the wood sound hollow,—hollow
Echoing the pecker's drum;
White moss drops its veil like laces
Pityingly o'er leafless places,
Even on Nature's cheerful faces
Do the crows'-feet come.

But her Spring comes wreathed and hudded,
All the wide plains flower-studded,
All the temples music flooded,
All her insect life ahum;
But our Spring,—while we are learning
Of its first blooms crimson burning,
Flames and flies, no more returning,
And the crows'-feet come.

—EMILIE LAWSON.

San Francisco, February, 1867.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Ravings by a Maniac.

Valentine day has come and gone. No person of sense sends these things now. I wonder who does send them? Valentines are old-fashioned, flat, stale, and unprofitable. I would not rank upon my list of friends, the man who send a valentine.

William Crane has become the famous boy of San Francisco. His biography is being prepared by an editor who intends to start a new daily—for nothing. The Superintendent of Public Instruction, and several half-starved school marms, are doing all they can to blacken little William Crane's character. It is now reported that dungeons and instruments of torture, similar to those belonging to the inquisition in Spain, have been discovered in several of our Public Schools. The sad ends of several little boys, who from time to time, have disappeared while being educated at the expense of the State, will soon be brought to light.

Think of meetings to encourage foreign immigration! There are not people enough now slowly starving to death in this city. Keep away. Our lunch tables are nought compared to what they were four or five years ago.

The rains have gone and the winds have come. Dirty boots have given place to dirty faces. Two collars per day. Eyes full of grit. Barbers grumble. Gravel on the physiogomies of the people dull their razors. Where is the weather that will suit us all?

The Chief of the Police told the mob to go home. Mobs are always told to go quietly home—and starve—starve quietly so as not to disturb the neighbors.

I heard a minister last Sunday tell his congregation, that unless they walked in the path of the righteous, they would go to perdition. Everybody seemed to agree with him and believe what he said. Still when they came out of church, many of them criticised that man who thus threatened them with eternal punishment, for his bad delivery and faulty grammar—just as if a criminal should criticise the judge who sentences him to death! But I am only a maniac!

The Author's Benefit.

After a dramatic performance has realized a large sum of money for the management, and the novelty of the play has worn off, the author generally has a benefit, and the public generally respond liberally and show their appreciation by a large attendance at the theatre on "Author's night." A certain gentleman residing on this coast, became the author of a performance which afforded, not only much pleasure to the public at large, but life, strength and health to many thousands of men who were in sore strait. By selling and reselling again and again a sack of flour, Mr. Gridley realized the sum of $170,963 for the Sanitary Fund. This flour enclosed in a buckskin sack on which is painted "Austin Sanitary Flour," has come back to this coast. The Stockton *Independent* of Thursday says:

"The flour has been in store for some time in Sacramento, and was brought here by the steamer *Arrow*, on Monday night. Captain H. S. Sargeant took it to his store, on Hunter street, yesterday morning, and many called during the day to look at it. Notwithstanding the fact that it has passed through the tropics twice, and has been carried over twenty-three thousand miles, it is as fresh and good as the first day it was manufactured. It was made at General Bidwell's mills, at Chico."

The public have heard with sorrow that Mr. Gridley, who devoted so much of his time to the service of the nation, is reduced to poverty.

When the "Gridley sack" was last put up at auction, at the Metropolitan Theatre, in this city, a large sum was realized from the immense audience present. Why should not the author of this happy idea receive a benefit? Why not put the "Sanitary Flour Sack" up at auction once more, for the benefit of Mr. Gridley. Give the public but a slight excuse for crowding the theatre—a little vocal and instrumental music, and, perhaps, a sketch of Mr. Gridley's travels in the East with his sack of flour, which could be written by one of our *litterateurs*, and read by one of our elocutionary artists—and we are sure that many dollars would be taken at the doors, and we think that the "Sanitary Sack" would at the conclusion of the entertainment, once more excite a lively bidding and realize a handsome sum for the patriotic Mr. Gridley.

England in Trouble.

The news from England, by cable, is most distressing. Englishmen marched in a great Reform procession on Monday last, carried the American flag, and played "Yankee Doodle" and "John Brown," neglected to cheer the Prince of Wales, though he showed himself at the window of the United Service Club; and carried banners bearing such dreadful inscriptions as "Manhood Suffrage," "Liberty for those who dare demand it," "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry," and others equally alarming. Disraeli has actually once more turned his attention to the preparation of a Reform bill, and more horrible than all, on St. Valentine's Day, while Dizzy was giving his opinions on the subject of Reform, a rumor reached the House of Commons that the Fenians had carried the war into England, and had taken the city of Chester. The Duke of Cambridge hurried to the War Office, hoping to be in time to save the immense stores of Cheshire cheese, in the city of Chester, from being devoured by the ravenous Feniaus. Worse and worse! There were rumors that the Fenians would (if they could) blow up Liverpool Docks. Oh, this is terrible news. Troubles are coming thick and fast on that wicked old John Bull. However, his constitution is a pretty good one, and will probably be strong enough to stand up against these shocks.

The Difference.

The cry of the English people at present is, "Re-form;" in the United States, every one cries, "Re-construction." There is considerable difficulty experienced in both cases in finding the right way *to* do it

Wicked Sunday Papers.

Any right minded and properly-brought-up little girl, will say that it is very wicked to tell "stories." Of course it is wicked to tell "stories" on a week-day, but to tell a "story" on Sunday, when one ought to be at church asking pardon for the sins committed during the past week, is especially wrong. We fear that each of the Sunday papers of San Francisco has told a story. The elder of them published last week, a long advertisement announcing that it had the "advance sheets of Miss M. E. Braddon's latest and greatest story entitled *Nobody's Daughter, or the Ballad Singer of Wapping.*" The younger of the two Sunday papers, also announced that it had received advance sheets of "Miss M. E. Braddon's latest and greatest etc." We knew "the tricks and the manners" of these wicked Sunday papers, so with ten cents in our hand, we walked down to Loomis' literary emporium, and purchased the latest number of the *London Journal*. The story which the two Sunday papers are publishing as "Miss M. E. Braddon's latest and greatest work," is a story told about Honorn Eversleigh, Sir Oswald Eversleigh Lydia Graham, and other parties. We found in No. 1141 of the *London Journal*, the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of a story about Honora Eversleigh, Sir Oswald Eversleigh, Lydia Graham and other parties. We found that the story in the *London Journal* was commenced in No. 1133 of that publication; and is the same story which is being now published by our Sunday papers, *from advance sheets* under the title of *Nobody's Daughter, or the Ballad Girl of Wapping*. We also found that in the *London Journal* it is headed:— *Diavolo, or the Woman's Battle*, by the author of *The Black Band*, etc." We were not aware that Miss M. E. Braddon's "latest and greatest work" was *Nobody's Daughter*, and further, we were not aware that she was the "author of the *Black Band*." In our opinion, Miss M. E. Braddon has to answer for the production of quite enough trash which she has really produced, without being wronged by our San Francisco Sunday papers. It appears to us wrong—we may be over-punctilious—to take a trashy story "by the author of the *Black Band*" from the *London Journal*, change the title, and tack Miss Braddon's name to it. As to the policy of announcing a story as published from advanced sheets, after eighteen chapters have been received in a public print sold in this city, we have nothing to say.

A Critic Broke Loose.

Chief Ridge of the Grass Valley *National*, a few days since, went after our "wondrous boy," Charles Warren Stoddard, with tomahawk and scalping knife in the most ferocious style of provincial journalism. The Chief himself aspires, or did aspire in his youthful days, to "build the lofty rhyme," and he seems to be jealous of the rising geniuses who in the popular metropolitan judgment are eclipsing their predecessors. Accordingly, he sails into our young protegé in a venemous critique of the "slashing" style, occupying a column and a quarter of his provincial organ. The little *Chronicle* having recently advertised Stoddard as one of the "regular contributors" to that ambitious sheet, comes dutifully to his rescue as follows:

"The literary editor of that ponderous sheet, the Grass Valley *National*, is going into the field of poetical criticism with a perfect rush. His amazing gyrations in this new sphere of usefulness, reminds us powerfully of a bull calf charging round in a crockery shop. He makes as short work of our indigenous poets as a hungry snapping turtle would at a jar of gold-fish, or wicked old blacksnake of a nest of chirping young robins. His last victim is our young friend Stoddard, to a critical analysis of whose "Rain Song" he devotes a column and a quarter of his high toned "periodical"—newspaper is no name for it. Of course the "tuneful boy" is ruthlessly demolished. We advise him not to dream of anything so rash as to bring out his contemplated volume of poems until he has propitiated the Olympian sage Grass Valley. Perhaps the best course would be to engage the good offices of his friend "Bret," as embassador and mediator. If "Bret" would indite the thunderer of quartzdom a mild intercessory epistle, in his happiest vein, we think it might produce a soothing effect on the literary Warwick of the Mines. At any rate, there can be no harm in the experiment."

President Lincoln's Negro Barber.

The news received by telegraph is often unsatisfactory from its paucity of details. An instance is afforded of this in the following, which appeared in the *Alta* of Tuesday last:

Negro Appointment.

NEW YORK, February 11.—Solomon Johnson, colored, formerly President Lincoln's barber, has been appointed a first-class clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury.

This news, with the sensation heading "Negro Appointment," will of course cause intense indignation among the "Democrats," who were a few days ago engaged in beating defenseless Chinamen. If Solomon Johnson's sole claim to be appointed a first class clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, was the fact that he was President Lincoln's negro barber, any dissatisfaction which this appointment might give rise to, would be well-founded. The telegraphic despatch does not of course tell us all the particulars of this appointment. Solomon Johnson the barber may, like Othello, have "done the State some service." He may possess an intellect which entitles him to a higher position than that of a barber. It is not the fact that Solomon Johnson, President Lincoln's negro barber, was capable of giving an easy shave that has elevated him to the dignity of first-class clerk in the Treasury; but other merits, on which the telegraph is silent.

AUSTRALIAN JIM WALKER.

THIS name was avowedly an alias, but Jim always evaded any attempt to discover his real patronymic, which I have no doubt he had willfully buried in oblivion, lest he should reflect disgrace on his family. I know that he never wrote to, nor received letters from, them. He told me once that he wished his friends to think him dead; and I have reason to believe on more than one occasion he refused to notice advertisements in colonial papers, calling on him, by his true name, to communicate with them.

Jim's history—as I gleaned from him one day, when a trifling act of kindness had opened his heart—was a sad, but common one. He was the child of very respectable parents. The captain of the vessel in which he came out offered to take him back on credit; but Jim's pride forbade his acceptance of this kindly offer; he feared to be taunted with non-success; "and" said he, "I'd have died rather than suffer that."

And, indeed, he seemed likely enough to die. A few occasional shillings were picked up by splitting wood for fuel; but often he dined with Duke Humphrey, and slept in Nature's ante-room. At last, a settler recommended him to go up the country, and ply from station to station in search of employment. He was sure of board and lodging, gratis; and at any rate, he might as well perish in the bush as on the banks of the Torrens. Jim followed this advice. "I had no swag, not even a blanket to carry," said he; for I had parted with these long before. When I started out of Adelaide, a few pence, a plug of tobacco, an old clay pipe, a sharp knife, and a clear conscience, were all my possessions. I sunk my name forever; I determined to forget it; and I *have* forgotten it—except at times. The second day, I got a berth at Grey's station, under Mount Lofty; and when he asked my name, I said Jim Walker, and Jim Walker I've been ever since."

The great event in Jim's colonial career occurred when he was a shepherd on the Glen Lyon Run, which is situated on the borders of the Tatiara district. The blacks inhabiting that locality were justly dreaded for their untameable ferocity, which civilising influences were apparently unable to counteract; the Tatiara natives were noted for their savage onslaughts on defenceless Europeans. At the time of Jim's adventure, these attacks were numerous and deadly, so that the white settlers rarely ventured abroad unarmed.

Jim was appointed to one of the out-stations; and as the country consisted principally of large open plains, he had a pretty easy time of it. The hut was snugly ensconced in a nook of the low rocky hills which formed the northern boundary of the Run. On these hills grew a few stunted she-oaks and dwarf honey-suckle trees, interspersed with dense scrub, which afforded no inconsiderable screen from the hot winds. A single water-hole—the only summer vestige of winter torrents—was near at hand, and immediately in front of the hut was the nightly folding ground.

Jim's only companion in this lonely spot was Willie, the hut-keeper, a quiet, Scotch body, with whose homely conversation Jim was fain to be content; save when one of the overseers rode over from the head station, or a bullock-driver brought down stores, or a chance wanderer passed. The latter was, however, a very rare occurrence; for the locality was much out of the usual track.

One afternoon as Jim and his trusty dog Sandie followed the sheep homeward, he was surprised at not perceiving any signs of Willie. Imagining that the hot weather had overpowered that usually vigilant personage, Jim shouted loudly for him to "wake up," and help to fold the sheep. Receiving no answer, he hurried to the hut.

At the entrance he beheld a scene which to quote his own expression "made all the blood in his body run cold." There was poor Willie, lying on his face, nearly naked, and bedabbled in gore. It was some time before Jim could muster courage to approach his old chum. When he did, he found that he was dead, and nearly cold; and a broken spear in his side betrayed that he had been murdered by the natives. The hut itself had evidently been rifled; every particle of food, the store of flour, sugar, and tea, the blankets, knives, and every useful moveable, had been carried off. But what Jim mostly regretted was, that the pistol, an old-fashioned pepper-box revolver, was missing. Fortunately, he had taken his gun in the morning to shoot a few birds, if chance offered during the day; and, therewith, all the powder and shot remaining on hand. Still, six extra shots were not to be despised; and he felt that the loss of the pistol added to his danger.

Now, all the horrors of his own position burst upon him. The head station was fully ten miles distant, and what enemies he might encounter on the road it was impossible to foretell. However, stay in the hut by himself he could not; so he resolved to fold the flock, and then to set off through the bush, to give information of the event, and obtain assistance. In pursuance of this resolution he went out, and with the aid of the dog succeeded in folding the sheep.

Hoarse with shouting—for your true bushman can do nothing without making a great uproar—Jim went to the water-hole to drink, preparatory to starting on his perilous journey. He was just rising from the recumbent position necessary to enable him to reach the water, when Sandie gave a loud growl; and, at the same instant, Jim saw the shadow of a human figure reflected in the water. Cautiously gazing around, he beheld several dusky forms moving through the thick undergrowth of the opposite range. His first impulse was to fly; but aware of the necessity of concealing his alarming discovery, he mastered his emotion, and ordering the dog to follow, walked quietly back to the hut.

Barricading the door, as well as circumstances would permit, Jim sat down on one of the old stumps which supplied the place of more convenient seats; and striving to divest his mind of untimely fear, debated within himself the propriety of attempting to elude the wily savages who were in the immediate vicinity. But the more he thought of it, the more impracticable it appeared. To run the gauntlet through an unknown number of enemies, was almost certain death. On the other hand, to remain quiescent presented only the prospect of prolonged torture, and final destruction. However, there was no help for it at present, and unable to form any decisive plan of escape, Jim did the very best thing he could; he made his little fortress as secure as possible, and awaited the result.

The hut was built in the ordinary bush-fashion, of huge, upright slabs of timber—the lower ends being inserted in the earth, and the upper nailed to strong beams. The interstices were filled with the fibrous coating of the stringy-bark-tree, daubed over with clay to render it wind-proof. The roof consisted of large sheets of bark, and the only window was an aperture about a foot square. This, Jim filled with an old sack, which the natives had probably overlooked. The chimney occupied nearly one side of the hut, and was built of sods, supported on the exterior by a closely-slabbed wall, to the height of six feet; the upper portion closing inward on all sides to the top, was composed of rough palings, or slips of bush-timber, split to a moderate thickness.

The interior formed only one room, about twelve feet long and ten feet wide, which sufficed its inmates for all purposes.

Night speedily closed in, and in darkness and silence sat Jim with the mangled corpse of the hut-keeper in one of the sleeping berths wherein he had laid it, and the dog crouching uneasily at his feet. The poor brute was with difficulty kept from howling aloud, and once or twice he ran to the door and moaned uneasily. He evidently comprehended that danger was nigh.

How long Jim remained in this state of suspense he could never be positive. It seemed like half a lifetime, he said. After a weary interval Sandie growled sullenly, and sat erect; his ears thrown back, and his eyes glistening in the darkness like balls of fire. Listening, attentively, Jim heard a faint noise as of some one treading on dry twigs. Then Jim knew that the savages were coming.

Next moment the latch of the door was cautiously lifted, and a gentle pressure made against the fastenings. With a beating heart, Jim held the dog, and by gestures forbade him to move or bark. The wonderful instinct of the animal enabled him to comprehend these mute commands, and he lay down quietly on the floor.

Soon the sack, which Jim had placed in the aperture, was noiselessly withdrawn, and a dark visage appeared in its place. And now Jim could scarcely hold the excited dog, who would fain have sprung at the intruder. But the hole was two small to permit the entrance of his foes, and feeling that every grain of powder in his scantily-furnished flask would be required, he even refrained from firing, and on the withdrawal of the intrusive head refilled the aperture with a block of wood.

Whilst so engaged the natives uttered a yell so unearthly that Jim shook with terror; indeed, he afterwards acknowledged that he was near swooning. Almost simultaneously a rush was made at the crazy old door, which nearly gave way, and it appeared certain that another such shock would burst it in. To lie still, and be worried like a badger, was not in Jim's nature. With his sheath-knife he cleared a space between the slabs sufficiently large to admit the muzzle of his gun, and in such a position as to command the approaches to the door. By the clear starlight he perceived some ten or twelve naked savages grouped in front. Again, yelling hideously, they rushed forward for another assault. As they came on, Jim levelled his piece, and fired both barrels. In all probability this saved the door, for two of the assailants fell screeching to the ground, and the shock was but slight. Sufficient damage, however, was inflicted to break the upper hinges, and force the door from its proper position.

Sandie, more valorous than prudent, sprang into the breach thus formed, and was thrust down by his master, just in time to escape a shower of spears which the enraged blacks hurled at the opening. The jeopardy from these weapons was now imminent; but, by a vigorous effort, Jim pushed the door into an erect position and re-secured it with poles hastily torn from the rough bunks, or sleeping berths, of the hut. Then, re-loading his gun; he repaired to his impromptu loophole.

He had done mischief to his wild enemies. Their wounded had been carried into the scrub, and a smaller party came warily out to reconnoitre. Creeping round the side of the hut, they came on again, but this time no yell preceded the assault. Before they reached the door Jim fired in amongst them, and again they retreated, howling like wild beasts.

After this, all was quiet for nearly an hour, and Jim even began to hope that he was rid of his persecutors. To make all sure however, he closed the little aperture more securely, shored up the door with every available piece of timber, and placed an old flour-barrel in the fireplace, to give due notice of any attempt at ingress by the way of the chimney.

Insensibly, sleep overpowered him, and he was drowsily nodding, when the loud and angry barking of the dog indicated the approach of some new peril. Starting up, Jim listened with that preternaturally acute sense of hearing, which nothing but the consciousness of danger can possibly induce. The only sound that reached him, was the rustling of leaves, such as would be produced by the wind sweeping through the trees. Sandie still barked. Repairing to the loophole Jim gazed out for information. Nothing met his gaze in that direction; but the rustling wind-like sounds approached nearer and nearer. Feeling uneasy, he cautiously opened another chink at the rear of the hut, and peered forth.

For a few seconds Jim fairly doubted the evidence of his eyesight. It was as when Birnam Wood marched toward Dunsinane. Not a living soul could he perceive, but a line of great bushes were advancing—apparently of their own accord—to the hut. Jim scraped the hole a little larger; and, when the strange procession came within range, he discharged his gun at it. Instantly all the bushes fell prostrate; and the savages emerged from their leafy covert. With a shout which blended the scream of pain and rage with the hoarse cry for vengeance, the blacks ran forward, dragging the bushes after them. In a second, the latter were piled against the walls of the hut; and a transient silence followed, during which the captive was left to speculate on the object of this maneuvre.

His doubts (if he had any) were soon resolved. A peculiar crackling sound, succeeded by a broad glare of light, perceptible through the crannies of the frail tenement, informed him, that the terrors of fire had been brought to bear against him. The natives had been into the ranges in search of dry boughs; and with these, mingled with the inflammable resinous branches of the gum-trees, they now proposed to burn him out of his shelter. Bitterly he regretted not having taken advantage of their short absence to effect his escape. It was now too late. For a short space he remained in a state of stupefaction,—utterly overwhelmed by the increased horrors of his situation. As the flames caught the dry combustible wall, and bark roof, he deemed himself utterly lost; and it was only by a violent effort that he, at length, shook off the benumbing influence of the intense terror which had seized upon him.

A little reflection convinced him, that in one bold effort lay his sole chance of preservation. Reconnoitering the premises, he observed that the flames were confined to the rear and roof of the hut. Through the chink in the front wall, he perceived the savages lying in wait near the door; but, occupying such a position as to be out of the reach of firearms. "They thought to smoke me out, as they do wombats," said Jim, "and to spear me as I crawled out of my den; but, I determined to have another trial for it, and if I died, to die, like a man, in the open air."

Seizing a small bar of tough wood, he inserted it between the blazing slabs at the rear, and found that they readily yielded to his efforts. The dense smoke now filled the hut, and the burning embers from the roof fell around him in showers. But, regardless of all, save life itself, he stripped off his blue serge-frock,—an article which serves the bushman for shirt, vest, coat, and paletot, all in one—and carefully wrapped it round the lock of the gun. He then, by a vigorous effort, detached two slabs from their upper fastenings, and stealthily drew them within the hut;—the slight noise attending this operation being disguised by the cracking of the burning timber. Gazing through the surrounding belt of fire and smoke he discovered that none of his enemies were in view; all of them—as he had anticipated—being collected on the opposite side of the hut. Now was the moment for escape. One danger yet remained to be obviated. How to still the furious barking of the dog he knew not; yet this would at once acquaint the savages with his escape; when instant pursuit, and death would inevitably be the result. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary to secure Sandie in the hut. "I could not bear the thoughts of doing this," Jim used to say, when relating this incident; "it seemed so cruel to the poor, faithful brute.". Still, secrecy and silence were indispensible; the first great law of nature—self-preservation—crushed the generous impulses of sentiment; and the dog was sacrificed to secure his master's safety. Desirous, however, of affording the animal at least a chance of escape, Jim tied him up with a cotton handkerchief only—in the hope that his exertions would enable him to free himself before the entry of the savages.

This done, Jim took up his gun, and stepped out through the flames. As he emerged, one of the natives glided round the corner; and, surprised by the intended victim's unexpected appearance, stood for a moment irresolute. Before he could

speak or move, Jim felled him to the earth with a blow of his fist; and, without waiting for the result, darted off, under cover of the dense smoke, for the ranges.

He had surmounted the first tier, and was crossing the valley beyond, when the outcries of the blacks proclaimed that his flight had been discovered. The hope of yet saving life lent new wings to his feet; and, at any rate, he had considerably the start of his pursuers. Before he had proceeded very far, something came dashing through the scrub behind him, and he turned to confront the expected foe. To his great delight it was the dog.

Onward sped the two fugitives, the man and the dog. Ten bush-miles lay between them and safety, and the pursuers were light of foot, and fleet of limb. Jim had not tasted food since mid-day, he was fatigued with toil and watching, and suffered much pain from numerous burns on his arms and shoulders. But hunger, thirst, weariness, and pain, were all temporarily obliterated by the necessity of extreme exertion, and, as mile after mile was passed without any evidence of pursuit, hope—which never deserts the brave—grew stronger in the fugitive's heart.

Although no indication of the natives were apparent, Jim was too well acquainted with their nature and habits to relax his speed. Wily as serpents, and as noiseless too, they might be close at hand, yet invisible. Onward, therefore he flew; life was in front; death near behind. How far, or during what time, he continued his flight, Jim could never tell. He believed that he was approaching the head station, yet nowhere could he discern the traces of any human habitation. At length, fatigued and breathless, he was compelled to pause. Had the savages been yelling at his heels, he could not have proceeded.

He sought the shelter of a rocky mound, near at hand, and lay down in its dark shadow, intending to rest for a brief interval only. But he unwarily sank into a deep sleep.

From that dangerous slumber, Jim Walker would probably never have awoke in this world, but for the faithful guardianship of his dog Saudie. Aroused by the barking of that vigilant compaunion, he opened his eyes just as the grey light of morning was spreading over the horizon. Above his head the rock rose perpendicularly to the height of about fourteen feet. Over the margin appeared a human head, which caught his startled gaze as he awoke. Instinctively he recognized the presence of his pursuers. The savages had tracked him to his hiding-place.

Springing to his feet, he darted forward with renewed velocity; and as he did so, a spear whizzed by close to him. Jim felt that he had throwu away another chance of life by halting in the open country. Shelter there was none; for the track of flight lay now over a treeless plain. Again and again spears glanced by him, and, looking around, he saw that he was pursued by three savages, one of whom was considerably in advance of the other. With set teeth and straining muscles, the hunted man pressed on, desperation and agony in his soul. The savages rapidly gained upon him; and, although a stern chase is always a long chase, nothing could prevent their closing with him, before many minutes elapsed.

Suddenly he turned and fired at the nearest black. The shot was fatal. With a loud screech, the savage leaped up into the air, and fell to the earth, mortally wounded.

Almost immediately thereupon, a faint sound, as of the bleating of sheep, reached the fugitive's ear. He was near assistance. He strove to shout aloud, but his voice failed. A low hill was before him, and in the valley beyond was the home-station, could he but reach which his life was safe. The space between was short, but in that space were crowded unnumbered hopes and fears. The savages were fast nearing him. Once more facing round, he fired, and in the excitement of the moment, missed. It was his last shot, and now in his speed lay the last remaining chance of escape.

He scarcely dared to hope, yet mechanically continued to fly. A thousand wandering thoughts of happy days, of boyish sports beneath an English sky, fond reminiscences of home, and recollections of a mother's love—a mother too early lost; passed with wondrous rapidity before his mental vision, he said, in the brief agonizing moments of that fearful struggle for life.

He reached the hill unharmed, and had accomplished nearly half the ascent, when a spear entered his shoulder, and threw him, stunned and bleeding, to the ground. The next moment the savages were upon him.

Saudie, faithful to the last, flew at the throat of the nearest foe, and forced him back to the earth. Frightened at this novel assailant, the fellow shrieked for help, and with a single blow of his tomahawk, his comrade laid the honest brute senseless and disabled. But the temporary diversion in Jim's favor, saved Jim's life.

As the savages turned from the dog to their human victim, Bang! bang! came two shots from the summit of the hill, and several white men rushed forward to the rescue. The hunters now became the hunted; and I need scarcely add, that neither of them escaped.

The last shots fired by Jim had fortunately been heard by a hepherd employed at the head station; apprehensive of danger, he immediately aroused the other men. Little time was lost in dressing, for the simple reason that bushmen seldom *undress*; and starting in the direction of the hill, they arrived just in time to deliver Jim from the hands of his enemies.

The spear-wound in Jim's shoulder speedily healed; and Sandie, though long despaired of, eventually recovered from the effects of the savage's tomahawk. A perceptible limp always remained to bear witness of his courageous attack; Jim was right in saying, that Sandie's lame leg was as honorable to the noble dog as scars to a soldier. He was of little use afterwards as a sheep dog; but Jim would not part with him. He elevated him to the rank of a special pensioner, and never ate himself until he had fed the companion of that eventful night.

I may add, that a party sent over to the old hut found it burnt to the ground, and all the sheep driven off. With the assistance of neighboring settlers, the greater part of the flock was ultimately recovered; but not until after many days hunting for them, and several sanguinary encounters with the Tatiara blacks, whereiu more than one European received wounds.

SCENE IN PALESTINE.

I WAS traveling over Anti-Lebanon. It was a bright summer day, and near noon. Weary and way-worn, I rode down from a bare mountain ridge into the wild and beautiful valley of Hebron, and dismounted beside a little fountain, under the "shadow of a great rock." A group of some fifteen or twenty shepherds were there, too, resting during the heat of the day, and their flocks, amounting to several thousand sheep and goats, filled nearly the whole of the valley. At first I was greatly annoyed by the too near approach of both men and animals; but when the time came to lead the flocks away to pasture again, I watched their motions with intense interest.

The shepherds arose, went into the middle of that dense mass of animals, and then separating, walked away slowly in different directions. As they went each kept uttering a peculiar cry or call. The sheep heard, and they too began to separate one from the other. I observed the whole mass was agitated as if the sheep and goats had been driven thither by some unseen power. Gradually they form a series of dense, moving columns, following in the footsteps of the shepherds, and drawn after them with their voices. I also observed that while each shepherd wound his way through the united flocks, some of the animals fled at his approach, frightened at his voice, others hastened toward him, "for they knew his voice." In a short time they were led off, and the fountain was completely deserted, not a sheep or goat ventured to lag behind.

Then the calls of the shepherds were heard echoing from rock and cliff, now loud and clear, now dying away in the distance; while the flocks were seen, obedient to the calls, following in long, distinct streams the guides whom alone they knew and trusted. As I sat there gazing with mingled wonder and pleasure on that strange and instructive scene, another beautiful Scripture illustration was realized before my eyes. One shepherd led his flock, by a zig-zag path, up the almost perpendicular bank of the glen. Behind it two young lambs trotted along at the feet of their mother. At first they frisked about and jumped lightly from stone to stone; but soon they began to fall behind. The poor little things cried piteously when the path became steeper and the rocks higher, and the flocks more and more distant. The mother cried too, running back and forth—now lingering behind, now hastening on before, as if to wile them upward.

It was in vain. The ascent was too much for their limbs. They stopped trembling on the shelving cliff, and cried; the mother stopped and cried by their side. I thought they certainly would be lost; and I saw the great eagles that soared in circles round the cliffs far overhead, sweeping lower and lower as if about to pounce upon their prey. But no! The plaintive cries of distress had already reached the ear of the good shepherd. Mounting a rock, he looked down and saw the helpless little ones. A minute and he was standing by them; then taking them up in his arms, he put them one on each side, in his bosom, in the ample folds of his coat, which was bound round the waist with a girdle.

The lambs made no attempt to run away from him. They seemed to know what he was going to do when he lifted them in his arms; and the little creatures lay there with their heads out as contentedly as an infant in its mother's bosom, while the shepherd scaled the dizzy heights again, and took his place at the head of the flock. It may be easily imagined with what deep interest I have ever since read the beautiful words of Isaiah—"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom."

A SHOT from a three-pounder Whitworth gun has been known to travel a distance of five and a half miles before grazing.

IT is proposed to construct six lines of horse railroads over the suburban parts of London.

"CARISSIMO."

Just beyond the Julian Gate,
Stands an old and ruined seat,
With some Latin and a date,
'Neath a broken statue's feet.
There, from out a battered mask,
Once a fountain used to flow,
There by day the lizards bask,
There by night the lovers go.

There I heard them over night,
Billing, cooing—all alone;
I was hidden out of sight,
Where the banks slide sheerly down—
Sitting on an olive's root,
In a dream of love and pain,
Eating Memory's bitter fruit—
Living the old times again

Little Nina's voice it was,
Whispering "Carissimo"—
Once I did the same—alas!
That was twenty years ago.
'Twas the very voice and tone
Once her mother used to have,
I could not repress a groan,
Thinking she is in her grave.

Then they heard me, found me there—
Nina fell upon my breast,
Kissed my cheek—but I forbear—
You who know me, know the rest.
They are happy—from the tree
Falls the fruit when fully grown.
She is happy to be free—
I am wretched left alone. —*W. W. Story.*

IN ABSENCE.

Watch her kindly, stars—
From the sweet protecting skies,
Follow her with tender eyes;
Look so lovingly that she
Cannot choose but think of me;
Watch her kindly, stars!

Soothe her sweetly, night—
On her eyes o'er wearied press
The tired lids with light caress;
Let that shadowy hand of thine
Even in her dreams seem mine;
Soothe her sweetly, night!

Wake her gently, morn—
Let the notes of early birds,
Seem like love's melodious words;
Every pleasant sound my dear,
When she stirs from sleep, should bear;
Wake her gently, morn!

Kiss her softly, winds—
Softly, that she may not miss
Any sweets, accustomed bliss;
On her lips, her eyes, her face,
Till I come to take your place;
Kiss and kiss her, winds!

A "ROMAN [FRENCH] FATHER."

THE principal in a celebrated criminal trial which years ago attracted great interest, died day before yesterday. He was a man in easy circumstances. He was a widower. He had an only son. He owed twenty thousand dollars to a gentleman, who came to his house to receive the debt. He lived in the environs of Paris, some distance from any other house. He paid the debt in the presence of his son, giving one hundred bank notes of one thousand francs each. The creditor remained some time after receiving the money, supped at the house, and it was late before he quitted his debtor to reach the last carriage for Paris. He had not gone five hundred yards from the house when he was assailed by an armed man, who ordered him as he valued life to deliver the money about him. An order supported by a pistol rarely falls idly on the ear of an unarmed man. He surrendered his money. He went to a neighboring inn and stayed the night. He was sure the highwayman was none other than his debtor's son. As soon as day broke he went to his debtor's house and told him his suspicions. A violent nervous tremor seized the debtor; in a voice almost inaudible from emotion he invited the creditor to go up stairs with him. They entered his son's bedchamber. The young man was asleep. His boots and pantaloons were covered with mud. On the chimney-piece were two double barrelled pistols. In his coat pocket was the creditor's purse containing the one hundred bank bills of one thousand francs. The father grew pale as death at this discovery, took one of the pistols and blew his son's brains out as he lay sleeping. He delivered himself to justice, was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to the hulks for life. The crown commuted the sentence and after two years imprisonment released the unhappy father. He lived all alone, seeing nobody, receiving nobody. His abode was in one of the most sequestered streets of the city. He never quitted the house except at night, and then he walked on the most deserted quays. He never smiled, scarcely ever spoke except to give orders to the old char-woman who cleared his room and prepared his meals. Death was no unwelcome visitor when he ended that weary sorrow-laden life.—SPIRIDION in the *Boston Gazette.*

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

"REMINISCENCES OF AN ERRATIC GENIUS."

THE infirmities, and more repulsive idiosyncrasies of Edgar A. Poe's character, have been sufficiently portrayed with abundant particularity by his biographers, who seem, indeed, to have been so zealous and so conscientious in the discharge of what they doubtless conceived to be their duty, as not to have permitted the slightest circumstance tending to prove the poet a moral monster, to escape their vigilance.

The Rev. Dr. Grisworld, in his biographical sketch, punctiliously records every five dollars that the needy and improvident man of genius ever borrowed of him, in which he follows the precedent of Amos Cottle in his "Reminiscences of Coleridge." But he improves upon the example of the poetically inclined bookseller, by publishing all poor Poe's begging letters, by means of which these paltry loans were procured—letters which show most painfully to what an extent the writer had become demoralized by the pressure of his necessities. Even N P. Willis, who might, one would imagine, have been able to take a more intelligent and charitable view of such a character as that of Poe, felt called upon to assume an austerely virtuous tone of high moral disapprobation, when he came to write of him. The fashion having been thus set by those who were Poe's "best friends" when he was living, and who assumed the duties of his biographers after his death, what wonder that every scribbler who pens book-notices for the newspapers religiously follows the tradition, and considers it incumbent upon him to deliver moral lectures on the poet's personal character whenever it becomes necessary to make mention of his literary productions. One witness, however, has recently come forward, in the person of Mrs. Weiss, to furnish a few lights, feeble ones it must be admitted, to relieve the gloom of the portrait. Mrs. Weiss seems to belong to that class of sentimental ladies, very rare in our day and steadily becoming rarer, who entertain an undue and almost idolatrous reverence for mere literary genius: and this amiable enthusiasm has probably tended in some degree to color her impressions of the author of the *Raven*. She thus describes her first introduction to him:

"We lived then in our own sweet cottage-home in Virginia, and this was in August, when the place was a bower of vines and roses, and cool, deep shadows brooded about the house and through the pleasant rooms; and the corn-fields that summer waved in their rich and luxuriant beauty almost up to the door, like a miniature forest, shutting us in from the world with a delightful sense of quiet seclusion. I remember it all, because he noticed and enjoyed it.

How well, too, I remember my introduction to the great poet! A shy and diffident girl toward strangers, it was blushing, and almost trembling that I entered the parlor where he awaited me, accompanied by his sister, Miss Rosalie Poe, the adopted daughter of Mrs McKenzie, a near neighbor of ours. As he rose to meet me, my first impression was that he was a gentleman—pre-eminently a gentleman—for nothing could surpass the polish, courtesy and refinement of his whole manner and appearance, both then and afterward I saw him. This, I said, was the first impression produced at the first glance, as I entered; but when he advanced, and I stood face to face with him, my sole idea was of his eyes. Such eyes—large, deep, and luminous, with a strange depth and light—and yet, withal, I thought, was a something of subtlety in their expression. I have seen other such eyes.

I had but little conversation with the poet on this, our first interview. As I observed, I was shy and retiring, and shrank rather into the background, leaving my mother and sister to entertain him, while I was quite content to steal a glance now and then at the poet, or to observe the wonderful play of his countenance. There was at one moment a singular softness and gentleness in his expression; while the next, the eyes would assume a cold, icy look, and his thick mustache curl with as near approach to a sneer as his perfect good-breeding would admit; and this last was when speaking of certain person whom I knew he accounted his enemies. On the other hand, I was struck with the warmth and apparent depth of feeling and gratitude with which he spoke of the kind reception he had met with from certain former friends and acquaintances in Richmond, chief among whom were Mr. Robert Sully, the artist (nephew of Mr. Thomas Sully) and Mrs. Julia Cabell, sister of Mrs. General Scott. Mr. Sully, though himself, not professing to have many friends for whom he entertained any great regard, spoke always very affectionately of Poe."

Speaking of the misanthropy and cynicism attributed to him, Mrs. Weiss says:

"I never saw in him any trace of that bitterness, gloom, and misanthropy of which he has so often been accused. On the contrary, whatsoever he may have been at other times and in other scenes, he was always, when with us, gentle, warm-hearted, and cheerful, even to gayety. One very striking trait, which we all observed, was his gratitude for any little attention, kindness or evidence of sympathy. He seemed never to forget a kindness, as his enemies say that he never forgot an injury. Certainly, Mr. Poe appeared a happy and most amiable man, on those pleasant evenings at our home."

The sevants, themselves, seemed to share the reverence of their mistress for "a poet." Uncle Dick, a venerable contraband, is described as discoursing to the sable society of the kitchen in the following strain:

"Well, for once in my life I'se been igstinguished! I'se waited upon the great Mr. Poe, the pote, at tea, and picked up his pocket-handkecher, and wiped the dust off his boots when he lust come, and he said 'thanky, my man!' Them dusty roads ain't fit for potes to walk on. A pote oughter have a chariot and four, and me to drive 'em!"

The poet having been induced to give a parlor recitation of "The Raven," his colored admirers gathered in force at the doorways and open windows, and seemed to enjoy the performance hugely. Mrs. Weiss says:

"The negroes, as is well known, are extremely susceptible to the influence of all musical and harmonious sounds, and this most musical poem, most musically and solemnly recited, produced upon them an effect which did not soon wear away. Some days after, my maid came with a petition from the cook waiter that 'young misses' would be so good as to read 'The Raven' for them, and to this reading they all came, and listened with the most solemn attention, firmly believing that every word of the poem was 'a true story.' One youth inquired 'if that ar raven was raly gwine to live forever?' and wondered that Mr. Poe 'did not take a broomstick and get him off dat door and out of the room in no time!' These criticism and expressions or sympathy, afterward repeated to the poet, seemed to afford him much pleasure."

Mrs. Weiss sums up her reminiscences as follows:

"What the faults were of Mr. Poe's character, I can judge only from what I have read. As I knew him, he was a most amiable man, a gentleman in all respect; refined, considerate, generous and warm-hearted; with many noble aspirations and impulses, probably not expressed to many as freely as to me and the few who could understand him. For young as I was, I felt instinctively how much of good and noble there was in that nature; while his genius won my admiration and respect, and his loneliness and friendliness my warm interest, as must ever be in the hearts of the young.

I have in my possession a miniature crayon portrait of Edgar A. Poe, copied by myself, most carefully, from a daguerreotype taken a few days before he left Richmond. It is pronounced a perfect likeness of the poet, and among the cherished mementoes of my friends, there are but few which I prize beyond it."

SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.

The London Saturday *Review* has an article under the above title, which seems to be designed as an counterblast against Swinburnism in literature. At least, we understand the following passage to refer to the naughty poet:

"A school of younger men has arisen—nor do they lack a consecrating bard—who persuade themselves that sympathy with nature means, and means exclusively, a fiery revelling in her sensuous delights, added to an abject grovelling before her sterner mood. What they call sympathy is, in fact, a mixture of a drunken fondness for bright colors and heavy scents, with a dismal conviction that these are only meant to befool us while we are being crushed under the feet of malignant, ruthless gods. In time, the thought of the malignity and ruthlessness becomes as attractive to them as the joys which they frantically purvey for their senses. Among other reasons for this is the deep consolation which reflections upon the malignity of fate bring to minds inflamed with spite and detestation against their kind. The man whose belief never goes beyond the gratification of his own senses cannot fail to despise and hate all who arrange the objects of life on wider principles. He likes to gloat over the cruelties of destiny, because, though visiting himself too, they will curse these objects of his hatred, and repay them for the vile sin of exalting reason, instead of feasting and inflaming their senses. It pleases him to reflect that the gods are 'too great to appease, too high to appal, too far to call,' and he is willing to defy them for his own part, for the glee which they provide for him in the distresses laid upon his neighbors. In such cases love of nature is only another name for hatred of the human race."

The essayist pursues his theme in the following strain:

"The new sympathy with nature, so far as it means antipathy to man and contempt for him, is one of the most violently explosive social forces that have ever been discovered If the idea of self-denial is to be expunged from the list of the things worthy of contemplation, and the practice of self-denial from the list of things worthy of cultivation, then society must inevitably fall to pieces. If all men and women are to insist on drinking to the dregs the cup of every desire of their animal nature, without a thought of the effects which may flow from their gratification, then it is plain that the most of the business of the world will come to a standstill. People will have no time to labor, and they will have no inclination either; for, self-control being a pale-blooded and trumpery virtue, there can be no reason why the idle should not help himself to whatever he may want from the stores of the industrious There can be no more deadly and baneful influence than one which teaches men to prefer anything under the sun to the happiness of the whole mass of the sensient creatures Beauty truth, justice, every virtue, every pursuit, every taste—they are all good because, and just in so far as, they augment this stock. Whatever makes a man indifferent to the extension of happiness and the corresponding curtailment of the too wide domains of pain and misery, is doing the worst ill that can possibly be done to his whole character. After all, the end of everything is living. Conduct is at once the aim and the test of all our learning and thinking and striving. The man lives most perfectly whose most constant happiness is found in the consciousness that, in doing the best that he can for himself, he is also doing the best that he can for every being that is capable of having good done to it Supposing it were true, as fiery poets of despair are never weary of crying aloud to us, that Nature hates us, and that the gods are never found by our prayers. Is not this all the more reason why we should be as stern and implacable as they say, but at least she has been kind in implanting the capacity for pity in the souls of the creatures she has abandoned. The single boon may in some sort atone for the lack of all other good gifts, if there be such a lack. Granting that we are left alone on the face of the earth, does it follow, or is it reasonable to suppose, that the only thing for us to do is to borrow all our motives and mould all our passions from the examples of tigers and tigresses? Everybody admits, it may be said, that pity is a duty, and insist on a truism. But truisms need to be repeated in the face of a mischievous parodox. They are only useless when everybody concedes them. An evil spirit has arisen which scoffs at pity, inviting us, instead of helping, to stand easily by and laugh at the great human comedy."

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS,

BOUCICAULT'S latest drama, *The Long Strike*, was produced on Monday last; and has been played to crowded houses every evening during the week. The plot of this drama has been published so often by various papers in this city, that it is needless to give a synopsis. Every audience, that has witnessed this play, has most unequivocally endorsed it as fully worthy of its author, Dion Boucicault, the most perfect master of the art of dramatic composition living. *The Long Strike* will not retain its hold on the stage in America, as long as many other productions of Boucicault, inasmuch as it was written especially for the benefit of the manufacturing classes of England. The *Alta* appears to consider that if Mr. John McCullough, who is a good and painstaking actor, is not afforded an opportunity to carry off the honors of every play in which he appears, there is something wrong in the play. In consequence of this desire to "help" Mr. McCullough, it says on Wednesday:

"Witnessing *The Long Strike* a second time only confirms the judgment already pronounced—it is unartistic, and beneath the great reputation of Boucicault: he makes the sending of a telegram of thrilling interest, and spoils a scene where a man is tried for life. The nearer the hero is made to resemble the Manchester workman in his appearance and manner the less likely is he to win applause or commendation. Mr. McCullough did well, but Jem Starkie is not a character in which to 'show off,' especially as he has less than six lines to say in the last act."

The drama is pronounced "unartistic" solely because, for the purpose of introducing the very best and most thrilling scene in the play—where a dispatch by telegraph is made the means of saving a man's life—a minor character "Johnny Reilly," played by George Pardey, is in the last act brought into such prominence as entirely to overshadow the rather mild hero, "Jem Starkie," played rather more mildly than necessary by Mr. McCullough, the *Alta*'s only pet. We are quite sure that Mr. McCullough is too modest a gentleman, and has too much knowledge of his profession to have in any way prompted the inconsiderate and unpractised critic of the *Alta*, to thus enter a public complaint against Boucicault, because he, (Mr. McCullough) enacting the lover of the heroine, has "less than six lines to say in the last act." *The Long Strike* is a very artistic performance, and the sending of a telegram is the most thrillingly interesting scene in the play. Those who have, after witnessing Miss Alice Kingsbury's impersonations many times, become tired of her—just as children sometimes get tired of candy or other nice things—and have expressed an opinion that she is capable of playing "nothing but *Fanchon*," must reconsider this opinion after witnessing her impersonation of "Jane Learoyd." In this character she is all that could be desired; she plays the pathetic parts beautifully, and delivers the impassioned passages, not in the tone of a tragedy Queen, but just as they should be spoken by an uneducated factory-girl. The Lancashire dialect she has been unable to learn, but as it would be as Chaldaic to nine-tenths of the audience, perhaps this is not to be regretted. Mr. Edwards' impersonation of "Noah Learoyd" is one of the most finished pieces of acting ever presented on the California stage, and when he—as well as the ill used Mr. McCullough—is entirely cut out of the acting in the last scene, he still retains the sympathy of the audience by *looking* the broken-hearted, distracted old man. George Pardey, as "Johnny Reilly," an Irish sailor, threw himself into the part with such enthusiasm that the most severe critic must excuse him for being too noisy. His conception of the character was, on the whole, far better, we will venture to say, than that of two-thirds of those who have preceded him in it. The audience saw that he was in earnest, forget he was acting, and applauded vehemently. In a melodramatic play like *The Long Strike*, every actor is allowed to take his part and make the best he can of it. Few could have made more fun out of that of "Johnny Reilly," than did Mr. Pardey. He richly deserves the call before the curtain, which he always receives. Boucicault knew what he was about when writing this play; he was well aware, when he introduced "Johnny Reilly" in the last scene, that the "call" must come to his share, and not to that of the two characters who are objects of interest to the audience in the first and second acts. Mr. Anderson plays "Moneypenny" rather extravagantly, but then he makes everyone laugh, and, possibly, if he did not play the character according to his first conception, it would not be half so amusing. Harry Jackson has a little bit of acting to do as "Captain Wolfe," and does it very well. Many such captains as Harry Jackson represents, sail from the Mersey every month. H. D. Thompson was not very well made up for "Richard Radley," who is spoken of as "Young Radley;" he looked too old, and acted the part too villainously. "Radley" was only a rather fast young snob, not a villain. W. Barry was very funny in "The Gentleman from Headquarters." E.C. Melville gave the very best representation of an English policeman ever seen on this stage, and even on the first night all engaged in the piece, filled their respective parts well. The scenery is very finely painted; and the piece is put on the stage in a most creditable manner. This attrac-

tive play will be repeated this afternoon and evening. On Monday, *Little Barefoot* will be produced, with Miss Alice Kingsbury in the character of "Amrie." On Tuesday, the play of *The Orange Girl* will be produced, and will afford Miss Kingsbury an opportunity of appearing in a new *role*.

On Wednesday evening, Miss Amy Stone and Mr. H. F. Stone made their first appearance in California, at Maguire's Academy of Music, in the play of *The Pearl of Savoy*. In the first two acts, Miss Stone failed to make a favorable impression on the audience in the character of "Marie;" she read the part badly, and acted it flippantly. She sang several songs, but did not succeed in pleasing our critical San Francisco public, who have heard so many really good singers on the stage. In the third act, Miss Stone proved if she was not a first class vocalist, she was certainly a fine dancer, and gained a most enthusiastic *encore*, by her execution of a Savoyard dance. In the same scene, Mr. H. F. Stone, who, in the part of "Pierrot," had evinced very little talent as a comedian, proved that as a clog-dancer he is immense, and was rewarded by immense applause for the clever manner in which he performed a wooden-shoe dance. Miss Stone appeared to the best advantage in the fourth act, when she becomes insane after meeting her father; in this scene she displayed considerable power. George Panncefort played "Father Lanstalat" very well; Miss Kate Denin was extremely clever in the comic part of "Chanchon," displaying a degree of comic talent for which few had given her credit, and the play was, as a whole, tolerably well performed. The quartette on the first night, sang very badly. *The Pearl of Savoy* was repeated on Thursday night. Last night, *The Hidden Hand* was produced.

At the Metropolitan Theater, the business has been light during the week. The *Sheep's Foot* was withdrawn on Friday, and the ballet of the *Vivandiere* and the pantomime of the *Magic Trumpet* were performed on the occasion of the benefit of the California Grenadiers. A large audience assembled and the performance went off satisfactorily. To-night, pantomime of *Raoul; or the Magic Star*, will be produced. We fear that the public will miss the beautiful singing of the Misses Emma and Clelia Howson, and the fine quartette from the Twelve, and will long for some performance which will delight the ear as well as the eye. Pantomimes are very well for a short time; but such pieces as the *Sheep's Foot* in which the audience can easily follow the story of the play, and at the same time listen to really first-class vocal singing, are very likely to gain a more enduring popularity.

The third annual masquerade ball of the Eureka Social Club, took place at Platt's Hall on Thursday evening. The hall was filled with masquers, many of whom sustained their assumed characters with much skill. Mr. Saulberg of the *Hebrew Observer*, carried off the prize destined for the best male mask, by his clever impersonation of a "Japanese." To Miss Summerfield's "Fanchon," was awarded the lady's prize. The ball was one of the most successful of its kind ever given in this city.

On Thursday evening, Mrs. Lizzie Parker Northrup will give her annual concert at Platt's Hall. Mrs. Northrup will be assisted by the best available vocal and instrumental talent in this city. TOUCHSTONE.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—The beautiful weather which we are enjoying at present, causes crowds to flock daily to this delightful spot, to roam through the shady walks, visit the fine zoological collection and examine the rare plants in the conservatories.

MRS. LAURA CUPPY.—Thousands of person in this city, who have listened with delight to the talented lectures of Mrs. Cuppy, will be rejoiced to hear that the report that she has accepted a six-months' engagement in Sacramento, is untrue. Mrs. Cuppy's engagement in the Capital city, where she now lectures every Sunday evening to crowded houses, will terminate in a few weeks; and she will then resume her popular Sunday evening lectures at Maguire's Opera House, in this city.

THE ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—Since the establishment of this museum, the rising generation in this city have devoted themselves to the interesting study of anatomy.

LETTER FROM MRS. GENERAL GRANT.—The following letter, addressed to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, by Mrs. General Grant, relates the experience of ladies everywhere, who have these celebrated machines in their families:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 4, 1866.

"*Grover & Baker S. M. Co.:*

GENTLEMEN—It affords me great pleasure to bear witness to the excellence of the Family Sewing Machine manufactured by your Company. I have had one of them in my family for some two years; and from what I know of its workings, and from the testimony of many of my friends who use the same, I can hardly see how anything could be more complete, or give better satisfaction.

"The machine I have is one of the most elegant I have ever seen, and was presented to me by friends, who purchased it at the Sanitary Fair, in 1864.

"Very truly yours, etc. MRS. U. S. GRANT."

[For the Californian.]

OF THE POET AND HIS GOLDEN CLIME.

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above—"

In whatever clime the poet is happily born, he usually finds not the gold of it; and if his wealth of song adds not to his grosser treasury of scrip, under an ill-stared sky, it is his lot to desert that sweet province of enchantment and fall upon ruder prose, like a Philistine. Lawless necessity is his bane—and there is no margin here for the poet. Yet the poet is happy enough, and for such happiness as his, should look for some shades of sorrow. The poet is his own source of pleasure. In what other fairer world may he have sojourned, that the glittering dust of memory should cover him with the lustre and hallo of unpremeditated joy? Half of his fancies may be mysterious recollections, whose roots he cannot trace, but only the richest soils could nourish them. Some flaming sword of fate may have driven that melodious soul; for how small a sin of feeding upon delicious fruits, forth from the gardens of Paradise. But let us not dangerously pythogorize!

The poet is privileged to long much. To desire and long for, is a certain sort of pleasure, and not without some consolation, since hope is profitable—and hope stimulates us even to dubious desires and hopeless longings.

Aspiration is the dream-ladder of the poet. On it, his thoughts like angels, are ever ascending, and the invisible spirits of renown and honor, touching its golden rounds console him, often with their visitations.

What we have not seen, we think the best of—for imagination flatters everything. So if the poet be country born, he looks wistfully towards the smoky cloud that blots heaven above the town. While the lean attic rhymer, scouring his dull skylight with frenzied eye, feeds in the green pastures of his fancy, and drinks heaven-distilled draughts from the smooth flowing water-brooks that skirt them.

The shrill sweet piping of a quail heard sometimes in city-cages, is as cheering as slips of sunlight in a cellar. But the imprisoned fancy doth long to climb that golden stair and escape the gloom, now more oppressive since it is revealed by contrast, and the mind is led away by the clear note of that mountain bird, till it is loth to return again into the city-dusts. We endure much unconciously and become calloused in enduring—till finally, we give small thought to our privations and self-inflicted hardships. But the delicate and subtle steel of the well applied lance, may penetrate the rough surface, and pierce the hidden core; as this rural voice has skill to charm and awaken the tenderest and the most beautiful emotions of the heart.

Nature is the skillfullest physician, after all; for in wounding us, she doth apply her balsams and healing oils; as this sunbeam is pure and healthful, and the bird's voice full of hope and cheer, and sweet indurance.

My poet by a happy chance being born to a birthright, bartered it not for pottage; but sought *God* among the hills, there to eat manna and drink of miraculous springs, bountiful as the widow's cruse, and made liberal by the same providence. Having feasted he wrote me thus:

"Let me not seek to disguise this truth; my joy and whole delight is versing. It is as a honey morsel forever upon my tongue. A savory dew upon my lips, else dry and fevered, and a perfume and odor beyond words, always to my peace and edification. * * *"

Happy poet whose wings are strong enough to lift thee above care, for so is thy golden clime discovered to thee. I think the poet should be pardoned some show of pride. I have much sympathy for that vain bird that plumed gorgeously, struttered among daws. But those daws had none, and straight way spoiled his beauty. It were a stupid fowl that couldn't see his own superiority in such a crowd, and surely dignity need not be sacrificed to circumstance. As well might Israfeel flash his silver sandals in a pigeon wing; shriek through his nose, or twang a banjo, if he alighted among roisterers. "Israfeel, who's heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."

Again my poet sent me these leaves gathered from his summer groves:

"I have surprised myself with my own verse," he writes, "and may be pleased with myself, for this. If I say my best verse is not good, I do not humiliate myself; I insult the divine elements of inspiration. And I trust my poorest verse were good, did I not mar it in transcription.

Then he adds in those last hasty lines of a letter, set slant wise, and sometimes standing on their heads—but usually strong enough to survive the situation: "If I could dwell here forever, all were well; but I am even now summoned."

True, my poet, that "if" is an unsafe drawbridge to innumerable fair prospects; still the portcullis "but" is ever ready to shut down upon our ventures.

I find a later oozing from the pen of my poet, when his summer was over and gone—this is it: "Upon again returning into town, I find, so thoroughly successful hath dame Nature been, my soul seems to have given over to her fair and beautiful enticements; and to have burst its cell and fallen about on every side, in many tendrils and flowering boughs. Now, at once, they are frostbitten tendrils, and the flowers are fast fading. I seem as a plant that hath extended its roots in all directions, and hath finely flourished, but is again compressed into the unwholesome jar, and there cramped out of all pleasurable growth and defrauded of just nourishment."

As for my poet, do not doubt that his birth was fortunate; and being born, he seems nearest to enjoying his golden clime in the voluptuous grain-fields beyond the suburbs—that undiscovered country, almost an Eden, within a mile of your townfolk.

Inspiration is at least second-hand, and book-begotten in the packed city; and if some portion of our country be set apart for pasturing poets, for strengthing thought, and nourishing revery, let me, in loving kindness, put the mite these notes may bring me toward its treasury and perpetual fund.

Lastly, my poet, from the smoke and cobwebs of some spidery corner, cries fitfully—he is low in the socket now: "If poetry indeed be of heavenly birth, (and I deem it not unlikely) then the secluded shepherd, the scaler of the mountain peak, and those dwellers upon the high places, should get most of this sweet benison. For may it not descend in vivid and glorious flashes, even as it were, in rivers of hasty flame—charging that readiest conductor with its divine fire."

How shall so delicate a plant survive the town? Think of poor David Gray—London slew him! Do the gods love them most in cities? I think rather it is the gods that pitty them to death. CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

RISTORI HAS MET with an unprecedented reception in Chicago. Seats could only be purchased after standing two hours in procession.

TO CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.—W. O. Breyfogle, No. 26 California street, a few doors below Davis, is now prepared to furnish builders and contractors with sash, doors, blinds and shutters from his manufactory, on most reasonable terms. Encourage home industry where you can have your order filled cheaper than the imported articles cost.

WITHOUT MEDICINE, mesmeric jugglery, or any species of deception, but with common sense means, Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, cures the sick, and in almost all cases, if so agreed, guarantees a cure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 11th, 1867.

TO CALEB T. FAY, ESQUIRE, *Dear Sir:* The undersigned, citizens of San Francisco, impressed with the importance of filling the Chief Executive place in the State with a practical business man, and believing the claims of San Francisco to the nomination will be recognized by the Union State Convention of 1867, request that you will permit your name to be placed before the public as a candidate for Governor.

We are, very respectfully, yours, etc.,

Pope & Talbot,	John Wieland,	Coffey & Risdon,
Main & Winchester,	A. Canu & Co.,	H. B. Williams,
C. Adolphe Low,	F. Hagemann,	S. Hermann & Co.,
J. W. Tucker,	H Wahmuth,	Nicholas Larco,
H. J. Booth & Co.,	Henry Spreckles,	B. F. Mead,
Henry Carleton, Jr.,	John C. Bell,	Kohler & Frohling,
L. L. Treadwell,	Ira Marden,	J. B. Badger,
H. B. Williams,	F. W. Myrick,	Nathaniel Curry,
Moore & Co.,	C. H. Wetherbee,	K. Stranss,
Hemenway & Merrill,	Wm. H. Gawley,	Ludwig Tanssig,
Bowen Brothers,	Wm. B. Haywood,	A. Giorgiani,
Lawrence & Houseworth,	Greenhood & Newbaur,	A. S. Rosenbaum & Co.,
Kennedy & Hopkins,	W. J. Adams,	John B. Rider,
Haste & Kirk,	Daniel Meyer,	Meagher, Tauffe & Co.,
W. W. Montague,	S. H. Harmon,	L. & E. Wertheimer,
Jacob Schneider,	Newstadter Bros,	I. W. Raymond,
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Messrs. Pope & Talbot, Main & Winchester, H. J. Booth & Co., L. & M. Sachs & Co., Hentsch & Berton, Conroy & O'Connor, and others:

GENTLEMEN: The request to me to become a candidate for the honorable place of Governor of the State, endorsed by many citizens and business firms of the city, is such a marked compliment that I should not feel at liberty to decline, even if so disposed, and I promptly acknowledge my obligations to you for furnishing this acceptable opportunity to declare my willingness to become a candidate, subject to endorsement by the Union State Convention of 1867.

Respectfully, yours, CALEB T. FAY

SAN FRANCISCO, February 12th, 1867.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER II.—MRS. P. IRETON BEMBRIDGE.

THE experiment which Dr. Merle had sanctioned proved successful. The wise physician had calmed the apprehensions with which her husband and son regarded the swoon into which Mrs. Carruthers had fallen upon recognising George, and had hinted that on her recovery the mother and son should be left alone.

"The old gentleman," said Dr. Merle to Mr. Felton, "and a fine old gentleman he is—a little peculiar, but it would not do the world any harm to have a few more of his sort in it—has told me a good deal of the family history intentionally, and some of it unintentionally, and I have not the least doubt that the root of Mrs. Carruther's disease is simply her son."

"He has given her some trouble, I know," said Mark Felton, with a sigh; "but hardly so much as that comes to, I fancy."

"Well, well, I won't be positive; but I think so. No young man ever tells all the truth about his follies; and, indeed, no middle-aged or old man, for that matter; and rely upon it, his mother knows more than any one else. She will do well, Mr. Felton. She sees him all right, no matter how wrong he may have been; there's nothing gravely amiss now. We may leave her to time now, and her son's society."

"Do you think I may venture to see her soon?"

"Impossible to say, for a day or two, my dear sir, impossible to say. Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Dallas must explain your coming to her. I don't prescribe *two* shocks, you know, even pleasant ones, and then I have no doubt you will perfect the cure."

Mr. Felton acknowledged the smooth speech with an absent sort of smile, and Dr. Merle took his leave.

"You are sure there is nothing wrong with you, George? You are quite sure you are in no danger?" said Mrs. Carruthers, late in the afternoon of that day, to her son, as she lay quietly on a large sofa, drawn close to the window, where the panes were glittering in the dying light. Her face was turned towards him, her dark eyes a little troubled, and not so bright as they had been, resting fondly and with a puzzled expression upon his face, and one thin hand fondly clasped in his. George was lying on the floor beside her sofa, his head resting against her pillow, and the fingers of her other hand were moving among his rich brown curls.

"Nothing, indeed, mother. All is well with me—much, much better than I ever expected or hoped; but you must not agitate yourself, or ask any questions. Dr. Merle and Mr. Carruthers have put me on my honor not to talk to you of the past, and we must keep our word, you know," and the young man tenderly kissed the hand he held in his.

"Yes, yes," she said, in an absent, searching tone, "but there is something—there was something—I——"

"Hush, mother! In the time to come you shall know everything, but for the present you must simply trust me. Indeed, there is nothing wrong. I am here with you, brought here and welcomed by Mr. Carruthers. You remember that he did not like me, and he had good cause; yes, he had good cause, but that is all over now. I am here with his full sanction and approbation, and you must be content to know that, to feel it, and *to rest*. You have to get strong and well now, mother, and then we shall all be quite happy."

"Yes, George, yes. I can rest now," said his mother. And she nestled down upon her sofa, and he drew the coverings around her, and they both kept silence, and presently, in the autumnal evening, when the moon rose over the dark Taunus, and the lights began to sparkle all over the little white town, Mrs Carruthers fell asleep, with her hand clasped in that of her son and her worn but always handsome face resting against his brown curls

The days went by, and with the lapse of each Mrs. Carruthers made an advance towards the recovery of her health and her mental faculties. Very shortly after their first meeting, George had spoken to her of his uncle, and though he found it difficult to fix her attention or engage her interest he succeeded in ascertaining that she remembered all the circumstances of her brother's life, and that he had expressed a wish and intention to come to England.

"Mark is not happy in his son," she said one day to Mr. Carruthers and George, who had been talking to her by preconcerted arrangement on the subject. "I fear he has given him a great deal of trouble. I remember in many of his letters he said he was not blest, like me, with a son of whom he could be proud."

George reddened violently as his mother's harmless words showed him how she had concealed all her grief from her brother, and struck him with sudden shame and confusion in his step-father's presence. Mr. Carruthers felt inexpressibly confused also, and as readiness was not the Grand Lama's forte, he blundered out:

"Well, my dear, never mind about his son. You would be glad to see your brother Mark, wouldn't you?"

Mrs. Carruthers looked earnestly at him as she raised herself from her pillow, and the faint color in her cheek deepened into a dark flush as she said:

"Glad to see my brother Mark! Indeed I should be. Is he here too?"

So, after long years, the brother and sister met again, and Mark Felton was a little diverted from his anxiety about his son by the interest and affection with which his sister inspired him, and the strong hold which George Dallas gained upon the affections of a man who had been sorely wounded in his own hopes and expectations. He was not under any mistaken impression about his nephew. He knew that George had caused his mother the deepest grief, and had for a long time gone as wrong as a young man could go short of entering on a criminal career. But he divided the good from the evil in his character, he discerned something of the noble and the generous in the young man, and if he laid too much to the account of circumstances, and handled his follies too tenderly, it was because he had himself suffered from all the grief which profligacy, combined with cold and calculating meanness, can inflict upon a parent's heart.

George Dallas yielded easily to the influence of happiness. His gay and pleasant manner was full of fascination, and of a certain easy grace which had peculiar charms for his Transatlantic uncle; and his love for his mother was a constant pleasure to her brother to witness, and an irresistible testimony to the unspoiled nature of the son. True, this affection had not availed to restrain him formerly, but the partial uncle argued that circumstances had been against the boy, and that he had not had fair play. It was not very sound reasoning, but there was nothing to contradict it just at present, and Mr. Felton was content to feel rather than to reason.

Mr. and Mrs. Routh had arrived at Hombourg immediately after Mr. Felton and George had reached that place of fashionable resort. Their lodgings were in a more central situation than those of Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, and were within easy reach of all the means of diversion which the wicked little resort of the designing and their dupes commanded. George Dallas did not see much of Routh. He had been disturbed and impressed by Mr. Felton's exceedingly emphatic expression of opinion respecting that gentleman; he had been filled with a vague regret, for which now and then he took himself to task, as ungrateful and whimsical, for having renewed his intimacy with Routh. His levity, his callousness, respecting the dreadful event concerning which he had consulted him, had shocked George at the time, and his sense of them had grown with every hour's consideration of the matter, and they were many, in which he had since engaged. Nothing had occurred to him to reverse or weaken the force of Routh's opinion; but he could not get over his heartlessnes. They met, indeed, frequently. They met when George and his uncle, or his stepfather, or both, walked about the town and its environs, or in the gardens; they met when George strolled about the salons of Kursaal, religiously abstaining from play; it was strange how the taste for it had passed away from him, and how little he suffered, even at first, in establishing the rule of self-restraint: but they rarely met in private, and they had not had half an hour's conversation in the week which had now elapsed since Routh and Harriet had arrived at Homburg.

But George had seen Harriet daily. Every afternoon he escorted his mother during her drive, and then he called on Mrs. Routh. His visits tortured her, and yet they pleased her too. Above all, there was security in them. She should know every thing he was doing; she should be quite sure no other influence, stronger, dangerous, was at work, while he came to her daily, and talked to her in the old frank way. Routh shrank from seeing him, as Harriet well knew, and felt, also, that there was security in his visits to her. "He will keep out of George's way, of course," she said to herself, when she acquiesced in the expediency of following Dallas to Hombourg, and the necessity for keeping him strictly in sight, for some time at least. "He will not undertake the daily torture. No: that, too, must be my share. Well, I am tied to the stake, and there is no escape; only an interval of slumber now and then, more or less rare and brief. I don't want to tie him to it also—he could not bear it as I can."

And she bore it well—wonderfully well, on the whole, though the simile of bodily torture is not overdrawn as representing what she endured. By a sort of tacit mutual consent, they never alluded to Deane or the discovery of the murder. George, who never could bear the sight of a woman's suffering, had a vivid recollection of the terrible emotion she had undergone when he disclosed the truth to her, and determined to avoid the subject for the future. She understood this, but she felt tolerably certain that if any new complication arose, if any occasion of doubt or hesitation presented itself, George would seek her advice. She should not be kept in ignorance, and that was enough. She had ascertained, before they left London, that George had not mentioned the matter to Felton; and when the young man told her how otherwise complete his explanation with Mr. Felton had been, she felt a degree of satisfaction in the proof of her power and influence afforded by this reticence.

The positive injunction which Mr. Felton had laid upon his nephew aided George's sensitiveness with respect to Harriet. He felt convinced that if his uncle had known her, as he knew her, he would have been satisfied to confide to her the trouble under which he labored, and whose origin was assuming, to George's mind, increasing seriousness with every day which passed by, without bringing news of Mr. Felton's son. But he would not, however he might find relief and counsel by doing so, discuss with Harriet a matter which he had been positively forbidden to discuss with her husband: he could not ask her secresy without hurting her by an explanation of Mr. Felton's ill opinion of Routh. So it happened that these two persons met every day, and that much liking, confidence, and esteem existed on the man's part toward the woman, and yet unbroken silence was maintained on the subject which deeply engaged the minds of both. Phillip Deane's name was never mentioned by Harriet, nor did Dallas speak of Arthur Felton.

So Mrs. Carruthers improved in health. Mr. Carruthers was very gracious and affable to his step-son, and terribly nervous and anxious about his wife, on whom, if the worthy physician could have been brought to consent, he would have kept Dr. Merle in perpetual attendance, being incapable of recognising the importance—indeed, almost the existence—of any patient of that gentleman's, except Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings. Mr. Felton heard nothing of his son, and waited, frequently discussing the subject with Mr. Carruthers and his nephew; and the bright sweet autumn days went on. Afterward, when George reviewed their course and pondered on the strange and wayward ways through which his life had lain, he thought of the tranquillity, the lull, there had been in that time, with wonder.

The change of scene, the physical effort, a certain inevitable deadening effect produced by the lapse of time, more powerful in cases of extreme excitement than its space would seem to warrant, had had their effect on Harriet's spirits and appearance. She looked more like herself, George thought, when he came to make her his daily visit. Perhaps he had become more accustomed to the change he had noted with her solicitude on his return from London; she was certainly more cheerful. He did not take account of the fact that he did not see her in Routh's company, though his uncle's comment on her husband's feelings toward her frequently and painfully recurred to him. Harriet questioned him frequently about his mother, and George, full of gratitude for her kindness and sympathy, spoke freely of her, of his uncle, of the altered position in which he stood with his step-father, and of his improved condition and hopes. There were only two persons of interest to him whom he did not mention to Harriet. They were Austin Felton and Clare Carruthers.

"Have you ever been to the Bursaal in the evening?" he asked Harriet one day, as they were talking, and looking at the groups of gaily dressed men and women lounging past the window where they were seated.

"Yes, I have gone in there once or twice with Stewart; but I got tired of it very soon, and I don't want to go again."

"My uncle met an old acquaintance there last evening," George went on; "he does not particularly care about it either; but we were strolling about the gardens until rather late, and then we went in and had a look at the ball-room. I had been watching a lady for some time, out-and-out the best dancer in the room, and I find out she is quite a celebrity here."

"Indeed," said Harriet, not vehemently interested.

"Yes, quite," said George; "and, judging by what my uncle says, I should think she was a celebrity in New York. I should like to show her to you, Mrs. Routh; she is like one of those impossible women in the American woods, with clusters of currants made in carbuncles, and bunches of cherries, in flawless rubies, in their hair—you know the kind of thing I mean. I fancy the Phœnix would look shy about insuring her wardrobe, and Hancock feel dubious about matching her diamonds. Such a twinking, flashing, glittering, coaxing flippant mortal I never met in my life. I wonder if she dresses as gorgeously under the sunshine as under the gas."

"She has quite taken your fancy, George. Did Mr. Felton introduce you?"

"Yes. There she stood, looking up in his face, but I am quite sure seeing me and every other person in the room at the same time, and chattering like a Yankee magpie; so my uncle presented me to—Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, as he called her, in American fashion. She was there with a whole host of people, and I didn't fancy them, 'ke-inder didn't," as she would say, no doubt, and went away as soon as I could."

"Is she a widow?"

"Yes—at least, I think so; I heard nothing of P. Ireton.'

"She will be cultivating your uncle, or yourself, George. A handsome, rich young widow, and an old acquaintance of your uncle's, eh?"

"I don't feel in the least like it, Mrs. Routh, and I am sure the sparkling, flashing, dashing lady I met last night would fly at no such mean quarry. I have rather a notion, too, that my uncle does not like her."

"Have you? Did he seem displeased at the meeting?"

"Not exactly displeased—but—I am beginning to understand him now wonderfully well, and in some things he is so like my mother. Now, with her I can always feel whether she likes a person or not without her saying a word—I could formerly, I mean, when she was more susceptible to impressions than she is now. It's just the same in my uncle's case; and I knew in a minute, he didn't like Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge."

"Where is she staying? At the 'Quatre Saisons,' I suppose?"

"No," said George; "she has one of the Schwazchild houses. You know them, Mrs. Routh?"

"Yes I know them," said Harriet. "I saw the Frau Schwazchild yesterday, rejoicing in a pink parasol with a coral handle, set with turquoises in clumps."

"That's the woman. Shouldn't wonder if the parasol were a waif from the wardrobe of Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge. She has, then, one of those huge houses for herself and her attendants."

"Did she tell you all this in the ball-room?"

"All *this?* Bless your innocence, she got through such trivialities as these in about two minutes. I might have heard her whole history, and P. Ireton's, no doubt, particulars of his last illness—if he had a last illness—included, if I had asked her to dance. And, by Jove!" said George, starting up and pushing back the muslin curtain which impeded Harriet's view of the street somewhat, "there she is, coming down the street in a pony-carriage, and looking like a whole triumphal procession on one set of wheels."

Harriet looked out with an assumption of more curiosity than she felt. In a low, elegant, but rather over-ornamented equipage, drawn by two grey ponies, likewise rather over-ornamented, but very handsome and of great value, sat a lady of beauty as undeniable as that of her horses, and elegance as striking as that of her carriage. Woman like, Harriet remarked the magnificence of her dress before she noticed the beauty of her face, set off as it was by the aid of the most perfect hat and feather ever put together by the milliner's art. That beauty was at once of the correct and the sparkling order. Her features were of statuesque regularity, but they had all the piquant brilliancy of rich, glowing, passionate life. Cheeks and lips flushed with the full color of health, masses of hair of the darkest, glossiest brown coiled up in endless braids and rolls under the inimitable hat; eyes so dark that to call them black was a venial exaggeration; teeth which shone like jewels; and in the face, the air, over the whole person and equipment of the woman, from the wrists outstretched over the reins she held, and on which broad bands of jewels flashed, to the tip of the satin boot which protruded beneath the silken carriage-wrap spread daintly over her knees, an intolerable consciousness and domineering boldness which was simply odious. Her ponies were stepping leisurely: her glittering eyes were looking right and left, as though shey were searching for some one among the scattered groups she passed, and every member of which stared at her without disguise. As much of her dress as could be seen was a magnificent mixture of satin and lace and jewels, and even in her dress there was a daring, reckless something, indefinable but distinct, which made the gazers feel that in staring at her there was no offence.

"Stunning, isn't she, Mrs. Routh? I beg your pardon for the slang, but there is really no other word. Blinding, dazzling, and all the rest of it."

"Stunning, certainly, George," said Harriet smiling; "but, somehow, I don't think you care particularly to be stunned."

"Not in the least. She is not a bit my style;" and George, thinking of what "his" style was, and how widely it differed from the triumphant figure in the ornate carriage out there, let the muslin curtain drop, and turned away from the window. Harriet sat down and took up her work.

"A woman whom men would love for a little while, and hate bitterly after, I fancy; but whom women would hate at once, and always."

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had not found among the loungers in the town the individual whom her bright black eyes were seeking, when George Dallas and Harriet Routh had marked her from the window. She had driven rapidly away past the gardens and the Schloss, and when fully two miles outside the town she overtook a gentleman sauntering leisurely along, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and his moody eyes fixed upon the ground. The carriage was close upon him before he looked round, though the sound made by the wheels and the trotting horses had been distinct in the clear air, as they came along the empty road. Then he turned and greeted the lady with effusion. In a moment he had taken his place beside her, and was whirled away into the green and golden distance of the forest, under the brow-crest of Taunus.

"How very odd that you should know him," said the gorgeous lady of the pony-carriage to the gentleman seated beside her, as she walked her ponies along a shady road, where the slim trees stood on guard on either side, and the fallen leaves rustled under the wheels.

"Not so very odd. He is a near relative of one of my most intimate friends."

"Ah, his nephew, I suppose you mean, a tall young man with good eyes, and a remarkably rich expression of countenance."

"I recognise the description certainly, and it is not flattering. That is the individual; his name is Dallas."

"A booby, I'm convinced. How he can be an intimate friend of yours I cannot understand." She said this rather sulkily, which, by adding to its character of sincerity, made the indirect flattery in which she was a proficient all the more delicious. Her companion's eyes flashed with pleasure as he turned them upon her with a look which she did not raise her eyes to receive, but which dyed her cheek a deeper rose tint than before. Then she went on:

"He is come here with Mr. Felton to meet his cousin, I suppose. Arthur Felton will not like that, I fancy. He regarded this fine family reunion as a very decided nuisance, I can assure you."

"I don't quite understand you," her companion said. "Mr. Felton's son is not here, that I know of; he certainly had not arrived yesterday, for Dallas was at my lodgings, and would have been sure to mention it."

"No," replied the lady with a slow, provoking smile, which lighted her eyes up with mischief, and showed more of her faultless teeth than always glistened to the world. "I know he is not here, but he is coming. I gave him a rendezvous here for this very week, in Paris, last March."

The gentleman looked at her in such extreme surprise, that it quite amused her. She did not only smile now, she laughed.

"I will explain my meaning," she said, "in very few words. I have known the Feltons all my life, and Arthur has been in love with me ever since he was a boy; rather less than more, perhaps, since that's his way, and not at all to the detriment of his being quite as much in love with a number of women besides. He and his father never got on well. Mr. Felton did not like 'his ways,' as the goodies and gossips say, and in particular, he did not like his being in love with me, for he can't bear me. Frightfully bad taste, isn't it? Get along, President," this to one of the ponies, as she touched him up with her whip; "you've had walking enough. Awfully bad taste—thank you, you needn't say yes; you're looking unutterable things. Of course I don't mind that particularly, and I don't care for Arthur Felton in the very least," with a most enchanting drawl and the faintest pout of the crimson lips. "He made himself a perfect nuisance in Paris, and I really must have quarreled with him, if I had not gone away with some friends, who wouldn't have Arthur—no, not in the very least," and she repeated the before-mentioned little performance quite enchantingly.

"But you agreed to meet him here?" said her companion, very moodily.

"Agreed to meet him here! How ridiculous you are. I gave him rendezvous, which I beg to observe is not precisely the same thing as agreeing to meet him."

"*Sounds* like it," said the gentleman, still more sulkily.

"Very true; but it isn't. I meant to come here—I always lay my plans long beforehand—just at this time, and I thought I might as well let him come here as have constantly teasing me in the mean time. It was a long while off, remember." And her black eyes danced with mischief and enticement.

"And where is he now?" asked her companion, after he had given her another look which brought the burning color to her cheeks once more.

"How on earth should *I* know?" was her answer, and as she made it, she turned her head round and looked him full in the face. "How on earth should I know?" she repeated. "You don't imagine, I suppose, that I correspond with all the friends of my youth. No, no: I never think of people when they are out of my sight. I have no one that I care about enough to think of in absence, and I never write a letter, if I can possibly avoid it."

"I understood, when Mr. Felton came to London, he had not heard from his son for some time, and he has certainly not seen him there."

"Very likely Master Arthur is not a particularly dutiful son. However, his father will see him here, if he stays till next week, that's a fact."

"What sort of person is Mr. Felton's son? I can't say I admire the old gentleman much."

"No! Don't get on with him? I should think not, neither do I; but Arthur's not in the very least like him. Not nearly so good-looking; not like the Feltons, I should say, at all; like his mother. His cousin, though he's a big booby, is a good-looking fellow, and looks like a gentleman. Now that's just what Arthur does not look like."

"And what is just what he does look like?" asked her companion, who took what he thought was a secret pleasure in hearing this unknown admirer of the beautiful woman who had captivated his fancy spoken of in depreciating terms. But he was quite mistaken. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge discerned this amiable sentiment with perfect distinctness, and gave it all the nutriment to be supplied by the most consummate and dexterous coquetry.

"H'm!" she said, with a bewitching air of thought and deliberation. "What does Arthur Felton look like? Very like a Yankee, and a little like a Jew;" and she laughed most musically.

As Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge drove her grey ponies towards the little white town, the carriage passed, near a turn in one of the level shady roads, a bench placed between two tall slim trees. Between the bench and the road lay a broad pathway, with a grassy edge. A lady, simply dressed, of a small slight figure, and whose face was bent downwards, but in whose air there was unmistakable refinement, was sitting on the bench, and leaning a little forward, was making marks upon the ground with her parasol, less in idleness than in the abstraction of thought. As the ponies trotted merrily by, and their mistress laughed, rather loudly but musically, the lady looked up, and the eyes of the two women met. The gentleman who sat by the fair American, and who was on the side of the carriage nearest to the pathway, was so absorbed in the animated conversation being carried on between them, that he did not notice the solitary figure, nor see that anything had attracted his companion's attention. Indeed, the attraction was but momentary; the look had hardly been interchanged before the carriage whirled past Harriet Routh.

She came forward upon the footpath, and looked after the fast receding figure of her husband, as he bent deferentially towards the woman she had seen that morning, until she could see it no longer; and still stood there when the level shaded road was blank and empty.

[To be continued.]

HORSES ON THE DESERT.

THE Arab horse is watered only once in twenty-four hours. He is often obliged to content himself with dates instead of barley; these are given to him before they are perfectly ripe, when the stones are soft, and are eaten stones and all. In the spring he is turned out on the pastures; but in the summer, if his master can afford it, he gets a little barley. And on this scanty fare, a good horse is expected, if necessary, to accomplish for five or six successive days, distances of a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty miles; and after a couple of days rest and good feeding, to be quite well enough to repeat the feat. If he shakes himself at any resting-place, or paws the ground with his foot, it is held that there is no occasion to pull up in the journey; if you would know at the end of a day of excessive fatigue, how far you can yet rely upon your horse, get off his back and pull him strongly by the tail; if he remain unmoved, you may rely upon him. It is of no very rare occurrence to hear of a horse going one hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours! The requisites which the men of the desert look for in him, are that he should carry a full-grown man, his arms and a change of clothing, food for both rider and himself, a flag even on a windy day, and if it be necessary, drag a dead body behind him.

A horse of the Sahara is calculated to live from twenty to twenty-five years, and a mare from twenty-five to thirty; his prime is indicated by the following proverb:

"Seven years for my brother,
Seven years for myself,
Seven years for my enemy."

The Arabs of Upper Asia have regular genealogical trees of their horses, in which the birth and parentage of a colt is affirmed by evidence such as would be taken in a court of justice; while among the tribe Annaya there are horses so priceless that it is impossible even for great personages and wealthy merchants to pay in cash for them; they give a number of bills, therefore, falling due at intervals of twelve months, or else bind themselves to pay an annuity forever to the vendor and his descendants. But perhaps nothing exemplifies the high value put upon a horse by these wandering people, so much as this fact, that although delighting in bloodshed, they never kill a farrier; they would as soon think of poisoning a well; he has only to alight, and intimate with the two corners of his burnous—raising and depressing them by turns—the movements of the bellows, and his life is held as sacred as that of a herald or a priest among more civilized nations.

THE LEGEND OF THE FIRST OYSTER-EATER.—Once upon a time—it must be a prodigiously long time ago, however—a man of melancholy mind, who was walking by the shores of a picturesque estuary, listening to the monotonous murmurs of the sad sea-waves, espied a very old and ugly oyster all covered over with parasites and seaweeds. It was so unprepossessing that he kicked it with his foot, and the animal astonished at receiving such treatment on his own domain, gaped wide with indignation. Seeing the beautiful cream-colored layers that shone within the shelly covering, and fancying the interior of the shell to be beautiful, he lifted up the "aged native" for further examination, inserting his finger and thumb within the shells. The irate mollusc, thinking, no doubt, that this was meant as a further insult, snapped its pearly door close upon the finger of the intruder, causing him some little pain. After releasing his wounded digit, the inquisitive gentleman very naturally put it into his mouth. "Delightful!" exclaimed he, opening wide his eyes. "What is this?" and again he sucked his thumb. Then the great truth flashed upon him that he had found out a new delight—had, in fact, accidentally achieved the most important discovery ever made up to that date. He proceeded at once to the verification of his thought. Taking up a stone, he forced open the doors of the oyster, and gingerly tried a piece of the mollusc itself. Delicious was the result; and so, there and then, with no other condiment than the juice of the animal—with no cream-ing brown stout or pale Chablis to wash down the repast, no nicely-cut, well-buttered bread—did that solitary anonymous man inaugurate the oyster banquet.—*Bertram's Sea Harvest.*

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

THE NEW RELIGION.

IT is impossible for any thoughtful observer of the signs of the times, to ignore the decay of religious faith that marks the age in which we live. The works of Colenso, Renan, and the authors of Essays and Reviews, have found a vast multitude of readers, and have exerted an influence which it is not easy to exaggerate. But while the doctrines of old-fashioned orthodoxy have been appalled by the critical schools on the one hand, and on the other, by the Materialists, who regard all religious discussions either with contempt or indifference, because they believe in no gods but Force and Matter, and in no immortality but the eternal uncreated existence and indestructiblity of Dirt, a new religion has appeared in the world, equally hostile to Christianity and Materialism. Utterly denying the authority of Revelation, repudiating the supernatural, or to use an apparent parodox, placing the supernatural upon a strictly natural basis, it teaches the continuation of individual existence after physical dissolution, not as a religious dogma, but a philosophical truth, not as a contravention of law by miraculous power, but as a phenomenon as much in accordance with law as any of the ordinary phenomena of truth, growth and decay.

That there is something in man that survives the destruction of the body; that the accident of death works no immediate change in the character tastes. or knowledge of the individual; that the condition of the spirit in the other life is the simple natural result of what it was in this; that there is no such thing in the universe as the suspension of or interference with the operation of law—no arbitrary punishments, no forgiveness, no remission of sins; and that the living can have intimate communication with disembodied spirits—these are some of the main articles of the new religion that claims to be the natural successor of Christianity.

At its first rise, Spiritism seemed to be nothing more than a revival of the long-exploded belief of ghosts—a thaumaturgy rather than a religion. Table-tappings, mysterious rappings, and communications through "mediums" were its principal features, and they were witnessed with the same kind of curiosity and interest which drew audiences to the exhibitions of clairvoyants and biologists; but within the last year or two it has pretended to the dignity of a system of Belief, and steps have been taken to organize its adherents in the United States into what may be called a Spiritist Church. At a general convention of Spiritists, recently held at Chicago, we believe, resolutions were passed recommending the formation of societies analogous to the church associations of the various Christian sects, in every community throughout the United States where a sufficient number of disciples could be found. It was claimed that spiritism had come into the world in the natural order of progress and development to supersede the worn-out faiths that are now in the very act of disappearing from the world, and which if not replaced by some system more accordant with reason and philosophy, will leave all the bold and vigorous intellects of the rising generation a prey to atheistic Materialism Christianity—a good enough thing in its day—had done its work, but could no longer command the allegiance of independent and instructed minds; and unless the belief in a future life could find some new proofs, it would soon utterly die out from the earth. The Convention further expressed the opinion that the Christian churches as at present conducted were not doing their work and had in fact outlived their usefulness; that while infidelity and scepticism were almost universal outside the Church in all the great circles of business, science, and literature, there was little hearty faith even within it. The new societies recommended, would take the place of these effete organizations, and being inspired with a genuine instead of a merely conventional belief, would evince the enthusiasm and living energy of the early Christians. Every person, no matter what his creed, who should desire benefits of association with a society of men and women devoted to benevolent works and mutual improvement, was to be invited to unite with them. No subscription to any articles of belief, no terms of communion were to be required. Such was at least the general spirit of the recommendations of the Convention, and we believe that in this city, and also in many places throughout the United States, societies have already been organized substantially upon the basis and after the pattern recommended.

Whatever we may be inclined to think of the claims of Spiritism, it cannot be denied that it has spread with amazing rapidity, and made hundreds of thousands of converts in a comparatively short period. And it is equally undeniable that a very large proportion of these converts belong to better educated and more thoughtful classes. Whether we seek an explanation of these facts in the vague feeling dissatisfaction with existing creeds that seems so prevalent of the present time all over the world, or the terrible blows that the old beliefs have sustained from criticism and science, or whether we see in it only a natural reaction against the hard Materialism that refuses faith in anything that has not the evidence of the senses to vouch for it, or that cannot be proved by demonstration—in any point of view, and however accounted for, the facts themselves must be regarded as most important and significant.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR.

IN our columns to-day will be found a card signed by a considerable number of our principal merchants, requesting Mr. Caleb T. Fay, a well known and highly respected merchant of this city, to permit his name to be placed before the public as a candidate for the position of Governor of the State. Mr. Fay has accepted the invitation, subject to the endorsement of the Union State Convention of 1867. Without undertaking to endorse the pretensions of Mr. Fay, we are free to express our opinion that some citizen of San Francisco ought to have the nomination. All the Governors of the State heretofore, have been chosen from the interior. Surely it is time that San Francisco, the commercial capital of the State, should have a show.

LOCAL ART ITEMS.

A PICTURE by Charles Nahl, representing a pack-train crossing the mountains in a snow storm, is on exhibition at Snow & Roos' gallery. It is by far the most effective and attractive painting we have seenfrom his brush, and in his design and execution we find little lacking. The sun scarcely paints with more fidelity. Viewing such works as this, creates a longing to see more of the productions of so excellent an artist; but Charles Nahl must work in his own way, and at his own time; and if his pictures are not thrown off with rapidity, we find ample compensation in the completeness of their minutest details, and the exquisite nicety of their finish. Though Nahl has not a brilliant imagination, nor a remarkably bold and powerful hand, his paintings, by their thorough truthfulness and effective arrangement, has won for him an enviable reputation in his profession.

This painting contains many finely-drawn figures, and the grouping is characterized by the grace and effectiveness for which the artist is noted Heavily-laden mules, crowding each other on, are toiling with difficulty up the ascent in the foreground, dashing the snow beneath their hoofs in their eager efforts to advance, while in the distance, growing dimmer as they recede, are the leaders of the train, descending the trail. A wicked-faced, desperate looking Mexican, armed with pistols and knife, mounted on a diminutive but hardy beast, which he is actively belaboring, forms the central and most striking figure. Two followers, of the same race, plod on foot through the deep snow behind and beside him, seemingly shouting and cursing at their jaded animals. The rocky sides of the mountains are covered with the freshly-fallen snow, which has also settled deep upon the wine-casks, grindstones, boxes and bags packed upon the backs of the mules, from whose nostrils the steam comes white and thick.

A few dreary, ghostly white-shrouded pines are in the distance; black and dismal storm clouds make up the sky, and a blinding drift of snow-flakes fills the air. The management of the lights is very skillful; the coloring rather subdued, but natural; and the execution painfully faithful.

The picture, we understand, is exhibited for sale; and if only for the sake of encouraging the artist to give us more of his valuable handwork, we trust it may not be long on exhibition for that purpose.

Another picture, by the same artist, representing a sunset on the Chagres river, is displayed in Jones & Wooll's window. To one who has not seen the vivid effects of a tropical sunset the coloring of this picture seems exaggerated, and the thought that it is unreal will always interfere with one's admiration for the merits of the painting. The subject is hardly a pleasant one; and indeed, we confess to a strong dislike to the half-nude, dusky figures Nahl is so fond of repeating.

Marple has several paintings at the same place, some of them displaying considerable ability. They appear to be carefully drawn, but are wanting in freshness of color.

Wandesforde exhibits at Snow & Roos' gallery, two oil paintings, one of Lake Tahoe and the other of Cathedral Rock, both inferior to his usual work.

Two small paintings of Mexican scenery, by Arriola, lately on exhibition at the same place, though rather harsh and stiff in treatment, are somewhat in advance of previous efforts.

ASTRÆA.

THE Irish-Chinese riot only effected a temporary damage to some china-ware, after all.

[For the Californian.]

MY OMNIBUS.

BY TREM.

SOME writer, I forget who, has said that the body is not a private carriage built by the great Maker of all things for the sole accomodation of Tom Smith, Harry Jones, or whatever any other man claims it for his mind, soul, intelligence, or whatever you choose to call it, as his exclusive property; but is an omnibus. I believe that I am not strictly right in heading this article "My Omnibus." I do not know whether I, who now write, am allowed to assume the proprietorship of the vehicle in question as often as many others. However, I have the reins at present, and shall drive ahead until they are snatched from my grasp by one or other of my copartners in the concern. I believe my body *is* an omnibus, and an omnibus which was built to carry many passengers. When I first became convinced of this fact, I felt considerably annoyed; I did not like the idea of allowing others to use according to their own notions that which I had theretofore considered especially my own. When, however, I had become familiar with the idea of my body being an omnibus, I set to work to reconcile myself to it, by becoming good friends with my fellow passengers as speedily as possible. I still think that I who now write have generally the power, by a strong effort of will, to onst any of the other passengers who temporarily take my seat and reins and assume the guidance of the omnibus; but there are times when I find it pleasant and even profitable, to give up the control to a passenger who appears to possess greater capabilities than I in getting over a rough piece of road. I am, I know, decidedly lazy; and occasionally, when I am half asleep on the driver's seat, my energetic passenger shakes me, snatches the reins from my hands, and by strenuous exertions extricates the omnibus from the mud in which, in consequence of my lazy driving, it has stuck. Of course, I cannot be offended at my energetic passenger for thus taking care of the vehicle in which he as well as myself possesses an interest; but, I take the first opportunity, after the omnibus is brought out on a smooth road, to resume my position as driver. I value my energetic passenger; I wish the others, who all of them take it in turn to drive my omnibus, were equally good. Another, when he gains possession of the reins, is continually stopping to take a drink. I am not myself fond of drinking, but I am fond of company, and my bibulous passenger easily persuades me to yield the reins to him when I meet with other omnibus-drivers. The event is generally that the omnibus, if it is not upset, is damaged in some way, and costs some time and money for repairs. Then there is my angry passenger; he very seldom gains possession of the reins; but when he does, he creates great mischief. I have talked so severely to this passenger and to the bibulous passenger, that I hope they will in a very short time engage seats in some other omnibus. I am caused great trouble from the sudden manner in which my passengers snatch the reins and assume the office of driver. My omnibus was at one time under the conduct of a loving driver, (whom I believe to have been my own proper self, but am not sure), gaining the love and admiration of a lady-drive of an omnibus, when all at once my cynical, sneering passenger snatched the reins, and my omnibus became utterly hateful. Instead of soft endearing speeches, the lady omnibus-driver had to listen to sucers against omnibuses in general, and lady-omnibuses in particular. There was no hitching of teams in that case. We have driven on different roads ever since. I have a few passengers who take seats for short stages, whom I occasionally find useful. One of them will, by skilful management of the vehicle, beat an opposing omnibus in a race. I am not a good billiard player; but often one of my passengers, who plays remarkably well, will take possession of me—that is of my omnibus—and by a few brilliant strokes win a game which seemed to me desperate. Others of my passengers have accomplishments which serve to bring my omnibus into good repute: and if I can only, by keeping a firm hold on the reins and refraining from going to sleep, keep my bad passengers—such as my irascible passenger, my bibulous passenger, my cynical passenger, my conceited passenger, and others of like kind—from snatching the reins from me, I shall be only too glad to allow each of my good passengers to take control of my omnibus for a short stage, when one of them thinks that he can drive ahead better than I, who consider myself the proprietor.

THE NEW YORK *Herald* of Jan. 17th, has the following, which may be considered important:

"Judge Duval, United States Judge for the Western District of Texas, has delivered a stirring charge to the Grand Jury. He quotes at length from the constitution and from the amnesty proclamation, and says there is reason to believe that some persons have violated the conditions on which they obtained amnesty, and such persons should be visited with the punishment which their infamy deserves. The man who avails himself of the generosity of the government to obtain exemption from punishment and then violates his oath, is more guilty than one who was never pardoned. He also in strong terms advises the punishment of all who failed to avail themselves of the amnesty proclamation. He also calls attention to the enforcement of the Civil Rights bill, and says we do not realized the freedom of our late slaves as we must and should do."

[For the Californian.]

MR. TOBY TOMPKINS' EXPERIENCE.

BY PRENTICE.

AFTER a man gets drunk and makes a fool of himself, a spectacle for men to laugh at, women to be disgusted with, and angels to pity, he has a season of remorse, repentance and unavailing regret; during which, he gets down on the ground and foolishly tries to grab up all the spilled milk which is forever lost. When he finds he cannot pick it up, he takes a candle in the daytime and goes hunting some excuse for that which he has not the courage to call a weakness.

We do not like to acknowledge ourselves weak in anything. Mr. Toby Tompkins did not. Mr. Tompkins was a man of occasional sprees—say, once in two or three months. He could touch liquor safely many times, but the insidious creature would occasionally trip him; and when whisky got the the upper hand, it caused him to do the very things which, in his sober moments, he shrank most from doing. He went from the extreme of modesty to the utmost verge of boldness. He got thereby into all sorts of scrapes and awkward situations —incurring often the displeasure of his best friends. By him, young ladies have been placed in very embarrassing and mortifying situations at balls and parties. Mr. T. never imagined himself drunk, even when drunkest. No! he was indignant at the assertion. He has been known, in a ball-room, to take his place in a set with an air of inebriated gravity peculiar to the drunk; and when his friends insisted on his removal, he would argue with them in such a skillful manner as to the genuineness of his sobriety, that they must have been convinced but for the unmistakable outward indications.

Strange to say, although it seemed no part of his real nature, he had in this condition a most unaccountable propensity to steal. At the expiration of a long spree, his pockets would be filled with odds-and-ends—crackers, cheese, olives and meat from lunch-tables, knives, tumblers, cruets, etc.,—indeed, anything he could lay hands on.

There was a man in a certain town wherein Mr. T. once resided, who, in addition to his stock of vile wines and liquors, kept pies. Between Mr. T. and these pies, while he was on a "burst," there existed a strange affinity. He would lie in wait and plan for hours to filch a pie, when abundantly able to pay for it. The man who kept the pies regarded him with "dread profound," whenever he had "switched-off" the track of sobriety.

He once visited the town of M. in quest of a situation. Several letters of introduction to various parties were given him by his friends. He made a very good impression in the families he visited, and was looked upon as rather "a nice young man." But he could not obtain employment. His spirits, of course, were depressed; so, he drank. To his own soul, he said he drank because he was discouraged; and because he would not tell the truth to himself, Mr. T. got drunk, went to an evening party and dispelled the good impressions there formed of him, by pocketing, before the whole company, a roast chicken! he, meauwhile, fancying (like the ostrich when burying its head in the sand) that he was unperceived.

Next morning, on experiencing the horrible awakening which is a part and parcel of the property of the debauchee, Mr. T. packed up and left M., rather than face its disgusted and disappointed little world.

Mr. Tompkins was once reduced, by a pressure pecuniary, to teach a country school. Here he went along very well for awhile, until his affinities brought him in contact with a set of good-natured scamps, who, to their surprise, found that in the schoolmaster they had a congenial spirit. The inhabitants of the little village in which T.'s academy was located, were frequently disturbed at a most immorally late hour by harsh and uncouth sounds, such as emanate from the throats of bachanals when they imagine themselves emulating the sweet notes of the dying swan. These sounds prevailed much more a few months after the advent of the new schoolmaster. Strange stories were told of strange doings at night; and stranger still, it was first faintly rumored that the teacher was a participant in these acts of mischief. Then the rumor grew louder and louder, until T. closed his academy; and shutting himself into his room for a week, gave out that he had the measles! This had the desired effect of keeping away the dear (but under the circumstances, disagreeable and inconvenient) children, for fear of contagion. Moreover, when he emerged from his retirement, there were still upon his countenance the traces of a black eye and an unseemly indentation on his nose. It was also reported that more bottles of brandy had been sent to the pedagogical sick chamber than are usually taken for the relief of the measles. All this gave an immense amount of trouble to Tompkins. The three school-trustees, overcharged with morality and stern propriety, called and laid before him for his consideration these damaging reports. He finally admitted that he had been seduced from the allegiance to virtue which had been his distinguishing characteristic in life, through the influence of certain worthless scamps; they had tempted him, and he had fallen.

He would not admit it to be a weakness, and so he lied again. The next eruption ensued on the going off of a female to a ball with a man. This man was not Tompkins; but Tompkins went to the ball; and to show the inconstant feminine the breadth and fullness of his affection, made a disgusting brute of himself. This time it was jealousy, of course—another lie; it was an infirmity.

He came out to California and mined—mined in bad luck; consequent upon this, were other sprees, from which Tompkins emerged much worse off in body, mind and pocket than before. He said he drank to drown discouragement; but when he made a big strike, he got drunk for joy, in a neighboring camp. When recovering from this spree for joy, and thinking how soon a fool and a large portion of his money are soon parted, he went to drinking again for grief. In the meantime, his claim was jumped by another party; wandering hogs ate through his canvas house, and devoured all his potatoes, flour and beans; the river rose and carried off his sluices; and when he returned—blue, morbid, sick and penniless—to his late abode, he found himself an outcast and a beggar. He thought of his past mis-spent life, his unimproved opportunities for advancement—his mother and sisters far away at home—of himself, when a nice, demure little Sunday-school scholar: he thought of all these. He sat himself down by the muddy river and wept, and then went off and got drunk again.

And so for years he went on, indulging in his weakness—wearing his pants out on the stool of repentance, and wasting no end of candles in search of a pretext for that which no amount of physical or mental castigation would force him to call an "infirmity." When friends advised him to beware of his weakness, he became pugnacious; sometimes, indulged in a spree for that very reason.

He got tight on Christmas, New-Year's, Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving, because they were holidays; solaced his heart with more than the proper quantity of spirits to cheer up his own; at weddings, because he supposed weddings to be joyful occasions, and to terminate in joyful results; also, on parting with friends and meeting with friends.

During the Great Rebellion, when the fortune of war favored the arms of our country, Mr. T's head became anything but clear, from excess of stimulant; and when o'er our nation was spread the dark cloud of defeat and disaster, Mr T.'s head became correspondingly cloudy from the same cause. And finally, he sometimes became cheerful; and from cheerfulness traveled into jollity, from jollity into frenzy, from frenzy into stupidity, and from stupidity into the station-house—simply because every-day existence seemed so weary, and he "hadn't anything else to do."

At length, a sister of Tompkins came to see him. She was a woman of experience, tact, talent and observation. She had suffered much from drunkenness—I mean from a drunken husband, which is pretty much the same thing. Of course, T. resolved that this dear relative should never see him in one of his unfortunate situations. Life was henceforth to flow on in one uninterrupted stream of placidity.

But new troubles did arise—as they always will, on this miserable earth of ours. Tompkins felt depressed: hence, ensued spiritual elevation; and just in the very time and place where he wouldn't it had happened, among a throng of strangers, did he present himself in one of his conditions of grave and dogmatic inebriety before the eyes of his astonished and mortified sister.

Next day, came the usual repentance and mortifying of the flesh: wishing he was dead—that he had never been born—with occasional remarks so agreeable (?) to the ears of surrounding friends; remarks suggestive of cold poison, the rope, the dagger, and the deep-flowing tide.

What was the cause of this resort to the bowl? was the natural inquiry of Mr. Toby Tompkins's sister.

"O, business didn't go right; plagued—perplexed beyond all endurance!" But it should never happen again—never!

She thought and grieved, and waited. She had seen all this before.

Sure enough, a few months after, Tompkins fell again; and again he endured the satisfaction of knowing that he had reduced himself to a forlorn specimen of humanity in a public assemblage. And his relative there, too! Was it possible that the Fates had so ordered it, that he could not have a bit of a spree without being rushed right into the presence of those he would most avoid?

While with aching head, nauseated stomach and trembling limbs, our gentleman sat and moaned over the hard fate which was always making him drink, he remarked that had he only a dear female companion—a wife, for instance—to cheer his existence, such eruptions might in the future be avoided.

Hereupon, his sister broke out and talked very plainly to him—not troubling herself to use any words save homely English:

"So, you want a woman to reform you, do you? Why don't you reform yourself? Are you not a man? Do you intend to travel through the whole journey of life, allowing this infirmity to conquer you time and time again?"

Tompkins tried to bridle up in his old fashion at the idea of "infirmity-"

"O, it won't do! You might as well come out, for the first time in your life, tell the truth, and call it such. What you want is, simply, that some poor weak woman should come along and take upon her this labor of reformation, which you are afraid to shoulder yourself. You want her to endure your vapors after all the mirth and wit, the effervescence of the stimulant, have blown off; to bathe your head, make you strong tea and weak gruel; then, get down on her knees and beseech you to do so no more, and have you faithfully promise—and faithfully break, time and time again. Oughtn't you to be ashamed of yourself? Get drunk because you feel blue and gloomy! Why do not we, women, get drunk when we are blue and gloomy? Have we not some burthens to bear as well as you? Are not cross husbands, drunken husbands, cross children, sick children, and the thousand cares and vexations belonging to a married woman's life, a very good excuse for our getting on a 'bender' once in a while, and getting into the station-house?"

"But the sex!" remarked Tompkins, with an attempt at majesty—"think of the disgrace to a woman who would get drunk."

"Yes," said she, "and you men call us, 'poor, weak creatures;' yet, with all our weakness, we manage to bear our burthens and keep temperate besides. But you, 'lords of creation,' with all your strength, cannot, it appears, sustain trouble without being allowed the privilege of making beasts of yourselves. If our sex is so weak, and yours so strong, which is deserving of the greater credit? Hey, Mr. T.?"

Tompkins remarked that he didn't care about pursuing the subject any further.

"Of course not. That is the way your lordships generally crawl out of an argument with us, when you feel yourselves worsted," said she.

"Here! try this"— and she handed him a moderate dose of brandy and water. "You want something to 'taper-off' on. I know all about these matters. Don't 'taper-off' too much, though. And now, Mr. Tompkins, I think your experience ought by this time convince you that there is no more excuse for getting drunk than for getting angry, or any other weakness. Discipline yourself, Mr. Tompkins. Let the reformation (if any be possible) come from the inside; and not from some poor, little woman. Why, you'd kill a dozen women in attempting to be reformed through their exertions! Must the merit of temperance be dependant on the prayer of the poor little woman, every time you go out? (Now, don't go to drinking, dear Toby!) or had it not better come from the *man* inside of you, who says: 'Tompkins, you've had enough!' Work out your own salvation, Toby. For, what will become of you when that dear little wife—worn out in your reformation—turns around and dies, and goes to Heaven? Why, go to drinking again, of course."

Mr. Tompkins has resolved to reform himself.

[For the Californian.]

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS! Dear, perishing, radiant flowers!
Springing alike over mountain and vale,
Born of the union of sunshine and showers,
The sweetest of sweet and the frailest of frail.

Bright forms of the Beautiful! zephyr-caressed!
Heaven-given Innocence smiles in your bloom;
And wild is the Spirit of grief or unrest
That fails to be soothed by your magic perfume.

When violets sigh forth their breath to the gale,
Oh! who is not carried by memory back
To haunts where in youth we would joyously hail
The first step of Spring on Earth's desolate track?

Purest and loveliest of shapes of the Earth!
Sweet flowers! Far dearer your beauties to me
Than all the gay gems which the votaries of mirth
Parade in the pomp of their glitter and glee.

Not merely of brilliance which fades where it lies,
Is that which your presence so lovingly tells;
It whispers of holier visions that rise
In realms where the Beautiful constantly dwells.

Of Peace and of Holiness waiting above.
Of star-crowned immortals unshadowed and free,
Of bowers of Rest, in those regions of Love,
Ye breathe in your eloquence, mute though it be.

—ISABEL A. SAXON.

San Francisco, February, 1867.

CHANGE OF HOUR.—The Panama steamer *Golden City* will sail on Monday morning next at 8 o'clock sharp; instead of the usual hour, 11 A. M. The change is made to ensure the connection with the French Trans-Atlantic steamers.

FROM Galignani's *Messenger*, of January 4th, we clip the following;

"Considerable attention has been excited by an article published in the Moscow *Gazette*, endeavoring to show that the events of the last ten, years, but chiefly those which have taken place in the Danubian provinces, *have destroyed the Treaty of* 1856, *and in consequence, relieved Russia from the onerous conditions imposed upon her at the close of the Crimean war*. This declaration would certainly cause anxiety if, instead of emanating from the journal in question, the author was Prince Gortschakoff. But until that takes place, and in presence of the calm existing in official quarters in Paris and London, we are at liberty to consider that statement as only the expression of a zealous feeling, agreeable, perhaps, to the Court of Russia, but which by no means proves that the latter considers the moment to have arrived for it to issue from its long retirement."

MY RAILWAY COLLISION.

ON a foggy morning on the twenty-second November, I had resolved to go down on important legal business (first brief) to Wiltshire, my native county.

I was deep in a legal dream, and wandering through a cloudy Westminster, where difficulties entangled me, and getting into a sort of Castle-in-the-Air Chancery, when I was knocked back into life by Mrs. Dustall, my laundress, calling out,

"Seven o'clock, sir, and such a nasty morning." I dress, hastily breakfast and take five minutes to glance at the *Times*.

French Invasion. Leader on Thames Drainage. Another leader—Abolition of the Lord Mayor's Show, &c. A bottom paragraph, at the bottom of the third column of the fifth page:

"TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT."

Let me skim it. "Carelessness of pointsman—red signal mistaken for blue. Old story—foggy weather. Only three men killed—stoker mortally injured." Cambridge line, of course. Old story—hang a director. Who cares to read railway accidents?

Oh, cab! Thank you, Mrs. Dustall. Call the cabby up for my trunk and hat-box. Mind and send my letters on. Keep my door shut. Good-by!

I longed to breathe on the Wiltshire downs, where the strong-limbed hares enjoy a vacation uninterrupted by the opening of law courts, and where rabbits are regardless of Westminster. I was off. I passed through the black jaws of Temple Bar, but for one trifling regret, a free and happy man. I knew that in less than an hour I should pass, as out of a cave, from the tawny fog into the bright autumn air, with just a dash of ice in it, so that the streams which bisect our partridge stubble-fields down in Wiltshire will look like iced sherry and water.

But "there's always a something," as my laundress, Mrs. Dustall, who is given to forming proverbial lozenges from her life experiences, says; and there was "something" now. We all of us have Damocles' swords hanging over our turtle-soup dishes. There is always (if I may use the homely but most powerful simile) a button off the shirt of our temper. There is always a corn twitching upon the mental foot; so that the perfect balance of health, temper, and wealth is not very long together maintained.

A fretful presentiment of a key lost, or a desk left unlocked, buzzed about me like a little mosquito demon. What was it? I locked my dressing-case, my studs are all right in my shirt-front, my desk I put away in a fireproof cupboard. What was it? "There's indeed always a something," philosophical Mrs. Dustall!

I crane out of window: yes, trunk with the red star all right, parchment label fluttering prettily in the wind; hamper, "glass with care;" all chained to the rail on the roof of the cab; bat-box, plaid, umbrella in oilskin case all right. Still this mosquito of evil. Still the demon gnat flying over my nerves. What can it be that pinches me like a tight boot, and yet has no name? I have it! It was that railway accident I was reading, falling upon that previous presentiment; it was that which, finding some unguarded loophole of my nerves, had got in, disagreed with me, and done the mischief. Strange that I, who have skimmed over hundreds of railway accidents, to get quickly to the end and see the total deaths, should be moved by the loss of three men on the Eastern Counties!

I arrived at the station. A slamming of doors, the wave of a red hand flag, a smother of white steam under the station roof, and we are off, shot out into the fog, that wraps us at once in its dingy arms; rattle, battle—that is the brick walling by the engine sheds; clamp, champ—that is the great fire-horse, striking out its brave limbs; jolt, rattle! jolt, battle!—that is crossing the turn-table; that fellow in the green corduroy jacket, bending on the low crank-handle, is, I believe, the pointsman.

Pointsman: something bit me, as if a flea had got into my mind. Why that is what they called the fellow killed yesterday at Splash Bridge, on the Eastern Counties lines. What malicious demon is it puts these things in a nervous man's head just he is settling himself comfortably in the corner of a railway carriage? I suppose it is that special small demon whose peculiar province it is to disturb men's equilibrium, and generally unchristianise one by blunting one's penknife, spoiling one's pen, ironing off one's shirt buttons, mislaying one's studs, making one's boot pinch, and rendering it impossible to arrange one's tie with the bow anywhere but at the back of the neck. The fog thins: it is getting positively bright; fields widen, trees and hedges flow by us as if an inundation was bearing them away.

Three stations soon distanced. Whiz, faster! whiz, faster! slide like a bullet through a gun barrel! whiz! that's a viaduct arch. Whish! click! clack! that's another station and some shunting rails.

Flight of white telegraph washing-lines, miles of signal-posts and split red and white targets, and dull red and green lamps like prize jewels. Faster, till it takes the breath away. Out with the repeater and time it. Fast as the pulse—one, two, three!—fifty miles an hour if it is a yard.

Slower! slower! now we slacken! I thought we could not hold the pace. Slower! My opposite friend gets anxious and looks out of window. We can't be going to stop at Farnborough station.

CRASH! SMASH! BASH!

Here imagine the end of the world. Fancy yourselves animalculæ, shut up by accident inside a huge Brobdignag farmer's watch with a hizz, a whiz and centrifugal railway rush, when snap goes the mainspring. Imagine those small creature's feelings of horror, surprise, and astonishment, and you have ours. I felt no nerve shaken, though my head was giddy and my spine was numbed. Imagine a solitary man in a factory when a boiler bursts in the room above, and the mill falls to pieces like a card house suddenly round his ears. Imagine a quiet man looking out of his bedroom window, accidentally, as he is shaving, and seeing the deluge coming up to the front door for a morning visit. Imagine a Pompeiian just home from Athens, and awoke by the red lava stealing under his bedroom door.

Bang! shiver! smash! bash! then an awful lull and death stop as of a mainspring run out. It was as if we had been riding inside a battering-ram, and had at last come full smash on the wall which had been too much for us. I never rode on a cannon-ball, and don't want to do so; but an hundred-pounder when it strikes could scarcely hit harder than this.

Open fly the doors, some dozen white-faced men sprang through the windows like harlequins in a practising class, out poured the frightened people, lately so red and jolly; but a minute ago flirting, dogmatising, sneering, scandalising, frowning, disputing, now all full of one thought of terror, all become, in that one terrible moment, as brothers and sisters: so levelling is misfortune. We were lately in a good ship, all sail set, flags flying, and no danger fore or aft or on the lee. Suddenly we had struck on a reef, and we were left a total wreck. Heaven knew only what still was left us. It might be but a a moment to live for some of us. Perhaps already bleeding men were groaning their last under that pile of ruin where the red flames rose from.

The guards, white as wood ashes, were running about, flags in hand, like the bugleman of a scattered regiment. Far away to the left, at the end where the charge had been, the engine, a hill of broken metal, was roaring like a lion taken in the toils, and sending up waving pillars of flames, as if its woodwork had taken fire, and spreading to the fragments of the next carriage.

As for the passengers embracing, or silent in staggered groups, they were unanimously white in the face. One strong-faced man was being helped from a carriage, his face seeming to ooze everywhere with blood. A lady was carried away, cut, bruised, and nearly insensible, to the little shed of a station. A young farmer, seated on his striped carpetbag, was covering his face with his hands to squeeze out a jarring headache, produced by his being driven against a man opposite. Others stunned, shaken, and bruised, were consoling or being consoled, or running to see what damage had been done to the train, and what danger still existed. There were messengers racing to Farnborough, three miles off, to telegraph to London for help; and there were guards and porters running up and down the line to put up danger signals, and keep trains nearly due from heaping more ruin on us.

My presentiment had then come true.

My first business on seeing no help was needed was to shut up my plaid and books, and run to the ruin of the engine and the actual spot of the smash. I found that we had driven, at almost express speed, into a ponderous goods train, laden with timber and blocks of asphalte, massive and unyielding as stone. This we had partly driven back and stove in, pounding the guard carriage behind to rags and pulp. On this bulwark our own engine had beaten itself to pieces, by a series of leaps, jolts, and charges; it lay a wreck, the funnel torn to pieces and scattered about the platform, the iron plates jammed in, as if they were deal wainscoting; the buffers broken to morsels; the giant wheels dismounted and buried in the heart; the whole crushed and powerless as a silenced battery.

Beyond, and some yards further, lay the timber-track, its root torn off, and, at a distance, the planks splintered; as for the guard-carriage, it was torn to pieces as a bandbox might be when a drunken man has stamped on it and trod it to bits. It lay in pulpy shreds and fragments as of rotten wood, without shape and void, and, out of the pounded mass—reduced as in a pestle and mortar, in a desperate attempt of some starving apothecary to make deal soup—we picked a torn rag with a fragment of bread and cheese, and two jammed and squeezed red books of by-laws, which looked as if they had been disinterested at Pompeii.

But the torn planks and broken iron, and snapped off wheels and rods, were as nothing to us—though they rose like the ruins of a cottage destroyed by a hurricane on the rails—when the fire of the engine began roaring up in a smoky red and yellow pyramid, with a bellow and troubled roar as if howling for victims. There, busy amid the ruins, the scared fireman and black-faced stoker were shovelling in gravel to prevent the boiler bursting or the flame spreading. Before the great leaping out violence we all fell back like the Babylonians in the prints when the furnace doors were opened to swallow up the children of Israel, and the furnace was "heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated;" we were all then, I suppose, in that unconscious state of excitement, that if the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed us all up, train, wreck, passengers and all, we should hardly have made a remark.

Having once more seen the pile of debris, carriage roofs, iron bars, planks, and wheels, I employed myself, in accordance with old habits, in beating slowly over the whole scene of the disaster, determined by graphic observations, fresh as I was to such scenes, to realise fully the horror and danger of such accidents. As I walked along the line of carriages, here and there crushed or sprung, the first thing I stepped upon was a round bar of iron or steel, thicker than my wrist when my two coats are on; it had been, I imagine, part of the underwork of the engine, and was in two. The next thing I picked up was a jagged piece of the funnel, still black and smoking; it now stands on my mantelpiece a lively record of my escape. I also found and handled a huge screw made of iron, bound with brass, which, perhaps, had formed the inner socket of one of the buffers. It was cleft in two, as a sharp knife would chop an apple at one stroke.

Under the carriages, blocks of iron, like the fastenings of sleepers, were strewn for thirty or forty yards; and, in one of the carriages ten or twelve from the engine, the floor planks were torn up in great jags, protruding three or four feet, showing beneath them (between them and the ground) broken wood, iron hooping, and huge gutta-percha circular slabs—probably breaks or springs—torn violently in two. On one seat lay a crumpled *Times*, with holes in it; and on another a tumbled shawl, the fringe of which was entangled in the teeth of the splintered and started planks. When I remembered an old tradition about railway accidents, recommending you in such cases to lie down flat on the floor, I trembled to think of the paralysed victims of such theoretical folly.

Now we were all safe, some of us began to grow cheerful, wishing to remove the ladies' fear. A young barrister who was near me, proposed, if we were kept many hours waiting, to attack the luggage-van, and distribute the barrels of oysters among the hungry passengers. Others asked the guards at what o'clock the next collision would take place. I believe we were all grateful to God for escape. We must have been scarcely human if we had not been; but the mind, when overstrained, finds comfort in such relief, and so, to the end of the world, droll witnesses at murder trials and odd events at the reading of wills must produce an irresistable laugh.

While we were waiting for the express engine, laden with navvies from London, and for help from Farnborough, I strolled away from the reassured passengers through a side gate, to which a farmer's gig was tied, and walked along the quiet country road, enjoying the calm fresh sunlight and the bright chill November blue air.

It was humiliating to man, the monarch of the universe, to see what little effect the all but death of some two hundred human beings had caused the animal and vegetable kingdom of Fleet Pond, near Farnborough. The white cows were feeding leisurely and untroubled in the meadows, the rooks were tossing about over the heath, the sparrows were visiting from tree to tree, and the dead leaves were fisting in troops down the lanes as if returning gay, in companies, from the funeral of summer. And there, where the beech shone red, and the few birch leaves, dry and yellow and wrinkled, were wet and golden with the morning dew, I could hear a farmer pulling up his gig on the crown of the red-brick-railway arch, just above where the train's smoke had blackened it, discoursing as an eye-witness of the late collision or duel of trains. Thus he put it to the friend he met, pointing with a shake of his fat head at the wreck. I was a long way from him, but I have the keen, practised ears of a hunter, and the air was clear and resonant, so, putting my head on one side, I caught it all as in a net:

"Lookun here, friend Jackson, I was just crossing this bridge when th' express passed, and by the time I got up to you, where the lady and children are coming, I sees the other train on the same line. I knew there would be something happen, so I push the old mare to a gallop and got up just as ur run into un."

He was not a graphic man, and seemed to have no further thought of the accident.

One thing was quite apparent, and formed my moral of the affair: that it was the universal custom in collisions to hush up every thing as much and as soon as possible. The broken iron was spirited away, the doors of the carriages where the floors were crushed were closed, the bruised persons laid away, the ruins patched up, and the earth smoothed over the might-have-been grave as craftily and quickly as possible. Every moment the memory of the guards become more and more indifferent. A fog every moment opaquer rose between us and the accident. No one was hurt, nothing was injured. The engine, worth two thousand pounds, was a trifle, and might be repaired. The stoker was unharmed. The line would soon be cleared. We should soon be on to Basingstoke, where the Salisbury train was waiting for us. It was no one's fault; no guard present had ever been in more than two collisions before. The head porter at Farnborough thought it better not to speak; it was "not his place, you know," and the company did not like speaking. You never from anybody could have gathered that we, the express train, had run into a goods train that ought not to have been on the line, that they were shunting to get out of our way a bad ten minutes too late; and lastly, that danger signals, both at station and on train, if up, had been utterly useless, and had been disregarded. One would really never have thought that two hundred Englishmen had just been driven over a place of graves and escaped by a miracle.

All the evening of the day of the collision I felt like a man who has been thrown heavily out hunting, not bone-broken, but jarred from top to heel, with headache and general sense of disturbance. Now I began to understand why timid men shut the carriage window when a black tunnel swallows them; why, when a train slackens speed or stops, a dozen staring anxious heads emerge like tortoises from carriage windows. Now I know why fretful men thrust the reeking *Times* into your hands just as you leave a station, and with lore fingers jammed on a small paragraph about collision, ask you angrily "if it isn't shameful?"

S.T-1860-X.

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They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the hreath and acidity of the stomach.
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They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a heverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

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A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedeuted. It is a favorite with actresses and opera siugers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inquire for uud take noue but LYON'S, bearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot be otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervatiou, listlessuess, sleepiness, melancholy, waut of uppetite, etc., compose a class of ailmeuts greater than all otbers combined. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaints tbey have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by clergymen, merchants, ladies, and persous of sedeutary habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. The extent of their sale is almost incredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spavin, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Strains, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantaneous, soothing und wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with siguature of G. W. Westbrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky. and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon prematurely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.

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LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heurtburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatuleucy, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparatiou and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere. at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other.

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The ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, is now cosily fixed in his new quarters, over Congress Hall, Bush street, adjoining the Russ House, and is prepared to treat patients in all the best modes of curing. The Electro-Medicated and Hot Air Baths will do wonders in many cases, in breaking up obstructions, and if properly attended afterwards, will insure success.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR superior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries. *

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three-spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagous have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultatiou he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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THE FINEST WINES AND LIQUORS ARE dispensed at the Exchange.
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It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.

Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to buying elsewhere.

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Hon. Warren Chase, the Spiritualist Lecturer, says: "My hair and whiskers have been many years gray. RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA has restored both to their original color, black, and covered the baldness on the top of my head with a fine growth of black hair I have several friends who have used it with the same results, and I cordially recommend it as one of the few medicines that will do what its labels and circulars claim for it. WARREN CHASE."

October, 1865

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RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED

BY USING

Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,

Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 6. 1866.

MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.

Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

Mr. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.

Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.

San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.

To F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

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NOTARIAL APPOINTMENT.—Mr. A. J. Randall, a pioneer resident of this city, and resident on this coast anterior to the gold discovery, has been appointed Notary by Governor Low. Mr. Randall is a thorough Spanish scholar and an adept in the Notary business, having served three terms as Notary, previous to this present appointment. Mr Randall's office is 509 California street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office.

A SENSIBLE SERENADE.

"I sing beneath your lattice, Love,
A song of great regard for you;
The moon is getting rather high;
My voice is, too.

"The lakelet in deep shadow lies,
Where frogs make much hullaballoo;
I think they sing a trifle hoarse,
And Love, me too.

"The blossoms on the pumpkin vine
Are weeping diamond tears of dew:
'Tis warm; the flowers are wilting fast;
My linen too.

"All motionless the cedars stand,
With silent moonbeams slanting through,
The very air is drowsy, Love,
And I am too.

"O could I soar on loving wings,
And at your window gently woo!
But then your lattice you would bolt,
So I'll bolt too.

"And now I've done my serenade,
Farewell! my best regards to you;
I'll close with one (French) word for all,
And that is tout.

"—GEORGE ARNOLD."

MUSICAL FACULTY OF BIRDS.

Do the birds appreciate human music? do they even appreciate their own? I think it would be difficult to come to the conclusion that birds—singing birds, at least—are not musicians, in the sense of feeling not only what they execute, but feeling. moreover, the music executed by human voices and on human instruments. It is well known that the strains of singing birds are not so wholly an affair of nature that they cannot be modified or even altered by education. Bird-fanciers are well aware that there are three distinct schools, as one may call them, of canary-bird music—the German, the Belgian and the English—and it is also a well-known fact that the singing of British goldfinches differs in certain particulars according as they are obtained from different neighborhoods.

Perhaps, of all singing-birds, the most remarkable effect of education is seen in bullfinches. Naturally, these pretty birds have very harsh voices, in no way musical. How prettily they can be made to sing by education most of us know by experience. That education chiefly takes place in Germany, and the singing, or rather whistling masters, are shoemakers. It is a very laborious, or at any rate a very protracted affair, the imparting of a musical education to these bullfinches. Master Crispin, sitting on his stool playing awl and wax-end, whistles to his bird-recruits some little ditty. They begin to listen attentively very soon, and seldom fail, in the end, to learn their appointed lesson. I once had the honor of knowing a pair of bullfinches whose musical education had attained so high a degree of excellence that they were in the habit of singing in concert; not in unison, either—that is to say, the same notes—but a regularly-harmonized first and second. Their intonation was perfect; but, as is the case with all bird musicians, their time was occasionally weak. When I first made the acquaintance of these bullfinches, their musical education had long ceased; that is to say, they had long dismissed their music-master. Nevertheless they practised day by day their one piece (they knew but one,) as all musicians proud of their art, and desirous to excel, ought to do. Some few turning points of difficulty there were in their one piece, as usually happens. It was amusing then, at first, and in the end somewhat tiresome, to hear how they would try back, go over the troublesome notes again, and strive to make them even. I do not know how these birds had been educated so as to teach them that most difficult specialty of the musician's art, harmony.

Important Notice
TO
TAX-PAYERS.

THE ATTENTION OF EVERY CITIZEN OF THE City and County of San Francisco is called to the following provisions of the Law in relation to the assessment of REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY for State and City and County Taxes:

"Between the first Monday in February and the second Monday in March, EVERY PERSON, corporation, association, company or firm, owning, claiming, or having any interest in, or having the POSSESSION, CHARGE OR CONTROL of any real estate, or any PERSONAL PROPERTY, shall deliver to the City and County Assessor, at his office, a statement under oath, of all such real estate or personal property, and the CASH VALUE of such personal property." (Statues 1862, page 57.)

"All property, both real and personal, of every kind, nature, and description whatever, within this State, whether owned by individuals or corporations, and whether its owner be a RESIDENT OR NON-RESIDENT of this State, is liable to taxation; and all persons, corporations, and associations doing business in this State, either as principals or partners, whether special or otherwise, and not residents of the State, shall be assessed and taxed on all sums invested in any manner in said business, in this State, the same as if they were residents of this State; and said taxes shall be collected from the property within this State of said persons, corporations, associations, or firms." (Statutes 1866, page 803.)

Printed copies of the form of statement, as prescribed by law, can be obtained at the Assessor's Office, City Hall, without charge.

WILLIAM R. WHEATON,
1e9 City and County Assessor.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel.
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

MASONIC TEMPLE,
Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!
Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

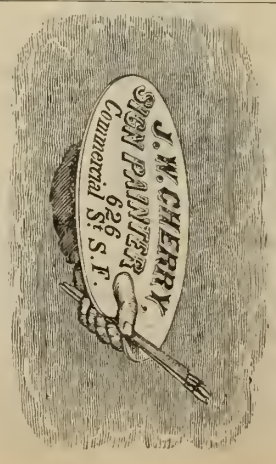
10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

A. J. PLATE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

ALSO,
COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, &c., &c.,
NO. 411 SANSOME STREET,
Between Commercial and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES AT



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FULTON FOUNDRY & IRON WORKS
HINCKLEY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
STEAM ENGINES,
Quartz, Flour and Saw Mills,
Mining Machinery, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings,
45, 47 AND 49 FIRST STREET
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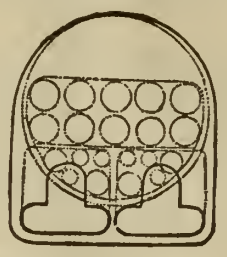
BRODIE'S IMPROVED
QUARTZ-CRUSHER.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



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MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF
HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER WORKS.
KITTREDGE & LEAVITT,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Fire Proof Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults, Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc,
Corner Fremont and Market street, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of Second Hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. C. Bussey, of Jackson, Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this Safe. It is done by Mathematical Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works,

THIS LOCK PUT ON SAFES NOW IN USE

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO
Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight, without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

WILLIAM BRODIE,
California Foundry,
FREMONT STREET, NEAR MARKET,
San Francisco.

LIGHT AND HEAVY CASTINGS
Of every description, made to order.
Special attention paid to all kinds of HOUSE WORK, PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomory.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st.
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 15 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 120 Montgomery street.
Dana & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Sauhmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R G Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOODAND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 850 Howard street.

SURRATT'S BEHAVIOR IN ITALY.—A letter from Rome gives the following interesting particulars concerning Surratt:

"The interest manifested here in the man's capture, escape and subsequent recapture, can only second that felt in the United States. Every little incident of the conspirator's former life is eagerly talked over and forms the subject of many a quiet coterie. The zouaves, in whose regiment he served ten months, and particularly the third company, of which he was a member, find themselves made much of on account of the information they can give respecting his life with them, his habits, doings and character. From this source I glean that he was an unobtrusive sort of fellow, a little insubordinate at times, and perhaps too reserved with his comrades to be a general favorite. He passed his days on guard in writing on the wall phrases decipherable by none but himself. When in barracks he would write on paper by the hour, and then tear up the manuscript. He read little, talked less, but evinced much partiality for wrestling at, which practice he was an adept. Sometimes he was seized with fits of nervous frenzy, when he would attack the person next him, and desist as suddenly and with as little cause as he began the assault. He proved himself very active and zealous on several occasions when in pursuit of brigands, and gained the credit of being a determined, energetic, lawless dare devil, a character which his previous career certainly shows he richly deserved. It is no easy matter to enlist into the zouaves at the present time even, and when he entered them it was still more difficult a matter; his admission into the regiment was due to the interest taken in him by an American lady in Rome—a rebel of course—who, knowing his previous history, wished to befriend him. Too wise to manage the matter openly, she requested the assistance of another lady, an English person, who, unaware for whom she asked the favor, obtained his acceptance into the "Pope's Own." From a guide here I learned that Watson or Surratt was made much of by a party of Americans during the summer months. These used to send for him and entertain him and always sent him back pretty liberally supplied with funds. I regret I cannot obtain the name of the worthy family."

THE SKY AN INDICATOR OF THE WEATHER.—The color of the sky at particular times affords wonderful good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage good weather and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, and full feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp, and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. These are simple maxims, and yet not so simple but that the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of sea-faring men.

THE UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION is the name of a recently incorporated association that has purchased the grounds adjacent to, and surrounding those of the Presbyterian University College, just to the South of Bernal Heights. The favorable locality of the land; the size of the lots—100x120 feet each—and the liberal terms of purchasing—$315 in $10 monthly instalments—induced rapid subscriptions on the part of the public, and made business very lively for these dull times, in the office of the association, during the latter part of the week. Homestead Associations have proved very profitable institutions in San Francisco.

A scribbler says life is too short to drink poor whisky, or to make love to an ugly woman.

A Cincinnati clergyman has preached twenty-seven barrels of sermons.

Egypt is getting liberal, a constitution having been granted the people.

A chap in St. Louis came near stealing a steam boat the other day.

It is calculated that a dancing belle in one season traverses five hundred miles of floor.

The champagne cellar at Epernay are about four miles long and contain five million bottles.

Thus far Franconia has had the best of the cold weather, the thermometer marking 29 degrees.

UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION.

INCORPORATED JANUARY 23d, 1867.

THE OBJECT OF SAID CORPORATION IS THE purchase of forty-three full Blocks and fifteen fractional Blocks of Land in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, in what is known as the "University Mound Tract Survey," on file in the office of the City and County Recorder, of said city and county, as follows:

FULL BLOCKS.

Numbers Twenty-one, Forty-four, Forty-five, Forty seven, Sixty-one, Sixty-two, Sixty-three, Seventy-five, Seventy-six, Seventy-seven, Seventy-eight, Seventy-nine, Eighty-five, Eighty-six, Eighty seven, Eighty eight, Eighty-nine, Ninety, Ninety-two, Ninety-three, Ninety-four, Ninety-five, Ninety-six, Ninety seven, One Hundred, One Hundred and One, One Hundred and Two, One Hundred and Four, One Hundred and Five, One Hundred and Six, One Hundred and Seven, One Hundred and Ten, One Hundred and Eleven, One Hundred and Twelve, One Hundred and Thirteen, One Hundred and Fourteen, One Hundred and Fifteen, One Hundred and Sixteen, One Hundred and Seventeen, One Hundred and Eighteen, One Hundred and Nineteen, One Hundred and Twenty-eight, and One Hundred and Twenty-nine.

FRACTIONAL BLOCKS.

Numbers Eight, Nine, Sixty, Sixty-four, Eighty-three, Eighty-four, Ninety one, One Hundred and Three, One Hundred and Eight, One Hundred and Nine, One Hundred and Twenty-two, One Hundred and Twenty-three, One Hundred and Twenty-four, One Hundred and Twenty-five, One Hundred and Twenty-six; and the same being a portion of the Bernal Ranch—the improvements thereof—and the subdivision thereof into lots and parcels suitable for Homesteads, and the distribution of such lots or parcels among the shareholders.

For further information, READ THE PROSPECTUS containing Act of Incorporation, Articles of Association, etc. All persons desirous of securing lots in the UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION, are requested to apply at once at their

OFFICE, IN STEVENSON'S BUILDING, CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STS.

As shares are being rapidly taken, and the opportunity will soon be lost. Prospectus and maps can be obtained free of charge, at the office of the Association.

OFFICERS OF THE UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION.

E. THOMAS, D. D., - - - - - President.
LESTER L. ROBINSON, - - - - - Treasurer.
THOMAS B. LEWIS, - - - - - Secretary.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

E. Thomas, Lester L. Robinson,
Geo. B. Taylor, Thomas B. Lewis,
H. A. Gorley.

By order of the Board.

THOMAS B. LEWIS,
Secretary University Homestead Association.

UNION BUSINESS COLLEGE.

(MERCHANTS' INSURANCE BUILDING,)

408 CALIFORNIA ST.

THIS Institution is designed to prepare Boys and Men for business pursuits, and to impart a thorough commercial education. It is conducted upon thorough business principles. The student, upon entering the college, is furnished with a capital in cash and merchandise, rents a place of business, opens an account with the bank, insures his goods in the insurance office of the College, and enters upon the arena of business. He commences speculation, carrying out all the details of trade, buying and selling goods, depositing in and checking from the Bank, making and negotiating notes, drafts, bills of exchange, etc., recording the transactions and keeping the books in a regular and scientific manner. From this he advances to other capacities, until he finally takes his position in the Union Business College Bank, a regularly established institution, complete in all its appointments, and having a circulation of one million in college currency. This course saves from four to six weeks time in copying useless manuscripts. There is no vacation, and students can enter upon any business day during the year. The public are invited to call and examine the various Departments. Sessions day and evening.

JAMES VINSONHALLER, President.

AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with

24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,

giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to bear

"THE OTHER SIDE,"

and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.

Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Address

F. E. SHEAR, General Agent,
No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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STEAM ENGINE WORKS

Beale Street, near Mission, San Francisco.

STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.

HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,

Portable Engines of all sizes,

Donkey Pumps, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The attention of the parties engaged in shipping or inland navigation is called to the

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP

of Mr. LOCHHEAD, who has been in the business in San Francisco for the last fourteen years and enjoys the reputation of having built ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN STEAM ENGINES.

Screw Propellers of all kinds, and Steam Boat Machinery generally, made to order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in every particular.

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Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

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TO SEND ABROAD.

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California Scenery!

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ILLUSTRATING

The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.

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N. B.—CATALOGUES containing a complete LIST OF VIEWS, sent to any part of the world, FREE of POSTAGE.

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NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

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Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR FEBRUARY.

February 18th—GOLDEN CITY, Captain Jas. T. Watkins, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Harris.
February 28th—MONTANO, Capt. Jos. Suttou, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Furber.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on April 3d, for Hongkong via Kanagawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.

The steamship HERMANN, Capt. M. P Nolan, will be dispatched on Friday, March 1, for Yokohama, carrying passengers and freight, and the U. S. mails.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT.

PERFECT SPECTACLES EXactly suited to the Eyes will enable the wearer to pursue the most minute employment, either by day or artificial light, without creating that sense of weakness or fatigue to the organ generally complained of by those using ill-suited or common Spectacles.

PRICE of Perfect Glasses, $2 50, and upward. Sent pre-paid to any post office on the Coast. Applicants by mail will receive a circular containg directions, etc.

Address C. MULLER, Optician,
205 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

Between lifornia and Pine

WM. O. BREYFOGLE,

(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)

NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,

Machinist,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,

And all kinds of

Asphaltum Work,

Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco.

TRUMP & BRADY,

No. 615 Market street,

In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,

STEAM AND GAS FITTING,

PLUMBING, Etc.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

REMOVAL!

Wightman & Hardie's

DRY GOODS AND CARPET WAREHOUSE

HAS REMOVED

To No. 220 Sansome Street,

TWO DOORS SOUTH OF CALIFORNIA.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

624 Clay street, San Francisco.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,

AT

GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S

NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

(Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc

---

WILSON & EVANS,

No. 513 Clay street,

Importers and Dealers in

FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

WILSON & EVANS.

McDOUGALL & MARQUIS,

Architects,

328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

B. MACKAY,

ARCHITECT,

NO. 434 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Next door to the Pacific Insurance Company.

GEO. BORDWELL,

ARCHITECT,

No. 224 Montgomery street,

Opposite the entrance of the Russ House,

San Francisco.

WM. WORTHINGTON,

House and Sign Painter,

Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c., &c.,

735 Market street,

Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

SAUL & McARRON,

Carriage Manufactory,

NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,

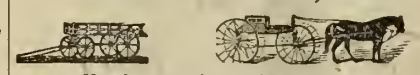
Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.

A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,



Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

Pollard & Carvill,

Dealers in and Manufacturers of

LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,

37 and 39 Webb street,

Between Sacramento and California.

Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

A Rare Chance.

THE UNDERSIGNED, INTENDING TO RETIRE from business, desires to call the attention of the public to a LARGE STOCK OF CARRIAGE MATERIAL at his store, No. 506 MARKET STREET, and No. 7 SUTTER STREET, which he will SELL AT COST. Until said goods are disposed of, he will BUILD TO ORDER, at his factory, corner of FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, all kinds of

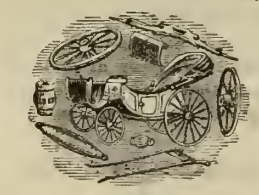
WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c.,

A good assortment of which can always be found on hand, and at a less price than can be had at any other place in the city. Will keep about 50 workmen employed to complete all unfinished work and contracts, in order to close business by the first day of July next. Has on hand and for sale, Six First-class Concord style 9-Passenger STAGE WAGONS, and a good assortment of LUMBER or FARM WAGONS, EXPRESS WAGONS, CARTS, &c.

Also, will soon have finished FIFTY BUGGIES.

H. CASEBOLT.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

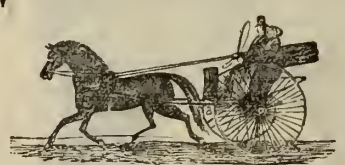
No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

WILLIAM TRUMBULL,



Manufacturer of

Saddles, Harness and Collars,

North-west corner Davis and Commercial streets.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

A good assortment, made from the best Materials, in the highest style of Workmanship, constantly on hand.

Manufacturing and Repairing done promptly, on reasonable terms. ☞ Country Trade solicited.

DR. FONDA SAN FRANCISCO

EYE INFIRMARY,

PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED, EXCLUSIVELY for the treatment of all diseases of the EYES, and for the past seventeen years Principal of the La Fayette (Ind.) Eye Infirmary.

P. W. FONDA, M. D.,

Surgeon in charge Infirmary,

223 Kearny street between Bush and Sutter.

VAN VLECK & KEITH,

Designers and Engravers

ON WOOD,

No. 611 Clay street, San Francisco.

WM. KEITH. D. VAN VLECK.

N. P. COLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

Cor. Sansome & Commercial streets.

Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

CLEANSE THE BLOOD.

WITH CORRUPT, DISordered or vitiated Blood, you are sick all over. It may burst out in Pimples, or, Sores, or in some active disease, or it may merely keep you listless, depressed and good for nothing. But you cannot have good health while your blood is impure. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA purges out these impurities and stimulates the organs of life into vigorous action, restoring the health and curing disease. Hence it rapidly cures a variety of complaints which are caused by impurity of the blood, such as Scrofula, or Kings' Evil, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Tetter, or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Cancer or Cancerous Tumors, Sore Eyes, Female Diseases, such as Retention, Irregularity, Suppression, Whites, Sterility, also Syphilis or Venereal Diseases, Liver Complaints, and Heart Diseases. Try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and see for yourself the surprising activity with which it cleanses the blood and cures these disorders.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound "Sarsaparilla," and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. We think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. We can only assure the sick, that we offer them the best alterative which we know how to produce, and we have reason to believe, it is by far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered by any body.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is so universally known to surpass every other remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease, that it is useless here to recount the evidence of its virtues. The world knows them.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,

and all Dealers

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

between California and Pine.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,

Main street, Petaluma.

HUNTING WITH THE LASSO.

The following California bear story is from Col. Marcy's "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border:"

A naval officer, many years ago, made the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his successes was by no means decisive. The officer had, it appeared, by constant practice upon the ship, while making the long and tiresome voyage round the Horn, acquired very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able, at twenty or thirty paces, to throw the noose over the head of the negro cook at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill, that, upon his arrival upon the coast of Southern California, he employed a guide, and mounted upon a well-trained horse, with his lasso properly coiled and ready for use, he one morning set out for the mountains, with the firm resolve of bagging a few grizzlies before night.

He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrific aspect amazed him not a little; but, as he had come out with a firm determination to capture a grizzly, in direct opposition to the advice of his guide, he resolved to show that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly he seized his lasso, and, riding up near the animal, gave it several rapid whirls above his head in the most artistic manner, and sent the noose directly around the bear's neck at the very first cast; but the animal, instead of taking to his heels and endeavoring to run away, as he had anticipated, very deliberately sat up on his haunches, facing his adversary, and commenced making a very careful examination of the rope. He turned his head from one side to the other in looking at it; he felt it with his paws, and scrutinized it very closely, as if it was something he could not comprehend. In the meantime the officer had turned his horse in an opposite direction, and applying the rowels to his sides most vigorously, with the confident expectation that he was to choke the bear to death, and drag him off in triumph; but, to his astonishment, the horse, with his utmost efforts, did not seem to advance. The great strain upon the lasso, however, began to choke the bear so much that he soon became enraged, and gave the rope several violent slaps, first with one paw and then with the other; but, finding that this did not relieve him, he seized the lasso with both paws, and commenced pulling it in hand over hand, or rather paw over paw, and bringing with it horse and rider that were attached to the opposite extremity. The officer redoubled the application of both whip and spurs, but it was all of no avail,—he had evidently "caught a Tartar;" and in spite of all the efforts of his horse he recoiled rather than advanced.

In this intensely exciting and critical juncture he cast a hasty glance to the rear, and, to his horror, found himself steadily backing toward the frightful monster, who sat up with his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his huge mouth wide open and frothing with rage, and sending forth the most terrific and deep-toned roars. He now, for the first time, felt seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to his rescue.

The latter responded promptly, rode up, cut the lasso, and extricated the amateur gentleman from his perilous position. He was much rejoiced at his escape, and, in reply to the inquiry of the guide as to whether he desired to continue hunting, he said it was getting too late that he believed he would capture no more grizzlies that day.

IN the *cafés*, and other houses of entertainment, in Paris, there are, in all, twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and eleven billiard-tables. The estimated annual receipts from these, taken roughly, are four millions of francs.

"LOOK well before you leap," is very good advice in its way; but how can sickly-looking people follow it?

What is the greatest virtue in a sea captain? Wrecklessness.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT from Statement for Year ending Dec. 31, 1866:

Capital stock, all paid up, - -	$500,000 00	
Surplus, - - - - - -	181,139 39	
		$681,139 39

ASSETS.

Loans on Real Estate, - -	$471,404 00	
Loans on Personal Property, -	79,685 92	
Real Estate owned by Company,	78,738 30	
Cash on hand and in Bank, -	26,817 30	
Other Securities, - - -	27,138 45	
		$683,784 97

LIABILITIES.

Amount of personal accounts, $973 73		
Dividends unpaid, - -	1,671 85	
	2,645 58	
		$681,139 39
Am't of losses paid during the year,	$57,290 12	
Amount of losses unsettled, -	5,339 40	
		$62,629 52
Dividend declared for 1866		$87,500 00

THE FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY beg leave to call the attention of the public to their ANNUAL STATEMENT, feeling satisfied that a careful examination of the same will convince people of its stability, and induce many to patronize the Company.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000, and when any risk is considered too great a portion is reinsured in responsible Companies.

Desirable risks taken at REDUCED RATES.

Losses paid in United States Coin.

W. B. BOURN, President.
D. J. STAPLES,
Vice-President and Executive Officer.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. Rothschild, Secretary.

GREAT WESTERN

Life Insurance Company.

OF NEW YORK.

STOCK and MUTUAL

The Security of the Stock Plan, with all the Advantages of the Mutual System.

POLICIES AND DIVIDENDS ARE NON-FORFEITABLE.

Thirty Days Grace for Payment of Premiums.

J. W. BRUMAGIN.
General Agent for California,
Office 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

FIRST PREMIUM

Billiard TABLE

MANUFACTORY.

P. LISENFELD,
612 BATTERY STREET,
Between Jackson and Pacific, San Francisco,

Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements. Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description.

☞ All goods sold are warranted.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John Couch, the Administrator of Sarah McLaughlin, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his annual and final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said Sarah McLaughlin, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order for distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Sarah McLaughlin deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

M. C. BLAKE Probate Judge.

Dated San Francisco, February 8th, 1867.

I. N. THORNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. fe9 5t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on 6th day of February A. D. 1867, in the matter of the Estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on THURSDAY, the 14th day of March, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the counting-room of J. C. Merrill & Co., Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, of, in and to all the undivided two ninths of the lot of land situated in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the westerly side of Berry street, one hundred and thirty-seven and a half (137 1-2) feet northeasterly from the northeast corner of Berry and Third streets; thence running northeasterly along said westerly side of Berry street one hundred and thirty seven and a half (137 1-2) feet to a point; thence at a right angle northwesterly two hundred and forty (240) feet more or less to a point in the easterly line of King street; thence at a right angle southwesterly along said line of King street one hundred and thirty-seven and a half (137 1-2) feet; and thence at a right angle southeasterly two hundred and forty feet, more or less, to the point of beginning.

And offers or bids for said property, in writing will be received at said place, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county, from this date till Thursday the 14th day of March, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon, by the undersigned. J. C. MERRILL,

Guardian of the Estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, minors. f9

Dated February 8th, 1867.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOSEPH W. KERR, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Honora Kerr, the Administratrix of the Estate of Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, Anno Domini, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 11th day of March A. D., 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, February 5th, 1867. f9 5t

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 8th day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
HAIGHT & PIERSON, Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASUCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM SHANAHAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of William Shanahan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, at the store of Maurice Dore & Co, No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. Dated February 1, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the Estate of William Shanahan, deceased. f2 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE HAMILTON THOMPSON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE HAMILTON THOMPSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the U. S. Surveyor General's office, Pioneer Hall, Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, January 25th, 1867.

G. HOWARD THOMPSON,
Administrator of Estate of George Hamilton Thompson, deceased, j26 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF AUGUSTA SAAL.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Saal, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of his Attorney, R. W. Hent, Esq., northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the city and county of San Francisco. Dated February 9th, 1867.

H. O. GOUGH, Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Saal, deceased. f9 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of FRANCOISE P. BETUEL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Francois M. Betuel, the Executor of the last will and testament of Francoise P. Betuel, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Francoise P. Betuel, deceased, appear before the said Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the devisees of the said Francoise F. Betuel, deceased, according to law:

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before the said eleventh day March, A. D. 1867: in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 5th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true, full and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 8th day of February A. D. 1867

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
j9 5t By A. J. JEGHLINS, Deputy Clerk.
GEO. F. & WM. H. SHARP, Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN F. LOGAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Mary Banks and Catherine Rogan, claiming to be the nearest relatives and heirs, being the aunts of John F. Logan, deceased, setting forth that the administrator has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said John F. Logan, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of March, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said John F. Logan, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said fifth day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 30th, 1867. feb2-4w

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this first day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk
[Seal and stamp.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JAMES FITZPATRICK, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of James Fitzpatrick, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the place of the transaction of her business, at the office of her attorney, Geo. B. Merrill, Esq., No. 520 Montgomery street, San Francisco. MARY FITZPATRICK,

Administratrix of Estate of James Fitzpatrick, deceased. San Francisco, February 24, 1867. 4w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ELLEN O'CONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Ellen O'Connell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, No 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco. WM. A. QUARLES, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen O'Connell, deceased.

San Francisco, February 9, 1867.

W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Administrator, 323 Montgomery street. f9 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L REED, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L. REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L LIEN, PETER S. MCNIEL, SARAH J MCNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be declared and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM LOEWY, Clerk

[SEAL.] By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one-half of the common property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to and he delivered to this plaintiff; and that the care, custody and education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendant may, by order of this Court, be restrained and enjoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant be ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general belief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judical District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovenamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers, incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and be put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j19 3m

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KINGSBURY MATINEE!—
THE LONG STRIKE!

THIS EVENING, FEB. 16TH,
Miss Aliee Kingsbury in the New Drama of
THE LONG STRIKE!

MONDAY NIGHT,
LITTLE BAREFOOT!

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Parquette,	50	Upper Circle,	25

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NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.

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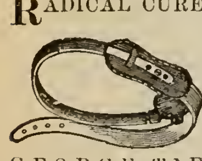

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The undersigned having been commissioned by Gov. Low as Notary Public, vice Henry Dreschfeld, deceased, has removed his office to 509 California street, opposite Wells. Fargo & Co., where he will be pleased to see his former patrous, and receive a sbare of public patronage.

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Wile leave this port at
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and will reach Panama on 2d March, makiug an unusually quick trip, and will connect at Aspinwall with the Freuch Trans-Atlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire.

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AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

Idalia, a Novel, by "Onida," author of "Strathmore," etc.
Swingin' Round the Cirkle, by Petroleum V. Nasby.
Rachel's Secret, a Novel, by the author of "The Master of Marton."
Poems, Grave and Gay, by George Arnold.
Six Hundred Dollars a Year a Wife's effort at low living.
The Dead Letter, by Seeley Register.
Liffith Lank, or Lunacy, by C. H. Webb, (Inigo)
Amateur Drama, by Geo. M. Baker.
King Rene's Daughter—a Danish Drama, by H. Hertz.
Margaret Hamilton, by Mrs. Newby.
Robert Severne, by Wm. A, Hammond.
Elements of Art Criticism, by G. W. Samson. D. D.
Life and Letters of Joba Wintbrop, Vol. 2, 1630—1649.
The Wuy of the World, a Novel, by Wm. T. Adams. (Oliver Optic.)
Out of Town, a Rural Episode, by Barry Gray.
Hesperia, a Poem, by Richard Henry Wilde.
Parlor Tableaux and Amateur Theatricals.
American Leaves, Notes and Thoughts of Life, by S. Osgood.
Forceythe Wilson's Poems—The Old Sergeant, etc.
Thb Giraffe Hunters, by Capt. Mayae Reed.
Breathings of the Better Life, edited by Lucy Larcom.
Cardock Nowell, by Richard Doddridge Bluckmore.
Infantile Paralysis, by Chas. F. Taylor, M. D.
St. Elmo, a Novel, by A. J. Evans, author of Benlah, etc.
Laboulaye's Fairy Book.
Mugby Junction Dicken's New Christmas Story.
Olive Logan's New Christmas Story: J. Morris's Money.
Lizzie Lorton, by E. Linn Linton.
A Quiet Neighborhood, by George McDoaald, M. A.
The New Gospel of Peace.
History of a Mouthful of Bread, by Jean Macé.
Oil on the Waters.
Madonna Mary, by Mrs. Oliphant.
Bernthul; or, The Son's Revenge, by L. Muhlbach.
Mark Rowlund, by Hawser Murtingale.
Fairies of our Gardeu, by Author of "Child Life in Italy"
Young America Abroad by Oliver Optic—Outward Bound.
Macaulay's Speeches and Poems, 2 vols., new edition.
Bride of Lewellyn, by Mrs. Southwortb.
Phillip II. of Spain, by Chas. Gayarre.
The Vegetable World, Louis Figuier.
Griset's Grotesques; or Jokes drawn on Wood.
200 Sketches, Humorous aud Grotesque, by Gustave Dore.
Pursons on Partnership.
The Egyptian Dream Book and Fortune Telling.
Private Jonrnal and Diury of John H. Surratt.
Ben Buntline, a Novel, by Sir Admirable Fisher.
Book of Praise, by Roundell Palmer.
Hopefully Waiting, by A. D. F. Randolph.
The Character of Jesus Portrayed, by Dr. Daniel Schenkel, 2 vols.
Fuz Buz the Fly and Mother Grabem.
Flowers for the Altur, by M. W. Reynolds
The Book of the Sonuet, edited by Leigh Hunt and S. A. Lee, 2 vols.
The Family Christian Almanac, 1867.
The Church Almanac, 1867.

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REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 aud 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and Sau Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City aud County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the estate of MINA HOFFMAN, deceased

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Isaac D. Barnard, Executor of the last will and testament of Mina Hoffman, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed, that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees of the will of said deceased, and praying that an order be made ... residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

[illegible] ... the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, iu said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of March, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock, P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees of the last will and testament of the said deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before the said Tuesday the 19th day of March, A. D. 1867, in the THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 11th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, } ss.

I Wm Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, aud ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made aud entered upon the minutes of the said Court

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of February, A. D 1867.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Petitioner.
February 16th, 1867. fe16-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE H. HOSSEFROSS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of salo of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by R. H. Sinton and B M. Whitmore, the Executors of the last will of George H. Hossefross, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate and also all the personal property of the estate of George H. Hossefross, deceased, to pay the debts due by the said deceased, aud the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons iuterested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the eighteenth day of March A. D 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court at the City Hall in the city aud county of San Francisco to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary; and also the personal property of deceased.

And that a copy of this order bo published at least four successivo weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 12th, 1867

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, truo and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my haud aud the seal of said Court, this 14th day of February A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. Wiuans & Belknap Attys. for Petitioners.
fe15-3t

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco and State of California, made on the 12th day of February, A. D. 1867, iu the matter of the estate of Thos. W. Sutherland, deceased, the undersigned, Administrator in charge of said estate, will sell at private sale for cash payable in United States gold or silver coin, on and subject to the confirmation of said Probate Court on or after the fifth day of March, A. D. 1867, in one parcel all the right, title, interest and estate of the said intestate at the time of his death; and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired, other than and in addition to that of said intestate at the time of his death, in and to the following real property, lot, piece or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco and State of Califurnia, bounded and described as follows:

A certain unknown undivided interest of in and to that certain 50 vara lot situated lying and being in the city and rounty of San Francisco, State of California, and kuown on the official map of said city and county as 50-vara lot number 32.

Persons wishing to purchase said real estate will present their bids in writing to the undersigued at his store Nos. 219 and 221 Front street, in the city and county of San Francisco on or before the day set for the sale.

Dated February 13th, 1867.

ALEXANDER R. BALDWIN,
Administrator of the estate of Thomas W. Sutherland, deceased. fe16 3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN THOMAS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten mouths after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated February 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of John Thomas, deceased.
J. F. FINN, Atty for Administrator. fe16 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE C. PETERSON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of George C. Peterson, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten mouths after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at tho office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated February 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of George C. Peterson, deceased. fe16-5t

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 14
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 23, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL. How I Ran Copper Mines in Tuolumne and Mono, by Prentice; At Point Lobos, a Poem by Charles Warren Stoddard; The Chinese Brigade, by Bomba; The Happy Pair, by James Linen; "Pure English." "Lion's Mouth:" Blown Veal and the Bulletin; The Aristocratic Ladies of Victoria, V. I.; Fire Crackers; Literary Gleanings and Gossip; Editorials; Reviews; Dramatic Affairs, etc. SELECTED STORIES: A Shot at Twelve Paces; The Man Annie Loved; Black Sheep; The Wrong Room; English Women, Paragraphs, Poetry, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

TO THE CHINESE BRIGADE.

Dowh through the vista of Time to the dying away of the Ages,
I can see, as a poet should vision, (the verh is my license poetic)
What nobody else, I venture to say, hut myself can discover;
The finger of scorn, to wit, namely: the finger of scorn and derision
Point hack to Judge Rix and his Court for holding you, noble Milesians,
In hondage disgraceful unless, perchance, you can furnish your bail-honds.

Oh, gallant Milesians! oh, noble of all that to date are immortal!
Oh, heroes that come from a distance of miles some six or eight thousand!
From the down trodden land that is green, from the beautiful Emerald Island!
You I do honor to-day (it is Thursday, he it remembered—
The dismal day when the Judge has had brought the captured before him)
For I sing proudly to-day in these hexameter verses.

Years gone hy, hut not many, one valorous Commodore Hollins,
With guns and powder destroyed the contemptible village of Greytown.
Stern was his word of command; most terrihle was his presence:
Full three hundred he weighed, or at least two hundred and fifty.
A word, and his guns flashed fire, sent death to the tents of the natives.
Away the poor wretches surviving skedaddled like pitiful cowards.
The victory won, the Commander, the valorous Commodore Hollins,
Prepared his report and sent it to Pierce, who was then in the White House.
And poets all over the land sang pens to Commodore Hollins,
As files of the *Evening Post* at New York can fully hear witness.

And shall, oh, heroes of Erin! shall you, oh, victors of Tuesday,
Be given the go-hy when Hollins had lines and rhymes hy the thousand?
Not if I know it, my gallant and brawny and hully good fellows:
Your battles were worthy of you and your natures, and must he recorded.

The morning was early; you gathered together prepared for the onslaught.
Four or five hundred strong, you knew the foe could not defeat you.
Thirty in numhers they; not warriors like you, hut cowards,
As was seen by their running awny at the charge of your forces.
Armed with hludgeon and hate, you timed the attack opportunely,
While peacefully they at work in a street that belongs to the city.
Now mark your swiftness of movement, the splendor and sweep of your triumph!
A whoop and a yell Milesian—a rush, and the battle was ended:
So quickly, completely 'twas done that it made an eclipse of Sadowa.
Four or five prisoners seized—and what did you do with the captives?
Put them in chains and consign them to a dungeon of dampness and darkness?
No whit of it; no, you were brave, and as brave ones respected the conquered.
Their freedom you gave them. and only to teach them a suitable lesson,
You pummelled them some—peradventure, hy accident, made a hlow fatal.

No wonder that you were elated at triumph so full and resplendent!
Two or three miles to the South were engaged other gangs of Celestials.
Between you and them was a bridge constructed by Barstow and others,
A mile and an eighth in length, or, as some think, a mile and a quarter.
Under it (only except when the flats hy the ehh are left naked)
Flow waters that sometimes are deep, as when haply the tide is incoming.
When the rough gales howl from the South, or when the savage Southeaster
Sweeps over the inlet it dashes the waves in a fury of frenzy
Against the piers of this hridge until ofttimes it makes the bridge tremble.
Did the hridge deter you, oh, victors? At its length did your fortitude waver?
Did you pause to reflect that perchance in your headlong, precipitate onset,
It might give way underneath you (for now you numhered some thousands?)
Did you think of the four-horse teams, hig wagons heavily laden,
That were crossing this hridge, and children and ladies you might tumble into?
Not a bit of it; no, 'twas enough that the foe was at work at the rope-walks,
Of which the Tuhbses, the son and futher are said to he owners.
Across the bridge you dashed with the fierceness of fiends at Maguire's,
One or two only weakened, and they became strengthened at Siehe's.
The rest of you panting and sweating rushed on with your bludgeons and curses,
With your battle-ery happily chosen of "Down with the foreign intruders!"
Up the highway and up the hill with the valor of soldiers
That know not what fear is until—in your path stands the fence of Kirkpatrick.
Three rails high is this fence, surrounding a beautiful mansion
Two stories in height; and a horse as it happens is in the enclosure;
A horse that once on a time ran away with a man in the city.
In days gone hy this fence was a part of the Oregon forest
Do you hesitate? Not for an instant. Down with the fence, and you onward.
With parts of the fence for weapons, and the noble horse following after!
Up the hill to the summit, down into the valley before you!
Down to the shanties from which the wild Chinamen scatter like feathers!
Down with matches and papers and clubs in the turmoil of hattle!

Oh, black he this day forever, this day when Judge Rix has arraigned you!
Ignoble the ignorant Judge who can see not that wars must have hloodshed,
And conflagrations, and deeds that will make the heart shudder and sicken?

Were you captured in hattle, oh, heroes, that you should be sent to a prison?
Did the Chinese Enemy take you while gallantly fighting their legion?
Nay, shame he it said that while flushed with triumph and noble potations,
You meanly were seized hy the "Stars," by the cowardly minions of Crowley:
That, too, when the minions were few, and you, oh, victors were many.
Shame forever and aye to the gray-coated minions of Crowley,
Who have no sense of respect for valor and glory and numbers!

But you and your deeds of that day of defeat and terror to China,
Will he remembered when they, your captors, no longer hold office;
When Alfred Rix no longer presides in a temple of Justice;
Will be remembered by John in an impotent fury of jargon;
Will be remembered as having made noted a day of the city.
Then what care you for a fine or a prison if you are immortal?
For Alfred Rix what care you, or Crowley, if you can he martyrs?
Let your enemies do as they will, you are free to mutter your "blessings;"
Always provided, of course, that no one is handy to hear you.
Stand fearlessly then, when the Judge shall order you up for your sentence.
Hand over your fine if you can, or if not let the city support you.
And when, in the gaze of the crowd, you slowly depart from the court room,
Do so with grandeur, for know that posterity's eyes are upon you.

—BOMBA.

Oracular.

The man who essays to fill the *role* of prophet, is always tolerably sure, provided he is sufficiently owlish and dogmatic in his ratiocinations, to find believers. To us metropolitans the coming State election seems to be considerably mixed, and few, even of our most sagacious interpreters of the signs of the times, are hold enough to commit themselves in the question, as to who is to be next Governor. The interior editors, however, seem to know all about it, and some of them speak of the results of the election with as much positiveness as Andrew Jackson Davis, the great spiritualistic "Revelator," does of the mysteries of psychology. As a specimen, take the following from the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*:

"John Bidwell will he our next Governor; the present Governor, F. F. Low, will succeed Conness in the Senate; Tom Springer or some other mountain man from the mining interest, will he State Printer; Higby will again go to Congress from the Middle District, and San Francisco will not claim a Congressman, this pop. Some one equally as intelligent and industrious will succeed the Hon. D. C. McRuer; Hon. A. B. Hunt stands fair to be Superintendent of Schools, with Oulton for Controller: McCullough for Attorney General."

There is the entire programme. Bidwell is to he next Governor. Will Messrs. Pixley, Fay, Low, Gorham, and the rest take timely notice of the decree, and save themselves the trouble, expense, anxiety, and wear and tear of a canvass?

Blown Veal and the Bulletin.

The *Bulletin* has for some time past, heen attempting to increase its circulation hy getting up local sensations. There is no chance of another vigilance committee heing formed for the benefit of the *Bulletin*, so that paper appreciating this fact, goes in for a smaller kind of game. It frightened 785 mothers into hysterics hy its awful disclosures concerning the had effects of "swill milk" on hahies. it pitched into gambling and exposed the terrible results of that demoralizing practice, it has since then, been sniffing round with its virtuous nose, sniffing vigorously in hopes of discovering some moral or physical nastiness existant in our midst It has been rewarded for its efforts; it has discovered "hlown veal." In Monday's issue it says:

"Our attention has been called to a disgusting habit, said to be common among the hutchers of this city of "hlowing up" the carcasses of young veal and lambs. The butcher thrusts his steel into the carcass, making a hole, to which he applies his mouth and blows with all his might. His breath penetrates all the minute cavities in the meat, and gives it a full, puffy appearance, calculated to delight the verdant purchaser into the belief that the meat is unusually fat and plump. Butchers frequently drink whisky, and chew tobacco, and are sometimes afflicted with disease, which may he communicated to the meat. In any event it is a disgusting and filthy practice, and must prove unhealthy to the consumers of meat which has been subjected to this operation."

This is terrible! If the butchers blow up their veal, then indeed, it is right for the *Bulletin* to hlow up the butchers. Can it, indeed, he true that the butcher applies his mouth to a hole in a carcass "and blows with all his might?" The *Bulletin* implores the Board of Supervisors to investigate this matter, and prevent the hutchers from blowing their veal—they may blow about it as much as they like, but must not he allowed to fatten it on wind. The *Bulletin* makes the bold assertion that butchers "are sometimes afflicted with disease which may he communicated to the meat." This is fearful. Who wishes to eat dropsical veal hlown up hy a dropsical hutcher, or a rheumatic leg of lamb inflated hy the rheumatic breath of a rheumatic hutcher Who dare say that consumption has not been spread hy phthisical hutchers pumping wind from diseased lungs into loins of veal? For ourselves, we do not care; whatsoever is sold in the shambles that we eat, asking no questions—not for conscience sake, but—for our stomach's sake. However, since the *Bulletin* has made this horrifying discovery, and has blown upon the hutchers who hlow their veal, we beseech the Board of Supervisors to pass an ordinance forbidding a butcher to hlow veal with his mouth and "all his might," and to order the police to see that every hutcher is provided with a pair of bellows for the purpose of fatteuing his veal.

The Aristocratic Ladies of Victoria, V. I.

We were perfectly aware that the ladies of Victoria, V. I., who had followed the fortunes of their lords and masters from England, comprised a large number of high-bred ladies who, as in duty hound, are most punctilious in observing the etiquette which is the social law in the hest society in England. We were, however, scarcely prepared to hear that the native ladies had become adepts in the laws of English etiquette since the advent of English ladies to the nothern colony. This appears to he the case. The following story which we can vouch for as being true, proves it: A short time ago a very respectable miner—who, if not quite an English gentleman, was polite and was, moreover, dressed in the height of the fashion—went to a dance given by several "squaws." He approached one of these original ladies of Victoria—whom the supercilious English will persist in calling "squaws"—and requested the pleasure of her company as a partner in the next dance. "The queenly Indian" (as Cooper would call her) rose, drew her graceful form to its full height, darted an indignant glance from her gorgeous ocular orbs at the too presumptuous Caucasian, and exclaimed:—"W-äke! halo! nico introduce!" "Sir! I have never heen introduced to you." It is all very well to say that wherever the white man sets his foot, the red man must accumb; hut we very much doubt whether the light chocolate-and-milk-colored natives of British Columbia will give up their rights without a hard struggle.

Fire Crackers.

We fear that there is more tronble hrewing between the native and adopted citizens, and the Chinese residents on this coast. The telegraphic report of the proceedings in Congress, received here on Thursday last, contained the important news that the section "prohibiting the importation of fire-crackers, had been stricken out of the amended tariff hill." This affects California nearly. The consumption of fire-crackers during the season of the Chinese New Year of festivities is enormous. Were these Chinamen forced by law to buy American-made fire-crackers, our firework manufacturers would be properly protected, and would be enahled to make a handsome profit ont of the Chinese, at least once a year. Now we fear that the disappointed pyrotechnists will exhaust their whole stock on hand, (which might become damp, and consequently, useless before the next 4th of July) in a fiery attack on the Chinese, whose fire-crackers are not to be prohibited from entering our ports. The Irish laborers who simply threw stones at, and used their fists on poor defenseless Chinamen, did not succeed in killing one of them; but if our native-born fire-work makers declare war against the fire-work-makers of the Celestial Empire, the consequences may be terrihle. Rockets held in a horizontal direction, would go through Chinamen most effectively; "fiery dragons" might wrathfully consume many; torpedoes might have a stunning effect on the whole Chinese population. We sincerely trust that the fact of the clause forbidding the importation of fire-crackers having been stricken out of the amended tariff hill, will not lead to any riotous proceedings on the part of the pyrotechnists of this city, although at the same time we are in favor of protection of home industry.

A SHOT AT TWELVE PACES.

"'WHEN I was shooting in India, I one morning received a letter, expressed in some such terms as these :—

"'Dear Morley,—I have a little shooting party on, and want your assistance. Come as soon as possible to Harrison's bungalow ; we will make all arrangements there, and you can go and call on O'Flaherty at once. We are going to have a shot at large game for a change. Don't delay a moment. In these cases the scent should be followed while it's warm. The fellow's a big brute, and shall not escape me, if I know it. He s caught a Tartar this time. We'll put an ounce of lead into his carcass before he's twenty-four hours older, or I'm not yours, ever, 'Dennis O'Dowd.'

"'A tiger, by Jove!' I thought. 'A tiger at last.'

"I had been waiting for weeks in the hope of getting a shot at a tiger, and had been repeatedly tantalized with reports of one being somewhere in the neighbourhood. The jungle came down to within a very short distance of the place where I was staying, and the country looked the very ideal of what a tiger country should be ; but I had never had the luck to get a shot at one yet, although for some time past there had been rumours that a tiger was about. He had been seen here, and heard of there ; he had carried off a sheep in one place, and a bullock in another ; but still no one had been able to find out anything as to his actual whereabouts sufficiently definite to make it of any use our going after him. But now, thought I, O'Dowd must have got the bearings of the beast pretty accurately. I could have wished that Dennis had been a little less flowery and 'tropical' in his account, but he always was a funny dog : the drift of his letter was clear enough ; and if the tiger's have caught a Tartar was not a mere figure of speech, the animal must be a very fine one. The part about O'Flaherty puzzled me a little ; it had always struck me that he and O'Dowd were by no means warm friends ; O'Flaherty was always chaffing O'Dowd, and O'Dowd always vowing vengeance against O'Flaherty. But it was all fun, perhaps ; and O'Flaherty was a great hand at tiger-shooting, I dared to say. At any rate, hurrah for the tiger! And I hurried off to Harrison's bungalow, where I found O'Dowd, with an expression of the utmost determination upon his face, drinking pale ale as if he meant it.

"'Well, O'Dowd,' said I ; 'we're to have a shot at him at last, are we?'

"'That we are,' said he ; 'or I'll post him.'

"Post him! post a tiger! O'Dowd was still at his jokes.

"'Well! And when is it to be?' I asked.

"'I won't have it delayed longer than to-morrow morning,' answered Dennis. 'You must go to O'Flaherty at once, and if he prefers this evening—faith! all the better."

"'O, it depends upon him, does it?' said I.

"'Well, of course it does,' said O'Dowd, 'to a certain extent ; but no later than to-morrow morning, mind. And now I'll tell you all about it.'

"'Ay, let's hear all about the gentleman,' said I, eagerly. 'He's been playing with us long enough. We'll put a bullet into his hide now.'

"'That we will, my boy,' returned O'Dowd. 'Now just listen to me. As I was walking up here last night, I met him sauntering—'

"'What! You met the beast, you say?'

"'And you may call him a baest,' said O'Dowd. 'He was that for certain. He'd had too much ; I'll take my oath of that. I could see it, at once,' continued O'Dowd ; 'I took his measure at a glance.'

"'Well,' said I, anxious to know his size, 'and—'

"'I could see that he'd had a deal more than a taste of the cratur, though he carried it off in such a mighty easy way.'

"'Carried it off easily, did he?' said I ; a sheep of course. He was off with it to his den, no doubt?'

"'No doubt,' said O'Dowd ; 'he generally finishes his evening in his own den, the insatiable thief. Well, when he saw me, he came towards me, roaring—'

"'Roaring! I exclaimed. 'By Jove! you took it very coolly. Didn't you run?'

"'Run!' said O'Dowd, as if uncertain whether to be offended or not ; 'will you please to be serious, Morley. This is no joke I'm telling you.'

"'No joke! My dear O'Dowd, I should think not, indeed. What do you mean?'

"'When he saw me, I tell you, he pulls his cigar out of his mouth—'

"'Eh! What? Cigar!'

"'And comes towards me, roaring out. "What are you doing out o'bed, O'Dowd? Go home with you. You've got chewbercles in your lungs. Go home!"'

"'The tiger,' I grasped out.

"'Tiger! What are you after, Morley?'

"'Who said you'd got tubercle?'

"'Who? Why, O'Flaherty.'

"'O, confound O'Flaherty!' I said. 'Why the plague are you always bringing his name in? Tell me about the tiger.'

"'What tiger?, said O Dowd. 'In the name of mystery, what tiger?'

"'Why, the tiger we're going to shoot, of course.'

"'I'm going to shoot no tiger. I'm going to shoot O'Flaherty.'

"'Shoot O'Flaherty! What are you going to shoot him for?'

"'Why, didn't you understand? He told me I'd got chewbercles.'

"'And so this precious note of yours,' said I, producing the epistle, 'was to tell me that you're going to fight O'Flaherty?'

"'Faith! and you may say that,' replied O'Dowd. 'I thought I'd put it delicately.'

"By Jove! you put it so delicately that I thought it all referred to tiger-shooting.'

"'And did you so?' said Dennis, with some pride. 'Begad! I always was a neat hand at letter-writing.'

"'But you're not serious, I hope, O'Dowd,' I said. 'You don't really mean that you intend to shoot O'Flaherty?'

"'I'll be shot if I don't,' returned O'Dowd, very decidedly. 'He told me I'd got chewbercles in my lungs.'

"And there was very little doubt that O'Flaherty was right. A few years afterwards the fact became fatally evident. Death, and a P. M. examination, put it beyond all question. But even if there had been no grounds for it, the idea of shooting a man for such a reason as this was absurd.

"'My dear fellow,' said I to O'Dowd. 'this must not be allowed to go on. I can't consent to act as your friend in such a case as this. It would be a different matter if he'd given you the lie, or—'

"'Given me the lie!' said O'Dowd. 'Didn't he tell me I'd got chewbercles, when I haven't anything of the kind. Isn't that giving me the lie, to all intents and purposes ; giving me the lie in the throat as deep as the lungs, as Shakespeare says, eh? Once for all, will you undertake the matter?'

"'I'd rather be excused,' I said.

"'Very good,' said O'Dowd ; 'then I wish you a good morning. I'll go and call on O'Grady.'

"O'Grady! The most determined fire-eater in the empire. If he called on O'Grady it would end in a fight as certainly as doomsday. If I undertook it, we might perhaps come to some arrangement ; so, with much reluctance, I told Dennis, that he might command me.

"'I knew you'd never spoil sport,' said O'Dowd. 'Now, look here, Morley, you go at once to O'Flaherty, and give him to understand that I require—'

"'For Heaven's sake, my dear O'Dowd,' said I, anxiously, don't be too hard upon him. Put it as peaceably as you can.'

"'Just what I'm going to do,' said O'Dowd. 'You go to O'Flaherty, and tell him that I require a written apology, which must contain a confession that he was drunk at the time of speaking, and a declaration of his full belief that I've no more got chewbercles than he has. If he declines to give this, I expect immediate satisfaction. I can't put it more peaceably than that, now, can I?'

"I certainly thought it possible, but as O'Dowd adhered to his own opinion, that did no good at all. So, armed with this peaceable message, I took my way to O'Flaherty, whom I found sitting lazily on a cane-bottomed chair, and surrounded by soda-water bottles.

"'Ha! Morley,' said he, 'delighted to see you, upon me conscience. Will you take a peg?* No! You'd better. I've done litttle else ever since I got up. Well! yes, I was a little sprung last night ; just a drapple in me ee, as that Scotch fellow says in his infernal brogue. Begad! looking back upon last night's proceedings, reminds me of those dissolving views, where each picture gets misty, and runs into the next.'

"'I suppose, then, you have no very distinct recollection of the people you met last night, have you?' I inquired."

"'Faith! no,' said he ; 'my memory might be clearer.'

"'Well, the fact is, I'm come upon a very unpleasant mission. You don't remember meeting O'Dowd, do you?'

"'It's O'Dowd you mean!' said O'Flaherty, thoughtfully. Begad, then, I don't.'

"Ah! You did meet him, though, and he says insulted him greatly.'

"'And did I insult him?' said O'Flaherty, taking up a soda-water bottle. 'That's mighty curious. How did I do it?"

"'Well, it seems you said something about his having tubercle of the lung, and he does not like it. He's rather touchy about his chest, you know.'

"'Ay, I know. And did I tell him that?'

"'Yes, you told him that he'd got tubercle ; and he took the speech so much to heart, that I am come from him to say that he expects an apology.'

"'Begad, and were you told to say that?'

"'I was, indeed ; and I'm sure, my dear fellow, you must see how extravagantly absurd we shall all make ourselves if this affair proceeds any further. Every mess-room in India will be laughing at the Tubercle duel. I am sure you must perceive the truth of this, and the absolute necessity of putting a stop to it at once. By Jove, sir, we shall never hear the last of it till the day of our death.'

"'You may say that, indeed,' said O'Flaherty, laughing. 'Faith, it won't be only O'Dowd who'll be troubled with chewbercles, will it?'

"'No that it won't. It's not generally considered an infectious disorder, but it will infect us, at any rate,' said I.

"'Change of air will be the only thing for us,' said O'Flaherty.

"'Then, look here, my dear O'Flaherty,' said I, pushing a writing-case towards him ; 'just scratch two or three lines to say that last night you were, as you've just said, troubled with a drapple in your ee ; and you may add—it's as well to do the thing handsomely while you are about it—that you have perfect faith, ha! ha!—perfect faith in the integrity of O'Dowd's lungs. Come, what do you say?'

"Pop went the soda-water.

"'That,' said O'Flaherty.

"'That! Explain, please."

"'That's all the apology that ye'll get from me.'

"'But, my good sir, if you don't ap—explain in some way, O'Dowd insists upon fighting.'

"'And by the blessed St. Patrick,' said O'Flaherty, his speech becoming ten times more Irish than before at the mention of the national pastime ;—'and by the blessed St. Patrick, I'll humor his fancy. If it's foighting he manes, I'll foight him with all me sowl,—with all the pleasure in life, begad. Ye can't fright Tim O'Flaherty into an apology by telling him that foighting's the alternative, I promise ye.'

"'Fright you,' said I ; 'I never dreamed of frighting you. But reflect for a moment upon the absurdity of the whole affair. Come old fellow, stretch a point, and save us from universal ridicule.'

"'Faith, not I,' said O'Flaherty ; 'the prospect don't trouble me at all to speak of.'

"'Then you decline to apologize altogether?'

"'There, if you haven't stated the case exactly.'

"'Then I've no resource but to ask you for the name of your friend, if you really will not be persuaded to—"

"'I can't really undertake to be persuaded, me dear friend. Are you going? Well, good by ; I'll send some one to call upon you in a twinkling.'

"Disgusted exceedingly, I took my leave and returned to my quarters. The idea of two fellows shooting at each other for no better reason than that one had accused the other of having diseased lungs, was so confoundedly ridiculous, that, setting aside the unpleasantness of being engaged in an affair of this kind at all, I would have given anything to be able to wash my hands of it. But what was to be done? When the two principals—both of them Irishmen too—were resolved on fighting, what could stop them? Perhaps O'Flaherty's friend who would, of course, be of my mind about the serious farce in which we were compelled to act, might be able to hit upon some means of getting out of it. I would see what could be done when he arrived. It was really such utter nonsense, that a peg was the only thing to restore a fellow's equanimity after two such interviews.

"Before I had finished the peg, O'Flaherty's friend made his appearance. He was unknown to me. We both bowed.

"'Mr. Morley, I belave.'

"Upon my life, another Irishman ; and my hopes of a peaceable termination to the affair took flight at the very sound of his voice.

"'Allow me to introjnice meself—Lieutenant Doolan, —th Regiment. I come from Mr. O'Flaherty.'

"'O yes,' said I, affecting to have been momentarily forgetful of that little matter. 'Very happy to make your acqnaintance, though I could wish it had been under pleasanter conditions.'

"'Not at all,' said Mr. Doolan, in a tone of the most perfect contentment, 'not at all. It's not meself that's going to quarrel with the conditions.'

"This might be only politeness toward me, but I thought it sounded much more like satisfaction at his mission.

"'Mr. O'Flaherty has, no doubt, instructed you fully as to how the matter betweeu himself and Mr. O'Dowd stands.'

"'Quite so, quite so,' said the lieuteuant.

"'Then I feel certain, Mr Doolan, that you must agree with me that this affair cannot be allowed to proceed.'

"Doolan simply stared.

"'You can scarcely avoid feeling,' I continued, 'that the cause of quarrel is too slight for us to permit our friends to peril their lives about such a trifle.'

"'Thrifle!" ejaculated Doolan.

"'Now, can't we hit upon some method for bringing to a peaceful issue a business which, if proceeded with to the end at present proposed, must, as I'm sure you perceive, bring nothing but ridicule upon all engaged in it.'

"'Faith, then,' said Mr, Doolan, 'I perceave nothing of the kind. Hark ye, Mr. Morley : I came here to arrange peacebly the time and place for this meeting, and not to dispute about the rights and wrongs of the matter, or to question the good sense which no doubt injuiced both the gentlemen to take the fair and honorable course which they have taken. May I beg, sir, that you will enter, as soon as you convaniently can, upon the rale business for which I am here.'

"There was nothing for it but to pocket the olive, and do as the lieutenant wished. Time and place were agreed upon, and Doolan rose to take his leave. As we were shaking hands

*As it may not be among the things generally known, I ought perhaps to explain that in India, the word "Peg" means soda-water and brandy. The full phrase is "another peg in your coffin," alluding to the deleterious effects of the drink.

in the most friendly manner, I said, 'By the way, Mr. Doolan, I must not forget to tell you that I have nothing at all in the shape of a dueling pistol; perhaps you are better provided.'

"'Make yourself perfectly aisy about that, Mr. Morley,' said Doolan, who would no more have been without hair-triggers than hair-brushes; 'I never travel without the pacemakers. *Aurevoir*.' And Mr. Doolan took his departure, after receiving my assurance that I would call upon the surgeon, and make sure of his attendance upon the ground.

"I cheerfully undertook to do this, as I was determined that at any rate, the surgeon should not be an Irishman, and I had some hopes that he might be able to suggest some way out of the difficulty. Accordingly, after writing a couple of lines to O'Dowd, to say that I had arranged every thing, and to inform him of the time and place, I set off at once to look up the surgeon. His name was Hale, a thoroughly scientific man, devoted to his profession, and as little likely as anybody to have any sympathy with the romantic folly of the duel. I found him at home, in remarkably good spirits, as doctors generally are, and engaged upon a paper for the 'Lancet,' upon the subject of gunshot wounds.

"'How are you, Hale?" said I.

"'How do, Morley?' said he. 'What's the matter? Anything wrong with you? You look rather out of sorts. Digestion wrong, or what is it?'

"'O, there's nothing the matter with me,' I said; 'don't flatter yourself. I want your help, certainly, but not for myself. You'll be wanted about half past five this afternoon at—'

"'Oh!' said Hale. 'You don't mean to say that Mrs.—'

"'No, no,' said I, 'nothing of the kind—quite the reverse, indeed. No, the state of the case is this: O'Dowd has taken umbrage at something O'Flaherty has said, and has insisted upon calling him out.'

"'Ah, that's it, is it?' said Hale, his eyes brightening; 'and you'll want me upon the ground in case of accident. Certainly with all my heart. Pistols, of course'—and with a glance at his manuscript—'nothing like pistols. You may depend upon me, Morley. You may be quite certain that I shall be there.'

"The villain was evidently in want of an illustration to prove some confounded theory of his own with regard to bullet wounds. His glance at the manuscript betrayed him.

"'No; but look here, Hale,' I said, 'the affair ought not to be allowed to go on.'

"'You think not,' said he, as if entertaining very grave doubts as to the wisdom of my opinion.

"'Certainly, I think not; and you'll think so, too, when you hear the case. Last night, O'Flaherty, when slightly screwed, charged O'Dowd with having tubercle of the lung.'

"'And a most insolent thing to say, too, though it's a positive fact all the same. *In vino veritas*, and no mistake. But still a man with any respect for himself can't allow his lungs to be thrown in his face that way without taking notice of it. And so, O'Dowd demands an apology or a meeting, eh?'

"'Just so. He insists upon an apology, and—it's really too absurd—a declaration from O'Flaherty that the charge brought against his lungs was unfounded.'

"'Quite correct,' said Hale, 'and this declaration O'Flaherty is, of course, unable to make. His statement was a perfectly true one, and he can't unmake it without telling a falsehood. Upon my word, if you can see any way but one out of the difficulty you are cleverer than I.'

"'I believe you are all gone mad,' I said, vexed beyond bearing. 'There's not a creature who will look at the thing in a calm and reasonable manner. Why, do you realize, sir, that just for a ridiculous word from a drunken man a valuable life may be lost?'

"'Ah, very sad, very sad, indeed,' replied the doctor, coolly; 'but it can't be helped. The matter is gone too far now to be stopped. A meeting is absolutely necessary for the honour of the parties, and'—laying his hand casually upon the MS., and speaking in a thoughtful manner—'and may be of infinite service to the cause of—'

"He broke off there, but he meant 'the cause of science,' I'm certain, confound him! He was devoted to his profession was Hale.

"'Half-past five, at Harrison's bungalow, if you please, Mr. Hale,' said I, coldly, and walked out of the room, the man of science following me to the door, and assuring me, in the cheerfullest and friendliest manner, that I might depend upon him absolutely; that he would sacrifice any number of patients sooner than not be present; and that he would be certain not to forget his instruments.

"I had done my best. I had called upon Common Sense to help me, but Common Sense was nowhere to be found. I had appealed to the Dread of Ridicule, but it slept, and could not be awakened. I had asked Science to lend me a hand, but Science wanted both of hers to seize her own opportunities. There was no resource now but to let the matter go on to its bitter end.

"In affairs of this kind, you know, it is not etiquette for the parties to go in company to the battle-ground, as pugilists do to a prize-fight. We must go separately to what *Bell's Life* would call likely spot, and meet there with distant politeness. As we had to drive a good way to the place pitched upon by Doolan and myself—an open space, well known to us all a little way into the jungle—it was agreed that O'Flaherty and his second should go on an hour or two in advance, taking their rifles with them, in order to pass the time with any sport that might fall in their way, and that I, with my principal and the surgeon, should follow at the stated time. All of which happened as arranged. The respondent and Doolan departed early in the afternoon, designing to lunch at the rendezvous; and shortly before six the appellant, Hale, and I followed, drove to the outskirts of the jungle, there left our carriage and strolled through the trees to the place.

"'Here we are,' said Hale; 'true to our time; but I don't see our friends.' Euphemism for enemies.

"'They've been here very lately,' said O'Dowd, pointing to the relics of a luncheon scattered about on the grass; 'and, faith, they've made mighty free with the eatables."

"'The end of a feast, most decidedly,' said Hale; 'so we are quite ready for the beginning of a fray.'

"'They'll make their appearance in a minute or two, no doubt,' I said. 'They're having a shot at something in the jungle, perhaps.'

"The crack of a rifle a short distance off seemed to confirm my words.

"'They might have taken both rifles with them, then, I'm thinking,' exclaimed O'Dowd, picking up O'Flaherty's, which lay on the grass.

"We were standing about, O'Dowd examining the rifle, which was loaded, and Hale the pale-ale bottles, which were all discharged, when we were surprised at seeing Doolan running towards us with every appearance of extreme terror.

"'What's the matter? we all shouted.

"'Here!' he cried. 'Come here. Bring the rifle. O'Flaherty's been carried off by a tiger!'

"'Now Morley,' said O'Dowd, 'you've got your wish at last. Come along!'

"And we all set off running towards Doolan, who had stopped, and was loading his rifle.

"'Did ye hit him, Phil? did ye hit him?' said O'Dowd, when we reached the lieutenant.

"'Hit him, is it?' said Doolan. 'No, faith! I daredn't try. I fired, in hopes of frightening him. Come along! He jumped on us from behind, as we were sitting on the bank there, caught poor Tim by the shoulder, and trundled off with him, niver saying a word, as if six feet two were nothing to spake of at all. Come along!' We were hurrying after him all the while. 'I jumped up, picked up the rifle: "Stop ye thief!" I called out, "or I'll shoot you!" He gave a wag with his tail, the baste, as much as to say, "Shoot away ye daren't hit me for fear of killing Tim; and, begorra, I'll make myself safe enough for the matter of that." And at the word the cratur chucked poor Tim on to his back, as a fox does with a goose, and away he went again—come along!—safer than ever, for I could see more of O'Flaherty now than I could of him, bad luck to him! and I wished I had shot at first. I daredn't touch the trigger for the life of me, now, you understand; so I followed till he stopped, after a bit, and lay down with Tim before him, and then I shot, not at him, for fear of killing Tim, but in the hope of frightening the brute. But sorra a bit did it frighten him; it only made him gnash his teeth, and Tim, was between 'em, ye'll recollect. So then I ran back for the other rifle, and met you, and—and have a care now, we can't be far off him, unless he's eloped with Tim again, which the saints forbid, for it's a might unpleasant way of travelling.'

"He had not eloped with Tim. He was still lying, where Doolan had left him, with his mouth so close to poor O'Flaherty's ear, that he looked as if he were whispering into it. What was to be done? The very thought of firing into him across O'Flaherty made my hand shake. We all stood still for a moment or two, staring at the tiger and his victim.

"'Now, then, who's going to shoot? said Doolan. Somebody must, or faith poor Tim will be minced veal before he knows where he is. But I'll be hanged if it's me that's going to do it. You are the best shot, Denis.'

"'Shoot, O'Dowd,' said I 'I daren't, for the life of me.'

"'Faith, it's a risky shot for certain,' said O'Dowd; but if we stand here and do nothing, there'll be no chance for him at all. Now, hark ye, gentlemen,' he said, throwing up his head and looking, tubercle or not, a thoroughly fine fellow, 'you all know, I'm sure, that though I was anxious enough to shoot O'Flaherty standing opposite me at twelve paces, I'd be the last man in the world to take advantage of him now. All right—all right. There, that's enough! Upon me sowl then, I never thought otherwise for a moment. Look here, now. Give Morley your rifle, Phil, and you and Hale stand a trifle back. Now, Morley, my boy, I'm going to creep a thought nearer. Keep you just behind me. I'll blaze away at him first; and I shall hit him, don't be afraid for that. If he springs right at us, cover him well and let fly. If he only jumps up, hand me your rifle, and I'll baug at him again. D'ye understand me?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'Follow me, then.'

"O'Dowd stepped gently towards the tiger, and I followed his steps closely. When we were within a dozen yards of the animal, the tiger dropped O'Flaherty's arm which it had in its mouth, and lifted its head. O'Dowd sank on to his knee instantly, looked along his barrel for one second and fired. With the most awful yell I ever heard the tiger sprang up, gave one bound towards us, and then, before I'd time to mark him properly, rolled over on the long grass.

"'Twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. I'll bet a hundred,' said O'Dowd, quietly.

"I handed him the loaded rifle, and we all, except Doolan who dashed recklessly over to O'Flaherty, walked cautiously towards the fallen tiger. The bullet had passed through his eye into his brain, and he was as dead as his greatest grandfather.

"'Dead as a herring!' I cried.

"'Begad, and so he is,' said Doolan, who was bending over O'Flaherty; 'and so he is. Come here, Hale, can't you. Bad luck to ye! you're a pretty doctor to stand staring at a tiger when there's a dead Christian in want of your assistance five yards off. Come here, can't you!'

"We all ran at once to O'Flaherty.

"'O Tim,' whined Doolan, 'whatever injuiced you to go and die in a hurry like this?'

"'Die!' said Hale, sharply; 'what the dickens are you talking about dying for? The man's not dead. Not a bit of it. His left arm's broken, certainly, broken in two places; and he's nicely contused all over, I'll stake my reputation; pretty well frightened, no doubt; I confess I am, without so much cause; but, dead! Bless my soul, sir, will you have the goodness to allow him a breath of air?'

"The breath of air was allowed him. In a very short time he recovered consciousness; requested to know in a strong Irish accent whereabouts he was; betrayed by a few words that he was under the impression that he had lost his way in returning from a heavy dinner, and had gone to sleep by the roadside; then he recovered his senses completely; listened to the whole history, while Hale tied his arm up as well as it could be done; and finally with much assistanee, rose to his feet.

"'Well, gentlemen,' said I, cheerfully 'I suppose we may return at once, for the business which we came about will scarcely be proceeded with now, I apprehend.'

"'I decidedly forbid Mr. O'Flaherty's proceeding with that matter to-day,' said Hale, sulkily, laying strong emphasis upon the last word.

"'Faith, Hale,' said O'Flaherty, 'ye may even forbid it altogether. I should be a more insensible brute than that tiger there if I could not apologize now without feeling any humiliation in doing so. Give us your hand, Denis, and receive my apologies. I was screwed when I met you the other night, and—'

"'You sha'nt say another word, Tim,' said O'Dowd; 'if you do, I'll never spake to ye again. Come along; let's go at once. We'll send the servants for the beast yonder.'

"We all returned in high spirits; and that was the first and last duel I ever had a hand in."

"By Jove! that was a fine shot of O'Dowd's," said Galton, "and, all circumstances considered, must have been immensely satisfactory to himself. Yours is the only affair of the kind, Morley, that I ever heard of, in which either of the principals obtained any real satisfaction.'

"If O'Dowd was as good a hand at a pistol as a rifle, O'Flaherty's chance would have been a very poor one," said Dormer.

"Well, the tiger was the real peacemaker after all," said Bingham. "and yet he had to suffer for it. There's a want of classical justice about that part of the story."

"Nay," said Morley, "on the contrary, it is quite correct and classical. Amongst the ancients, you know, when two enemies were reconciled, they sacrificed a beast upon the occasion."

Encounter Between an Elephant and a Rat.—A very extraordinary encounter between a rat and an elephant has recently taken place in the Garden of Plants, London, which was witnessed with interest by hundreds of persons:

The keepers were engaged in destroying a great number of rats, when one of them escaped and ran to the spot allotted to the elephant. Seeing no other refuge, in the twinkling of an eye the rat snugly ensconced himself in the trunk of the elephant, very much to the elephant's dissatisfaction. He stamped his foot and twisted his trunk round like the sail of a windmill. After these revolutions he stood suddenly still, evidently reflecting on what was best to do. He then ran to the trough where he is accustomed to drink, and plunged his trunk into the water, then returned to his den, and raising his truuk, with the water he absorbed, he dashed out the unfortunate rat, which was in a sheet of water like that issuing from a fire engine. When the rat fell to the ground the elephant seized him and made him undergo the immorsion and projected four times. At the forth throw it fell dead. The elephant, with a majestic air, but cool and placid, crushed his annoying little enemy with his foot, and then went round to the spectators to make his usual collection of cake, sugar and other dainties. The feat was received with vociferous applause, which the elephant seemed fully to understand and appreciate.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

MR. STORY NOT AN ENGLISH SUBJECT.

SOME few months since a correspondent of the CALIFORNIAN addressed a communication to the editors, inquiring as to the truth of the report that W. W. Story, the artist, was an English subject. To this inquiry, another correspondent replied to the effect that, though Mr. Story was an American by birth, he had, during his long residence in Rome, received so many tokens of appreciation, and such liberal patronage from Englishmen, and been at the same time so much neglected by his own countrymen, that he had changed his allegiance. At about the same time, the New York *Home Journal*, in the course of a brief criticism of Mr. Story's "Proportions of the Human Form," made the same statement. It will be seen from the following letter, that the report did great injustice to the patriotic sentiments of the distinguished artist:

Rome, November 29, 1866.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HOME JOURNAL:

I have just received a copy of the *Home Journal* for the twenty-fourth of October, containing a very friendly notice of my work on the "Proportions of the Human Form, according to a New Canon," in which the writer states that "Mr. Story, the author, is an American and son of the great American jurist; he is now in Rome, but is a subject of her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Upon being asked once why he gave up his American citizenship, he answered that he was recognized and patronized by Englishmen and denied by his own countrymen. He very naturally became a resident of that country where his professional ability was acknowledged."

The writer of this notice has, inadvertently, made a statement which, in all respects and in all details, is utterly without foundation. Far from having renounced my American citizenship, and become an English subject, I am as warmly attached to my country as ever— as ready to stand by her in her success as I was to aid and defend her by word and pen, as far as in me lay, during that momentous struggle for Liberty and Union, which she maintained with such heroism, determination and fortitude. Now that she has passed through that fiery ordeal of civil war, coming forth from it stronger, more firm of purpose, and higher of resolve than ever, more prosperous at home and more honored abroad, my faith and my pride in her are strengthened and confirmed. I was born an American, and I shall die an American.

Were it true that I am "denied by my countrymen," (which I hope is not the case) it would be a paltry reason for renouncing my allegiance to my country. I am not "a resident of that country where my professional ability was acknowledged;" and, grateful as I must ever be to England and Englishmen for their prompt, liberal, and generous recognition of all that I have done, or endeavored to do, I can never forget that I am an American.

Your obedient servant, W. W. STORY.

LADIES IN THE SADDLE.

During the last twelve months quite a *furore* for equestrianism seems to have developed itself among the ladies of San Francisco. Throughout the Winter, riding parties—often sufficiently numerous to form a cavalcade—have been frequent, at every interval of fine weather, and riding is coming to be regarded as one of the regular touches of a female education. Such being the case, the following malicious comments, by an English writer, (evidently a cynical bachelor, and probably so ugly or so disagreeable as to have been rejected as an escort by lady equestrians) may prove interesting to some of our readers:

"I must say that ladies are, in general, very easily pleased in regard to the style of animal destined for their use; and, if the horse they are going to mount has the character of being quiet, carries his head high, and his tail is of the usual length, and he has the proper number of legs, they are perfectly satisfied that they are going to have a pleasant ride, and they do not enter into any minute criticism as to the shape or action of the animal, upon both of which points so much of the comfort and safety of the fair equestrian depends. And here I cannot help remarking, that gentlemen seem to me to have little or no hesitation in allowing their female relatives to mount horses that they, in their own person, be very unwilling to ride; and I can now see in my mind's eye, a young lady who trots and gallops past me in Rotteu-row, on a bay, thorough-bred looking horse, whose fore-legs seem tied together, whose shoulders are perpendicular, and whose fetlocks are nearly upright, and I will venture to say that neither her father or brother, if she has either, would willingly mount him for a ten-mile ride along a road, with the slightest expectation of arriving safe at the end, To watch that horse hobbling along at a walk is very painful, but in the canter or gallop his defective action is not so conspicuous, as he makes a great flourish; but, when anything does happeu to that young lady, the catastrophe will be awful; yet she goes up and down the ride in the season, laughing and enjoying herself, in happy ignorance that she is in continual danger of about the worst fall that can occur.

'Few people are at all aware of the weight of their female friends, till the scales reveal the secret; and, unless a gentleman has occasion to assist a lady into the saddle, or over stiles, he can form no opinion as to the weight she is, for the dress conceals the figure so much. Women are much heavier than men, in proportion to their height, and I believe ten stones to be no unusual weight among ladies of ordinary height and proportion. A side-saddle weighs eighteen pounds, and, with the additional weight of the riding-habit. hat, whip, boots, etc., we may safely say that a large proportion of the ladies we see on horseback average nearly twelve stone each; how seldom do you see ladies mounted on horses up to weight? Ladies' horses are proverbially called 'weeds,' weak, leggy, narrow-chested, weak, and quiet-tempered animal to be 'just the thing to carry a lady,' which I do not paying them any great compliment.'"

The estimate of the average weight of lady-riders is probably exaggerated, even in reference to Englishwomen; as applied to those of San Francisco, who indulge in equestrian exercises, it is monstrous. Indeed, the suggestion that the slender, elastic feminine figures that we are accustomed to see in the saddle, on pleasant mornings, cantering jauntily on the Cliff-House road, average *twelve stone*, is positively shocking to my mind, from which the last elements of poetry or sentiment has not been eliminated!

A FORGOTTEN AMERICAN ARTIST.

The last number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains an interesting, though garrulous and egotistical article, entitled "Recollections of John Vanderlyn, the Artist," the object of which seems to be, not so much to pay a deserved tribute to the memory of the great and eccentric painter, as to indulge the personal and family pride of the writer of the article. Poor Vanderlyn is quite a secondary figure; "I and my family" are placed conspicuously in the foreground. The article commences as follows:

"The visitor to the Rotunda, in the Capitol at Washington, sees, among the large historical pictures placed there by the government, 'The Landing of Columbus,' by Vanderlyn. In the Hall of Representatives is the full-length portrait of Washington, by the same artist. These, with one in the City Hall in New York (I think, the full length portrait of President Monroe) are the only public works left to preserve alive the memory of one who, had he been careful of himself and attentive to his profession, would have been without a superior among American artists.

Vanderlyn was a *protégé* of Aaron Burr. He belonged to a Dutch family at Kingston, Ulster County, New York, where his father was a farmer. Near this place my father had a country residence, at which I spent all my early summers; and it was to this circumstance that I owed my acquaintance with Vanderlyn, who had returned thither after the ruin of his patron."

In 1808, Vanderlyn was awarded the gold medal offered by the Emperor Napoleon, for the best original picture at the exhibition of the Louvre. The work that won the prize, out of twelve hundred competing pictures, was the American painter,s "Marius among the Ruins of Carthage," which is now, we infer, in this city, in the possession of the writer of the article referred to. The interest of the subject and the curious details furnished, could alone have induced the editor of such a periodical as the *Atlantic Monthly* to publish an article so inartistically written, and so thoroughly pervaded by a snobbish spirit, as these "Recollections." The following extract is most amusing:

"Vanderlyn painted very slowly and elaborately, as I know to my cost. Believing that Burr's estimate of him was correct, and that he was our ablest American artist, I had always been very desirous to have him paint the portraits of my father and mother. In 1833, accidentally meeting him in New York, I proposed to him to undertake the work; but he declined, alleging that he had no studio. I found him living at an obscure French boarding-house in Church street, and I proposed to him to come to my father's house and use the library as a studio. So he came, blocked up the windows, except a square place in the top of one of them, and began his pictures It was in the autumn when he commenced, and the winter was nearly over when he finished. I wanted to use the library for my studies, and tired enough I was at the long exclusion. My mother sat for a couple of hours in the morning, and my father in the afternoon, and each of them had about sixty sittings. In this way the whole winter was spent. He made fine pictures, of course, but the victimized sitters felt that the cost was too great."

"PADDY PUNGENT."

WE have received a pamphlet of 110 pages, which contains an account of the tour of "Paddy Pungent, a Rambling Irishman," through certain portions of Ireland. The author is J. M. Doherty. There is an immense amount of useful knowledge, wit, humor, and satire in this little pamphlet, as well as some really philosophical speculations on metaphysics. The first four chapters of this little work are devoted to an account of what the author saw and heard during his tour through Ireland, and reflections on the present condition of that country. Were it not for the hard hits which he deals the priesthood, we should say that Mr. Doherty was almost without a prejudice. He has evidently but little sympathy with the fools, who, under the name of Fenians, are at present trying to make the condition of Ireland worse than it need be. He says:

"Dublin can produce more soldiers and soul-savers than any other city of the same size in the universe, and while saying so I would add my belief that there would be less need for the former if the latter could be shipped out of the country. Owing to their natural light-heartedness, and generous respect for fair play, there are no people on the face of the earth that could be governed so easily as the Irish, if they had only education and a few liberal and enlightened leaders—leaders that could rise themselves above the vulgar level of sectarian bigotry. But with the wicked and pernicious training to which they have yielded only too far, on the one side, and *English* "fair play," on the other, there would seem to be no salvation for them. Degraded, duped and divided into two hostile camps by political knaves and religious charlatans it is —not themselves that are there at all. at all. Every building worth looking at may. at sight, be safely connected either with the military or the clergy. In every nook and corner of the city, stand churches which have been built at an expense truly marvelous, when contrasted with the poverty-stricken appearance of the country, while right in the centre of this public park, not to mention those found in other places, are scattered promiscuously about, magazines, barracks and military hospitals, all built at an enormous outlay."

It is a fact that England finds it very difficult to rule Ireland by "fair play," and she who has no spies in any other portion of her dominions, does not scruple to expend a large portion of "the secret-service fund," in paying Irishmen to betray their fellow-countrymen. Mr. Doherty tells some good Irish legends, and revamps some old stories so well, that they appear even better than new. In the fifth chapter—having concluded his account of his travels in Ireland—he expresses his opinions on various subjects. The synopsis of the subjects treated on, which heads this chapter, is:

"Gradual Shallowing of Seas—Everything Undergoes Change.—Our Earth Growing Larger.—Man a Mere Earth-Bound Worm.—Progress From Soils to Men.—Christianity versus Spiritualism.—Man a Progressive Animal.—Effects of Amalgamation."

Mr. Doherty's remarks on the proposition that seas are gradually shallowing, evince considerable reading and some original thought. In the next section of this fifth chapter, he is indebted for many of the ideas which he advances to Darwin, who published his theory of "elective progression" before "Paddy Pungent" went to Ireland. Mr. Doherty, as we observed before, has read many books; he is too apt to make a display of his store of knowledge. He has a library stored up in his brain, and in the course of 110 small pages he pulls down all the books in a heap. We have scraps from "Pepy's Diary," histories of Mexico, travels in Arabia, anecdotes of Dean Swift, Draper's Letters, and about fifty other works. This, however, serves to add variety to "Paddy Pungent's" rambling discourse. His book is very well worth reading, and certainly worth more than the 25 cents charged for it. Printed in large type on hot-pressed paper, and handsomely bound. The matter contained in this pamphlet of 110 pages might be expanded into a volume which would be far better worth a dollar and a half than many of those issued every week by New York publishers. We have said so much in praise of this work. We must say, that though Mr. Doherty writes grammatical English, his style of writing is not characterized by much elegance. The following description of what followed his entrance into a cabin, is not exactly a model of English composition:

"Michael came to a perpendicular in a hurry, and handing me the best chair in the cabin with both hands, he modestly invited me to be seated. The old lady jumped around, and wiping the seat of the chair with a *praskin* (coarse apron), she too invited me to sit down. And in a very short time, she had at my service, a coarse towel, some soap and plenty of hot water."

Mr. Doherty's manner of telling his story is, however, as a rule, free from affectation; and he has so much, that it is amusing and instructive to tell his reader that he must be allowed to convey it to him in the best way he can, without being subjected to severe criticism on the score of occasional crudities in composition.

[For the Californian.]

THE HAPPY PAIR.

THERE'S a canthie bit body, a cantie auld cock,
Wha is kent by the odd name o' Bob Gowenlock;
Time has mown a' the hair frae the tap o' his cronn,
Yet still left him tho' three score an' twa unco soun.

Idle clashes an' clavers he ne'er minds uva,
But has nye got a kind word to say aboot a';
To the wee faults o' ithers this guid man is blind,
And a heart that is warmer wad hard be to find.

Blest wi' plenty auld Bob is a frien' to the poor,
And the beggar in want finds relief at his door;
Wi the best o' mankind there is aye some bit flaw,
So, if he is nae perfect, his failings are sma'!

The curl likes his drap toddy, a pinch o' guid snuff,
And whiles wi' a cuttie pipe taks a bit puff;
When cronies aboot him in festive mirth stand,
He will sing the auld sangs o' his ain native land.

He is blest wi' a leal und a kind hearted wife,
Wha has shared a' his cares thro' the maist o' his life,
O the sweet kinnied words that fa' saft frae her tongue,
Cast around him love's sunshine as when they were young.

The guid bnik frae whase pages the blind seek for licht
The auld pair read a portion o't mornin' and nicht;
As they feel that life's blessings a' come frae above,
So their hame is the hame o' contentment and love.

A' Bob's riches were gained by the sweat o' his brow,
And when toiling for age he was happy as now;
Aye content wi' the sphere where his lot was lang cast,
He delights wi' his friens yet to crack o' the past.

Things are never sae pure that there's nae room to mend,
And the frugal will aye fin' oot some way to fend;
In the spring time provide for the autumn o' life,
And wale weel aboon a' things a trusty guid wife.

—JAMES LINEN.

San Francisco, Feb. 1867.

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA.—Messrs. Snow & Roos announce elsewhere in our columns, that the exhibition of this fine painting will close on the 9th of March. We have heretofore spoken of merits of this painting, and trust that it will find a purchaser on this coast.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

On Mouday, Miss Alice Kingsbury appeared as "Amrie" in the play of *Little Barefoot*. On Tuesday, a play entitled *The Orange Girl* was produced. The critics of San Francisco were for once unanimous in their opinion. On Wednesday, all the critics denounced the play of *The Orange Girl* as being utter trash. The *Bulletin* (which is generally very careful about expressing its honest opinion on any dramatic matter, for fear of giving pain) evidently perceived that *The Orange Girl* afforded it an occasion of which it might avail itself, and yet retain the good-will of the management of the Opera House. Good gracious! how the critic of the *Bulletin* did let himself out in pitching into this unhappy melodrama. He says:

"The plot is *unnatural*, the leading incidents, the *denouement ridiculous*. The piece is *wretchedly weak* in style, disjointed in construction, and violates almost every canon of art. *It has no coherency, no method, no consecutiveness of action—in short, no claim to the title of a legitimate drama.* As to the characters, they are either *disgustingly weak* or *superfluously wicked*. About the only redeeming feature in the whole performance was the turn scene in the first act (and that we owe to the artist) and the acrobatic exploits of Harry Jackson. Miss Kingsbury, Mrs. Sophie Edwin and Mrs Jackson did their best to redeem a worthless play, but as they had nothing to work on they failed in doing justice either to themselves or the audience."

If any one dares to say, after reading that criticism, in which such a torrent of vituperative adjectives is poured out on a cheap melodrama, that we have no bold, independent and honest critics in San Francisco, I must tell him that he lies under a mistake. The *Dramatic Chronicle*, in the most kind manner, (not having the advertisement of the Opera House,) gave a sketch of the plot of this play; and instead of raving at its absurdity, made it the subject of a calmly ironical article. This play is decidedly "utter trash," but the public should be grateful to the management of the Opera House for producing it, as it has proved that there are some plays so bad, that even the critics of the daily press perceive they dare not delude the public concerning their demerits. *The Orange Girl* was repeated on Wednesday and Thursday, and was a good enough performance for those stormy nights. Last night *Fanchon* was played, and Mr. Edwards recited "Drake's Address to the American Flag." This afternoon Miss Alice Kingsbury will appear in *The Child of the Savannah*. In the evening *Damon and Pythias* will be produced, with John McCullough as "Damon," Harry Edwards as "Pythias," and Miss Alice Kingsbury as "Calanthe;" the performance will conclude with *The little Treasure*, in which Miss Alice Kingsbury will appear as "Gertrude." On Monday, *The Long Strike* will be played. A melodrama entitled *The Mariner's Compass*, successfully produced sometime ago at the Surrey Theatre, London, is in rehearsal.

Miss Amy Stone appeared in the character of "Fanchon" on Monday to a very small audience, at the Academy of Music; she failed to create a favorable impression. Miss Stone made a mistake in coming to San Francisco as a "star actress;" and even had she been capable of playing leading business acceptably, would have been to blame for attempting to repeat characters in which another actress had gained the favor of the public. It would not be judicious even for Maggie Mitchell to come to San Francisco at present. In the course of a few months, after our public has recovered from its infatuation in favor of Miss Alice Kingsbury's "Fanchon," it may be ready to witness another actress's impersonation of that part. I do not mean to institute any comparison between Miss Alice Kingsbury and Miss Amy Stone, as such a comparision would be very unfair to the former. Miss Alice Kingsbury acts some parts very badly indeed, but in others, eviuces genius which abundantly makes up for all the shortcomings. Miss Amy Stone is a worse actress than Miss Alice Kingsbury; has a bad voice, and has certainly, during the past few evenings in which she has appeared on the stage of the Academy of Music, evinced no signs of genius. Miss Stone took a benefit on Wednesday and retired from the stage.

The new pantomime of *Raoul, or The Magic Star*, produced at the Metropolitan Theatre last week, proved a success. The performances given at this house last week, was rendered more attractive by the clever acting of the Howson Family and Willie Edouin, in new farces. Heller will probably arrive to-morrow, and will immediately commence a two-months' engagement.

Martin the Wizard was to have opened his "Temple of Magic and Mystery," at the Academy of Music on Thursday, but not possessing supernatural power of sufficient potency to allay the storm which raged, wisely postponed his initial performance till last night. As the CALIFORNIAN, in order to afford everyone connected with the office an opportunity of celebrating the birthday of glorious Washidgton, went to press early in the afternoon, I am, of course, unable to say with what success Martin met—in conjuring dollars out of the pockets of San Franciscans.

Mrs. Lizzie P. Northrup's annual concert, which was postponed in consequence of the stormy weather, will take place on Monday, at Platt's Hall. A good programme is offered; Signor Mancusi, Signor Morley, (who has been too long in retirement), Professor G. A. Scott, Mme. Julia Blaisdell and other talented artistes will assist. Mrs. Northrup and Signor Mancusi will sing a duetto from *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*; and in the second part, a duetto from *Maritana* will be performed by Mrs. Northrup and Signor Morley. The programme should prove sufficiently attractive to draw a full house, and we hope this will be the case.

It is pleasant to observe that steps have been taken, which it is to be hoped will put M. and Mme. Heine (who have met with but little success in a pecuniary point of view) in funds once more. Some of the leading merchants and best citizens of San Francisco have undertaken to give M. and Mme. Heine a sterling benefit on the 1st of March, at Platt's Hall. There can be no failure this time; and those who attend this concert will, in addition to hearing some of the sweetest music they ever listened to, have the satisfaction of knowing that they are joiuing with good (and fashionable) people in a most worthy work.

There is a better actress in this city at present, than our theatre-goers wot of. Had Miss Grace Darley made her appearance at the right house — the Olympic is not for an artiste of her ability—she would have made a hit. Miss Darley, who has appeared at Drury Lace and other first-class theatres, both in London and Dublin, is a very clever comedienne—far better than Miss Emily Thorne. We have not too many light comedy actresses iu this state; therefore it is a pity that Miss Grace Darley is not permanently attached to one of the stock companies instead of "starring" at the Olympic, where her ladylike, though vivacious acting, is as caviare to an audience accustomed to coarser diet.

There is some talk about the American Theatre being opened next week for the production of scenic and horse pieces.

TOUCHSTONE.

NEW MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.—The New Merchants' Exchange on California street, when completed, will be the most imposing structure in our city—costing in the neighborhood of $300,000. The iron castings for the front was done by the Fulton foundry; the carpenter work by Maj. Welton, the masonry by Mr. Jordan, and the wood-carving by Mr. E. Power, of No. 30 California street. Though every department is most creditably done, it is of the last named branch that we particularly consider noteworthy. The artizan has completed this task of delicate and intricate workmanship in a most satisfactory manner. Mr. Power has executed work for some of the most costly buildings in California, among which, are the New Mechanics' Institute, the Court House of San Jose, and some of the new Kearny street buildings and others, that bear evidence of his artizanship and proficiency in wood carving and ornamental workmanship. It will probably be some two months yet before the New Exchange will be ready for occupancy.

A SUGGESTION.—Says the *Times* of Tuesday last:

"It those who engage in acts of mobs and outlawry generally, were to give a little study to the philosophy of punishment as it relates to crime, we think there would be less disposition to indulge their violent propensities."

There is no lack of profundity in the above sentence. Still, it is a tolerably well ascertained fact that those who engage in mobs do not devote any great amount of time and attention to the study of anything—especially, anything relating to the "philosopby of punishment," as it relates to crime. To prevent Patrick McGinnis and Andy Murphy from again engaging in mobs, it would be well to circulate among them a vast quantity of pamphlets on "The Philosophy of Punishment as it Relates to Crime." We can see Andy and Patrick slowly spelling them out, and arising from their perusal firmly convinced that mobs are morally, socially and politically wrong.

SENATORIAL REFORMATION.—A recent telegram informs us that "Senator Yates of Illinois made a stirring temperance speech at a meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, in the Hall of Representatives, on Sunday evening, saying that he had beeu called a drunkard, and now made a covenant with God to keep the pledge." It is to be hoped, for the benefit of society, the House of Representatives, the country in geueral, and Senator Yates in particular, that this covenant with God will be faithfully kept. There is, however, one ominous characteristic of these trumpet-tongued, publicly-proclaimed, good intentions. In nine cases out of ten, they are not lasting. They are indicative of repentance arising from a very recent spree.

HOW THEY LIVE IN NEW YORK.—We learn from a recently returned Californian, that the New Yorkers entered in the enjoyment of their usual winter sport during the present season with universal gusto, which he described as consisting of "sleighing, skating, coughing, sneezing, chattering, blowing their noses, buying lozenges, overshoes, and swallowing cough candy, cayenne pepper tea, and hot whisky punches, going about with horse blankets wrapped around them in the daytime, and sleeping with old stockings tied around their throats at night." There are pleasanter climates in the winter time than that of New York.

WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.—"Snow-Drop and Rosebud," a story by May Wentworth; and "In Memoriam," a translation from the Spanish of a poem by Aurelio Luis Gallardo; also "Rare Ripe," a poem by W. A. Kendall.

LATE PARIS FASHIONS.

Coral, and especially the pale pink variety, is again very fashionable for the evening dresses. Tunics are frequently embroidered in sprays of coral, beads being introduced among the work so as to give it more relief. With brocaded dresses, trimmings made with precious stones are in vogue, because gimp is not considered sufficiently rich for such very handsome materials, consequently buttons made of lapis lazuli, jasper aventurine, and amber, are in great demand.

Very few flowers are used in head dresses this season, and bandelets have entirely disappeared. Many young ladies only wear a very handsome comb, with either a silver or gold top; and if a flower is added, it is a very tiny one indeed. Watteau wreaths are occasionally to be seen, but they are composed of Liliputian roses, pinks, etc. By contrast, enormous flowers are used for ornamenting ball dresses. For example, a white tulle dress with a *bouillonnee* skirt will have over it a tunic of white and cerise striped silk, embroidered round the edge with cerise chenille. The tunic forms a point at the back, which point is turned back, and a spray of monster roses, pinks, etc., is passed inside, and falls on the white tulle.

There is a new fashion of looping up skirts lately introduced—it is to trim them with a large *revers*, which is lined with silk of a different color from the dress, and is fastened at the back with a bow, or buttoned on with a gimp button. The style of dress is only worn *en grande toilette*, when the underskirt is invariably cut with a train. These *revers* are almost invariably made of white silk, embroidered with white chenille of the color of the upper skirt.

White cashmere is much used as a material for frocks for girls between three and seven years of age, the tunic being simulated with a white silk ruche, or with a *rouleau* of blue silk. For older girls poplin is the popular material. A favourite toilette is an iron-grey poplin, the skirt shorn and scolloped out, and bound with blue poplin. A blue cashmere petticoat, with a box pleated border round the edge.

Both a blue cashmere Garibaldi and a white muslin bodice are made with the style of skirt. Plain poplin is also a favorite material for young girls; they are usually trimmed with black velvet. I must not omit to mention a novelty before closing my letter, which has recently been introduced. They are flowers made of wool so fine and delicate that they are easily mistaken for real ones; they no more resemble the worsted flowers of yore than the artificial productions of florists of to-day are like those of thirty years ago.—*Queen*.

NEGOTIATIONS have been made with Gustave Dore for fourteen illustrations of Poe's "Raven." These illustrations have been bargained for at three hundred dollars in gold for each design. One hundred dollars in gold is to be paid for the engraving of each design—Dore to select the engraver. The aggregate cost will be equal to six thousand dollars in currency. Widdleton is the projector of the edition.

They have a Winter Garden place of amusement in Dublin. It is a glass building.

Story's bust of Mrs. Browning is on exhibition in Boston.

Edmond Ahont has began a new serial novel, called "Italy." It appears in a Florence paper.

A new weekly Journal, in English, is to he published in Paris. It is the undertaking of an American, Mr. Musgrave Clay.

HOME STOCK AND HOME BUGGIES.—W. G. Jones, the proprietor of the "Dexter" Stable, on Bush st., between those two crack hotels the Occidental and Cosmopolitan, appears determined to *outstrip* al others in the stable line, not only with fast horses, but with superior buggies as well—he having ordered, months ago, a portion of his stock from the manufactory of Pollard & Carvill, on Webb street, between Sacramento and California, in this city. Mr. Jones is also supplied with Brewster's best; so that pleasure seekers can have a chance to test homemade buggies in comparison with the best imported article, behind the choicest stock in the city. The superiority of which they may decide by engaging teams from the "Dexter" Stable. We back the San Francisco article.

ATTENTION LADIES.—Kohler Bros., No. 525 Kearny street, extends an invitation to the ladies of San Francisco to call on them before purchasing shoes elsewhere. Remember they are determined to sell ladies' shoes and gentlemen's boots, at lower rates than any other house in the trade; and have the best selected stock in San Francisco W. H. Fiuch, formerly of Montgomery street, would be pleased to see his old friends at the new store of Kohler Brothers, No. 525 Kearny street, (under the Crim House). Ladies' and Gents' shoes and boots made to order, and finished in a style unapproachable by any other manufacturer, and one trial will prove the truth of these assertions. Give them a call.

TO THE SICK.—Cures in almost all cases are guaranteed to the sick by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, and are rapidly effected, because he uses no medicines whatever, nor mesmeric jugglery nor any species of fraud or deception; and farther, because he has had an experience of more than twenty-five years and knows what can be done and *how* to do it. *

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER III.—ON THE BALCONY.

"ARE you going out this evening Stewart?" asked Harriet Routh of her husband, as they sat together, after their dinner—which had not been a particularly lively meal—was removed. She did not look at him as she put the question, but gazed out of the window, holding back the curtain, while she spoke. Stewart Routh was examining the contents of a heap of letters which lay on the table before him, and did not answer for a moment. She repeated the question:

"Are you going out anywhere this evening, Stewart?"

"Of course I am going out," he answered, impatiently. "Why do you ask? I am not going to be mewed up here in this stifling room all the evening."

"No, of course not," she answered, very gently and without an inflection in her voice to betray that she perceived the irritation of his tone. "Of course not. You go out every evening, as every one else does here. I only asked because I think of going with you."

"*You*, Harry?" he said, with real embarrassment, but with feigned cordiality. "That *is* a sudden start. Why, you have never been out in the evening since we've been here but once, and then you seemed to dislike the play very much Have you not been out to-day?"

"Yes, I have. I walked a long way to-day. But I have a fancy to go to the Kursaal this evening. George Dallas tells me a number of new people have come, and I have a fancy to see them."

Stewart Routh frowned. He dislikes this fancy of his wife's; he did not understand it. Harriet had always shrunk from strangers and crowds, and had gone to Homburg very unwillingly. On their first arrival, when he would have been tolerably willing to take her about with him, though he felt a growing repugnance to her society, she would not go out except to drink the waters early in the day, and now, on an occasion when it was particularly inconvenient to him, she took a fancy to go out. Besides, he hated the mention of George Dallas' name. There was a tacit sympathy between him and Harriet on this point. True, she was accustomed to bearing pain. But she rarely spoke of him, as she knew his intercourse with Routh was very slight and casual. Harriet possessed even more than ordinary feminine power of divination in such matters, and she felt instinctively that Mr. Felton both disliked and distrusted her husband.

"It is fortunate we do not want to use Dallas for our purpose any longer," Harriet had said to herself, on only the second occasion of her seeing the uncle and nephew together—"very fortunate; for Mr. Felton would be a decided and a dangerous antagonist. Weak and wavering as George is, his uncle could rule him, I am sure, and would do so, contrary to us." This impression has been confirmed since Harriet had watched, as she was in the habit of doing, the proceedings of Mr. Felton and George at Homburg. When George visited her, he rarely mentioned Routh, and she knew they had not dined together ever since they had been there. Assisted, insensibly, by his uncle's opinion and influence, George had emancipated himself, as all his reflections had dictated, but as all his resolutions had failed to accomplish. So Harriet ceased to mention George to Routh, and thus it was that speech jarred unpleasantly upon his ear.

"Indeed," he said. "I should think Dallas a very poor judge of what is or is not likely to amuse you. However, I'm sorry I can't take you out this evening. I have an engagement."

Still she kept her head turned from him and looked out of the window. He glanced at her uneasily, cleared his throat, and went on:

"I promised to meet Hunt and Kirkland at the tables to-night, and try our luck. I'm sorry for it, Harry, and I'll keep to-morrow evening quite free. That will do for you, won't it?"

"Yes," she replied; "that will do."

She did not look round, and he did not approach her. He fidgeted about the room a little, sorted his letters, tied them up in a bundle, locked them into his traveling-desk, and finally, with another uneasy glance at her, he left the room. Harriet sat quiet still, her hand upon the curtain, her face towards the window. So she sat for several minutes, after he had left the house, in evening dress, with a loose paletot on, and she had seen him go down the street towards the Kursaal. Then she wrote a few lines to George Dallas, and, having sent his note, once more seated herself by the window. The room was darkening in the quick coming night, and her figure was indistinct in its motionless attitude by the window, when George came gaily into her presence.

"Here I am, Mrs. Routh. What are you doing? Nothing wrong with you, I hope? I can't see you plainly in the dusk. Where's Routh?"

"He has gone out. He had an engagement, and I have a particular fancy to go out this evening, to see the world; in fact, at the Kursaal, in particular. You are always so kind and obliging, I thought as Stewart could not take me, if your mother did not particularly want you this evening, you might give me your escort for an hour."

"Too delighted," said George, with genuine pleasure. "I am quite free. Mr. Carruthers is with my mother, and my uncle is writing letters for the American mail."

Harriet thanked him, and left the room; but returned almost immediately, with her bonnet on, and wearing a heavy black lace veil.

"You will be smothered in that veil, Mrs. Routh," said George, as they left the house. "And you won't get the full benefit of this delightful evening air."

"I prefer it," she said; "there are some men here, friends of Stewart, whom I don't care to see."

They went on, almost in silence, for Harriet was very thoughtful, and George was wondering what made her so "low," and whether these friends of Routh's were any of the "old set." He hoped, for Harriet's sake, Routh was not playing recklessly. He was very clever, of course, but still—and with all the wisdom and the zeal of his present mental and moral condition, George shook his head at the idea of a deflection into gambling on the part of Routh.

The often described scene at the Kursaal displayed all the customary features. Light, gilding, gaiety, the lustre and rustle of women's dress, the murmur of voices, and the ring of laughter in all the rooms not devoted to play; but at the tables, silence, attention, and all the variety which attends the exhibition of the passion of gambling in all its stages. From the careless lounger, who, merely passing through the rooms, threw a few florins on the table to try what the game was like, to the men and women who lived for and in the hours during which the tables were open to them, all, with the intermediate ranks of votaries and degrees of servitude were there.

George was so accustomed to Harriet's retiring manners, and so prepared to find the scene distasteful to her, that he did not notice her unwillingness to assume a prominent position in any of the rooms through which they passed. As they entered each, she drew him a little behind the crowd in occupation, and talked to him about the style of the apartment, its decoration, the brilliancy of its light—in short, made any common-place remarks which occurred to her.

They were standing near the door of one of the saloons, and Harriet, though her veil was not lifted, was scanning from behind its shelter curiously, and with a rapid sharpness peculiar to her, the brilliant-dressed crowd, talking, laughing, flirting, lounging on the velvet seats and some furtively yawning in the weariness of their hearts; when a sudden brisk general flutter and a prevading whisper attracted the attention of both. The movement was caused by the entrance of a lady, so magnificently dressed and so extremely handsome that she could not have failed to create a sensation in any resort of gaiety, fashion, and the pomp and pride of life. The voluminous folds of her blue satin dress were covered, overflowed rather, by those of a splendid mantilla of black lace, worn Spanish fashion over her head, where a brilliant scarlet flower nestled between the rich filmy fabric and the lustrous black brown hair coiled round it. She came in, her head held up, her bright black eyes flashing, her whole face and figure radiant with reckless beauty and assertion. Two or three gentlemen accompanied her, and her appearance had the same processional air which George had commented upon in the morning. The lady was Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge.

"We're in luck, Mrs. Routh," said George. "Here comes my uncle's fair friend, or fair enemy, whichever she may be, in all her splendor. What a pity Mr. Felton is not here. Perhaps she will speak to me."

"Perhaps so," whispered Harriet, as she slipped her hand from under his arm, and sat down on a bench behind him. "Pray don't move, please. I particularly wish to be hidden."

At this moment, Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, advancing with her train, amid the looks of the assembly, some admiring, some affecting the contemptuous, and a few not remarkably respectful, approached George. From behind him, where her head just touched the back of his elbow, Harriet's blue eyes were fixed upon her. But the triumphant beauty was quite unconscious of their gaze. She stopped for a moment, and spoke to George.

"Good evening, Mr. Dallas. Is Mr. Felton here? No? He is expecting his son, I suppose."

"He does not know, madam. He has not heard from him."

"Indeed! But Arthur is always lazy about letter-writing. However, he will be here soon to answer for himself."

"Will he? Do you know, my uncle is very anxious—"

She interrupted him with a laugh and a slight gesture of her hand, in which the woman watching her discerned an insolent meaning, then said, as she passed on:

"He knows where to find me, if he wants to know what I [illegible] Dallas."

voice, after he had watched the brilliant figure as it mingled with the crowd in the long saloon.

"I did," said Harriet. "And though I don't understand her meaning, I think there is something wrong and cruel in it. That is a bold woman, George," she went on speaking earnestly; "and though I am not exactly the person entitled to warn you against dangerous friends—"

"Yes, yes, you are," interrupted George, eagerly, as he drew her hand again under his arm, and they moved on; "indeed you are. You are the best of friends to me. When I think of all the past, I hardly know how to thank you enough. All that happened before I went to Antwerp, and the way you helped me out of my scrape, and all that happened since; the good advice you gave me! Only think what would have happened to me if I had not acted upon it."

He was going on eagerly, when she stopped him by the iron pressure of her fingers upon his arm.

"Pray don't," she said. "I am not strong now. I can't talk of these—of anything that agitates me."

"I beg your pardon," said George, soothingly. "I ought to have remembered. And, also, Mrs. Routh, I know you never like to be thanked. What were you going to say when I thoughtlessly interrupted you?"

"I was going to say," she replied, in quite her customary tone, "that I don't think this American lady would be a very safe friend, and that I don't think she feels kindly towards your uncle. There was something malicious in her tone. Is your uncle uneasy about his son?"

The question put George into a difficulty, and Harriet with unfailing tact, perceived in a moment that it had done so. "I remember," she said, "the tone in which Mr. Felton wrote of his son, in the first letter, was not favorable to him; but this is a family matter, George, and you are quite right not to tell me about it."

"Thank you, Mrs. Routh," said George. "You are always right, and always kind. I must tell my uncle what has passed this evening. This much I may say to you. He has had no news of his son lately, and will be very glad to receive any."

"I don't think he will be glad to receive news of his son through *her*," said Harriet. All the time this conversation lasted she had been scanning the crowd through which they were moving, and noting every fresh arrival.

"Shall we go into the gardens? the lights look pretty," she continued.

George acquiesced, and they passed through the wide doors and down the broad steps into the gay scene over which the tranquil star-lit sky spread a canopy of deep cloudless blue; the blue of tempered steel; the dark blue of the night, which is so solemnly beautiful.

"Are you always so successful?" a voice, pitched to a low and expressive key, said to a lady, who sat, an hour later that night, with a heap of gold and silver beside her, under the brilliant light which streamed down over the gaming-tables and their occupants, but lighted up no such dauntless, bright, conquering beauty as hers. The man who had spoken stood behind her; his hand rested on the back of her chair, and was hidden in the folds of the laced drapery which fell over her dress. She gave him an upward, backward flash of her black eyes, and answered:

"Always, and in everything. I invariably play to win. But sometimes I care little for the game and tire of it in the beginning. Now, for instance, I am tired of this."

"Will you leave it, then?"

"Of course," and she rose as she spoke, took up her money, dropped it with a laugh into a silver-net bag, a revival of the old gypsin, which hung at her waist, and, drawing her lace drapery round, moved away. The man who had spoken followed her closely and silently. She passed into one of the saloons, and out into a long balcony, on which a row of windows opened, and which overlooked the gardens filled with groups of people.

A band was stationed in one of the rooms which opened upon the terrace, and the music sounded pleasantly in the still air.

"And so you are always successful!" said the man who had spoken before to the lady, who leaned upon the balcony, with the light from within just tinging the satin of her dress, and the faint light of the moon and the stars lending her grace and beauty a softened radiance which well became them, though somewhat foreign to them. "I believe that firmly. Indeed, how could you fail? I cannot fancy you associated with defeat. I cannot fancy anything but triumph for such a Venus Victrix as you are!"

"You say very pretty things," was the slightly contemptuous answer, "and you say them very well. But I think I am a little tired of them, among other things. You see, I have heard so many of them, ever since I can remember. In fact, I have eaten bon-bons of every kind, of all the colors, as they say in Paris, and they pall upon my taste now."

"You are not easily understood," said her companion; "but you are the most enchanting of enigmas."

"Again!" she said, and held up her ungloved hand, on which jewels shone in the dim, mixed light.

"[illegible] and again!" replied, and he drew nearer to

did not shrink from him, she listened, with her arms wrapped in her lace mantle, resting upon the balcony, the long black eyelashes shading her eyes, and the head, with the scarlet flower decking it, bent—not in timidity, but in attentive thought. The man leaned with his back against the balcony, and his face turned partly toward her, partly toward the open windows, through which the light was shining. The lady listened, but rarely uttered a word. It was a story, a narrative of some kind which her companion was telling, and it evidently interested her.

They were alone. The rooms within filled, and emptied, and filled again, and people rambled about them, went out upon the terrace and into the gardens; but no one intruded upon the tete-a-tete upon the balcony.

A momentary pause in the earnest, passionate flow of her companion's speech caused the lady to change her position and look up at him. "What is it?" she said.

"Nothing. Dallas passed by one of the windows just now, and I thought he might have seen me. He evidently did not, for he's just the blundering fool to have come out here to us if he had. It never would occur to him that he could be in anyone's way."

There was an exasperation in his tone which surprised the lady. But she said, calmly, "I told you I thought him a booby." She resumed her former position, and as she did so the scarlet flower fell from her hair over the parapet. Her companion did not notice the accident, owing to his position she leaned a little more forward to see where the flower had fallen. A lady, who had, no doubt, been passing along the terrace under the balcony at the moment, had picked it up. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge saw the blossom with the deep red color in the lady's hand as she walked rapidly away, and was lost to sight at the end of the terrace.

A little more times passed and the American lady and her companion left the balcony, passed through the central hall, and reached the grand entrance of the Kursaal. A close carriage was in waiting, into which the gentleman handed her.

"Where is the flower you wore in your hair to-night?" he said, as he lingered, holding the carriage door in his hand; "have you taken it out? Are you going to give it to me?" Exciting boldness was in his voice, and his keen dark eyes were aflame.

"Impertinent! I lost it; it fell over the balcony while you were talking—talking nonsense, I fancy."

"I will find it when you are gone. I may———No. I will keep it."

"Some one has been too quick for you," she said, with a mischievous laugh "I saw some one pick it up and walk off with it, very quickly, too."

"What? and you———"

"Don't be foolish." she interrupted him; "shut the door, please, I'm cold. I want to pull the glass up—I want to get home. There, good night. Pooh, are you a booby also? It was only a woman!"

A brilliant light was given by the lamps in the portico, and it shone on her face as she leaned a moment from the carriage window and looked full at him, a marvellous smile on her curved lips and in her black eyes. Then the carriage was gone, and he was standing like a man in a dream.

"Has Mrs. Routh come in?" George had asked, anxiously, of the English servant at Routh's lodgings, half an hour before.

"Yes, sir; but she has gone to her room, and she told me to give you this."

It was a note, written hastily in pencil, on a card:

"I felt so ill, after you left me to get the lemonade, that I was afraid to wait for your return, and came home at once. Pray forgive me. I know you will come here first, or I would send to your house. "H. R."

"Tell Mrs. Routh I hope to see her to-morrow," said George, and to find her better." Then he walked slowly toward his mother's house, thinking as he went of Clare Carruthers, of the Sycamores, and of how still, and solemn, and stately that noble avenue of beeches in which he saw her first was then doubtless looking in the moonlight: thinking the harmless thoughts of a young man whom love, the purifier, has come to save. A carriage passing him with bright lamps and a swift vision of sheeny blue seen for an instant reminded him of Mrs. P Ireton Bembridge, and turned his thoughts to the topic of his uncle's anxiety. When he reached home, he found Mr. Felton alone; and told him at once what had passed.

"You are quite correct in supposing that I don't particularly like this woman, George," said Mr. Felton, after they had talked for sometime, "and that I should prefer any other channel of intelligence. But we must take what we can get, and it is a great relief to get any. It's quite evident there's nothing wrong with him. I don't allude to his conduct," said Mr. Felton, with a sigh. "I mean as to his safety. I shall call on her to-morrow."

George bade his uncle good night, and was going to his own room, when a thought struck him, and he returned.

"It has just occurred to me, uncle," he said, "that Mrs. Bembridge may have a likeness of Arthur. From the account you give of her, I fancy she is likely to possess such trophies. Now we may not require to use such a thing at all, and you have sent for one under any circumstances; still, when you see her, if you consider it expedient, you might ascertain whether she has one in her possession. If her information is not satisfactory, to have a likeness at hand will save time."

(To be Continued.)

OLD MUSIC.

Back from the misty realms of Time,
Back from the years agone,
Faintly we catch the ringing rhyme,
And hear the melody and chime
Of olden songs, of strains sublime,
Like carol of birds at dawn.

And even we hear them, soft and low,
Harping their music sweet,
Songs that we loved in the long ago,
Rippling their liquid ebb and flow,
Drifting their cadence to and fro,
Like the fall of fairy feet.

Some faces our hearts will ever hold,
Some smiles we may remember yet,
Some were flowing locks like the sunset's gold,
There were parted lips of Cupid's mould,
And the songs they sang can ne'er grow old,
For our hearts can ne'er forget.

That tunes that the voice of girlhood sung,
The chords that we loved full well,
When hopes were buoyant, hearts were young,
When fairy bells in the flower-cups rung,
And ever fell from a maiden's tongue
The words of witching spell.

Ah! well-a-day, 'tis a story past,
Which I may not tell again,
'Twas a happiness too sweet to last;
The heavy clouds on her grave are cast,
And her voice is stilled, and above her, fast
Falls the Autumn rain!

About Sewing-Machines.—Mrs. Alice B. Whipple, wife of the Rev Mr. Whipple, Secretary of the American Missionary Association, testifies as follows:

Q.—Are you acquainted with Sewing Machines for family use, how long have you been so acquinted, and the nature and extent of your acquaintance with them?

A.—Yes; for the last nine or ten years I have examined various machines, and have seen them in use, and have for the last nine years used a machine in my own family.

Q.—As the result of your observation and experience, what machine do you think best as a general family instrument?

A.—The Grover & Baker, decidedly.

Q.—State the reasons, such of them as occur to you, for this opinion.

A.—I think the stitch is a stronger stitch than that of any other machine I have seen used, and it seems to me much more simple in its management than other machines. One great advantage is the ease with which the seam is ripped when necessary to do so, and I think the work, by an experienced person, on a Grover & Baker Machine, is better than the work of such person on any other machine. It requires more skill to work other machines than the Grover & Baker. [*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

Ladies Should Read Newspapers.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with this actual world and the transpiring events. Urge her to read the newspapers, and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, know what it is, and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain a conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times.

"Although blood may be thicker than water," says the London *Saturday Review*, "the difference in the degree of attenuation tends to become every day more trifling. For instance, persons who live in large and busy towns concern themselves much less with their near relations than people do who live in the country. A man may live in the same town with his uncle without knowing anything of what the uncle is doing, and without seeing him more than three or four times a year, and then only by accident." We are acquainted with a number of individuals who would avoid seeing their "uncle" altogether if circumstances over which they have no control didn't compel a call on the old man.

There is a bashful bachelor who dares not meet ladies in the street. He says they wear so many bugles on their dresses that he fears overtures from them.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

From an Article in Saturday Review *on Feminine Influence.*

THE majority of English women seldom think of anybody without contrasting his or her social status with their own. Success signifies to them introduction to this or that feminine circle, admission to friendships from which they have been as yet excluded, and visiting cards of a more distinguished appearance than those which at present lie upon their table. They are unable to enjoy even the ordinary interconrse of society without an *arriére pensée* as to their chance of landing themselves a step higher on the social ladder. From such absurdities the best and most refined women of course are free, but the mass of Englishwomen seldom meet without woudering who on earth each of the others is, and to which county family she belongs. Humorous as is the spectacle of a crowd of English ladies, each of whom is employed in eyeing the lady next her and asking who she is, and comical as the point of view appears to any one who reflects on the shortness of human life and the little of human character, the effect of these feminine weaknesses is one which no one is sure of escaping. We are afraid that half of the Englishmen who are snobs are made so by English women. It is impossible for the female portion of any domestic circle to be perpetually dwelling on their own social aspirations without communicating the infection to, or even forcing it upon, the male. Wives and daughters become dissatisfied with their husbands' or their fathers' friends. They want to meet and associate with people whom it is a social credit to know, and who in turn may help them to know somebody beyond. Every fresh acquaintance of distinction, or of fashion, is a sort of milestone, showing the ground that has been traveled over by the family in the direction of their hopes.

This sort of fever is very catching. But though men often catch it, they generally catch it from the other sex, And even when they are not impregnated with it themselves, the effect of feminine influence upon them is that they accept their lot with placidity, and acquiesce in the social struggle through which they are dragged. If a man is wise, he is content with the reflection that little foibles do not altogether spoil real nobility of nature, and takes the bad side of a woman's nature with the good. But there are innumerable matters in respect of which he cannot withdraw himself from the feminine influence about him. By degrees he comes to sympathize with the little social disappointments of his family group, and to take pleasure in their little social triumphs, which appear to be productive of satisfa ction and enjoyment to those to whom they fall. But the effect on his character is not usually wholesome. His eye is no longer single. Feminine influence has engrafted on his nature the defects of feminine character, without engrafting on it also its many virtues. Women usually fail in communicating to men their self-devotion, their gentleness, their piety; all that they manage to communicate is little more than a respect for the observances of religion, and a nervous sensibility to social distinctions.

While the mental development of women continues to be so little studied, it is not surprising that the intellectual influence of the sex should be almost *nil*, or that such a modicum of it as they possess should be exerted within a very narrow sphere. It is the fault, no doubt, of our systems of female education that the mental power of the cleverest women really comes in England to very little. In its highest forms it amounts to a capacity for conversation on indifferent matters, a genius for music or some other fine art, a turn for talking about the poets of the day, and perhaps for imitating their style with ease, coupled, in exceptional cases, with a talent for guessing double acrostics. To be able to do all this, and to be charming and religious too, is the whole duty of young women. It would be difficult possibly to fit out an English lady with the various practical accomplishments that are of use in matrimony, and make her at same time an intellectual equal of the other sex. But it would be possible to train her to understand more of the general current of the world's ideas, even if she could not devote herself to studying them in detail. What woman has now any notion of the broad outline of the history of human thought? All philosophy is a sealed book to her. It is the same with theology and politics. She has not the wildest conception, as a rule, of the grounds on which people think who think differently from herself; and all through all life she is content to play the part of a partisan or a devotee with perfect equanimity. While, however, feminine influence in intellectual subjects is, as it deserves to be, infinitesimal, in practice and in action women are proud of being recognised as useful and sound advisers. As outsiders and spectators they see a good deal of the game, have leisure to watch narrowly all that is going on about them, and a subtle instinct teaches them to tread delicately over all dangerous ground. It is curious how many enemies women make amongst themselves, and yet how many enemies they prevent men from making. They seem to have less of self control or prudence as far as their own strong feelings or fortunes are concerned, than they have of tact and temper in managing the fortunes and enterprises of others. Their influence is not the less real because, unlike that of Mrs. Prondie, it is exerted chiefly behind the scenes. It is possibly because the influence possessed by women is so intangible, depending less as it does on the reason than on the sentiment, affection and convenience of the other sex, that women are so jealous to assert and protect it.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1867.

"PURE ENGLISH."

MANY of the freshest and richest productions of American writers, during the last few years, many of those that evince the highest degree of originality and vital power and that seem to herald the dawn of a genuine national literature which shall not be either an imitation or an echo, are not written in what is commonly styled pure English. The introduction of new words, phrases and idioms variously classed as vulgarisms, provincialisms and slang, though regarded with so much sensitive horror by the purists, is inevitable in every living language; and notwithstanding the protests of pedants and grammarians, it may admit of doubt whether such new coinages ought to be prononnced an evil. There is reason to believe that if the sticklers for classical correctness in style and expression were to have their way and put under ban every home-bred phrase freshly transferred from the talk of the people into literature, every collocation of words not sanctioned by the usage of the best models of English composition, in short everything that could be called an Americanism, our language would become bookish, and degenerate into mere *diction*, so as to be no more a fit vehicle for the living thought of the age and country, and for giving adequate expression to our natural individuality than Latin or Greek would be. After all, there is a certain higher law of language, not to be found in the text books of grammar and rhetoric, by virtue of which its forms never can become fixed and rigid until it ceases to be the speech of a people—by virtue of which, so long as it lives, the speaking usage continually modifies the writing usage, so that in the course of a period longer or shorter according to the conditions of each particular case, the books of one generation become unintelligible to a succeeding one. And it is well that this is so. It is more desirable that the language of literature should receive fresh accessions from the common speech of the people, than that the latter should become bookish and precise. The former process imparts force and vigor, the latter tends to take away picturesqueness and color. Every one must have often noticed in the conversation of uneducated persons of natural shrewdness and observation, a singular descriptive and narrative power which the novelist and poet seldom attain—a quality at which Lowell hints when he says of "Uncle Reuben's" story,

> "I could not give his *language where through ran*
> *The gamy flavor of the bookless man,*
> Who shapes a word before the fancy cools."

It is Scott's marvelous skill in imitating, or rather perhaps in reproducing pithy idiomatic language of the common people, that gives such power to his dialogue, and occasionally to his narrative when put into the mouth of one of his characters. The story of the blind fiddler in Redgauntlet, and the conversation of Peter Peebles in the same novel, are striking instances of this.

Upon the whole, we are not sorry to observe that the fear of the schoolmaster who feels bound to take up the battle-axe in favor of "pure English" and to make war against home-bred phrases and idioms, is not as strong with the rising generation of authors as it was with their predecessors, and we shall neither be greatly surprised nor afflicted if the next "Dictionary of Americanisms" shall be found to contain twice as many pages as the last.

The Nevada *Gazette*, in alluding to the bull lately issued by Bishop Kip against dancing at church festivals, gives utterance to the following, the truth of which will be acknowledged by all thinking persons:

"One of the strongest proofs of the divine origin of Christianity is the fact that it has so long prospered under such blundering human leadership. One bigoted and narrow-minded priest can do more harm to the cause of Christianity than twenty brawling infidels. We are glad to be able to say that in Nevada, for the last few years, at least, our ministers have been educated and liberal-minded gentlemen, whose efforts have strongly tended to advance the cause of Christianity, not to load it down with the dead ideas of the old past."

The Base Ball Clubs of New York are enjoying a sport that is quite beyond the reach of our city. Late papers speak of an exciting game which came off on the 16th of January on skates at Sylvan Lake, Hoboken, between a select ten of the Eagle and Empire clubs of New York. Five innings were played, occupying an hour and three quarters, the score standing as follows:— Empires 15.— Eagles 13 runs.

Speaking of the project of supplying all the cities and villages of the State of New York with gas manufactured at the coal pits and conveyed through mains, the New York *Herald* says:

"As the scheme develops itself, the immense benefits it promises become more and more evident. The price of gas will be reduced to a little over one fourth of its present cost; the quality will be so much purer than that at present supplied to consumers that the same quantity now used will afford nearly double the brilliancy of light, and the nuisance occasioned by the gas houses in cities will be removed. The tunnels and bridges of our railroads can always be lighted by gas, and travel be thus rendered less hazardous, until pneumatic railways come into existence—running one hundred miles an hour with entire safety—and drive the present slow, lumbering and dangerous twenty five miles an hour engines and cars out of use and out of memory. It is true that some scientific boobies protest that the scheme is chimerical, and declare that it cannot be done, with as much positiveness as poor Professor Loomis affirmed that the meteoric showers could not possibly make their appearance in England. But their predictions will be exploded as effectually as was Professor Loomis' astrology, and before long the mains will be conveying gas to our citizens direct from the Pennsylvania coal fields, and the impositions and extortions of powerful gas monopolies will be at an end."

We clip the following from the Marin County *Journal*. San Rafael has become so much of a resort for our invalids that anything relating to her interests is of interest to us:

"The financial condition of Marin county is very satisfactory and gratifying to its tax-paying citizens. The last dollar of indebtedness is wiped out and funds on hand remaining sufficient for the ordinary expenses of lubricating the wheels of the county government. There remains now no excuse for neglecting or further delaying improvements of our roads and highways. Our county can well stand, and would be benefitted by a debt created for that purpose. The making of roads demand the earnest attention of the Board of Supervisors as well as that of every owner of real estate. Easy inter-communication between every section of the county as well as to market depots or outlets for produce is the great desideratum now before the men entrusted with the management of the business affairs of the county. We can see no obstacle in the way, but the lack of skill or talent and a modicum of enterprise for the rapid improvement of property and a continually growing addition to our tax paying population. Our geographical position, contigious to the great commercial emporium of the Pacific, where buyers and sellers resort from all parts of the world: our salubrious climate—inviting to pleasant and quiet homes the worn out or wearied accumulators of wealth, cannot fail of giving to our bay county a position second to none in the State."

The New York *Herald* seems to think that the European papers are expressing very absurd ideas in regard to the impeachment question. From an editorial of a late issue we clip the following:

"The President, we may assume, will be impeached and removed; General Grant and Admiral Farragut will probably be elected after a short lapse of time to the offices of President and Vice President, Mr. Johnson will soon be forgotten, and the affairs of the country will go on in their accustomed channels, prospering and to prosper.

The English press foresaw in the late rebellion the downfall of our government and institutions, because, perhaps, the wish was father to the thought; and they were greatly astonished to find that we put down the rebellion and preserved the government. But they will be more astonished at the result of this impeachment business; for it will not in the least affect or imperil our institutions. It is a curious and entirely novel episode in our history, it is true, though not without precedent in France and England; but it will come, go and be forgotten without impeding the prosperity of the country."

If late reports are correct, Philadelphia may be estimated as the richest city of the Union. A writer says:

"Under that city there is a deposit of clay, measuring ten square miles. This stratum of clay has a thickness of about fifteen feet. The chemist, in applying his test, has discovered that gold exists in that clay bed to the value of three cents in each cubic foot. In that vast clay deposit there are 180,000,000 cubic ft., in which is diffused $126,000,000. There is gold enough in every brick made from it to cover it with two square inches of gold leaf, and within the corporate limits of that city there is more gold diffused than has yet been brought from Australia and California."

Craniology.—In the account of the proceedings at the semi-monthly meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, held during the present week, it is recorded that Mr. Gates exhibited the cranium of a Digger Indian, taken from a cemetery not used for seventy or a hundred years. We are somewhat puzzled to know what particular scientific interest attaches itself to this aboriginal cranium. They are quite plentiful up-country. There are many skulls walking the streets of San Francisco quite as empty, and yet far more worthy the attention of the Academy of Natural Sciences than that of "ye noble savage."

A woman drove up to one of the Baltimore police-stations a few days since, and delivered to the officer her husband, William Hook, tied hand and foot. She stated that she had followed the army for three years as a washerwoman, had accumulated $2,500, had purchased a farm, that her husband had become dissipated, and had attempted to kill her and her children. Throwing him down, she said: "Here he is, and I want him sent to jail." Her request was complied with, despite the appeals of her "liege lord."

[For the Californian.]

AT POINT LOBOS.

Clear noon without obscurity.
No flake of cloud 'twixt heaven and me;
No mist athwart the Golden Gate,
The hearty sun doth willfully
His profuse beams precipitate.

I cling to humped rocks that kneel
On unswept sands, where breakers reel
In splendid curves, and pile their foam
In spongey hills, that slow congeal,
And dulce and drift-wood find a home.

We clasp the silver crescent set
Within the hazy parapet
That belts the horizon: In glee,
I count the fitful puffs that fret
The eternal levels of the sea.

I watch the waves that seem to breathe
And pant unceasingly, beneath
Their silken coverings, that cringe,
As flecked with swirls of froth, they seeth,
And whip, and flutter to a fringe.

Brown pipers run upon the sand
Like shadows; far out from the land
Gray gulls slide up against the blue;
One shining spar is sudden manned
By squadrons of their wrecking crew.

My city is beyond the hill;
I cannot hear its voices shrill;
I little note its gains and greeds.
Here is my song, where waters spill
Their liquid strophes in the reeds.

And to this music I forswear
Whatever soils the world with care.
I see the listless waters toss—
I track the swift lark through the air—
I lie with sunlight in the moss.

White caravans of cloud go by
Across the desert of bright sky,
And burly winds are following,
The trailing pilgrims, as they fly,
Over the grassy hills of spring.

What Mecca are they hastening to?
What princess journeying to woo,
In the rich orient? I am thrilled
With spice and odor they imbue;
I feed upon their manna spilled!

I strip my breast with eager mind,
To tarry and invite the wind
To my embrace; by curious spell,
It quickens me with praises kind—
'Tis Ariel that blows his shell!

Invisible and soft as dews
Descending, he his love renews,
Delighting daisy colonies;
They gloss them with the lustrous ooze
Of meadows, steeped in ecstacies.

Until the homely sunburnt Heads;
The tumbling hills in browns, and reds,
And gray sand-hillocks everywhere,
Are buried in the mist that sheds
Its subtle enow upon the air.

And Prospero, aroused from sleep,
Recalls his spirits from the deep;
They cross the wave with stealthy tread;
Their shadows down upon me sweep—
And day is past, and joy is fled.

I hear the dismal bells that shout
Their warning to the ships without;
The dripping sails are reefed and furled:
The pilots sound and grope about—
The Gate is barred against the world!

San Francisco, Feb. 1867. Charles Warren Stoddard.

Pacific Law Magazine.—*February*, 1867. Published by F. Clarke, San Francisco. We are pleased to receive a copy of the second number of this promising monthly. Among its original matter we find a conclusion of the interesting contribution upon "Tenants in Common—Ejectment," in which the authorities have been carefully examined and the doctrines established perspicuously laid down. We are glad also to find a continuation of the very able article by Gregory Yale, Esq., one of the most eminent members of the San Francisco Bar, upon "Titles to Mining Claims and Granting the Right of Way over Public Lands to Ditch Companies." This is a subject to which the author of the article has evidently given his usual very careful attention, and is indeed one which he has adopted as a specialty in his professional study and practice. Members of the bar will be gratified to find in this number a valuable addition to the collection of recent decisions of the Supreme Court of this State, made of special interest by the careful syllabus preceding each decision. The editors assure us that they were compelled to crowd out of this number considerable original and selected matter, owing to the number of late decisions, all of which it is intended shall be presented to their readers as soon after they are made as is possible.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE P. M. MINING AND PROSPECTING COMPANY:

Or, How I Ran Copper-Mines in Tuolumne and Mono.

BY PRENTICE.

THE only merit claimed for the history of the P. M. Mining and Prospecting Company. formed to discover, develope and hold on to various real and imaginary ledges of gold, silver, coal and copper, is that of truth. It is true as gospel—in fact, more true than some gospels.

Some few years ago, there existed a great degree of excitement in this State regarding the discovery of copper. The Union Vein at Copperopolis had been proved immensely rich, and the whole country was in a cupriferous ferment. Everybody was prospecting for copper ledges, everybody found copper ledges, everybody belonged to companies formed to work copper ledges, everybody read treatises on copper mining and copper smelting, and everybody was testing copper rock with nitric acid—whereby numerous fingers were yellowed and numerous holes burned into coats and pants. Heaps of "indication rock" were piled in and about the groceries and barrooms. There was an endless jargon of talk about "gosson,," "sulphurets," "carbonates," "oxides," etc. Men of a keen business turn of mind looked grave and anxious, and planned to get all the feet they could, and filch all they could from their neighbors by the humane and skillful operation, tinctured with so much brotherly love and affection known as "freezing out." And it rejoices my uncharitable soul to say, that many among the house of Grab-All burnt their fingers terribly, and got so many worthless feet on their hands and so many beloved dollars off, as to sicken at the very sight and sound of copper forever after.

I became an experienced copper-miner—yes, even an authority on copper, in about three weeks after the breaking out of the excitement. I discovered new veins every day. The least green tinge or copper stain on the ledge was considered an infallible indication of the existence of immense deposits of ore beneath. The spot was then immediately plastered with the notices of claimants, and extensions were taken beyond, until the supposed ledge was lost, or the prospectors lost themselves in wild and unexplored regions.

Numerous towns and cities in the neighborhood of promising veins were laid out. I laid out two cities myself, and those two cities are laid out yet. Any one is welcome to them who wants them.

At length, a vast scheme took possession of my soul. I reasoned thus: Copper was everywhere, copper prospecting was going on everywhere, and a large proportion of these veins must, when developed, prove valuable. Such being the case, the ledges lying adjacent must also be valuable. I would form a company, whose purpose it should be to "take up" and hold on to mineral ground in different sections of the country. The work being done by others, would of course prove their worth. Somebody must strike it somewhere, and one good vein thus obtained would overbalance a thousand times the expense of keeping up such a company for a year. It was a kind and Christian scheme thus to realize a fortune through the efforts of others, although not many degrees worse than buying up all the beef or flour in the State on speculation. The poor devils delving in the flinty ledge and starving themselves nearly to death in the purchase of drills and gunpowder, were to perform the work, while the Mining and Prospecting Company sat quietly by and took up extensions. The cupriferous apple being ripe, it was quietly to drop into our mouths. One day's work in thirty was sufficient to keep up any amount of ledge, providing it belonged to one company. The day's work sufficient for keeping up could be effected by turning over a few shovelfuls of dirt or banging some rotten rock to pieces with a sledge. While not occupied in keeping up ledge, I intended to prospect and (if possible) to discover other large and extensive deposits of mineral.

I drew up a prospectus, constitution and by-laws; with those instruments, I tramped about the country from camp to camp seeking, and sometimes obtaining, stockholders. Oftentimes, with two biscuit in my shirt-pocket did I read my scheme to lawyers, doctors and bankers; and afterward rejoiced with joy unspeakable, when some charitable miner invited me to partake of the hospitalities of his cabin.

The scheme took with difficulty. Had it only originated in San Francisco, it would have readily succeeded. It required some two hundred miles of travel on foot to obtain a suitable number of shareholders They were to pay me three dollars per month apiece. Some paid and some did not. Those who wanted me to wait for a few days for my money, thought excellently of the scheme; those who paid down, seemed somewhat dubious, and were cross and fretful concerning those who paid not; and so I commened operations on foot.

The P. M. Prospecting Company had a resident secretary and treasurer, as well as a board of directors, but they lived so far apart that it was impossible ever to to get them together. Several attempts to hold a meeting of the company ended in failure. Two, I think, ended in a general drunk; but such occurrences were usual in our section on any occasion. Stern necessity obliged me to constitute myself both the executive and the deliberative power, as well as the board of directors. So I violated the provisions of my own constitution, which required these various officers to exercise certain duties. I usurped every thing. I became sole dictator. No wonder I failed.

Hearing of copper discoveries in the Walker-River country, I walked over there. It was one hundred and twenty miles distant from my base of operations. On starting, the treasury of the company contained eight dollars—a rather scant allowance for a three-weeks' trip in a land where meals were a dollar apiece. But when money *must* last, it generally lasts.

The Walker-River country was rough. The mountains were high, requiring in many cases a day to reach the summit, although it took much less time to make the descent. I clambered around these precipitous ridges about a week, found some green stains, indicative of copper, and lost the soles of my boots. I also found a man. Him I enrolled a member of the P. M. Prospecting Co., in consideration of the use of a certain mare for a time. The mare was not convenient of access, being one hundred and fifty miles distant in the lower corner of Tuolumne county. Distance was nothing to me then. My zeal in behalf of the company overran all regard for legs. So I footed it back and procured the animal. Entertainment for the man, without the beast, at the various way-houses on the route, was paid for in the stock of the P. M. P Co.; so were the fees for the mare's ranching, and so were a saddle and bridle, without which, I found the animal would be of but little use. I collected also a store of locomotory kitchen furniture. There are many deserted cabins in the mines, and when one finds coffee-pots, frying-pans, knives, forks, etc., lying uselessly about, and they are needed, they are apt to be taken. So, at last, the company got on a fair footing. It became entirely independent of hotels, and lived outside like an Arab.

But the great trouble lay, as in many other stock companies, in the collection of assessments. Nearly all the shareholders had already too many feet on their hands. It has been quite satisfactorily ascertained since, that the development of one mineral vein, be it gold, silver, or copper, will cost about all the cash a man has to spare, especially if he be a man of moderate means. Now, the claims held by most of my members, were numerous. They were trying to develop all at once: in in fact, had one third proved productive, Tuolumne county would have supplied the world with copper. Somebody could not be paid. Somebody must go to the wall; and although my scheme was the grandest and least expensive to keep in operation, still I was more used to rags and starvation than anyone else, and so to the wall I went. Where I should have received one hundred dollars, I got about thirty. And this was not obtained without many a long face and prolonged grumble. There were limits as to the probability of "not being able to stand it long," and growls about those who did not pay. Some could not pay, some were never at home, some paid and "drew out." The treasury was always in a fearfully emaciated condition, a condition which many a time led to a large vacuum in the stomach of the treasurer.

The exclamation which usually greeted me on my return from a prolonged sojourn in the hills and gulches, would be: "Well, struck anything yet?" The fact is, I had plenty of veins, but none of them were productive. Had I only brought in news of the discovery of a vein of pure gold several yards in width with a number of specimens to verify my assertion, there can be no doubt but that everyone of the shareholders would have readily come out with their monthly three dollars and perhaps paid up all arrearages.

Then I was cursed with that unprofitable sensitiveness which makes it such hard work to ask for money. I was always reduced to the verge of abjectness and humility on venturing to hint to some delinquent stockholder that I wanted my dues. Some of these shareholders were men of means; men who, owing to the eternal unfitness of things, were able to look down upon me from the summit of their little pile of dollars. And yet, I could not talk to them as I should have done—I, who in their service had suffered hunger and cold; had lain out of doors night after night, drenched with rain; had lived on fare compared with which, the rations of a jail were as one of the feasts of Lucullus. The eternal unfitness of things previously spoken of, was perhaps the reason that at times I could make bold and impudent remarks just at the time when such remarks were liable to do me the most injury.

But I harbor no ill will against the former stockholders in the P. M. Mining and Prospecting Company, formed to develop the mineral resources of the company through other people's exertions. They knew nothing of my troubles or my mare's troubles. They never suspected the frequency of the great blanks which happened to me at meal times. They had cares and vexations of their own to look after. They had other assessments to meet; and besides, whisky, billiards, segars, and various other et cetcras and necessaries of life, kept their purses short and troubled their brains. Heaven bless and protect them!

The P. M. P. Company, while in the height of its unsuccessful career, met with a serious shock in the loss of its mare. Probably she became disgusted with the eternal delinquency of the shareholders; at all events, she wandered off one day, and as the natural consequent, I wandered off in quest of her. The treasury at that time contained about two dollars. In vain, day after day, did I explore the hills of Tuolumne for th missing and tardy beast. Never were the affairs of this association—which promised so much, and pecuniarily amounted t so little—in such a desperate condition. There was the camp equipage—saddle, blankets, and locomotory cook shop in one place—the head of the company in another; and the mare, the Lord only knows where she was; but any number of people in various parts of the country, knew that a dismal wayfarer was in a chronic state of inquiry—directed to every rancher, Mexican, Chinaman, countryman and countrywoman, regarding the whereabouts of an old, bay. bald-faced mare, running loose—long rope attached. But I sought for her in vain. The more I looked, the more she was not to be found—moreover, she was not my property; she belonged to another man--a man, too, whose bearing and conversation was indicative of the desperado and the shootist.

She was found at last—found on one of the blackest nights coming through the streets of one of the meanest little camps in the county—found while she was not being sought for. She was in search of the head of the company. I embraced her; and once more the P. M. P. Co. was off of two, and on its four, legs again.

Misery does love company. Impecunious people will gravitate toward each other. This truth was developed in the history of the P. M. P. Co. As sure as I started out with a stock of provision calculated to last six or seven days, and camped by the trail, so sure would some half-starved wayfarer heave in sight with his roll of blankets, his empty pockets, and still more empty stomach. The Sonora and Mono trail abounded with this sort of people,ever going and coming. On the Nevada side, Aurora had by no means justified the anticipations at first formed concerning it. Times were as hard as usual in California. And between the two, men were ever tramping, looking for work and generally finding none. I entertained large numbers of these men. They always rejoiced in large appetites, and frequently reduced me to the necessity of a premature return to the settlements for more provisions.

My own gastronomical performances while thus wandering in the mountains was fearful, and required to be carefully watched. I carried about with me as luxuries, a little bread, butter and sugar. Sometimes at night I awoke with an unconquerable hankering for some of that bread, butter and sugar. This was because it was scarce. Had there been hogsheads of bread, butter and sugar lying about me, I should have gone and slept somewhere else to be out of their way. As it was, I was obliged to get up and have a little taste. It was better than all the delicacies one sees in the windows of the Montgomery-street restaurants. One taste led to another, and another to another, until at last, in desperation, I have finished the whole lot, just to get it off my mind and be rid of the aggravated thought of that heavenly bread, butter and sugar. If you would know the true relish of these delicacies, go out in the wilderness with but a small quantity of each.

I scarcely know, myself, how the P. M. P. Co. terminated. It mizzled. It went out gently like an expiring candle, with occasional resuscitations of vitality as some long sought for delinquent stockholder paid in his much-needed quota. Copper became at last very distasteful to the people. I commenced losing my stockholders one by one. They died off with a sort of pecuniary inanition. And finally, the association became reduced down to one beside myself—the man who owned the mare. And when he wanted back his faithful, but slow, bald-faced mare, the crisis was reached and operations were suspended. Over thousands of feet of ledge, extending over an area of hundreds of miles, are, for aught I know, still posted the notices of the P. M. P. Company; but the localities are silent and deserted. No longer is heard the stroke of the pick in the hands of the executive and deliberate power of the company pretending to do his monthly period of labor on various ledges rich in—well in imagination. That phase of my existence is past and gone. I shall plan no more gigantic schemes for the development of copper in California. There is too strong a taint of starvation, dilapidated boots and rags about them.

The *Round Table* has a striking article entitled "Our very Common Council," in which some of the acts of the Common Council of New York are discussed. The Editors call upon the "dark-lantern personages who have grown rich on their swindles" to disgorge or be prepared to have an unenviable immortality attached to their names. Not only from this article, but from everything we can learn of the present condition of the government of that city, we think the adjective attached to the title very appropriate. The only remedy we can conceive of, is that of reviving the Native American Party. The constitution was framed with a view to the government of the enlightened children of a Republic, and where ever it has failed it has been in consequence of admitting the ignorant and down-trodden of other nations to all the rights of citizenship.

THE MAN ANNIE LOVED.

SHE was crocheting something out of soft scarlet and white wool. Her fingers were white as the wool. Milton Etheredge sat watching her, pretending to read a paper at the same time. She was looking very charming in her buff muslin dress, with pink ribbons at the throat, and looping back her brown hair.

Annie Huntley knew the value of dress—and, what is more, she knew how to attire herself in just the manner most becoming to her. She was not so much prettier than dozens of other young ladies; but everything about her was in harmony, and people had fallen into the habit of calling her beautiful. She had a clear, wild-rose complexion—tolerably regular features—soft, brown eyes, and brown hair that was struggling continually to break into the curls and ringlets so natural to her.

Milton Etheredge—gave, silent, wise barrister—wondered within himself how long he had loved this little Annie. He could not remember. Six years ago she had come to stay with them—the dying bequest of Mrs. Etheredge's best valued friend. The good lady had been a mother to her ever since, and Milton had played the part of a kind elder brother. Annie was eighteen when she came to town—she was now twenty-five. Yes, he was sure he had loved her six years. She had made everything so different. Her pretty ways of arranging curtains, and flowers, and books, and knick-knacks, had brightened up the house wonderfully. Milton thought it was strange how he and his mother had ever managed to live without her.

So he sat and looked at her as she made the shining steel flash in and out the bright, fleecy wool. Not that he thought of ever being anything more to her than he was now. His love was quiet yet—it had not reached that passionate stage when it will not be subdued by any obstacles. He was thirty, at least, and it would be childish for him to hope she would ever link her young, fresh life with that of a man whose hair would soon be getting gray.

But there was something more to destroy the hope, if he had dared to indulge it. At one time, perhaps, he had indulged it, but certainly not now. Annie Huntley had had her life romance as well as other women. It had been sweet at first—painfully bitter at the last. It had made her smile graver—her color more fleeting—her manner, at times, subdued and sad—so Mr. Milton Etheredge thought.

Annie and Leigh Richardson had met under somewhat romantic circumstances. He had saved her from drowning at Newport, when she had ventured beyond her depth; and, after her removal to the city, he had followed her there, and settled himself in the practice of his profession—the law. He had been a constant visitor for two years. People began to speak of them as belonging to each other, and Mrs. Etheredge had, with a woman's peculiar delight, begun to anticipate the wedding breakfast and the bridal *trousseau*. Etheredge had looked on with a dull pain at his heart, for which he felt half angry with himself. Surely he ought to rejoice that Annie would be so happy, for Richardson was every way estimable, and was rising rapidly in his profession.

Suddenly, however, about two years before the opening of our story, his visits to Annie ceased, and he began a violent flirtation with Nellie Seymour. Annie did not die on account of it—she did not even mope, as girls generally do when crossed in love. Her manner was a little more subdued, her laugh came less frequently, but she was not heartbroken. She put aside the sympathy Mrs. Etheredge would have offered her, quietly, and gave her confidence to no one. Sometimes she met Leigh Richardson; but they exchanged no words, not even the ordinary ceremonious greetings of mere acquaintances; they were as completely separated as if an ocean rolled between them.

That evening, as Etheredge sat watching Annie, and thinking of all this, he noticed with a thrill of pain, that she was a little paler, little more quiet, than usual. He remembered that she had met Richardson at the picture-gallery that day.

Some magnetic influence in the gaze of Etheredge made Annie look up. She flushed under the serene lustre of those dark grey eyes, and her fingers forgot their cunning, and dropped the ball of wool she was unwinding. It rolled toward the fire—there was a genuine old-fashioned wood fire upon the hearth—and, in stooping to recover it, her light sleeve dipped into the blaze. The flames leaped up—Milton sprang forward, caught her in his arms, and crushed out the fire.

She was frightened—weak and dizzy with remembering what she had escaped; and, for a moment, she stood circled by his arm—her head on his shoulder—her soft hair resting against his cheek. All the love he had so long kept under foot, rose up like an unbound tyrant. He pressed his lips to hers—he would have told her, then how dear she was to him, but something seemed to hold him back. He would wait a little until the excitement of her recent peril should be over; would wait and think it over calmly.

All that night he sat up, thinking. He loved her with all his soul; he should never care for another woman. But he was not quite sure of the condition of her heart. What if she had still a lingering tenderness for Richardson? He feared she might. He had seen her kiss a picture which he felt morally sure was *his*. Would he like his wife to kiss Leigh Richardson's picture? Would he like to think that she ever had kissed it?

Then he remembered how she blushed sometimes when he looked at her, and took courage. It might be that the old dream could be forgotten in the new. At any rate, he would know before he slept, he said with sudden resolution, and after breakfast he went out for a walk. He belonged to the Franklin Club, and for the want of something better to do, sauntered in.

There were only two or three present—idling over the morning papers. As he entered, he caught the name of Annie Huntly. Fred Orme, a reckless, young fellow, was telling a story. Etheredge reddened at hearing her name from Orme's lips, and was about striding forward, and calling him to account for it, when Orme's next words arrested him and forced him to listen.

"You see, Leigh Richardson was dead in love with her! Well, she is a charming girl—dresses exquisitely. Leigh is smart, but I never liked him since he won that silver cup at the boat race. I meant to have had that myself. Too bad I didn't get it!"

"So it was!" drawled Edward Harrison.

"It was hotter than the tropics, and Leigh is one of the cold-blooded ones. I said then I be meant to be even with him, and I have kept my word. Don't mind telling you the story, since it is such an old affair. Matters were going on swimmingly, two years ago, between Leigh and Annie. They'd have been married before now, if nobody had interfered. But Dennis and I—you know Dennis? good fellow—got up a little plan between us, and it worked splendidly. I gained possession of some of Leigh's handwriting, and practised writing like it. I am an expert at that business, I flatter myself; and in a few days I could fairly beat Richardson with his own weapons. So I wrote a letter to an imaginary chum of his—giving a description of Miss Annie—calling her a soft little thing, telling him how she adored the subscriber, and how the subscriber cared nothing at all for her, but was enjoying a glorious flirtation. Of course the subscriber was Leigh Richardson. This note—which was a most insulting thing to any woman—we contrived to have dropped where Miss Annie would find it; and the result was even more jolly than I had anticipated. She met Richardson the next day, and refused to listen to any explanation he could make. Ha! ha! a good joke, wasn't it? Paid him for getting that cup. Always intended to pay him off in some way. He felt dreadfully of it."

Etheredge waited to hear no more. In his present frame of mind he felt as if he could not bear it. He went home and shut himself up in his chamber. After all, Richardson had been true How bitterly he had been wronged. Annie would repent, and love him more than ever, if she knew the injustice she had done him. That was a woman's nature. She atones for wrong by giving love.

Etheredge felt faint and sick. He saw his duty clearly enough: but it is not always easy to do one's duty. There was a little struggle between his heart and his conscience. A hundred times the temptation beset him to keep his knowledge to himself, and win Annie for his own. She would never know that Richardson was blameless, and his great love might make her *so* happy! At last, he knelt down and prayed over it. He always prayed over those things which were too hard for him. After that he rose, and there was no hesitation. If he could make Annie happy, what mattered it to him how it was accomplished?

He went down to the sitting-room about sunset. He knew he should find her there. Mrs. Etheredge was away at evening services.

Annie was sewing by a shaded lamp. She did not like the glare of the gas. There was a rich color on her cheeks, over which the loose hair drooped low. Milton Etheredge's heart leaped at the sight of her; but he stilled it down, and took a seat beside her.

"Annie," he said, "I am an old friend, and I think you will not be offended if I ask you a few questions. Not because I am the least curious, but because I desire your good more than any earthly thing."

She looked up in wonderment—noticing the strange unsteadiness of his voice, and the tremor of the hand he laid on hers.

"Offended with you, Mr. Etheredge?" she said, reproachfully; "never! Go on. I am listening!"

"Annie, you were once engaged to Leigh Richardson?"

Her head drooped low; the crimson came and went in her cheeks.

"I was" she said, in a low voice.

"You loved him—and he loved you? Was it not so, Annie?"

"We called it love."

"And you thought him false?"

"Yes."

"What if you knew that he was not false—that he was true to you always? That the contemptible letter which you read, purporting to have been written by him, was a vile forgery? What then?"

She was looking at him in mute surprise. She drew a long breath.

"*Was* it a forgery?"

"It was. I have just heard the history of it. An ill-natured acquaintance of Richardson's, to gratify a petty revenge, wrote the letter, and dropped it where you would be sure to find it. Leigh Richardson was leal and true."

She sat very still before him—not a line of her face changing. He waited for her to speak, but she did not seem disposed to do so.

"Annie, my dear friend, shall I speak to Mr. Richardson about this mistake?"

"If you please. I would like him to know that he is clear in my eyes. I think he would be gald to know it. Tell him just how it was, and ask him to forgive me, if I was harsh with him."

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

"Pardon me for pursuing the subject; but, if you still care for him, you will want to speak to him on the matter yourself."

"But I *do not care* for him."

"You do not? Why, may I ask?"

She blushed red as a rose. Etheredge put the blush and the portrait he had seen her kiss together. A sharp pang pierced him.

"Is it because you love another?"

"Yes," she said quietly; "it *is* because I love another."

"And that other?"

She rose abruptly, and flung off the detaining hand he laid on her arm.

"You have no right to ask me that!" she said hoarsely. "Let me go! You torture me;"

"I torture you, Annie—I?"

What possessed him he did not know—perhaps, something her eyes said to him made him bold. He put his arm around her and drew her to his side.

"Annie, if you love another, I must give you to him—your happiness shall be secured to you, though mine be shipwrecked! I did not mean to tell you, darling, but I love you so, it almost kills me to think of losing you! Oh, Annie—my little lost Annie!"

Her face grew rosy as the morning. She put her arms around his neck.

"Not lost but found," she said, softly.

"Annie," he cried breathlessly, "do not deceive me! What of the picture I saw you kissing?"

She laughed a little; and crimson with confusion, drew the locket from her bosom, and held it up to him. He saw his own face.

"Forgive me, Milton. I got it of the artist and have worn it these two years. Leigh Richardson is nothing to me—you are all."

A LION IN HIS OLD AGE.—When a young lion reaches the age of two years he is able to strangle or pull down an ox; and so he continues to grow and increase in strength till he reaches his eighth year, and his talons, teeth, and mind are perfect, and he grows no more. For twenty years after he arrives at maturity his fangs and talons show no signs of decay; but after that he gradually becomes feeble, his teeth fail him, and he grows 'cubbish." He is no longer a match for the tremendous buffalo; he is overmatched even by the peaceful ox, so he prowls around the cattle krawls, and snatches a lamb or a kid just as he did when he set out with his parents nearly thirty years before. A woman or a child at night shares the same fate. His strength and sight now decline more and more till the mighty lion grows lean and mangy, and crawls about from place to place, eating an offal he can pick up, and despising not even so small an animal as the field-mouse; so he starves and dies, or is fallen on and slaughtered by a few cowardly hyenas; or discovered unable to move beneath a tree, and knocked on the head by some wandering hunter.

A TIMELY REPRIEVE.—The Liepsic journals of late date contain accounts of an extraordinary reprieve of a condemned criminal at the very moment of execution. A tailor, named Kunscher, had been sentenced to death for murder, and on the morning of the 16th was brought on the scaffold and attached to the plank of the guillotine. Suddenly a cry of "Stay! stay!" was heard, and a messenger appeared, struggling through the crowd, bearing a telegram from the King of Saxony, ordering a respite. The dispatch had been forwarded only three-quarters of an hour before from Berlin, where his Majesty was staying, and without the haste employed by the bearer would probably not have arrived in time The man had run from the telegraph office across the park to the prison, and being delayed by the crowds of persons assembled around, he raised the cry which was repeated from mouth to month until it reached the scaffold, when a pause was made to enable the messenger to reach the spot. The official who directed the proceedings then took the telegram from the man's hands, and read aloud: "Postpone the execution until further orders. More ample details by post. JOHN, KING."

S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
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They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

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AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inquire for and take none but LYON'S, bearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot be otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervation, listlessness, sleepiness, melancholy, want of appetite, etc., compose a class of ailments greater than all others combined. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of those same complaints they have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by clergymen, merchants, ladies, and persons of sedentary habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. The extent of their sale is almost incredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spavin, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Strains, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantaneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with signature of G. W. Westbrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky. and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon premturely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.

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Lyon's EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere. at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other.

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The ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, is now easily fixed in his new quarters, over Congress Hall, Bush street, adjoining the Russ House, and is prepared to treat patients in all the best modes of curing. The Electro-Medicated and Hot Air Baths will do wonders in many cases, in breaking up obstructions, and if properly attended afterwards, will insure success.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR superior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries. *

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,
Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
San Francisco.
A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - - Proprietor

ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.

FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

L. G. SCHORD,
SUCCESSOR TO
WILLIAM P. LORING & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fine
Wines, Liquors and Segars,
NO. 534 MERCHANT ST.,
Between Montgomery and Sansome sts.

Good Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Families and Clubs supplied on Short Notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the Wiet Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets. San Francisco.

ASTREDO EXCHANGE,
No. 635 Washington Street,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House,
FINE IMPORTED WINES, LIQUORS,
Native Wines and Bitters, English Ale and Porter.
Hot Lunch Served from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.
A. ASTREDO, - - - PROPRIETOR

TOWNE & BACON,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices
536 In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

STERETT & CUBERY,
PRINTERS,
533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*
B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

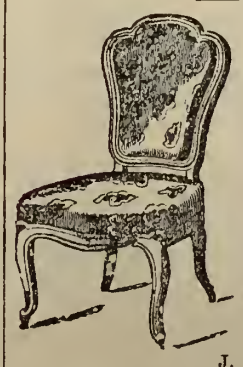
FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,
AND
Show Work of All Kinds,
GO TO THE
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE
OF
FRANCIS & VALENTINE,
517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

DO YOU WANT ANY
PRINTING?
IF YOU DO, GO TO
411 CLAY STREET,
BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by
M. D. CARR & CO.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

GREAT REDUCTION!
FURNITURE
At Less than Gold Cost,
AT THE WAREROOMS OF
J. PEIRCE & CO.,
Nos. 415, 417, 419 California street,
SAN FRANCISCO.



WE ARE NOW CLOSING out our last year's stock of FURNITURE etc., at UNPARALLELED LOW RATES.

It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.

Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to buying elsewhere.

J. PEIRCE & CO.,
415, 417 and 419 California street.

BRANCH STORES—No. 715 Market street between Third and Fourth; and Main street, Stockton.

MRS. G. M. NICHOLS,
FASHIONABLE MILLINERY,
No. 661 Clay street, 2 doors below Kearney,
San Francisco.

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED
BY USING
Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,
Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb 6, 1866.

MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.

Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

MR. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.

Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.

San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO. Feb. 13, 1866.

TO F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ.
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORR,
718, Battery street

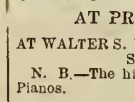
HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Wholesale Agents, C. ANGE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & Co., SAN FRANCISCO.

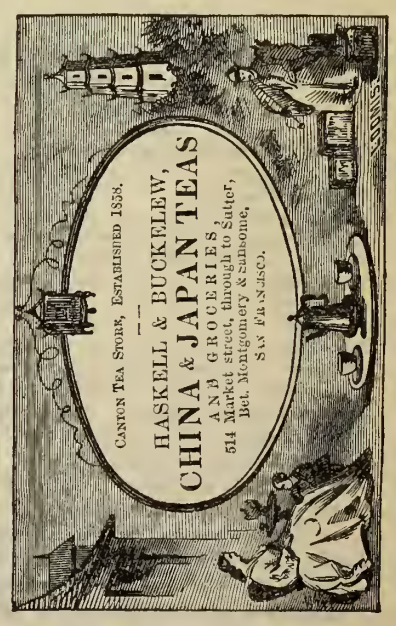
DR. HAYDEN,
Dentist,
653 Clay street, between Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco.

PIANOS!



PIANOS!
AT
AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,
AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 526 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.



NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

CANTY & WAGNER,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's Porcelain refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

R. A. THOMPSON,
DEALER IN
Coal and Charcoal,
816 and 818 Mission st., near the corner of Fourth,
SAN FRANCISCO.

MY RIVAL.

My rival has great midnight eyes;
She makes them speak when she is still.
They laugh, they dance, they mock, they pray,
And with true hearts they falsely play.
Sweet luring eyes, be still, be still!
M eyes are only gray.

My rival has black lustrous hair;
She binds its ripples like a crown
Upon her forehead queenly fair,
And prisons hearts in meshes rare.
With willful ringlets straying down,
My hair only brown.

My rival has a dazzling grace,
And witching ways to win her will;
She meets the world with sweet bright face,
Yet only seems to work it ill;
But, ah! with such a dazzling grace I
While I am shy and still.

When the knight comes, the chevalier,
The one that's worshipped of us two,
He meets her jest with merrier jest,
Gives glove or flower at her behest.
Somewhat more cold than others do,
Then me comes straight unto.

He says my hair is soft and brown,
He says my eyes are honest gray,
And in his own sweet love leaps high.
I am his darling, only I,
Who some day he will hear away,
And pass my rival by.

L O V E.

Love? I will tell what it is to love:
It is to build with humon thoughts a shrine
Where hopes sits brooding like a beauteous dove:
While time seems yonng, and Life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasnres, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above, the skies in groundless heauty shine—
Arouud, the streams their flowery margins kiss,
And if there is heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this!
Yes, this is love, the steadfast and the trne—
The immortal glory which can uever set!
The best, the brightest hoon that heart e'er knew,
Of all life's sweets, the sweetest yet!
Oh, who but can recall the eve when first they met,
To breathe in some green walk their first yonng vows;
While summer flowers with twilight dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's hrow,
And all was rapture then, which is hut memory now.

OLD ROMANCE.

Dost thou not love the golden, antique time,
When knights and heroes for a lady's love,
Would spear the dragon?
Or when Boccaccio's dames, now long ago,
Lay laughing on the grass, hearing and telling
Wild love adventures, witty, merry tales,
That made the heart leap high? And yet even they
Would sadden midst their flowers, when that same story
(Like a rose unfolded) was hetrayed, which showed
What love indeed was made of—when the world—
Chance—falsehood—danger tried his truth till death,
And Proved its hues nnaltered. —*Proctor.*

A GENTLEMAN, who lives in a qniet town near Milwaukie, was invited to bring his wife to the city and spend the holidays. He said he wonld be glad to do so, but his wife was expecting a new bonnet from New York, and if it did not come she wonld not show herself in fashionable society. On Monday, the Milwaukie gentleman received the following note: "My wife has got the bonnet! It come by express. This is an 'episode.' You onght to see it. It looks like a nigger-minstrel's breast pin; or an enormous jet finger-ring, cut so as to have the setting fit rouud the ears. Yon expect us."

JUDGE D—— and Mr. P—— were always squabbling over some legality or other. On one occasion the Judge announced his intention of holding court on Good Friday. P—— at once rose: "May it please your Honor, such a proceeding is wholly without a precedent since the days of Pontius Pilate!" The court was not held till Saturday, as a natural conseqnence.

ONE of the greatest evils in the world is that men praise more than practice virtue. The praise of honest industry is on every tongue, but the worker is often less respected than the drone.

Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings. It also changes his curreucy,

Important Notice
TO
TAX-PAYERS.

THE ATTENTION OF EVERY CITIZEN OF THE City and County of San Francisco is called to the following provisions of the Law in relation to the assessment of REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY for State and City and County Taxes:

"Between the first Monday in February and the second Monday in March, EVERY PERSON, corporation, association, company or firm, owning, claiming, or having any interest in, or having the POSSESSION, CHARGE OR CONTROL of any real estate, or any PERSONAL PROPERTY, shall deliver to the City and County Assessor, at his office, a statement under oath, of all such real estate or personal property, and the CASH VALUE of such personal property." (Statues 1862, page 57.)

"All property, both real and personal, of every kind, nature, and description whatever, within this State, whether owned by individuals or corporations, and whether its owner be a RESIDENT OR NON RESIDENT of this State, is liable to taxation; and all persons, corporations, and associations doing business in this State, either as principals or partners, whether special or otherwise, and not residents of the State, shall be assessed and taxed on all sums invested in any manner in said business, in this State, the same as if they were residents of this State; and said taxes shall be collected from the property within this State of said persons, corporations, associations, or firms." (Statutes 1866, page 803.)

Printed copies of the form of statement, as prescribed by law, can be obtained at the Assessor's Office, City Hall, without charge.

WILLIAM R. WHEATON,
City and County Assessor.

1e9

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1866.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences nttached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be bad on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel.

Containing 500 *Volumes of Standard Works,*

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and haggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

MASONIC TEMPLE,
Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!
Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 yenrs (15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

A. J. PLATE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Guns, Rifles and Pistols.
ALSO,

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, &c., &c.,

NO. 411 SANSOME STREET,
Between Commercial and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

JOHN LOCHHEAD'S
STEAM ENGINE WORKS
Beale Street, near Mission, San Francisco.

STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.
HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,
Portable Engines of all sizes,
Donkey Pumps, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The attention of the parties engaged in shipping or inland navigation is called to the
SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP
of Mr. LOCHHEAD, who has been in the business in San Francisco for the last fourteen years and enjoys the reputation of having built ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN STEAM ENGINES.

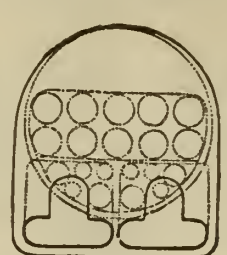
Screw Propellers of all kinds, and Steam Boat Machinery generally, made to order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in every particular.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

FULTON FOUNDRY & IRON WORKS
HINCKLEY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
STEAM ENGINES,
Quartz, Flour and Saw Mills,
Mining Machinery, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings,
45, 47 AND 49 FIRST STREET
Between Market and Mission—San Francisco.

BRODIE'S IMPROVED
QUARTZ-CRUSHER.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF
HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER WORKS.
KITTREDGE & LEAVITT,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Fire Proof Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults, Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc,
Corner Fremont and Market street, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of Second Hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. C. Bussey, of Jackson, Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this State. It is done by Mathematical Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works.

THIS LOCK PUT ON SAFES NOW IN USE

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 *First street, opposite Minna,*
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOSEPH H. WEED,
V. KINGWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO
Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight, without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Belt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

WILLIAM BRODIE,
California Foundry,
FREMONT STREET, NEAR MARKET,
San Francisco.

LIGHT AND HEAVY CASTINGS
Of every description, made to order.
Special attention paid to all kinds of HOUSE WORK, PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co., (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Lougbran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 206 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st.
G. G Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steumann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S E cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morsbead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gostave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOODAND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

THE WRONG ROOM.

The Rev. W. H. Milburne, in his "Ten Years of a Preacher's Life," relates the following anecdote of Rev. Peter Cartwright, who had been deputed to attend a conference at New York. A room had been reserved for him at the "Irving House;" but arriving late at night, the sleepy hotel clerk did not recognize his name in the somewhat illegible characters which the backwoodsman inscribed in the register-book, nor Cartwright himself in the farmer-like looking man before him. The great preacher was therefore lodged very high up, and immediately below the tiles:

The patronizing servant explained to the traveler the use of the various articles in the room, and said on leaving, (pointing to the bell rope,) "If you want anything, you can just pull that and somebody will come up."

The old gentleman waited until the servant had had time to descend, and then gave the rope a furious jerk. Up came the servant, bounding two or three steps at a time, and was amazed at the reply in answer to his "What will you have, sir?"

"How are you all coming on down below? It is such a ways from here to there that a body can have no notion even of the weather where you are."

The servant assured him that all was going on well, and was dismissed; but he had scarcely reached the office before another strenuous pull at the bell was given. The bell in the City Hall had struck a fire alarm, and the firemen, with their apparatus, were hurrying with confused noise, along the street.

"What's wanting, sir?" said the irritated servant.

"What's all this hulla-balloo?" asked the stranger.

"Only a fire, sir."

"A fire, sir!" shouted Cartwright. "Do you want us all to be burned up?" knowing well enough the fire was not on the premises.

The servant assured him of the distance of the conflagration, and that all was safe, and again decended. A third furious pull at the bell, and the almost breathless servant again made his appearance at the door.

"Bring me a hatchet," said the traveler, in a peremptory tone.

"A hatchet, sir?" said the astonished waiter.

"Yes, a hatchet."

"What for, sir?"

"That's none of your business; go and fetch me a hatchet."

The servant descended, and imformed the clerk that, in his private opinion, that old chap was crazy, and that he meant to commit suicide, or to kill some one in the house, for that he wanted a hatchet.

The clerk, with some trepidation, ventured to the room beneath the leads, and having presented himself, said, in his blandest tone, "I beg your pardon, sir, but what was it you wanted?"

"A hatchet," said the imperious stranger.

"A hatchet, really! but for what?" said the clerk.

"What for! Why look here, stranger. You see I am not accustomed to these big houses, and it's such a journey from this to where you are, that I thought I might get lost. Now it is my custom, when I am in a strange country, to blaze my way. We cut notches in the trees, and call that blazing, and then we can always find our way back again. So I thought if I had a hatchet, I'd just go out and blaze the corners from this to your place, and then I would be able to find my way back."

"I beg your pardon," said the mystified clerk, "but what's your name, sir? I could not read it very well on the book."

"My name," replied the other—"certainly; my debts are paid, and my will is made—my name is Peter Cartwright, at your service."

"Oh, Mr. Cartwright," responded the other "I beg you ten thousand pardons. We have a room for you, sir, on the second floor—the best room in the house. This way, sir, please."

"That's right," said the old gentleman; "that's all I wanted."

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE
" CHRYSOPOLIS.CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light draft steamers for Marysville, Colosa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S *Through Line to New York.*

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR FEBRUARY.

February 18th—GOLDEN CITY, Captain Jas. T. Watkins, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Harris.
February 28th—MONTANO, Capt. Jos. Sottou, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Furher.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their haggage on board before 10 o'clock

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

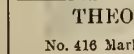
The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on April 31, for Hongkong via Kanagawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.

The steamship HERMANN, Capt. M. P Nolan, will be dispatched on Friday, March 1, for Yokohama, carrying passengers and freight, and the U. S. mails.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT.



PERFECT SPECTACLES EXactly suited to the Eyes will enable the wearer to pursue the most minute employment, either by day or artificial light, without creating that sense of weakness or fatigue to the organ generally complained of by those using ill-suited or common Spectacles.

PRICE of Perfect Glasses, $2 50, and upward. Sent pre-paid to any post office on the Coast. Applicants by mail will receive a circular containg directions, etc.

Address C. MULLER, Optician,
205 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE,
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufactorer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

THEODORE KALLENBERG,
No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,
Machinist,
Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instroments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of
Asphaltum Work,
Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
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TRUMP & BRADY,
No. 615 Market street,
In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,
STEAM AND GAS FITTING,
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Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

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EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

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STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

"Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

Splendid Presents
TO SEND ABROAD.
STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS
.....OF.....
California Scenery!
A SERIES OF OVER
ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!
ILLUSTRATING

The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NATURE,
And Published by
LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
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N. B.—CATALOGUES containing a complete LIST OF VIEWS, sent to any part of the world, FREE of POSTAGE.

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(Formerly of Concord, New Hampshire.)

LONG IN THE EMPLOY OF THE CELEBRATED firm of L. DOWNING & SON, having arrived in this city for the purpose of the Manufacture of
CONCORD CARRIAGES,
And having on hand a large assortment of EASTERN MATERIAL, we are prepared to receive orders for the same. CARRIAGES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, equal in style and Durability to those imported from the East. Special attention given to setting axles in Concord style. CARRIAGE SPRINGS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

All the work from our establishment warranted to give entire satisfaction. Also, we are prepared to furnish Concord Harness made to order at our establishment.

NO. 820 FOLSOM STREET,
Between Fourth and Fifth.

AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with

24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,

giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to hear

"THE OTHER SIDE,"

and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.

Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Adddress

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UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION.

INCORPORATED JANUARY 23d, 1867.

THE OBJECT OF SAID CORPORATION IS THE purchase of forty-three full Blocks and fifteen fractional Blocks of Land in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, in what is known as the "University Mound Tract Survey," on file in the office of the City and County Recorder of said city and county, as follows:

FULL BLOCKS.

Numbers Twenty-one, Forty-four, Forty-five, Forty-seven, Sixty one, Sixty-two, Sixty three, Seventy-five, Seventy-six, Seventy-seven, Seventy-eight, Seventy nine, Eighty-five, Eighty-six, Eighty-seven, Eighty eight, Eighty-nine, Ninety, Ninety two, Ninety-three, Ninety-four, Ninety-five, Ninety-six, Ninety seven, One Hundred, One Hundred and One, One Hundred and Two, One Hundred and Four, One Hundred and Five, One Hundred and Six, One Hundred and Seven, One Hundred and Ten, One Hundred and Eleven, One Hundred and Twelve, One Hundred and Thirteen, One Hundred and Fourteen, One Hundred and Fifteen, One Hundred and Sixteen, One Hundred and Seventeen, One Hundred and Eighteen, One Hundred and Nineteen, One Hundred and Twenty-eight, and One Hundred and Twenty-nine.

FRACTIONAL BLOCKS.

Numbers Eight, Nine, Sixty, Sixty-four, Eighty-three, Eighty-four, Ninety-one, One Hundred and Three, One Hundred and Eight, One Hundred and Nine, One Hundred and Twenty-two, One Hundred and Twenty-three, One Hundred and Twenty-four, One Hundred and Twenty-five, One Hundred and Twenty-six; and the same being a portion of the Bernal Ranch—the improvements thereof—and the subdivision thereof into lots and parcels suitable for Homesteads, and the distribution of such lots or parcels among the shareholders.

For further information, READ THE PROSPECTUS containing Act of Incorporation, Articles of Association, etc. All persons desirous of securing lots in the UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION, are requested to apply at once at their

OFFICE, IN STEVENSON'S BUILDING, CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STS.

As shares are being rapidly taken, and the opportunity will soon be lost. Prospectus and maps can be obtained free of charge, at the office of the Association.

OFFICERS OF THE UNIVERSITY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION.

E. THOMAS, D. D., - - - - - President.
LESTER L. ROBINSON, - - - - - Treasurer.
THOMAS B. LEWIS, - - - - - Secretary.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

E. Thomas, Lester L. Robinson,
Geo. B. Taylor, Thomas B. Lewis,
H. A. Gorley.

By order of the Board.

THOMAS B. LEWIS,
Secretary University Homestead Association.

REMOVAL!
Wightman & Hardie's
DRY GOODS AND CARPET WAREHOUSE
HAS REMOVED
To No. 220 Sansome Street,
TWO DOORS SOUTH OF CALIFORNIA.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

WM. WORTHINGTON,
House and Sign Painter,
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c., &c.,
735 Market street,
Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

GREAT WESTERN
Life Insurance Company.
OF NEW YORK.
STOCK and MUTUAL

The Security of the Stock Plan, with all the Advantages of the Mutual System.

POLICIES AND DIVIDENDS ARE NON-FORFEITABLE.

Thirty Days Grace for Payment of Premiums.

J. W. BRUMAGIN.
General Agent for California,
Office 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.

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Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

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OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
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INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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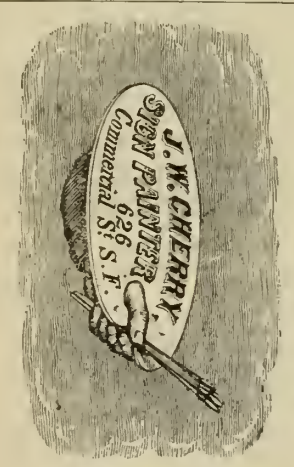
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES AT

FIRST PREMIUM

Billiard TABLE MANUFACTORY.

P. LISENFELD,
612 BATTERY STREET,
Between Jackson and Pacific, San Francisco,
Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements.
Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description.
All goods sold are warranted.

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SAUL & McARRON,
Carriage Manufactory,
NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,
Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.
A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

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LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
37 and 39 Webb street,
Between Sacramento and California.

Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

A Rare Chance.

THE UNDERSIGNED, INTENDING TO RETIRE from business, desires to call the attention of the public to a LARGE STOCK OF CARRIAGE MATERIAL at his store, No. 506 MARKET STREET, and No. 7 SUTTER STREET, which he will SELL AT COST. Until said goods are disposed of, he will BUILD TO ORDER, at his factory, corner of FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, all kinds of

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c.,

A good assortment of which can always be found on hand, and at a less price than can be had at any other place in the city. Will keep about 50 workmen employed to complete all unfinished work and contracts, in order to close business by the first day of July next. Has on hand and for sale, Six First-class Concord style 9-Passenger STAGE WAGONS, and a good assortment of LUMBER or FARM WAGONS, EXPRESS WAGONS, CARTS, &c.
Also, will soon have finished FIFTY BUGGIES.
H. CASEBOLT.

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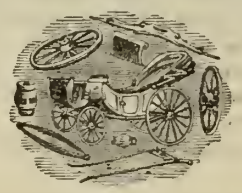

Carriage Manufacturer,
No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

Manufacturer of
Saddles, Harness and Collars,
No. 4b-west corner Davis and Commercial streets.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

A good assortment, made from the best Materials, in the highest style of Workmanship, constantly on hand.
Manufacturing and Repairing done promptly, on reasonable terms. Country Trade solicited.

DR. FONDA SAN FRANCISCO
EYE INFIRMARY,

PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED, EXCLUSIVELY for the treatment of all diseases of the EYES, and for the past seventeen years Principal of the La Fayette (Ind.) Eye Infirmary.
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WM. KEITH. D. VAN VLECK.

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LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

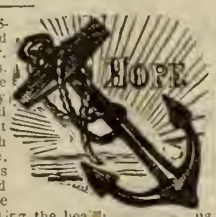
HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yielding to healing powers.
PRICE 50 CENTS.
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
Cor. Sansome & Commercial streets.
Also Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS.
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would do well much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirits ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

CLEANSE THE BLOOD.



WITH CORRUPT, DISordered or vitiated Blood, you are sick all over. It may burst out in Pimples, or, Sores, or in some active disease, or it may merely keep you listless, depressed and good for nothing. But you cannot have good health while your blood is impure. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA purges out these impurities and stimulates the organs of life into vigorous action, restoring the healthy tone of disease. Hence it rapidly cures a variety of complaints which are caused by impurities of the blood, such as Scrofula, the Kings' Evil, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Tetter, or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Cancer or Cancerous Tumors, Sore Eyes, Female Diseases, such as Retention, Irregularity, Suppression, Whites, Sterility, also Syphilis or Venereal Diseases, Liver Complaints, and Heart Diseases. Try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and see for yourself the surprising activity with which it cleanses the blood and cures these disorders.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound "Sarsaparilla," and intend to promptly sustain a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. We think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of diseases it is intended to cure. We can only assure the sick, that we offer them the best alterative which we know how to produce, and we have reason to believe it is by far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered by any body.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is so universally known to surpass every other remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease, that it is useless here to recount the evidence of its virtues. The world knows them.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

A beautiful and accomplished young lady of one of the wealthiest families of Louisville has recently pined away to a mere shadow, without any perceptible cause. Her friends were sorely perplexed, to learn the cause, but all to no avail. Last week the mystery was solved. The girl was discovered to be a sleep-walker, getting up in her night clothes every night and visiting an arbor attached to her residence, where she spent, in dreamy silence, several hours, and would then return to the parental roof. Of course she would be unconscious next day of her walk and rigid airing of the night previous.

A WISCONSIN official who had arrested a couple of rascals, was riding with his prisoners when a prairie chicken made its appearance, and the officer drew his revolver and fired two or three shots at it. One of the prisoners suggested that he could do better, and the revolver was handed over to him. The prisoner, however, did not try his skill on the chicken, but presented the shooting-iron at the officer and "backed off," leaving the officer to cogitate on the "uncertainty of man," and to return home minus prisoners and a $20 revolver.

A large leopard, attached to a menagerie exhibiting in Cincinnati, escaped from his cage last week, and after devouring a couple of small dogs, attacked the elephant. That animal, however, declined to be eaten, and in a few moments the assailant found itself hurled against the bars of the lion's cage, bruising it considerably, but still not daunting it. In the meantime the keepers having armed themselves with iron bars, succeeded in capturing the ferocious animal and recaging it, so that its dream of liberty on New Year's Day, vanished.

A short time ago, a Boston physician was summoned to the door at a quarter past eleven o'clock by the violent ringing of the bell—with visions of a good fee, doubtless—and found there a little urchin, who plaintively asked if he would give him an old sled. The boy was advised to run home and make his calls at more seasonable hours. The boy replied that the most seasonable hour to apply for a sled was when it was snowing.

A young lawyer of St. Louis, who had given more attention to Bones and Banjo than Blackstone and Kent, applied for a situation in a minstrel troupe; and because he was rejected, sent a challenge for a duel to the principal manager. The cartel was handed to the police, and the ambitious aspirant made himself scarce. The last seen of him, he was getting down hill at a rapid rate, whistling - "Railroad Traveling's Getting Mighty Slow."

FROZEN TRUTH.—A soldier, about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he used was, "It is ex--." He was froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860, some French physicians found him, after having laid frozen for one hundred and fifty years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with "confidingly cold."

A countryman, not long since, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared that "he thought it was the devil on wheels." "Faith, an' ye're worse than myself," said an Irish bystander, "for the first time I saw the craythur, I tho't it was a shame boat hauling for wather."

THE effect of advertising in the Vicksburg *Times* is thus illustrated: "A lady advertised in the *Times* last week for a stray cow, and the cow came home next day, pawed down the cowpen fence, bellowed till the milkmaid came, and then kept off her own calf."

A New Bedford lady who recently wrote to a Boston publisher for a copy of "Gellert; or, Trust in God," received the sad reply: "There is no 'Trust in God' to be found in Boston."

A sweet woman's soul sits and looks out of a bright eye like a cat out of a sunny window.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L REED, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L. REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L LIEN, PETER S McNIEL, SARAH J McNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be declared and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM LOEWY, Clerk

[SEAL.] By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.

Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one-half of the common property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to and be delivered to this plaintiff; and that the care, custody and education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendant may, by order of this Court, be restrained and enjoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant be ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]

PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovenamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers, incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and be put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j193m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Depnty Clerk.

[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 60 cents, canceled.]

J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of FRANCOISE P. BETUEL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Francois M. Betuel, the Executor of the last will and testament of Francoise P. Betuel deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Francoise P. Betuel, deceased, appear before the said Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the devisees of the said Francoise P Betuel, deceased, according to law:

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before the said eleventh day March, A. D. 1867: in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 5th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true, full and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 8th day of February A. D. 1867

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM LOEWY, Clerk.

19 5t By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. F. & WM. H. SHARP, Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN F. LOGAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Mary Banks and Catherine Rogan, claiming to be the nearest relatives and heirs, being the aunts of John F. Logan, deceased, setting forth that the administrator has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said John F. Logan, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of March, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said John F. Logan, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said fifth day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 30th, 1867. feb2-4w

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this first day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk

[Seal and stamp.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JAMES FITZPATRICK, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of James Fitzpatrick, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the place of the transaction of her business, at the office of her attorney, Geo. B. Merrill, Esq., No. 520 Montgomery street, San Francisco. MARY FITZPATRICK,

Administratrix of Estate of James Fitzpatrick, deceased.

San Francisco, February 2d, 1867. 4w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ELLEN O'CONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Ellen O'Connell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, No 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco. WM. A. QUARLES, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen O'Connell, deceased.

San Francisco, February 9, 1867.

W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Administrator, 323 Montgomery street. f9 5t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on 6th day of February A. D. 1867, in the matter of the Estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on THURSDAY, the 14th day of March, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the counting-room of J. C. Merrill & Co., Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, of, in and to all the undivided two ninths of the lot of land situated in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the westerly side of Berry street, one hundred and thirty-seven and a half (137 1-2) feet northeasterly from the northeast corner of Berry and Third streets; thence running northeasterly along said westerly side of Berry street one hundred and thirty seven and a half (137 1 2) feet to a point; thence at a right angle northwesterly two hundred and forty (240) feet more or less to a point in the easterly line of King street; thence at a right angle southwesterly along said line of King street one hundred and thirty-seven and a half (137 1 2) feet; and thence at a right angle southeasterly two hundred and forty feet, more or less, to the point of beginning.

And offers or bids for said property, in writing will be received at said place, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county, from this date till Thursday the 14th day of March, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon, by the undersigned. J. C. MERRILL,

Guardian of the Estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, minors. 19

Dated February 8th, 1867.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOSEPH W. KERR, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Honora Kerr, the Administratrix of the Estate of Joseph W Kerr, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, Anno Domini, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 11th day of March A. D., 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, February 5th, 1867. 19 5t

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 8th day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

HAIGHT & PIERSON, Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDIcial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM SHANAHAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of William Shanahan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, at the store of Maurice Dore & Co, No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. Dated February 1, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator and the Administrator of the Estate of William Shanahan, deceased. 12 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE HAMILTON THOMPSON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE HAMILTON THOMPSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the U. S. Surveyor General's office, Pioneer Hall, Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, January 25th, 1867.

G. HOWARD THOMPSON,

Administrator of Estate of George Hamilton Thompson, deceased, j26 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF AUGUSTA SAAL.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Saal, deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of his Attorney, R. W. Hent, Esq., northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the city and county of San Francisco. Dated February 9th, 1867.

H. O. GOUGH, Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Saal, deceased. f9 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the estate of MINA HOFFMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Isaac D. Barnard, Executor of the last will and testament of Mina Hoffman, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees of the will of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Mina Hoffman, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of March, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock, P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees of the last will and testament of the said deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before the said Tuesday the 19th day of March, A. D. 1867, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 11th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, }

I Wm Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Petitioner.

February 16th, 1867. 1e16 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE H. HOSSEFROSS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by R. H. Sinton and H. M. Whitmore, the Executors of the last will of George H. Hossefross, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate and also all the personal property of the estate of George H. Hossefross, deceased, to pay the debts due by the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the eighteenth day of March A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary; and also the personal property of deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 12th, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, } ss.
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. }

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of February A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. Winans & Belknap Attys. for Petitioners.

fe15-3t

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, and State of California, made on the 12th day of February, A. D. 1867, in the matter of the estate of Thos. W. Sutherland, deceased, the undersigned, Administrator in charge of said estate, will sell at private sale for cash payable in United States gold or silver coin, on and subject to the confirmation of said Probate Court on or after the fifth day of March, A. D. 1867, in one parcel all the right, title, interest and estate of the said intestate at the time of his death; and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired, other than and in addition to that of said intestate at the time of his death, in and to the following real property, lot, piece or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco and State of California, bounded and described as follows:

A certain unknown undivided interest of in and to that certain 50 vara lot situated lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and known on the official map of said city and county as 50-vara lot number 32.

Persons wishing to purchase said real estate will present their bids in writing to the undersigned at his store Nos. 219 and 221 Front street, in the city and county of San Francisco on or before the day set for the sale.

Dated February 13th, 1867.

ALEXANDER R. BALDWIN,

Administrator of the estate of Thomas W. Sutherland, deceased. fe16 3t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John Couch, the Administrator of Sarah McLaughlin, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his annual and final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled;

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said Sarah McLaughlin, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order for distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Sarah McLaughlin deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

M. C. BLAKE Probate Judge.

Dated San Francisco, February 8th, 1867.

I. N. THORNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. fe9 5t

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T MAGUIRE, - - Sole Proprietor and Manager
CHAS. TIBBETTS, - - Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES, - - - - Stage Manager
W. STEVENSON, - - - - Treasurer

ENGAGEMENT OF THE WITCHING ELFIN STAR,
ALICE KINGSBURY!
—SUPPORTED BY—
Mrs. Sophie Edwin, Mrs. H. Jackson,
Mr. J. McCullough, Mr. H. Edwards.
And a Full Corps Dramatique!

THIS AFTERNOON, FEB. 23D,
KINGSBURY MATINEE!—
CHILD OF THE SAVANNAH!

THIS EVENING, FEB. 23D,
Miss Kingsbury will appear as Calanthe in
DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

MONDAY NIGHT,
THE LONG STRIKE!

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle, - -	$1 00	Orchestra, - -	$1 00
Parquette, - -	50	Upper Circle, -	25

No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

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Art Gallery, Museum,

CONSERVATORIES, AND ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,

On Mission and Valencia streets.

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A Museum of Natural History containing over four hundred specimens of Zoology has just been opened.

NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.

Admission to all parts of the Gardens and Museum 25 cents. Children under 12 years of age, half price.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars.

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ADMISSION, - - - TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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Eureka Theatre. Montgomery street,
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THIS Institution is designed to prepare Boys and Men for business pursuits, and to impart a thorough commercial education. It is conducted upon thorough business principles. The student, upon entering the college, is furnished with a capital in cash and merchandise, rents a place of business, opens an account with the bank, insures his goods in the insurance office of the College, and enters upon the arena of business. He commences speculation, carrying out all the details of trade, buying and selling goods, depositing in and checking from the Bank, making and negotiating notes, drafts, bills of exchange, etc., recording the transactions and keeping the books in a regular and scientific manner. From this he advances to other capacities, until he finally takes his position in the Union Business College Bank, a regularly established institution, complete in all its appointments, and having a circulation of one million in college currency. This course saves from four to six weeks time in copying useless manuscripts There is no vacation, and students can enter upon any business day during the year. The public are invited to call and examine the various Departments. Sessions day and evening.

JAMES VINSONHALLER, President.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,
Shoulder Braces, etc.,
FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,
AT
GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S
NEW YORK BRANCH
Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,
(Opposite the Russ' House,)
J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc

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ARCHITECT,
No. 224 Montgomery street,
Opposite the entrance of the Russ House,
San Francisco

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE OPPOSITION STEAMER
AMERICA.
WILL SAIL FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,
From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
TUESDAY - - - MARCH 5th, 1867
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship
NICARAGUA.
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The MOSES TAYLOR will sail on March 25th.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco

Removal!!

JOHN F. SNOW.

COLORING, CLEANING AND RESTORING OF FEATHERS, Kid Gloves, Silks, Woolens, Furs, etc., has removed to the new building of the "MECHANICS' INSTITUTE," opposite the old stand, 25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

☞'RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA' for sale as usual.

E. POWER,

Architectural and Ornamental

WOOD CARVER

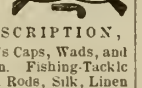
—AND—

COMPOSITION ORNAMENT MANUFACTURER, ETC.,

Robinson & Co.'s Mills,

30 and 32 California Street, San Francisco.

WILSON & EVANS,



No. 513 Clay street,
Importers and Dealers in
FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.
WILSON & EVANS.

McDOUGALL & MARQUIS,

Architects,

328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Adam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Cogbill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blum & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery,.....(South side.)

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

....BY....
DAM & SUTHERLAND.

FINE IMPROVED BUSINESS

PROPERTIES ON

Pine street for	$60,000
Market street for	25,000
Market street for	30,000
Post street for	7,000
Pacific street for	7,000
Montgomery street for	37,000
California street for	21,000
Mission and Fifth streets	20,000

CHOICE HOMESTEAD PROPERTIES, BEAUTIFULLY improved, at the following prices:

One at	$25,000
One at	22,000
One at	21,000
One at	18,000
House and 50-vara lot centrally located	16,500
House and Corner 50-vara Lot and Stable	6,500
New Cottage, well located, gas and water	3,300
House and Lot, 40x137.6, on Harrison near Beal street	4,500
Two Houses and Lots on Silver, between Third and Fourth streets	3,200
House and Lot on Bush street, near Taylor	10,000

SEVEN FIFTY-VARA LOTS on Lafayette Avenue, near Mayor Coon's residence on Gough street.

Also, FURNISHED and UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO LET, from $90 to $35.

OAKLAND PROPERTIES FOR SALE.—SEVEN Houses and Lots very desirably located, from $2,000 to $10,000 each.

LAND BY THE ACRE—From ten to fifty acres within two miles of the Depot.

DAM & SUTHERLAND,
320 Montgomery Street.

NOTARY PUBLIC—

SPANISH NOTARY.

The undersigned having been commissioned by Gov. Low as Notary Public, vice Henry Dieschfell, deceased, has removed his office to 509 California street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co., where he will be pleased to see his former patrons, and receive a share of public patronage.

A. G. RANDALL.
Notary Public, Broker, Translator, etc.
No. 509 California Street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co.

DOCTOR DEMAREST'S

Private Medical Office,

617 MERCHANT STREET,
Near Commercial, San Francisco.

OFFICE HOURS: From 9 A. M., till 4 P. M.

CORNS!

DR. V. POPPER,

Surgeon Chiropedist,

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

DEXTER STABLES,

Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES, - - - - - - Proprietor

GEO. T. CASEBOLT & CO.,

Importers of

Hardwood Lumber,

ALL KINDS OF

Carriage and Wagon Materials, Coach Trimming and Hardware.

315 PINE STREET,
Near corner of Sansome, San Francisco.

NOTICE.

The Steamship
GOLDEN CITY
Will leave this port at
8 A. M., FEBRUARY 18th,
and will reach Panama on 2d March, making an unusually quick trip, and will connect at Aspinwall with the French Trans-Atlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire.

D. J. OLIVER

101, 103 and 105 Front street, 110 Pine street.
ON THE
NORTH-WEST CORNER PINE AND FRONT STREETS,
Where he offers for sale
THE LARGEST STOCK OF
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c., &c.,
ON THE PACIFIC COAST,
AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.

B. MACKAY,

ARCHITECT,
NO. 434 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Next door to the Pacific Insurance Company.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 1?
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

VAN VLECK & KEITH,

Designers and Engravers

ON WOOD,
No. 611 Clay street, San Francisco.
WM. KEITH D. VAN VLECK.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A SON, Defendant

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven

[L. S.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk
By JAS. E. ASHCUM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] f23-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS THOMAS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Thomas, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Thomas Thomas, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the twenty-sixth day of MARCH, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Thomas Thomas deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-sixth day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 21st, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss
Of the City and County of San Francisco,

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 21st day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[Seal and stamp.] By A. J. JEGUERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. F. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. 123 5t.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN F. LOGAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Mary Banks and Catherine Rogan, claiming to be the nearest relatives and heirs, being the aunts of John F Logan, deceased, setting forth that the administrator has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said John F. Logan, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of March, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said John F. Logan, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said fifth day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 30th, 1867. feb2-4w

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this first day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk
[Seal and stamp.] By A. J. JEGUERS, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN THOMAS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated February 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of John Thomas, deceased.
J. F. FINN, Atty for Administrator. fe16 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE C. PETERSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of George C Petersen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated February 14th, 1867

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of George C. Peterson, deceased. fe16-5t

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 15
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 2, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL:—Snowdrop and Rosebud, a California story, by May Wentworth; California Male Cookery and Housekeeping, by Prentice; "Blaying Mit der Tiger" by John Clerk; Americans Abroad; A Duty on Thought; A Notable Champion; "Lion's Mouth;" The Late Riot; The Demoralized Critic of the "Times;" Curing the Blind; Diabolical Ingratitude; A Counterblast against Tobacco; POETRY:—The Electric Telegraph, by Isabel A. Saxon; Rare-Ripe, By W. A. Kendall; Lines to James Linen, by R.C. Hopkins; In Memoriam, by Aurelio Luis Gallardo;—Literary Gleanings; Dramatic Matters; Paragraphs etc. SELECTED: Down in a Coal Mine; After the Ball; "Black Sheep;" Ocean Yacht Race, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

The Late Riot.

GENERAL INNOCENCE AND IGNORANCE OF THE ACCUSED.

HOW is it that so many parties have been arrested, and accused of an active participation in the late riot? Here is in substance their testimony. Read it:

T. Jones.—On the day of the riot, I saw a crowd of white men on Long Bridge. Afterward I saw two Chinamen running away. Didn't know there had been a riot until I read of it in the papers. Don't know what I was arrested for. Heard Chief Crowley tell the rioters to go home.

Sam Smith.—I was promenading Long Bridge with some friends the day when it is reported the disturbance took place. I and Pat Mahony were discussing the question whether suffrage should be based on intelligence, and became separated from the rest of our friends About an hour afterward I saw a house on fire; heard some one say there had been a riot. Saw a Chinaman crossing the bridge with a divine and contented expression of countenance What am I arrested for?

John Jones.—On the day of the riot I saw a crowd of men crossing Long Bridge; they bore with them a large American Flag. I am a Union man and believe in rallying around the flag. Was at work on a sewer at the time, but imagining the country to be in danger, threw down my shovel and followed the flag. After this I saw a Chinaman running away and some rice scattered about. I called to the Chinaman to come back; he would not come back, so I ran after him to bring him back. I do not now recollect what I wanted to bring him back for. Heard some women say afterward that there had been a riot. Crowley was there.

Billy Burke.—On the morning of the 12th, I was at work at Meiggs' Wharf. Saw five or six hundred men crossing Long Bridge, and started after them to see what they were going to do. Saw a house on fire, and one man trying to put it out. Turned in to help him, and while throwing bricks at the fire in order to extinguish it, was arrested by a policeman. Saw next day that there had been a riot, in the papers. Thought this was a free country. Heard the inspiriting address of Chief Crowley.

Stupid H. Brown.—I was arrested for participation in a riot on Long Bridge; never was on Long Bridge but once in my life; don't know where it is; don't want to know. Have nothing against Chinamen; never molested one in my life; never saw one; don't know where they come from or go to. Never was at a riot in my life; never want to be; don't know what a riot is; don't want to know. Didn't see anybody at the riot I knew or wanted to know. Don't know what I am arrested for; don't want to know. Haven't set down to eat a meal at a table for three months. Have no trade or profession. Studied law once for three weeks. Don't know whether I have truly sworn or not; don't want to know. Didn't know that it was Crowley who told the crowd to go home; didn't want to know.

Liberal Merchants.

We learn from a recent number of the *Bulletin* that the shipping merchants of this city have resolved not to charge the farmers the usual commissions on their grain, so long as the present low prices rule. This liberality is commendable. It ought to be encouraged. It ought, indeed, to be imitated. We suggest that during the prevailing hard times the grocers, butchers and provision dealers pretermit their profits on goods sold to consumers in this city, who are quite as badly off, in most cases, as farmers in the interior. We should be glad to have the opportunity of giving them a commendatory notice for so doing.

That Flying Machine.

The day after the postponement of the sailing of the "Avitor" from the 21st to the 28th was announced, a certain "bloody blarsted Henglishman," who devoutly believes that the "bloody blarsted haitch (h) ought to be kicked hout hof the halphahet," met the illustrious projector of aerial navigation on Montgomery street, and thus accosted him: "Say now, old chap, isn't this a cutting things rather fat? Isn't it rather crowding the mourners? Why in 'eaven's name can't you ome out plain, and let us know whether we're to '*avit-or* not?"

The Demoralized Critic of the "Times."

San Francisco amusements are not all of them of a commendable nature; but we object to our really respectable city being made out worse than it really is. There was a time when shooting and cutting matches were popularly supposed in the Eastern States and Europe, to be reckoned among the amusements of San Francisco, when bull-fighting was a Sunday amusement; but we have indifferently reformed that. Under these circumstances, we were startled—not to say shocked—on taking up the *Times*, a "first-class morning journal" (*vide* prospectus) published in this city, to observe a most reprehensible act—one which we are sure must be reprobated by the respectable portion of the community, even if laughed at or winked at by the readers of the *Times*—classed under the head of "Amusements." The first paragraph in this department, is a notice of the performance at the Metropolitan Theatre, then follows the paragraph to which we raise an objection as unfit to be classed as an amusement; and after it comes a notice of the Anatomical Museum. We republish this paragraph, and ask the respectable and law-observing portion of the community if they consider it worthy of a place under the head of "Amusements:"

STEALING A DRESS.—Michael Larkin was arrested last night by officer Gillespie, on suspicion of having stolen a woman's gown which was found in his possession, and which he is supposed to have taken from a clothes line somewhere. It is what is called a delaine (we believe) the pattern being a small check in shaded blue and white. Michael may call that larkin, but if he intends to fight it out on that line he will certainly require address.

Admitting the fact that the Metropolitan Theatre and the Anatomical Museum are the only two places of amusement advertised in the columns of the *Times*, in extenuation of this offense, we still hold that to term stealing an amusement is unjustifiable. We are quite prepared for the quibble by which the demoralized dramatic and anatomical critic of the *Times* will seek to justify himself. He will say, "I observe in this paragraph 'Michael may call this Larkin,' and isn't 'larkin' amusement? This miserable subterfuge should not shield him from the scorn and reprehension of an outraged community. Is it to be trumpeted forth to the world that stealing dresses is a recognized and favorite amusement in San Francisco? Because a critic has, in consequence of the Metropolitan Theatre being the only one which advertises in the paper on which he holds a position, utterly lost his sense of the distinction between right and wrong, between *meum et tuum*, is this misguided man, we say, because he observes the audience nightly applaud and laugh at the clown in the pantomime when he steals a dress or other, to hold that Michael Larkin, when he steals a dress, also administers to the amusement of the public? We have never considered pantomimes good in their effect on the mind.

We cannot but rejoice that the pantomime season has closed, when we observe the obliquity in the moral vision of the critic of the *Times*, and reflect that we may, with good grounds, affirm that this obliquity of the moral vision has been superinduced mainly by too much pantomime. Pope makes a sensible remark about vice being a monster of such hideous mein, that to be hated, needs but to be seen; and continues that in course of time becoming familiar with its face, we cease to notice how mean it is—and first endure, then pity, then embrace. This is doubtless the experience of the unhappily depraved critic of the *Times*. (N. B.—one of the best fellows in the city in his private capacity.) When he first witnessed the shameless thefts committed by the pantomime clown at the Metropolitan, we have no doubt he shuddered and repeated the 8th commandment softly. Soon becoming familiarized with theft, he laughed, then applauded, and finally brought himself to look upon stealing as "larkin" or amusement. Is this poor young man in his present state of mind—brought about by his becoming connected with the *Times*—competent to sit on a jury in a case of grand larceny? No. He would term larceny a spree, burglary a "jolly lark," and in course of time, might come to consider murder a diversion. The lost and hardened Fitz-Smythe has long been in the habit of chuckling delightedly over robberies and murders as exquisite jokes, and defiling the graves of his fellow creatures with loathsome puns; but he—even be—never published an account of a robbery between a notice of the Metropolitan Theatre and a puff of the Anatomical Museum.

Telegraphic News.

The news received by telegraph during the week has been most important. Governor Brownlow made a speech in which he declared that "he would rather receive the votes of black loyalists than of white traitors." We fancy we have heard of his making that remark before, but still it is important. President Johnson will certainly be impeached; a late telegraphic dispatch assures us of this fact. A still later dispatch proves conclusively that President Johnson will not be impeached, and one later still, informs us that it is very likely that he will be impeached. Senator Saulsbury got drunk and appeared in the Senate Chamber with a cigar in his mouth, but put it out when ordered to do so by Vice President Foster. Daniel Devlin, the "City Chamberlain" of New York, is dead. Wheat was quiet in England and so were the Fenians. The Princess of Wales has been delivered of a girl, and the English Chancellor of the Exchequer has been delivered of a budget. We await with intense anxiety the arrival of the next dispatch respecting the impeachment of President Johnson. Whether it be right or wrong to impeach the President, the veracity of dispatches received by telegraph is unimpeachable.

Diabolical Ingratitude.

The public of this city have been deeply shocked by a case of terrible ingratitude, which almost makes one lose all faith in human nature and subscribe to the doctrine of utter depravity. The harrowing details are thus set forth in the *Alta* of Saturday:

"STEALING FROM HIS EMPLOYER.—Charles Smith, former employé of Dr. Isaac Rowell, was arrested last night by detectives Ellis and Cannon, on the charge of robbing his employer of a lot of instruments of considerable value. It is alleged that he was allowed to sweep in the office as a particular favor, and took the opportunity thus afforded to effect the robbery."

If it had been anyone else that had been robbed, the public would not have been so terribly shocked. But Dr. Isaac Rowell, the humane, the kind, the modest, Dr. Isaac Rowell! Oh 'twas foul! Dr. Isaac Rowell, who has treated more sick men gratuitously (the week before election) than any other man in the city, who professed his willingness to *prescribe* for political enemies, and even declared that to "prescribe for Copperheads" would give him extreme delight! Oh, 'tis sad to think of the manner in which Charles Smith rewarded him for his kindness! Dr. Isaac Rowell, knowing that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," took pity on the unoccupied Charles Smith, and through the generosity of the noble-minded physician, this Smith "was allowed to sweep in the office as a particular favor." It is alleged that Smith thought that while he was about it he might as well make a clean sweep, and accordingly, wearying of the healthful exercise provided for him "as a particular favor," swept off a lot of instruments. We trust that this will serve as a warning to Dr. Rowell not again to allow any one to sweep in his office "as a particular favor."

Curing the Blind.

John W. Farmer has brought suit in the Fifteenth District Court against Dr. J. P. Bryant to recover $30,000 damages for mal-practice on his part, by which he, the plaintiff, lost his eyesight. Mr. Farmer states that he was in August last, suffering from disease of the eyes, and was for two months nearly blind. He placed himself under the treatment of a physician and recovered his sight; though his eyes still remained weak. He about this time heard of Dr. Bryant, who was reported to cure all diseases by "laying on of hands." He says that Dr. Bryant, on his stating his case to him, promised to cure his diseased eyes in twenty days. In a week after he placed himself under Dr. Bryant's care he became totally blind, and has been so ever since. Mr. Farmer states that Dr. Bryant explains this circumstance by saying that he had rubbed into the eyes a quantity of blue-stone, with which they had been covered by the first physician. Farmer believes that Dr. Bryant tried to throw dust in his eyes by laying on of hands, and thus prevent him from finding out his "tricks and his manners." The plaintiff also complains, that Dr. Bryant ordered him to have four teeth extracted, the same being sound and healthy and that said teeth were accordingly extracted. This part of Dr Bryant's treatment for the cure of blindness is incomprehensible. Surely Mr. Farmer could not have had four eye-teeth which injured his vision. If Dr. Bryant is really guilty of, by his mal-practice, robbing Mr. Farmer of two valuable though somewhat damaged, eyes and four sound teeth, we think that the jury, remembering what was said by them of old time: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," should condemn Dr. Bryant to lose two eyes and four teeth.

A Counterblast Against Tobacco.

Dr. Isaac Rowell, who, it appears, would attempt to speak on any subject, get into any scrape, or go through any performance for the purpose of bringing himself before the public, spoke in abuse of tobacco at Dashaway Hall on Sunday last. He classed the use of the sweet nicotian weed with rum-drinking as a deadly social evil, and to prove that a man who smoked a mild Havanna cigar was outraging his nature and perilling his life, he stated that there were "only two animals beside man that would eat the noxious weed: the Rocky Mountain goat and the tobacco worm." We were not aware that man was in the habit of "eating" tobacco. Monkeys will chew tobacco whenever they can get hold of it. Because Dr. Isaac Rowell does not happen to like ice-cream he will scarcely be able to succeed in convincing the rest of the world that it is deadly poison because hogs, toads, and other animals of uncultivated taste will not eat it. Dr. Rowell told the old, old story of how a single drop of the essential oil of tobacco would kill a dog, and indulged in many other stale platitudes, which form the staple of anti-tobacco fulminations. After talking much against the evil effects of tobacco, he begged "the Dashaways, aided by the ladies, to put their faces against it." They can do so if they like, but if they get smoke puffed in their faces by those who enjoy the weed, they can turn their faces away and allow their neighbors to enjoy themselves in the manner which seems best to them.

Cause of Quarrel.

A Southern paper tell of a freedman who "quarreled with his wife about a month ago." That is the strangest thing to quarrel about we remember ever to have heard of!

Very bad Con.

Of what character in Herman Melville's "Typee" does the people's rejection of Mr. Fay's claims to the Governorship remind you? Fay, away!

[For the Californian.]

SNOWDROP AND ROSEBUD.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY MAY WENTWORTH.

YEARS ago, before the gold-seekers came to California, there lived at the Mission of San Gabriel, a Spaniard, whose beautiful vineyard was admired by all the country.

In early life he had been a great traveler, and while in Germany he met a fair golden-haired maiden, whom he loved and married. After a few years he immigrated to America and settled at the Mission of San Gabriel—near the Spanish town of Los Angeles. There he was greatly prospered ; his cattle increased to great herds, covering the green hill-sides, and his vineyard was the pride of his heart. He built a pleasant house, and surrounded it by a garden filled with all kinds of fruit. In that delicious climate, fruits of the tropic and temperate zones grow together ; while the white flowers of the North and their crimson-hued sisters of the South blossom side by side.

There seemed nothing wanting to make his happiness complete but children. The house was too silent ; he wished for the silvery laughter of childish voices ; he longed to press little ones to his heart, and call them his own.

At last God gave him two little girls ; but the fair golden-haired mother lived only to bless them, and was then buried by the clear " Lake of the Tules." At first he was inconsolable, and for months refused to see his little ones ; but one day, while he slept, the old Indian nurse took them into his room and laid them on the bed by his side.

Little Snowdrop nestled in his bosom, but Rosebud ran her finger into his beard and pulled it so hard that she woke him. There she was, when he opened his eyes, crowing with delight —her little rosy lips close to his, and the fair Snowdrop in his bosom. Then all the father's love, which had only slept, awoke, and he pressed the little ones to his heart, weeping : but especially he loved the beautiful Snowdrop, she was so like her mother. After this, although he still mourned greatly for his wife, he loved these little ones very dearly ; and as years passed by, became happy in the absorbing devotion to them, which filled his whole heart.

He watched over them with the most jealous care. Even in childhood, he would not allow them to play with other children; and as they grew older, his fear was awakened lest some of the young men of Los Angeles should see and fall in love with them. For his daughters to form a misalliance, he was quite sure would break his heart.

As he was obliged to go often from home on business, he employed an old Indian woman as duenna, and charged her never to allow the two girls out of her sight for a moment.

Rosebud was a Spanish girl, with purple-tinged hair, soft black eyes, and clear olive complexion. Through the satin skin warm blood flushed her cheeks, and her lips were more tempting than ripe cherries ; but Snowdrop was a rare German maiden in complexion, clear and fair as the noonday. Her eyes were like violets. Her hair in the sunshine was like fine spun gold, and so long that it reached to her feet, and hung like a mantle of glory about her.

It was no wonder the old man guarded his daughters so carefully ; for though so different, they were equally beautiful, and all the young men of good family were anxious to pay court to them.

Day by day they sat upon the piazza of the inner court, reading the fascinating romances of old Spain, which was to them the dreamland of delight. They longed very much to go out and see something of life among the rich Spanish families about San Gabriel and Los Angeles, but their father would not allow it ; and the old dueuna was always near them ; even when they walked through the vineyard or the orange orchard, she followed them.

One day Rosebud called Snowdrop into the garden, and sitting under a large almond tree, she said : " Look over this book of prints with me, while we talk softly, for the duenna must not hear everything."

Snowdrop rested her golden hair upon her sister's arm, and turning over the leaves of the book they talked together.

" Sister dear," said Rosebud, " we lead a very dull life here. All young girls are gay and happy. What's the use of being beautiful, with no one to see us but servants and old women ?" A look of conscious beauty gathered around her ponting lips, as she ran her dainty fingers through the silken meshes of her sister's golden tresses.

" Our dear papa loves us," said Snowdrop, " but I do wish to be loved by others," she added—her violet eyes softening, and a faint flush spreading over her fair cheek and neck.

" And I to be admired ! but how can we be either ?" replied Rosebud, " shut up here, with an old duenna to watch everything we do ? God made us beautiful, and I'm sure he intended us to be seen. And for my part, I am determined to go to the Consul's grand ball, if I have to run away !" and her pretty dark eyes filled with tears.

" Oh ! sister Rosebud, think of dear papa !" said Snowdrop. " He did not tell us not to go out of the garden alone ; he only told the duenna to watch us. If we could only manage her," said Rosebud, thoughtfully.

" I'm afraid 'twould not be right," replied Snowdrop, " but I want to go very much. We will make an altar-cloth and embroider it with gold, as an offering to the Blessed Virgin. Perhaps she will pity our loneliness and help us."

So they sat down and wrought an altar-cloth of purple and gold, and spread it upon the altar before the picture of the Blessed Mother, in their own chamber ; putting vases of beautiful flowers upon it. When they had finished they were quite happy, and sat down with their guitars and sang very sweetly together till their father came home.

The next morning, an old Mexican woman with baskets of trinkets for sale, knocked at the garden gate.

When she was admitted, she spread out her finery before the senoritas. The duenna hastened to the piazza where they were sitting—for no one was more fond of looking over the peddler's basket than she, and always found something she could not do without among its tempting stores—this time it was a gay-colored shawl, and she ran away for her purse.

As soon as she was out of sight, the old woman whispered : " Pretty Senoritas, I have charms to sell. This will make you admired and this loved," she said, holding up two curious little bags—one tied with long pink ribbon, the other with blue—" and this will make you sleep. It contains a powder. You must drop one grain into a glass of water. It is perfectly tasteless, but it brings on a sleep so profound, that until the effect passes away, nothing could awaken you from pleasant dreams."

The young girls bought the charms. Snowdrop took the one tied with blue ribbon, and placing it in her bosom, whispered, " I wish to be loved."

" I to be admired," said Rosebud, taking the other ; but the charm for sleep she concealed in her pocket, just as the old duenna returned, eager for her purchases.

" I have pretty slippers for little dancing feet," said the old woman, holding up two pair of the daintiest white satin slippers you could imagine. " The senoritas have no use for them," exclaimed the duenna, frowning ; but the young girls found they fitted so nicely and looked so pretty that they bought them. " Papa is rich enough to give us any thing we want, and we fancy these," said Rosebud. They bought strings of beads, ribbons and combs for their hair, until the old duenna was nearly frantic. What they could want of all these, shut up as they were, she could not tell.

Then Rosebud said : " We will have some new dresses ;" so they bought fine white muslin and lace. Snowdrop bought a bright-colored handkerchief which she gave the duenna, who was so much pleased that she promised to help them make their dresses.

As soon as the old woman went away, they all sat upon the piazza shaded with vines, and commenced cutting and stitching upon the delicate fabric so busily, that by evening the skirts of their dresses were quite finished. The next morning they were early at work again.

" Why do you hurry so much," said the duenna, who never liked to work very long at a time.

" To have all the bother over sooner, dear duenna," answered Snowdrop, smiling so sweetly that the duenna took her needle again quite pleasantly

Snowdrop's dress was trimmed with blue ribbon, Rosebud's with crimson and gold. The young girls wrought upon them all their pretty fancies, till when they were finished the duenna thought them beautiful enough for a queen.

At evening the work was all done ; and the duenna, quite fatigued with her unaccustomed task, sat dozing in her armchair.

Suddenly she roused herself, exclaiming : " How warm it is ! I am very thirsty."

Rosebud jumped up quickly, saying : " I will bring you fresh water ;" so she ran down to the spring at the foot of the garden, and there she met the faithful old Michael—who had been in the family for years before she was born, and loved the young senoritas as though they were his own children.

Rosebud caught him by the arm and whispered : " Have the horses at the back garden gate to-night at nine o'clock, you dear old Michael, for you shall take us to the Consul's ball."

" But the Señor ?" said the old servant in astonishment.

" Never mind the Señor, you dear, careful man."

" But the duenna ?" he continued.

" Never mind ! never mind ! I tell you I will go ! So be sure you are ready in time," said Rosebud, laughing and shaking her finger as she ran away.

Poor old Michael was in a great dilemma. He loved the pretty senoritas and wanted to help them ; but he feared the Señor.

" It may cost me my place ; and in this family I have lived, and here I would die : but my pretty children are so lonely, 'tis too bad to shut them up—and old Michael won't fail them.''

Thus his fond love for the fair girls he had carried in his arms in their helpless infancy, conquered his discussion ; and he went to the stable to groom the horses.

Rosebud brought the water—clear, cool and sparkling—to the old duenna, and she drank it eagerly in her thirst, little dreaming of the sleep-charm the gay young senorita had dropped into the cup.

Almost instantly she became very drowsy, and closing her eyes, she fell asleep in her chair. In a short time her heavy breathing told how surely the charm had taken effect.

" Now for the ball !" said Rosebud. So the young girls dressed themselves quickly, but with great care—looping their sleeves with rare flowers from the garden, and tying their ribbons very tastefully.

" I think we shall do," said Rosebud, looking at the beautiful girl reflected from her mirror ; then at the softer beauty of her sister.

Snowdrop answered by a kiss, and they went out softly, and down the garden path to the gate where the faithful Michael waited for them. An hour's ride brought them to the brilliantly-lighted mansion of the Consul, and all the young men were delighted at the arrival of the fair sisters.

No one was so much courted and admired among all the fair senoritas at the ball that night, as Snowdrop and Rosebud ; and no one of all present was more happy than old Michael, who was peeping from behind the hall-door, enjoying the triumph of his darlings. At last he became uneasy ; and approaching them with a respectful bow, told them it was time to go home.

Taking special leave of their host and hostess, bowing gracefully to the guests, they started for home—leaving admirers and many lovers behind them.

When they entered their chamber, they found the duenna still sleeping soundly. They undressed themselves noiselessly, putting away all their clothes but their slippers, which they forgot.

In the morning, when the sun arose, the duenna awoke, and was much surprised to find herself sitting in a chair instead of being in bed. She had but a confused recollection of things, and began to think she must have taken a little more wine than she intended at dinner the day before. She thought she remembered Rosebud giving her a glass of water when she was was very thirsty, but she was not sure that it might not have been wine. She looked around, but could discover nothing to help her. The two girls were sleeping soundly, and upon the face of Rosebud there was a smile. She was dreaming of the ball—again surrounded by a crowd of admirers.

Snowdrop dreamed of their dear papa ; he was angry with them for their disobedience, and her long eyelids were wet with tears.

" How different they are in their ways even in sleep," said the duenna.

She turned away, and as her eye fell upon the forgotten slippers, her searching glance detected that they had been worn.

" What does this mean ? So much worn, and bought yesterday ! 'Tis very strange," mused she ; and put them in her pocket. She woke the young girls, but they fell asleep again. They were so unused to dancing late at night, that they were very tired ; and when the bell rang for breakfast, they did not appear.

" Where are my dear daughters ?" said the father, with a clouded face.

She could only tell him that they were still asleep, and seemed very tired.

" So are my horses," replied he, angrily ; " but I will see about this."

The duenna was afraid to show him the shoes, lest he should blame her ; but in her confusion, she drew her handkerchief from her pocket, and one of them dropped out upon the floor.

" What is this ?" said the Señor, sternly; and she was obliged to tell him all she knew.

For some time the troubled father walked the floor with great agitation without speaking, while the duenna stood trembling before him. Then turning to her quickly, he said :

' Call my daughters," and he rang the bell for Michael. All three came into the room with fearful hearts ; but Snowdrop's face was covered with her golden hair, and the tears were shining through it.

Turning to Michael, he said sternly, with a black frown covering his whole face :

" Stand here and tell me how it is, that this morning I find my horses reeking with foam ?"

The old man only answered : " I alone am to blame, Señor. Pardon your old servant, who loves you and yours !" and he clasped his hands and looked imploringly at the dark, angry face that frowned upon him.

Then Snowdrop could bear it no longer, so she ran to her father—throwing her white arms around his neck, and resting her golden-crowned head upon his bosom—and said :

" Dear papa, I will tell you all ! Only don't blame dear, good old Michael."

Then she told him of all their loneliness and eager longings for companions of their own age ; about the altar-cloth and all, without reserving one thing. "And now we are sorry ; it was wrong ; but dear papa will forgive !" and she raised he

pretty face, all shining with tears, and begged him to kiss her.

How like her mother she was! and the father thought of the sunny days of his youth, when he had wandered on the banks of the Rhine with the fair German maiden, and wondered how he could forget that the young and ardent hearts of his children must be like the heart of his youth.

He kissed the innocent face upturned to his, and forgave his children, saying: "I, too, have been to blame; and in future I will go with you to all places, my darlings, where it is proper and right for you to go."

Snowdrop and Rosebud were delighted, and willingly promised never again to deceive "dear papa;" and from that day there was mutual confidence and love between the young girls and their father.

After a time, when two brave and true-hearted sons of Maine sought of the father the hands of the fair senoritas in marriage, he answered: "Let the hearts of my dear children decide for you. My only wish is to see them happy."

There was a great feast made at their marriage, and the old Spanish house, so long wrapped in seclusion, resounded with joyous music and the merry laughter of light hearts. Again old Michael stood behind the door and rejoiced to see his darlings loved, admired and happy.

WHAT THE SATURDAY *REVIEW* SAYS ABOUT THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

PEOPLE are undeniably pleased at the recent performance of the American yachts. There is something about it which disposes the British public to pat their owners on the back, or to give them three cheers, or bestow upon them some other conventional token of approval. It may be difficult to determine exactly what it is about the feat which suits our fancy with such nicety. To hit the public between wind and water requires a curious felicity which is given to few events.

There may have been rope-dancers as good, or nearly as good, as Blondin; but the lucky thought of walking across Niagara occurred only to the man of genius. There have been many shipwrecks marked by great heroism and suffering, but, for some unassignable reason, a peculiar pre-eminence belongs to the wreck of the *Kent* East Indiaman. The fight of Sayers and Heenan, the charge of the six hundred at Balaclava, Captain Barclay's feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, the fight of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, the discovery of the source of the Nile, and other events which stand out in the public memory with a pre-eminence out of proportion to their historical importance. We need not investigate the principle of art involved in this, further than to remark that between the work of genius and the merest commonplace the difference often lies in the last shade of finish. At all events, the yacht race across the Atlantic at Christmas certainly deserves to be reckoned amongst the genuine successes of this kind.

There is a simplicity and neatness about the design which can hardly be surpassed, at least until some heroes of still more daring have a yacht race round the world. Till then, we look upon Mr. Bennett as having won a right to become a proverb for the highest pitch of yachting excellence; and to be quoted amongst yachtsmen as Columbus is quoted amongst navigators, or Newton amongst mathematicians, or Napoleon amongst soldiers. May the correspondents of sporting newspapers continue for years to show insatible curiosity as to Mr. Bennett's name, weight, age, and parentage, and as to the tonnage and rig of the *Henrietta*; and many American newspapers glory for an equal length of time in the example which they have set to their respectable relatives. We shall see with pleasure all appropriate honors bestowed upon gentlemen who have done a very spirited action, and given us another reason for respecting the pluck and energy of their country.

Another question is, of course, raised by the race, and still more by the speeches to which the race gave occasion. We may ask whether "down the long vista of years to come, England and America will continue to march hand in hand;" whether under these agreeable circumstances they will "perform the great mission of the Anglo-Saxon race, the civilization and emancipation of the world"—Bunker's Hill, New Orleans, and the *Alabama* difficulties being forgotten in consideration of the fact that three American yachts have sailed across the Atlantic, and their owners been hospitably entertained at Cowes. These anticipations were, and very properly, highly colored to suit the temper of the audience.

It is only proper to swear eternal friendship, to prove that the two peoples are identical, and intensely fond of each other, and to show that any little disputes between them are merely lovers' quarrels; not because anybody believes it, but because it is the easiest way to raise the social temperature. From this point of view, neither Sir John Simeon nor any of the other speakers went too far in their protestations. It is very desirable that England and America should be good friends. By swearing vehemently that they are good friends, a certain number of people are induced to believe it for a short time; and that is the first step towards making the belief permanent instead of intermittent, which would be a not inconsiderable step towards making it true. Moreover, if we do not ask too strictly what is likely to be the precise weight of this new motive to amity, there can be no doubt that it tells, so far as it tells at all, in the right direction.

It is a good thing about all genuine sports—that is, about all which are not mere pretexts for gambling—that they tend to increase Christian charity. For the moment, it is true, there are few objects of bitterer hatred than the man who has just bowled you out at cricket, or passed you in the last hundred yards of a foot-race. But it is impossible not to like him the better afterwards: for, in the first place, the necessity of good temper under such defeats is so obvious to every one that it has become habitual. A man cannot afford to be angry, because every one will think his anger so excessively childish. And, moreover, defeat is not necessarily humiliating. We always exemplify this feeling in our international relations.

It is not so pleasant to be beaten in other ways; we are rather annoyed than otherwise by seeing other people raising bigger armies, or keeping better schools, or paying off more of their national debt than we can do in the time. Such matters are too serious; but it really seems to gratify the British public to be beaten in one of its pet athletic pursuits. We take more pleasure in the exhibition of the virtue of fair play than pain in the humiliation of defeat. We made Gladiateur into a national hero, with the utmost good temper. Whenever our American friends show symptoms of cutting us out in sports, we are equally gratified. Deerfoot, and Heenan, and the yacht *America* were all raised to the height of popularity; and the gentlemen who welcomed the American yachtsmen at Cowes seem to have expressed the national verdict on this occasion with the utmost fitness.

Perhaps the views which took somewhat hyperbolical forms under the influence of wine and speaking may be summed up somewhat as follows: Every nation, in the eyes of its neighbors, is represented by a mythical hero, exhibiting, as a rule, a rough caricature of certain national peculiarities. The frog-eating Frenchman used to be produced on the 18th of June, for example, although a somewhat improved model has lately been introduced. Brother Jonathan, as seen by the eyes of John Bull, is of course no exception. We keep a rough image of him on hand; and to its various attributes, such as the propensity to chew tobacco, to carry "six-shooters," and to whittle with bowie-knives, will be in future added a singular skill and audacity in one of our national sports; and that is a merit which we make it a point of honor to acknowledge frankly and fully, especially as we can do so without forswearing the British Constitution, or the many inestimable privileges of our highly-favored land. The signboard portrait of Uncle Sam, as hung in the gallery of the popular British imagination, will in future add to his other significant symbols the pleasant one of a fast-sailing yacht; and, doubtless, we shall like him all the better for it.

It usually takes very little excitement to destroy the new impression, and to bring out the old one in all its hideousness. An animated discussion about Fenianism and the *Alabama* claims would speedily resuscitate the darkest images of the popular imagination. It was very well meant advice of one of the speakers that we should meet each other with racehorses and yachts, and leave the politicians to themselves; and it is ardently to be wished that it could be followed. Unluckily all the yachts and all the racehorses in the world might be put out of mind by a courteous note of Mr. Seward's. All we can honestly say is, that such meetings tend to soothe the vanity of each nation, and to soften down some of the ugly features of the rival as set forth by its imagination. From which it follows that the wounds made by plain speaking are less likely to fester.

That manifestation of English arrogance which is nourished by our profound belief in our sporting pre-eminence is among the most unpleasant varieties of the passion. It is not pleasant for a foreign nation to be conscious that, in this respect at least, we regard them with infinite, if good-natured, contempt. Consequently, anything is good which tends to diminish this impression, and to show that we can acknowledge excellence pleasantly, and even admit that foreigners are in some respects on an equality with ourselves. It is especially useful when we see some of our pet qualities exhibited pre-eminently in those who may be supposed to inherit them from us; for pre-eminence in yachting may certainly be claimed, over the rest of the world, as one virtue shared by England and America.

FURNITURE FASHIONS IN PARIS. The Paris correspondent of the London *Queen* says:—"The newest fashion in Paris—where even the fashion of furniture changes completely every two or three years—is to have dining-room chairs no longer covered with morocco or moleskin, but with dark cloth, the walls equally hung with dark-colored velvet paper or cloth, and relieved by candelabras, behind which are attached plates of metal or of glass, the whole being highly 'becoming,' as the well-informed and well-spoken dealer told me, to ladies in full dress, whose brilliancy the contrasting dark shades set off. Some houses confine their manufacture entirely to certain periods; so, at a certain dealer's, who had some magnificent specimens of Louis XIII. furniture, (imitated) I was told that he never designed or worked later than the Louis XIV. style, and there much of the carving was in sycamore wood, bearing much analogy to the pear-tree wood, though not of so fine a grain, and not so expensive. It is impossible to give moderate-minded English persons an idea of the extent and universal spread of extravagance in the way of furniture in this country."

AFTER THE BALL.

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in their chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers, and ribbons, too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maude and Madge, in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house still,
Maude and Madge go together.

Maude and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done.

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk.

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice, sweeter than others are,
Breaking in silvery speech:

Telling through lips of bearded bloom
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal hannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain.

Two and two they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lover's talk,
He claimeth one for his bride.

Oh, Maude and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear;
For, ere the bitter of St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press.

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace—
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh, beautiful Madge, in your bridal white!
For yon the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night,
The revel of life is done.

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of Heaven and bride of the sun,
Oh, beautiful Maude, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won!

ABOUT SEWING MACHINES.—Mrs. Jane McCready, wife of Dr. McCready, 43 East 23d street, New York, says: "I have used for nine years a Grover & Baker Machine, and upon it I have done all kinds of family sewing for the house, for my children and husband, besides a great deal of fancy work, as braiding, quilting, and embroidering. During all that time my machine never needed repair, except when I had the tension altered, and it is as good now as it was the day I bought it. * * * I am acquainted with the work of all the principal machines, including Wheeler & Wilson's, Finkle & Lyon's, Wilcox & Gibbs', Ladd & Webster's, the Florence Machines, and Sloat Machines, besides a number of the $10 ones, and I prefer the Grover & Baker to them all, because I consider the stitch more elastic. I have work now in the house which was done nine years ago, which is still good, and I have never found any of my friends who have used the other machines able to say the same thing."

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

COLERIDGE AND CARLYLE.

"THE name of Thomas Carlyle," it has been said by one of his admirers, "is one that ought never to be pronounced by any friend of genuine and masculine literature without respect." This is a proposition which we do not feel inclined to dispute; the influence which he has exerted upon modern thinking is undoubtedly very great, and, in the main, beneficial. Yet all, or nearly all, that is best and most valuable in Carlyle is probably the result of the influence exerted upon him by Coleridge. At the time when the author of "The Friend" and of the "Biographia Literaria" drew towards his center all the young and enthusiastic spirits of his time, Carlyle, then a mere youth, was one of the multitude of inquiring minds who delighted to listen to the splendid and affluent, though somewhat nebulous eloquence of the great master. Yet, though impressed, and perhaps unconsciously influenced by Coleridge, to a greater degree than he was himself sensible of, he never relinquished a critical attitude in reference to his utterances, and never surrendered himself to his intellectual dictation. In his "Life of Sterling" he gives an exceedingly graphic, cynical and amusing account of the oracular Coleridgean meetings at Highgate, where the author of "Christobel" and the "Aids to Reflection" sat in his easy chair, surrounded by docile disciples, uttering, amid floods of unintelligible mystic eloquence, those radiant thoughts and startling truths which attest his claim to genius. It has been remarked upon as a curious fact, that at this early period of Carlyle's life, when all the talent and learning of England bowed at these levees before the gigantic speculator and dreamer, he, almost alone, stood aloof from the throng of worshipers—"coolly analyzing every sentence delivered by the oracle, and sufficiently learned in the divine lore to separate the gold from the dross." A writer in an old number of the *Atlantic Monthly* thus speaks of the intellectual relations existing between these two great thinkers:

"Carlyle seems to have regarded Coleridge at this period as a sort of fallen demigod; and although he sneers, with an almost Mephistophilean distortion of visage, at the philosopher's half inarticulate drawling of speech, at his snuffy, nasal utterance of the ever-recurring '*omniect*' and '*sumniect*,' yet gleams of sympathy and affection, not unmixed with sorrow, appear here and there in what he says concerning him. And, indeed, although the immense fame of Coleridge is scarcely warranted by his printed performances, he was, nevertheless, worthy both of affection and homage. For whilst we pity the weakness and disease of his moral nature, under the influence of that dark and terribly enchanting weed, we cannot forget either his personal amiabilities or the great services which he rendered to letters and to society. Carlyle himself would be the last man to deny this laurel to the brows of "the poet, the philosopher, and the divine," as Charles Lamb calls him; and it is certain that the thinking of Coleridge helped to fashion Carlyle's mind, and not unlikely that it directed him to a profounder study of German writers than he had hitherto given to them.

"Coleridge had already formed a school, both of divinity and philosophy. He had his disciples, as well as those far-off gazers who looked upon him with amazement and trembling, not knowing what to make of the phenomenon, or whether to regard him as friend or foe to the old dispensation and the established order of things. He had written books and poems, preached Unitarian sermons, recanted, and preached philosophy and Church-of-Englandism. To the dazzled eyes of all ordinary mortals, content to chew the cud of parish sermons, and swallow, Sunday after Sunday, the articles of common belief, he seemed an eccentric comet. But a better astronomy recognized him as a fixed star, for he was unmistakable by that fitting Few whose verdict is both history and immortality."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his account of his visit to Carlyle, in "English Traits," tells us that "he reads *Blackwood*, but it does not satisfy him," which is not greatly to be wondered at. That "Frazer's is a little better, but not good enough to be worthy of a higher nomenclature than the 'Mud Magazine,'" and that "the best thing he knew about America was, that there, a man could have meat for his labor." Emerson and he talked of the immortality of the soul; but Carlyle was guarded and reticent, and evinced a disinclination to commit himself. Yet, we are told, "he was honest and true, and cognizant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every great event affects all the future." He said to his American visitor, as the two were seated on the hill-tops of Criffel looking down upon "Wordsworth's Country"—"Christ died on the tree; *that* built Denscore Kirk yonder; *that* brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence." The *Atlantic* reviewer thus briefly sums up Carlyle's religious teaching: "There is a God, and not a blind chance as governor of this world. The soul has infinite relations with this God, which man can never realize intellectually, or manifest in his practical life, save by a devout reverence for him, and his miraculous, awful universe. This reverence, this deep, abiding religious feeling, is the only link which binds us to the Infinite. That severed, broken, or destroyed, and man is an alien and an orphan; lost to him forever is the key to all spiritual mystery, to the hieroglyph of the soul, to the symbolism of nature, of time, and of eternity." This estimate as written some ten years ago, and was probably based upon general spirit of *Sartor Resartus* and the earlier essays, in which the writer frequently uses old words and phrases, and forms of expression in altogether a new sense. From his later writings, it would seem doubtful whether he has any steady and hearty belief in anything—except Carlyless heroes.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY READING THE SCOTTISH POEMS OF JAMES LINEN.

But that I think no spirit e'er
From Azrael's land of gloom returns,
I would believe these simple strains
Are from the Magic Harp of Burns.

What hand but his could touch the chord
That wakes these wild and warbling lays,
That tell of Scotia's heathery hills,
And of her bonny banks and braes?

But in the silent halls of death
I know the matchless Poet sleeps;
And well I ween, the Scottish Muse
Still o'er his dust in anguish weeps;

And ever have I thought, till now,
That while in death the Minstrel lay,
The sorrowing Muses seized his harp
And tore its tuneful chords away.

But now I know, with trembling hands,
They gently took the Magic Thing,
And weeping, hung it in their halls,
Till other hands its chords could string.

And other hands *have* tuned it now,
And waked its wild and witching strain;
For in these simple lays, I'm sure
I hear its magic notes again.

R. C. HOPKINS.

A MEXICAN POEM.

[A little pamphlet of the utmost elegance in typographical appearance, and containing a poetical tribute in the Spanish language, to the memory of a young Mexican lady who recently died in this city, has been laid upon our table. The author is a countryman of the deceased, and we furnish the following somewhat too literal translation, by A. G. Randall, Esq., as a specimen of a species of composition which will probably be new to the majority of our readers.]

IN MEMORIAM.

A TRIBUTE TEAR SHED OVER THE GRAVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND LAMENTED LOUISA ALVAREZ DEL CASTILLO.

"*Beati qui moriuntur in Domino.*"

IN unfolding the Book of Life, our attention is drawn to its opening pages, illuminated by the spotlessness of innocence and purity, combined with the brilliancy of Aurora at the opening of a new-born day. But alas! though we would fain ne'er pass beyond, these leaves are rapidly turned by inexorable destiny, until we soon find ourselves facing the weird and gloomy page of Death! These sentiments are, in substance, the paraphrased version of the affecting stanzas of a French poet. Their philosophy is saddening but true.

She has passed away! Thus in one brief page is human life epitomized. How often 'tis but a step from the cradle to the grave. Mysteries and misfortunes alike blighting the flowers of the hymeneal banquet. The white curtains enclosing the couch of the virgin are exchanged for the mournful habiliments of death. The venerable man, stricken in years, with trembling hands wreathing with roses the icy brow of his child's child. The seed which germinates and becomes fruitful forms the tree, which falls at its alloted time, as if riven by the angry lightnings of Heaven. A fleeting hour of merriment, hope and pleasure, and sad and blissful tears continually flowing.

Inexorable Providence! When will the mother cease wailing over the now vacant couch of her child? When will the maiden's supplications fail to be heard, while grieving over lost affections? In what place will the orphan's prayers fail to be listened to, while shedding tears among the melancholy fragments and abodes of the dead? Death is, has been, and will always be a certainty! And yet we marvel through our decreasing days, as if it were a new order of things. Unhappy truth! discernible to our vision even amid the most festive scenes of life, as when like the mystic sentence appearing to Belshazzar, it is written on the walls of a palace!

The affectionate and dutiful daughter—the loving sister—the kind friend—a model of all the virtues has ceased to exist, in the plenitude of her spring time—a rose is missing in the maternal chaplet. Dear girl! She drooped her angelic head, and the dark wing of death descended, and received her in its folds, like a sweet friend, and as a pale vision of its last hopes. Blessed one! Your crown of fragrant lilies brightened like a mournful gala dress over the sad trappings of your virgin bier. Farewell! grace of spring-time May you ever listen to the sweet songs of angelic choirs, and breathe the perfumed odors of the garden of Paradise!

Farewell! immortal absent one, now thou art clothed in the white robes of the elected, striking the mysterious lyre of the Seraphs. Farewell! sweet dove, for whom the heavens have opened to give thee passage! God has taken you to his bosom with a benignant smile, and I have remembered thee with tears!

AURELIO LUIS GALLARDO.

San Francisco, January 31, 1867.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE.—This new saloon, located at No. 123 Bush street, between the Occidental and Cosmopolitan hotels, was thrown open to the public on Saturday evening last, when its genial proprietors—Dunbar and Harry Riker—gave their friends a hearty welcome and many bumpers of champagne. Long may they enter for the public, and improve the taste of the public palate by serving up their superior wines and liquors, and their accompanying hot lunches, flavored with all the luxuries of the Oriental, and the adaptation of their Cosmopolitan neighbors.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS,

THE rain it raineth every day, and the comforts of the home fire-side are preferred to the amusement offered at the theatre on a rainy night. *The Long Strike* was played at Maguire's Opera House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. On Thursday *The Cricket on the Hearth* was played, Mrs. Harry Jackson taking the character of "Blind Bertha," last played by Miss Kate Denin, who is at present, up country. Mrs. Jackson's characterization of the blind girl was very fine; and she read beautifully. Miss Alice Kingsbury as "Dot," and Mr. John McCullough as John Peerybingle were as usual excellent. The evening's entertainment concluded with the stupid drama of *The People's Lawyer* which John Owens has caused to be retained on the stage in consequence of his wonderfully comic impersonation of "Solon Shingle." This drama was produced on Thursday to afford Mr. C. B. Plummer an opportunity of making his second appearance on the stage in this character. Mr. Plummer's dialect is perfect, and he reads his part very cleverly throughout; but he is of course lacking in stage experience, and fails to make the "points" by which Owen convulses the audience. Mr. Plummer's impersonation of "Solon Shingle" is, however, on the whole, a very creditable performance; and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Mr. H. Edwards, who has by the talent which he evinces in every part which he undertakes, established himself firmly in the good graces of the San Francisco public—played "Robert Howard, the People's Lawyer," so well, that all were afforded an opportunity of seeing how even a stupid part might be redeemed from insignificance when it was committed to a good actor. The nebulous body known as the supernumerary force of the theatre, a body from which ever and anon a star of the first magnitude is eliminated, was on this occasion called on to furnish actors to fill several small parts. Mr. E. Russell most creditably sustained the office of "Judge," Mr. O. Wilson acquitted himself very well as the lawyer "Tripper," and of course Mr. H. Macklyn, who has had a longer experience on the stage than many a star, who has supported many a renowned tragedian and many a gorgeous banner, was perfect as "John." Last night the ever popular *Fanchon* was produced. This afternoon, Miss Alice Kingsbury will appear in the *Little Barefoot*. This evening, the domestic drama, in four tableaux, entitled the *Mariner's Compass*, which was successfully produced at the Old Surrey Theatre, London, some years ago. There are some fine scenic effects in this play.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, the Martinetti Troupe produced ballets and pantommes until Thursday evening, when Mr. Henri Herberte, the favorite *tenor*, and one of the best deserving artistes who have ever arrived here, took his first benefit in California. The fact that the theatre was well filled on such a night as Thursday, when the rain was falling in torrents, attests strongly the high estimation in which this artiste is held. It is all very well to *talk* about going "through fire and water" to serve a friend, but I am sure those who took an interest in Mr. Henri Herberte's benefit went through floods of water on Thursday. The *Bohemian Girl* was, on the whole, very well rendered. Mr. Herberte sang and acted the *role* of "Thaddeus" with great spirit, and received a most enthusiastic *encore* of "The Fair Land of Poland." Miss Emma Howson sang "Arline" beautifully, and was especially effective in the last act. Miss Clelia Howson was loudly applauded for her enaction of the "Gipsy Queen," and sang charmingly. Mr. Frank Howson was not in good voice and consequently for once did not receive an *encore* for "The Heart Bowed down with Weight of Woe." It is a wonder anyone can sing at all during such vile weather as we are at present experiencing. Mr. S. W. Leach's voice is not what it used to be, but he *acted* "Devilshoof" so superbly that few would prefer a worse actor with a more robust voice in that part. This opera has never before been so well put on the stage here as it was on this occasion, and not often better performed. The members of the ballet of the Martinetti Troupe were engaged by Mr. Herberte to appear in this opera and added to the complete manner in which it was produced. The pleasant pantomime and ballet season which the Martinetti Troupe have been giving at the Metropolitan for the last three months, closes with to-night's performances. On Monday Heller will appear.

The farewell benefit of M. and Mme. Heine which took place at Platt's Hall last night, was not nearly so well attended as it should have been, taking into consideration the merit of the beneficiaries and the attractiveness of the programme. M. Joseph Heine performed L. T. Planel's violin solo "Katy Darling" with exquisite taste and feeling. Mme. Heine performed several brilliant and intricate musical compositions on the piano with great effect. Geo. T. Evans' quartette composed for this occasion, "Am I Dreaming Beauty?" is a beautiful composition, and was sung excellently well by the composer, Swift, Wunderlich and Nordblom. The duet "Sainted Mother" from *Maritana* was sung so exquisitely by Miss Emma Howson and Miss Clelia Howson, that all who heard them were satisfied that they were fully compensated for their expenditure by that beautiful performance alone

Henri Herberte sang Sims Reeves' favorite song—Beethoven's "Adelaide" in splendid style. Altogether the concert was a great success, though the benefit to the two well deserving, talented but unlucky astistes was, we fear, but small.

Master Louis Schmidt's musical matinee takes place to-day. A capital programme has been prepared. The youthful violinst will be assisted by Miss Emma Howson, Henri Herberte, George Felix Benkert, members of "The Twelve" and the Germania Society. In the first part, the Allegro and Andante of Alexander Fosca's Grand Septuor in C Minor, will be performed by Geo. Felix Benkert and members of the Germania Society. Henri Herberte, the most popular tenor in San Francisco, will sing "Come into the Garden, Maud." Master Louis Schmidt will perform a *Souvenir de Bellini*, by Singelli, on the violin. Miss Emma Howson and Henri Herberte will sing Loder's "She Loves Me; Loves Me Not;" and George Felix Benkert will perform *Le Reve*, by Wallace. In the second part, Miss Emma Howson will sing Hatton's beautiful ballad, "Wild Mountain Horn;" Master Louis Schmidt will perform Dancla's *Fantasie sur Pirate*, and the performance will conclude with the Bishop's famous trio, *Mynheer Von Dunck*, by Herberte, Swift and Wunderlich. This concert will certainly be the cheapest, as well as the most popular concert of the season, as the price of admission has been fixed at the sum charged at the theatres for admission to the ladies' and childrens' afternoon performances. The fact of the price of admission being fifty cents, will not, however, keep the most fashionable people away. "A Morning concert" is always quite *comme il faut*.

M'lle Rosa Celeste, the brave young funambuliste, whose terrific feat of walking on a rope from the Cliff House to Seal Rock, caused such a sensation, has, everyone will be glad to learn, nearly recovered from the injuries which she sustained from the accident at the Willows some four months ago. After the long and painful confinement which resulted from the plucky artiste's endeavor to astonish the public by performing a feat never before attempted by a woman, the public will doubtless be glad to express their sympathy, their admiration and their satisfaction on some early occasion, by giving the young heroine a bumper benefit. TOUCHSTONE.

On next Tuesday evening, March 6th, Signor C. Vellimiro will deliver a lecture at the Academy of Music on the subject of "Man and Man," which is intended to be the first of a series of the "Progress of Mankind." The range of the lecture will include "Progress, Social, Political and Religious; or, the Development of Social, Political and Religious Ideas." Signor Vellimiro is a gentleman of liberal education and culture, an origiual thinker and a clear and forcible writer. He has made a special study of the subject of his lecture, and I have no doubt he will both entertain and instruct his audience.

THE NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—At a meeting of the stockholders of this company, on Monday evening last, they resolved, by a unanimous vote, to continue both branches of their insurance business, and to sink all petty bickerings and put their united shoulders to the wheels of the "National" and push her into the front ranks of our insurance companies. The National is certainly one of our largest companies—with its paid up capital of one million of dollars—and no one can deny but that it has been one of our most carefully managed ones. The legitimate method of avoiding dangerous risks that the National has adopted, in conjunction with its large capital, offers positive security to the insured, and must win for it a continuous increase of patronage and confidence from the buisuess community.

DEATH OF AN ARTISTE.—The lady professionally known as Miss Rosalie Durand, died of the heart disease at Sydney on the eighth of last December. Miss Durand had been for many years a member of the Lyster Opera Troupe, and was very popular when that troupe were playing in this city several years since. Miss Durand will be remembered by many old New Yorkers as Miss Singleton, the first reiguing favorite of Mitchell's New York Olympic, who, on her marriage and retirement was succeeded by those rival stars, Mary Taylor and Miss Clark. All three have found premature graves.

TEACHING TELEGRAPHING.—The Union Business College, an institution devoted to instructing young men in the higher branches of commercial education, located at 408 California street, in this city, has recently erected a telegraph, with rooms at different ends of the building for stations, where the pupils are instructed as telegraph operators in addition to their other course of studies. The Union Business College is fully engrafted with the spirit of the age.

A fashionable woman, who appeared at a ball in Paris on Christmas, wore jewels that cost two hundred thousand dollars.

An innovation has been quite recently noticed in ladies' dresses in Paris, jet ornaments having been replaced by amber.

Photo-sculpture is becoming the rage in Paris. People are no longer satisfied with a *carte-de-visite* for their album.

L. MILLER & Co., stalls 59 and 60 Washington Market, advertise a speciality in the way of meats, on the 16th page of to-day's paper.

[For the Californian.]

"BLAYING MIT DER TIGER."

A TEUTON'S EXPERIENCE.

THERE are many men in this city, both old and young, who more or less occasionally indulge in the exciting pastime of "fighting the tiger." (The beast has his jungles in many places—*vide* the *Bulletin*.) Some of them pursue it as a regular calliug—if that may be so termed which is altogether irregular, legally, morally, physically and finaucially. It is said by its professors to be a very "gay" life; and I think it must be from what I have observed. [If I have ever had any experience in it I don't intend to confess. What little reputation I have I shall not ruin by foolish confidences.] It seems to consist in sleepless nights and moping, listless days; in sudden alternations of comparative wealth and luxury with poverty, seediness and despair; of strutting like a peacock in gaudy plumage on one day, and the next, in ragged habiliments, subsisting upon scanty mouthfuls picked up at lunch tables, and "sparring" at night with a lodging-house keeper for a "two-bit" bed. Whenever a confirmed gambler is reduced to the "bed-rock," and cannot borrow a "stake" from a friend, he will hypothecate every available article of property he possesses, even to his last "boiled shirt" and his necktie, to "my uncle" for the means of carrying on the war against the striped beast, trusting to winning to redeem his pledges—against ill-luck he makes no provision, but in case of total loss is prepared to resort to any dodge, however dishonorable or criminal, to set him on his legs again. And so he passes through life, contemned by society and distrusted even by his associates, until he sinks prematurely—worn out by unnatural excitement, irregular habits and dissipation—into a dishonored grave. Oh! it's a gay life, that of the "gambolier." Wouldn't you like it, reader?

But this interesting sport has also its humorous phases, as witness the following, the truth whereof I vouch for.

As I sat one evening at my frugal meal in a cheap but respectable restaurant, a gentleman came in and sat down at the same table, opposite to me. He was a short, thick, low-browed, square-faced, dark-complexioned man, evidently of Teutonic birth. As he sat down I looked up, and he saluted me with a cordial "Goot efenin', sir," which I returned with a slight improvement in the pronunciation, for which, however, I magnanimously omitted to make any charge. My *vis-a-vis*, after a second look at my open (capacious) countenance, continued:

"Tidn't I vos seen you someveres?"

Now, here was a splendid opportunity to revamp an old joke; but I despise borrowed wit—I consider the revamping of old jokes, and the resurrection of dead, buried and rotten ones, the special province of Fitz-Smythe; besides, although the question was rather indefinite it was asked in all seriousness, and I replied as seriously:

"Perhaps you have, sir; I have been in a great many places."

[That is what I call courteous and gentlemanly, under the circumstances. How few persons (I hope I am one of them) know enough to give a courteous response to an ordinary-looking stranger, at the expense of a miserable, second-hand joke. Fitz-Smythe would have perpetrated the joke and published it in the —— next day, without regard to the gentleman's wounded feelings, or to the fact that he himself had added one more to the list of those who dislike him.]

"Did you efer vos in San Andreas?" proceeded my interlocutor.

"I am happy to say that I have had the pleasure of visiting that very nice place," I replied.

"Did you vos know mine shtore?—Sweitzer und Pretzelkase, right by der hodel, rount de gorner opposite mit der putcher's shop—ve geeps try-goots und groceries und leetle dings for der miners. My name is Sweitzer, unt I gooms town here to puy some goots, unt my pardner he keeps der shtore. You rememper, eh?"

"I remember the locality you speak of; but as my stay in that lovely village of the mountains was limited to one day, I did not enjoy the felicity of becoming acquainted with your estimable firm."

"Vell, I dells you von leedle tings. Did you efer vos blay mit der tiger?"

"Play with a tiger?" No, I should think not. Do you take me for Driesbach or Van Amburgh? I can find much safer and quite as cheerful amusement."

"Oh! dat vos not vot I vos mean. You know ven de poys vos puck at Pharaoh dey calls dat 'blay mit der tiger.' Vould you vos like to go and see some fun?"

"What kind of fun?"

"Vy, blay mit der tiger. You see, I knows all dem blaces, und if you vould like to go und blay off a vife or a den, yust gooms along mit me und I dakes you in. Mybee ve might vins fifty or a hoondert tollar, and den ve vos go und haf a goot time. Vos vos you dink?"

"My friend, I never gamble, and just now I haven't a five or a ten about me to invest in that species of amusement. But how does it come that you, a country merchant, can afford to patronize gambling houses? Does your partner know it?"

"Vell, I shposhe he vos not know it; but den, you see, it makes no difference, for my pardner, sometimes ven he vos git troonk he blay a leedle himself. But I dells you all apout it. 'Pout ash more ash four vecks ago I vos gome town to puy some goots. Vell, I hat ash more ash four, fife tousand tollar mit me, und I shtop at der hotel und puts der money in der safe till I vos look arount a leetle. Vell, ven after I vos put der money in der safe, dere vos a young man dere vot goes up und shpeaks mit der clerk, und den he goes out avile, und den he gomes pack after vile, und he gomes to me, und he calls me py my names, und he ask me 'pout San Andreas, und he say he vos ushed to mine dere, und he know me in mine shtore. So ve vos make acquainted, und ten ve goes und dakes a trink togedder—mybee tree or four. Vell, in der efenin I meets dat young man on Montgomery street, und ve dakes anodder trink or so, und den he say, 'let us go und see some fun;' yust like I vos say to you. Und so ve vent arount to a blace on Commercial street, und dis young man he dakes me in dere, und py-und-py ve gommence to blay a leedle, und I vins, und den I gits egsited und I pets higher all de time und I vins agin, und I vins more ash vife hoondert tollar. Den de young man, he say, 'Sweitzer, how long you vos blay?' Und I say, 'Py-und-py ven I vins a leedle more I vos quit.' Den he say, 'Vy ton't you quit now, vile you vins? Py-und-py yon vos make some pat pets, und den you vos lose it all vot you vos vin.' So I quits den, und ve goes out und haf a goot dime. Vell, de nex' night dis young man he gomes to me nnd he say, 'Sweitzer, you vos got some mouey, let us go up dere to-night und preak de pank. You vos got such luck, dat if yon dake 'pont two tree tousand tollar you preak de pank sure. I never vos saw a veller haf such luck as you had.' So I vos trink a leedle, und I vos blease to dink de luck vot I vos haf; so I dakes two tousand tollar, besite de vife hoondert tollar vot I vins, und ve goes up dere, und ve blays, und de first two tree dime I vin, und den I lose; und den I git mat—pet vifty tollar—hoodert tollar—ton't gare a tam—on de turn, und py-and-py I didn't vos had one tollar out of all dem money. Und den dis veller he say: 'Vot de matter vis you, Sweitzer? You blays like von tam fool. Vot for you make dis blay und dat blay. Now, you dakes some more money und I shows you how to blay.' Und I say: 'I vos not got no more money not here.' 'Vell,' he say, 'I know you vos got money town at de safe, und if you gifs de man vot geeps de par your node he lets you haf vot you vonts—vife hoondert tollar—tousand, mybee.' Vell, den I shmells de rat, dat dis young man vos only a shtool pidgeon, nnd diuks I, I quits und leafs here; und deu again I dinks mybee I vin him pack; so I dells de young man I vos do dat, und so he introdnce me to de man vot geeps de par, und I gifs my node, und he gifs me vife hoondert tollar. Den I goes nnd blays again, und I vins, und I pets higher und higher, und I vins all de time, und I blay long time—somedimes I vin, und somedimes lose,—und I quit dat game dwenty-vife hoondert tollar vinner, *glear!* Und den dat young man he gomes arount me und he vants to shpeak to me, und I tell him 'go avay, you tam rascal! If you spheak to me again I vos kick you!' Und I would do it, you pet! So he didn't vos gome no more, und I blays no more—mybee vife or den tollar, no more. Vell, vos you go vith me?"

"No, I thank you my friend; I have other business to attend to. Good evening."

"Goot efenin', sir; mybee ve meets again, und ve dakes a trink."

I have since heard that my friend from the Rhine, while under the inspiring influences of "two drce trinks," made another assault on the tiger, and lost every dollar he was worth.

JOHN CLERK.

FIELDS OF DOCK.—The root of the *yellow dock*, so troublesome to farmers, is an effectual alternative and a most valuable medicine. In the neighborhood of Lowell, Doct. J. C. Ayer & Co. have planted fields of it, where they raise many tons at a crop. It is grown like the carrot or beet, in drills, and its quality or properties have been much improved by cultivation. It is one of the ingredients in AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and, we are informed, the extraordinary virtues of this preparation are largely due to the extract of this root that it contains. The Sarsaparilla root, used by this firm, is grown on plantations of their own, in Honduras, to secure an article of superior and wholly reliable quality. One of the reasons for the universally acknowledged superiority of their medicines, may be seen in the watchful care that is used in preparing them.—*Vermont Statesman.*

EVENING AND BRIDAL SILKS.—Meagher, Taaffe & Co., received by the last steamer an invoice of choice dress silks and other goods, which our lady readers will find fully specified in their advertisement in to day's paper.

HEALTH—said to be one of the greatest blessings—is restored to the sick by a scientific and natural method of treatment, without medicines, quickly, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, who guarantees cures in almost all cases. *

"DR. BOURNE'S BATH."—The uniform testimony is, that as luxury, or for the cure of ailments, they are unequalled—No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

TO THE SICK.—You are guaranteed quick and pleasant cures in almost all cases. No medicines! Twenty-five years' experience. Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street *

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

MR. FELTON was scrupulously polite towards women. His American training showed in this particular more strongly than in any other, and caused him to contrast advantageously with the pompous and self-engrossed Mr. Carruthers of Poynings, who was not a general favourite in the small society with whom he condescended to mix while in "foreign parts," as he carefully designated the places of his sojourn which were so unfortunate as not to be under British rule.

The manners of his brother-in-law were at once more simple and more refined. There was no taint of egotism in them, and, though his engrossing cares, added to a naturally grave disposition, made him serious and reserved, every one liked Mr. Felton. Except Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, who disliked him as much as she could be at the trouble of disliking anybody—which, indeed, was not much, for her real nature was essentially trivial, and her affections, except for herself and her enmities, alike wavering, weak, and contemptible. Mr. Felton neither liked nor admired the brilliant woman who was so much admired and so very much "talked about" at Homburg; but he said nothing of his contumacious dissent from the general opinion except to George, and was gravely courteous and acquiescent when the lady, her dress, her ponies, her "dash," and her wealth—the latter estimated with the usual liberality of society in such cases—were discussed in his presence.

They have been pretty freely discussed during a few days which preceded the conversation concerning her which had taken place between the uncle and nephew. When they met again on the following morning, George asked Mr. Felton when he intended to visit Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, and was informed that his uncle purposed writing to the lady to inquire at what time it would be her pleasure and convenience to receive him. George looked a little doubtful on hearing this. The remembrance of Harriet's strongly expressed opinion was in his mind, and he had a notion that his uncle would have done more wisely had he sought her presence unannounced. But such a proceeding would have been entirely inconsistent with Mr. Felton's notions of the proper and polite, and his nephew dismissed the subject; reflecting that, after all, as she had said "he knows where to find me if he wants to know what I can tell him," she could not refuse to see him. So Mr. Felton's note was written and sent, and an answer returned which perfectly justified George's misgiving that if Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge were afforded an opportunity of offering Mr. Felton an impertinence, she would not hesitate to avail herself of it.

The answer was curt and decisive. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge was particularly engaged that day, and would be particularly engaged the next; on the third she would receive Mr. Felton, at three o'clock. Mr. Felton handed the missive to his nephew with an expression of countenance partly disconcerted and partly amused.

"I thought so," said George, as he tossed the dainty sheet of paper, with its undecipherable monogram and its perfume of the latest fashion, upon the table—"I thought so. We must only wait until Thursday, that is, unless we chance to meet your fair correspondent in our walks between to-day and Thursday."

But Mr. Felton and his nephew did not chance to meet Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, either on that or on the succeeding day. Once they saw her pony-carriage coming towards them, but it turned off into another road, and was out of sight before they reached the turn.

"I am pretty sure she saw and recognised us," George Dallas thought; "but why she should avoid my uncle, except out of sheer spite, I cannot imagine."

There was no further to look for the lady's motive. Sheer spite was the highest flight of Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge's powers of revenge or anger. She was an accomplished and systematic coquette; and, having more brains than heart, however mediocre her endowments in either sense, she was perfectly successful. She disliked Mr. Felton, because he had never betrayed any admiration or even consciousness of her beauty, and it was very annoying to a woman of her stamp to have tried her arts unsuccessfully on an elderly man. She had tried them merely in an idle hour, and with the amiable purpose of enjoying the novelty of such a conquest; but she had failed, and she was irritated by her failure.

Mark Felton had wounded the sensitive self-love of a woman who knew no deeper passion. She was animated by genuine spite towards him, when she declined to accede to his request for an immediate interview.

By what feeling was Stewart Routh, who was with her when she received Mr. Felton's note, and who strongly urged the answer she sent to it, actuated? He would have found it difficult to tell. Not jealousy; the tone in which she had spoken of Arthur Felton precluded that feeling. Routh had felt that it was genuine, even while he knew that this woman was deliberately enslaving him, and therefore was naturally suspicious of every tone in which she spoke of any one. But his judgment was not yet entirely clouded by passion; he had felt, in their brief conversation relative to Arthur Felton, that her tone had been true. He hated George Dallas now; he did not deceive himself about that. There was a vague dread and trouble in his thoughts concerning the young man. Once he had only despised him. He no longer despised him; but he hated him instead. And this hatred, further reaching than love, included all who were connected with George, and especially Mr. Felton, whose grave and distant manner, whose calm and penetrating glance, conveyed keen offence to Stewart Routh. They had not spoken of the matter to each other; but Routh had felt, as soon and as strongly as Harriet, that his influence over Dallas was at an end. As it happened, he had successfully used that influence for the last time in which he could foresee any need for its employment, and therefore Mr. Felton had not done him any practical injury; but that did not matter: he hated him all the same.

He had watched the smile with which Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge read Mr. Felton's note, a little anxiously. He did not dare to ask her from whom the missive came, but she graciously gave him the information.

"He wants to see me, to find out Master Arthur's doings," she said, with a ringing mischievous laugh. "Not that I know anything about him since he left Paris, and I shall have to look serious and listen to more preaching than goes well with the sunshine of to-day. It's rather a nuisance;" and the lady pouted her scarlet lips very effectively.

"Don't see him," said Routh, as he leant forward and gazed at her with eager admiration. "Don't see him. Don't lose this beautiful day, or any part of it, for him. You can't give him any real information."

"Except that his son is coming here," she said, slyly.

"I forgot," said Stewart Routh, as he rose and walked moodily to the window.

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge smiled a little triumphantly, and said gaily: "He shall wait for the news. I dare say it will be quite as welcome to-morrow."

"Don't say to-morrow, either," said Routh, approaching her again, as she seated herself at the writing-table, and bending so as to look into her eyes.

"Why?" she asked, as she selected a pen.

"Because I must go away on Thursday. I have an appointment, a man to meet at Frankfort. I shall be away all day. Let this anxious parent come to you in my absence; don't waste the time upon him."

"And if the time does not seem so wonderfully precious to me, what then?" said the lady, looking straight at him, and giving to her voice a truly irresistible charm, a tone in which the least possible rebuke of his presumption was mingled with the subtlest encouragement. "What then?" she repeated. ("Decidedly, he is dreadfully in earnest," she thought.)

"Then," said Routh, in a low hoarse voice, "then I do not say you are deceiving me, but I am deceiving myself."

So Mr. Felton received the answer to his note, and found that he must wait until the following Thursday.

People talked about Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge at Homburg as they had talked about her at New York and Paris, at Florence and at Naples; in fact, in every place where she had shone and sparkled, distributed her flashing glances, and dispensed her apparently inexhaustible dollars. They talked of her at all the places of public resort, and in all the private circles. Mr. Felton was eagerly questioned about his beautiful compatriot by the people whom he met at the springs and in the gardens, and even by the visitors to Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers. Probably he did not know much about her; certainly he said a little. She was a widow, without near relations, childless, and possessed of a large fortune. There was no doubt at all about that. Was she "received" in her own country? Yes, certainly. He had never heard anything against her. Her manners were very independent, rather too independent for European ideas. Very likely Mr. Felton was not a judge. At all events, ladies rarely visited the brilliant American. Indeed! But that did not surprise him. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge did not care for ladies' society—disliked it, in fact—and had no hesitation about saying so. Women did not amuse her, and she cared only for being amused. This, with the numerous amplifications which would naturally attend such a discussion, had all been heard by George, and was just the sort of thing calculated to excite the curiosity and interest of a young man of his disposition and antecedents. But it all failed to attract him now. Life has become very serious and real to George Dallas of late, and the image he carried about with him, enshrined in his memory, and sanctified in his heart, had nothing in common with the prosperous and insolent beauty which was the American's panoply.

It was rather late in the afternoon of the day on which Mr. Felton had received Mrs. Bembridge's note, before George presented himself at Harriet's lodgings. He had been detained by his mother, who had kept him talking to her a much longer time than usual. Mrs. Carruthers was daily gaining strength, and her pleasure in her son's society was touching to witness, especially when her husband was also present. She would lie on her sofa, while the two conversed, more and more freely, as the air of making one another's acquaintance which had attended their first few days together wore off, and was replaced by pleasant companionship. At such times George would look at his mother with his heart full of remorse and repentance, and think mournfully how he had caused her all the suffering which had indirectly led to the result for which she had not dared to hope. And when her son left her, quiet tears of gratitude fell from his mother's eyes—those eyes no longer bright indeed, but always beautiful. There was still a dimness over her mind and memory; she was easily interested in and occupied with things and subjects which were present; and her son was by no means anxious for her entire awakening as to the past. Let the explanation come when it might, it must be painful, and its postponement was desirable. There were times, when they were alone, when George saw a troubled, anxious, questioning look in his mother's face, a look which betokened a painful effort of the memory—a groping look, he described it to himself—and then he would make some excuse to leave her, or to procure the presence of a third person. When they were no longer alone, the look gradually subsided, and placid calm took its place.

That calm had been uninterrupted during their long interview on the morning in question. For the first time, George talked to his mother of his literary plans and projects of the fair measure of success which had already attended his efforts, of his uncle's generosity to him—in short, of every pleasing subject to which he could direct her attention. The time slipped by unnoticed, and it was with some self-reproach that George found he had deferred his visit to Harriet to so late an hour.

This self reproach was not lessened when he reached Harriet's lodgings. He found her in her accustomed seat by the window, but totally unoccupied, and his first glance at her face filled him with alarm.

"You are surely very ill, Mrs. Routh," he said. "There is something wrong with you. What is it?"

Harriet looked at him with a strange absent look, as if she hardly understood him. He took her hand, and held it for a moment, looking at her inquiringly. But she withdrew it, and said:

"No, there is nothing wrong with me. I was tired last night, that was all."

"I am afraid you thought me very stupid, Mrs. Routh; and so I was indeed, to have kept you waiting so long, and not brought you the lemonade you wished for, after all. I was so frightened when I returned to the place where I had left you, and you were not there. The fact was, I got the lemonade readily enough; but I had forgotten my purse, and had no money to pay for it, so I had to go and find Kirkland in the reading-room, and get some from him."

"Was he alone?"

"Kirkland? Oh yes, alone, and bored as usual, abusing everybody and everything, and wondering what could possibly induce people to come to such a beastly hole. I hate his style of talk, and I could not help saying it was odd he should be one of the misguided multitude."

"Did you see Mr. Hunt?"

"Yes; he was just leaving when I met him, not in the sweetest of tempers. The way he growled about Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge (her mere name irritates him) amused me exceedingly."

"Indeed. How has she provoked his wrath?"

"I could not wait to hear exactly, but he said something about some man whom he particularly wanted as a 'pal' here—delightful way of talking, his—beats Kirkland's—having fallen into her clutches. I suppose he is left lamenting; but I fancy Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge is the safer companion of the two, unless the individual in question is uncommonly sharp."

Harriet looked attentively and searchingly at George. His unconsciousness was evidently unfeigned, and she refrained from asking him a question that had been on her lips.

"I came back to look for you as soon as ever I could get rid of Hunt," continued George; "but you had disappeared, and then I came here at once. Routh had not come in, I think, then?"

"No," said Harriet, curtly.

Then the conversation drifted to other matters, and George, who felt unusually happy and hopeful that day, was proportionately self-engrossed, and tested Harriet's power of listening considerably. She sat before him pale and quiet, and there was never a sparkle in her blue eyes, or a flush upon her white cheek; yet she was not cold, not uninterested, and if the answers she made, and the interest she manifested, were unreal, and the result of effort, at least she concealed their falsehood well. He talked of his mother and of his uncle, and told her

Mr. Felton had made him a present of a handsome sum of money only that morning.

"Aud, as if to prove the truth of the saying that 'it never rains but pours,'" said Geerge, "I not only got this money from him, which a little time ago would have seemed positive riches to me, and a longer time ago would have saved me from—well, Mrs. Routh, I need not tell *you* from what it would have saved me; but I got a handsome price for my story, and a proposal from *The Piccadilly* people to do a serial for them, to commence in November."

"Do you really think, George," Harriet said, as if her attention had not extended to the concluding seutence—do you really think that money would have kept yon all right?" George reddened, and looked disconcerted; then laughed uneasily, and answered:

"I know what you mean. You mean that I know myself very little if I lay the blame of my sins and follies on circumstances, don't you?"

She did not answer him, nor did she remove her serious fixed gaze from his face.

"Yes," he said, "that is what you mean, and you are right. Still, I think the want of money made me reckless, made me worse than I should otherwise have been I might not have spent it badly, you know, after all. I don't feel any inclination to go wrong now."

"No; you are under your mother's influence," said Harriet. And then George thought how much he should like to tell this woman—for whom he felt so much regard and such growing compassion, though he could not give any satisfactory reason for the feeling—about Clare Carruthers. He thought he should like to confess to her the fault of which he had been guilty towards the unconscious girl, and to ask her counsel. He thought he should like to acknowledge the existence of another influence, in addition to his mother's. But he restrained the resolution, he hardly knew why. Harriet might thiuk him a presumptuous fool to assign any importance to his chance meeting with the young lady, and, besides, Harriet herself was ill, and ill at ease, and he had talked sufficiently about himself already. No, if he were ever to mention Clare to Harriet, it should not be now.

"Routh is too rich now, too completely a man of business, for me to hope to be of any use to him with my little windfalls," said George, heartily; "but of course he knows, and you too, I shall never forget all I owe him."

Harriet forced herself to smile, and utter some commonplace sentence of deprecation.

"There is one thing I want to do with some of the money I have been paid for my story," said George, "and I want to consult you about it. I have to touch on a painful subject, too, in doing so. You remember all about the bracelet which my dear mother gave me? You remember how we broke it up together that night?"

Harriet remembered. She did not tell him so in words, but she bent her head, and turned it from him, and set her face towards the street.

"You remember," he repeated. "Pray forgive me, if the allusion is agitating. We little thought then what had happened: however, we won't talk about *that* any more. What I want to do is this: you have the gold setting of the bracelet and the blue stones, sapphires, turquoises: what do call them? I want to replace the diamonds. I can do so by adding a little of my uncle's gift to my own money, and, when you return to England, I shall get the gold and things from you. I can easily procure the Palais Royal bracelet—Ellen will get it for me—and have the other restored exactly. If my mother is ever well enough to be told about it—and there is every probability that she will be, thank God—I think she will be glad I should have done this."

"No doubt," said Harriet, in a low voice. She did not start when he spoke of the strange task they had executed in concert on that memorable night, and no outward sign told how her flesh crept. "No doubt. But you will not have the bracelet made in England?"

"No," said George; "I shall have it made in Paris. I will arrange about it when my uncle and I are passing through."

"When does Mr. Felton go to England?"

"As soon as he gets his letters from New York, if his son does not turn up in the mean time. I hope he may do so. When do you think of returning?"

"I don't know," said Harriet, moodily. "If it depended on me, to-morrow. I hate this place.'

Energy was commou to Harriet's mode of speecch, but vehemence was not; and the vehemence with which she spoke these words caused George to look at her with surprise. A dark frown was on her face—a frown which she relaxed with a visible effort when she perceived that he was looking at her.

"By-the-by, she said, rising and going to a table in the corner of the room, "you need not wait for my return to have the bracelet made. My desk always travels with me. The little packet is in it. I have never looked at or disturbed it. You had better take it to Paris with you, and give your directions with it in your hand. There will be no ocasion, I should think, to let the jeweller see the other."

She opened the desk as she spoke, and took from a secret drawer a small packet, folded in a sheet of letter-paper, and sealed. George Dallas' name was written upon it. It was that which she had put away in his presence so many months before (or years, was it, or centuries?) He took it from her, put it into his pocket, unopened, and took leave of her.

"You won't venture out this evening, Mrs. Routh, I suppose?" said George, turning again to her when he had reached the door.

"No," said Harriet. "I shall remain at home this evening." When he left her, she closed and locked her desk, and resumed her place at the window. The general diuuer-hour was drawing near, and gay groups were passing, on their way to the hotels and to the Kursaal. The English servaut, after a time, told Harriet that the dinner she had ordered from a restaurant had been sent in; should it be served, or would she wait longer for Mr. Routh?

Dinner might be served, Harriet answered. Still she did not leave the window. Presently an open carriage, drawn by grey ponies, whirled by. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge was unaccompanied, except by her groom. The carriage went toward the Schwarzchild House. She was going to dine at home, probably. The servant asked if she should close the blinds. No, Harriet preferred them left as they were; and when she had made a pretence of dining, she once more took her place by the window. Lights were brought, but she carried them to the table in the corner of the room, where her desk stood, and sat in the shadow, looking out upon the street. Soon the street become empty, rain fell in torrents, and the lights glimmered on the surface of the pools. The hours passed. Harriet sat motionless, except once or twice she pressed her hands upon her temples. Once she murmured, half audibly:

"I wonder if I am going mad?"

At eleven o'clock Routh came home. He opened the door of the room in which Harriet was sitting, came in, and leaned against the wall, without speaking. In quick instinctive alarm, she went to the table in the corner, took up a candle, and held it toward his face. He was quite pale, his eyes were glassy, his hair was disordered. In a moment Harriet saw, and saw for the first time in her life, that he was intoxicated.

CHAPTER V.—RECOGNITION.

With the unexpected return of George Dallas to London from Amsterdam, an occurrence against which so much precautiou had been taken, and which had appeared to be so very improbable, a sense of discouragement and alarm had stolen over Stewart Routh. In the coarse, bold sense of the term, he was a self-reliant man. He had not done badly; he had schemed successfully, and cunning and crime had availed him. He had relied upon them without any doubt or misgiving until the day on which he was convinced by George Dallas' appearance on the stage, which he believed him to have abandoned for an indefinite time, that he had made a miscalculation.

Then a slow, cold fear began to creep over him. Had his luck—what marvelous luck it had been—turned? He had felt some such dread; then, from the moment when Harriet—Harriet, who should have seen that he had blundered: confound the woman, was *she* losing her head?—had told him, in her smooth, encouragiug way, that this new difficulty should be surmounted as the others had been. Not the smallest touch of repentance, not the lightest shadow of remorse, fell upon him with the stirring of this fact,—only a hard, contemptuous anger against himself and Harriet, and a bitter, scornful hatred for the young man who had been his tool for so long, and might now, in a moment, be turned into the agent of his punishment. When George Dallas left Harriet after the discussiou which had terminated in his promise not to move in the matter of the identification of Deane, Stewart Routh, though he bore himself with calmness in his talk with his wife, had invariably writhed and raged under the galling sense of the first check he had received.

If he could have done it safely, if the deed would not have been more fatal than the conjuncture he feared, he would have murdered Dallas readily. He was not a man to kill one human being because it suited his purpose to do so, and then to hesitate about killing another, if a still more powerful preventive presented itself. His hatred of George was mixed with the bitterest contempt. When he found the young man amenable beyond his expectations; when he found him unshaken in the convictions with which Harriet had contrived to inspire him, his reassurance was inferior to his scorn.

"The fool, the wretched, contemptible idiot!" Routh said, as he looked round his dressing-room that night, and noted one by one the signs which would have betokened to a practised eye, preparations for an abrupt departure, "it is hardly worth while to deceive him, and to rule such a creature. He was full of suspiciou of me before he went away, and the first-fruits of that pretty and affecting conversion of his, under the influence of his mother and the territorial decencies of Poynings, was what he flattered himself was a resolution to pay me off, and be free of me. He believes in Harriet as implicitly as ever; and if he is not as fond of me as he was, he is quite as obedient."

Harriet had miscalculated her strength; not the strength of her intellect, but that of her nerves, and the strain had told upon them. She still loved her husband with a desperate kind of love; but all its peace, and its strength, all its frankness—and even in the evil life they had always led it had possessed these qualities—had vanished. She loved him now, but with an element of fierceness added to it, with a horrid craving and fear, sometimes with a sudden repulsion, which she rebelled against as physicial cowardice, causing her to shrink from him in the darkness, and to shut her ears from the souud of his breathing in his sleep. Aud then she would upbraid herself fiercely, and ask herself if she, who had given him all her life and being, who had renounced for him—though she denied to herself that such renunciation was any sacrifice, for did she not love him, as happy women, the caressed of society, do not know to love—home, name, kindred, and God, could possibly shrink from him now?

If a terrible anguish had come into that life latterly, that was her share of it, her fair share. It was not easy, for she was a woman and weak; her nerves would thrill sometimes, and phantoms swim about her; sleeplessness would wear her down, and a spell be set upon her lips, under which they strove vainly to curve with their old smile, and to utter their old words of endearment and protestation; for she scorned and hated herself for such weakness, and could have torn her rebellious flesh with rage, that sometimes it would creep and turn cold when he touched her, or even when he only spoke. She fought this false and dastardly weakness, as she called it, with steady bravery, and with the resolve to conquer, which is always half a moral battle; but she did not conquer it, she only quelled it for a little while.

All such conflicts of feeling had their effect. A lassitude which her owu good sense told her was dangerous began to take possession of her. They were better off now—she did not rightly know how, or how much, for she had gradually lapsed from her previous customary active overseeing of Routh's affairs, and had been content to take money as he gave it, and expend it as he desired, skillfully and economically, but with an entire indifference, very different to the cheerful, sunny household thriftness which had formerly been so marked a feature in their Bohemian life. His comforts were as scrupulously looked after as ever, and far more liberally provided for; but the tasteful care for her home, the indescribable something which had invested their life with the charm of a refinement contrasting strangely with its real degradation, had vanished.

Harriet's quietude was peculiarly unpleasant to Routh. "Eat, drink, and be merry" had been their rule of life in time that seemed strangely old to them both; aud if the woman alone had sometimes remarked that the precept had a corollary, she did not care much about it. "To-morrow ye die" was au assurance which carried little terror to one absolutely without belief in a future life. Stewart Routh had never had the capacity, either of heart or of intellect, to comprehend his wife thoroughly; but he had loved her as much as he was capable of loving any one, in his own way. His best aid in business; his shrewd, wise counsellor in difficulty, his good comrade in pleasure; his sole confident,—it must be remembered that there was no craving for respect on the one side, no possibility of rendering it, no power of missing it, on the other,—and the most cherished wife of the most respectable and worthy member of society might have compared her position with that of Harriet with considerable disadvantage on many points.

Things were, however, changed of late, and Harriet had begun to feel, with something of the awfully helpless, feeble foreboding with which the victims of conscious madness foresee the approach of the foe, that there was some power, whose origin she did not know, whose nature she could not discern, undermining her, and conquering her unawares. She was no longer young, and she had suffered,—yes, she had certainly suffered a very great deal; no one could love as she loved and not suffer, that was all. Time would do everything for her; things were going well; all risk was at an end, with the procuring of George's promise and the quieting of George's scruples. And every week of time gained without the revival of any inquisition, was a century of presumptive safety. Yes, now she was very weak and certainly not quite well; it was all owing to her sleeplessness. How could any one be well who did not get oblivion in the darkness? This would pass, and time would bring rest and peace. Wholly possessed by her love for her husband, she was not conscious of the change in her manner towards him. She did not know that the strauge repulsion she sometimes felt, and which she told herself was merely physical nervousness, had so told upon her, that she was absent and distant with him for the most part, and in the occasional spasmodic bursts of love which she yielded to showed such haunting and harrowing grief as sometimes nearly maddened him with auger, with disgust, with ennui,—not with repentance, uot with compassion,—maddened him, not for her sake, but for his own.

(To be Continued.)

The N. Y. *World* says two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were sunk in trying to make a religious paper of it: but that it is now a paying paper.

NOTICE.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1867.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

WE notice that the New York papers are poking all sorts of fun at James Gordon Bennett, *fils*, in connection with that young gentleman's offer of his splendid yacht, as a present to H. R. H. Prince Alfred. The tender was made in a letter, and was of course declined in the epistolary form; so that, if the gallant young yachtsman suffered the disappointment of a failure in his attempt to give away a marine plaything that cost a hundred thousand dollars or two, he at least enjoys the consolation of having been a correspondent of an "H. R. H.," with the letters to show for it.

Indeed, Bennett, Jr. appears not to have been quite satisfied with simply exhibiting the princely autograph in private circles, and so he has permitted the correspondence to appear in print. All the accounts in the English papers, of the manner in which Mr. Bennett, Mr. Jerome, and their companinons were received, and entertained while abroad, evince the utmost good will and courtesy on the part of our trans-Atlantic friends. This is all very pleasant, but doesn't the young yachtsman make a trifle too much of the courtesies extended to his party when he declares that "they will be remembered with the warmest gratitude in the United States?" One would almost imagine from Mr. Bennett's excessive *effusion* when speaking of his reception, and his abundant professions of "gratitude," that he did not expect to be courteously treated by his English hosts, and scarcely considered himself entitled to look for such treatment. As to the cordiality (not altogether unconscious of condescension, we suspect) of the reception of the yachting party being made the subject of national gratitude, the notion indicates not only Mr. Bennett's high estimate of the great value of English hospitality, but also his unbounded faith in the readiness and warmth of American gratitude. Meantime, we observe with mortification, that the Provincial mind is far from regarding the matter in the same light with the English metropolitan press. A Canadian journal thinks that it was a sad offense against aristocratic dignity to treat the democratic visitors with so much "distinguished consideration," and is quite horrified at the idea of Prince Alfred's consenting to a yacht-race with "the son of a New York editor." But this alarm is premature. At last advices, nothing definite had transpired in regard to the rumored race with the *Viking*, and even if such a thing was at any time seriously contemplated, the Barnumism of the more recent proceedings of Bennett, Jr. would in all probability interfere with its being carried out. It is not often that we are permitted to read the *details* of the life and conversation of wealthy Americans traveling in Europe, with feelings of unalloyed complacency; but we ought not to expect too much, nor to be disappointed at what common sense would show us to be quite natural and probable. Wealth in one generation has a tendency to insure some degree, at least, of culture and refinement in the next. Furthermore, the existence of good and sterling qualities is quite possible without cultivation or refinement—and there are far worse elements in character than that slight infusion of snobbishness which seems peculiar to a certain phase of American society, or than that tendency to Barnumism which marks another. As for the present case, it is quite natural that a young man of wealth should prefer to make a costly present to a Prince, to endowing a school for the benefit of peasants; and though to attach a higher value to a letter from an "H. R. H." than to one from Tennyson or Ruskin may evince a certain vulgarity of mind, it is not to be regarded as conclusive evidence of depravity of heart. The worst feature of the matter is the difficulty of understanding how a young man of average American acuteness could have supposed for a moment that such a present would be accepted by the Prince. It is one thing to follow a youthful impulse of thoughtless and blundering generosity; it is quite another to scheme to obtain a cheap notoriety by a tender of a costly gift which you have no mind to part with, and which you well know will not be accepted. Mr. Bennett, Jr. is either a delightfully ingenuous boy, or he is destined to develop a very high order of talent in those fields of enterprise where cunning and impudence carry off the chief prizes.

"Snowdrop and Rosebud," by May Wentworth, a very prettily told California story, will be found on the second page of to day's paper. Other original sketches will be found on the fourth and fifth pages.

A DUTY ON THOUGHT.

THE New York *Nation* is making itself merry at the expense of those American authors and authorlings who are endeavoring to get Congress to pass a literary tariff-act, and clap an import duty on foreign intellect. It is said to be the recent application of the artists for the imposition of a duty on cheap foreign pictures, that has stirred up "the small fry of native novelists, historians, and poets" to a similar enterprise. "They say," remarks the *Nation* with sarcastic pleasantry, "that with proper protection, they are confident they can before long furnish as good histories of any period or country, ancient or modern, and as good fictions, sonnets, epics, madrigals, and even conundrums, as any foreign authors—they care not who they may be—and they ask Congress to stop Tennyson, Swinburne, Mommsen, Merivale, Grote, George Eliot, and Reade, and others, from taking the bread out of their children's mouths. The free admission of the works of Shakespeare, Virgil and Dante, Spenser, Chaucer, Livy and Thucydides, and some other old masters, they say they have no objection to: but, as for the herd of their modern imitators who are now corrupting the taste and morals of the American public, they want to have them rigidly excluded." It may be true that the attempt of the artists to exclude a certain class of pictures led to the movement which has provoked the satire of the *Nation*; but there is no true analogy between the two measures. The former, proposes a duty upon a class of cheap and worthless pictures, literally "made to sell," while the latter would tend to deprive the great mass of our population of ready access to the most valuable literary treasures of our time. It is undoubtedly both natural and proper, that the amiable and accomplished gentlemen who are devoting their energies to the ungrateful and far from lucrative task of "trying to build up an American Literature," should feel anxious to "provide bread for their children;" but we trust they will be able to discover some other mode of accomplishing this very desirable object, than one which will tend to starve the intellect of the nation by placing obstacles in the way of contact with the freshest, brightest, and most advanced thought of the world. No intelligent friend of literature, and indeed no lover of fair play who has any respect for the rights of property, will object to a judiciously drawn international copyright act. Such a law would be in the interests of broad and simple justice—justice to the foreign no less than the native author. But the kind of legislation said to be desired by a class of our writers, and for the purpose of securing which, it is asserted that a powerful lobby is being sent on to Washington, would seem not only too manifestly impolitic, but too ridiculous, to be seriously contemplated, even by distressed *litterateurs* troubled with domesti c anxieties touching the bread-supply.

A NOTABLE CHAMPION.

RUMOR hath it that Zach. Montgomery of the *Occidental* is about to transform that paper into a daily morning dime paper, whose special mission it will be to advocate the interests of the workingmen! This we consider the richest joke of the season—not the project of starting (*establishing* is a word not found in the vocabulary of new papers in San Francisco at this time) another paper, but that Zach. Montgomery should set himself up as the special advocate of the working classes. Why, he has all his life labored with might and main against their interest. He has advocated slavery, which, wherever it was been tolerated, has been a blight and a curse upon poor whites—depriving them of employment and of any means of education for their children; reducing them, in fact, in many districts of the South, to a lower level of degradation than that of the poorest slaves on the meanest plantations. He has advocated the recognition by our Government of the Southern Confederacy, a step which, had it been taken, would have firmly established slavery in the South, and forever closed against white laboring men one of the fairest fields of industry ever prepared in the good providence of God for the enjoyment of his creatures. He has worked night and day against the interests of the Common School system, which alone can afford to laboring men the means of educating their children so that they, at least, may stand on an intellectual level with the best, and not be doomed to perpetuate a race of day laborers and menial servants. Mr. Montgomery's idea of benefitting workingmen seems to be, to keep them down by closing to them every available avenue to mental improvement and worldly advancement, and thus constraining them to a life of ignorance, toil and degradation. A glorious champion for the workingmen, truly! When he takes the field with his new organ, we tremble for the fate of the *Call* and the *Dispatch*, which have hitherto been rivaling each other in the affections of the "oppressed" laboring men.

THE exhibition of Nast's fine painting, "Sherman's March through Georgia," at Snow & Roos', under the Russ House, will close on Saturday next. This painting is well worth a visit, and those who have not yet seen it should not fail to do so. The admission price, twenty-five cents, is extremly moderate.

[For the Californian.]

CALIFORNIA MALE COOKS AND HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY PRENTICE.

A man who can cook, imagines that in any well-regulated family he should be regarded as an inestimable treasure and a priceless boon. Generally, he is not. The female portion of the household do not take kindly to the manipulation of pots, pans and kettles by one of the other sex. A man is looked upon as good to build fires and make occasional little excursions after coal and kindlings. Amateur male cookery will always bear traces of masculine coarseness. He may think he is doing the thing up in the neatest possible style, but very apt is he to leave traces behind which never escape detection by an experienced feminine eye. Grease is his direct enemy. Grease takes a malicious pleasure in betraying him.

Most of us who have passed the initiation of a mining experience in California, have performed more or less cooking for ourselves. We have boiled beans and baked bread. The majority of California amateur cooks have boiled their beans to the consistency of bullets, owing to a premature insertion of the necessary pork. We have all encountered several hundred failures in the manufacture of bread. First, of course, it was too heavy; and then it went to the other extreme of lightness, and consequent sourness, and possibly yellowness, with a strong alkaline flavor, owing to excess of salæratus. Woman does not always arrive at perfection in making bread; with most men this line of experience is marked by naught save one unbroken succession of disastrous failures.

In the mines I studied a variety of the phases of masculine cookery. The result of these observations, added to my own experience, convinces me that there is a general predisposition on the part of mankind, in a culinary point of view, to piggishness. Did the usages of society permit, I should denominate this propensity by a term indicative of a later period in the existence of the porcine animal.

Yet, there is more than the shadow of an excuse for this. The miner comes home at night to his cabin tired, wet and hungry. There is water to bring and wood to cut. He hardly ever has more than six sticks in advance. I have known an old stump, near by, to last for months—like the widow's cruse.

He becomes heated and feverish from bending over a hot stove. These little cook-stoves, by the way, so common among miners, are disgusting. They take in too much wood and give out by no means a corresponding degree of heat One moment they roar like an angry bull, and are as red as a turkey's comb; and then while your back is turned, engaged in unprofitable converse with a neighbor or deep in the perusal of a sensation story, there comes over that little stove an ominous silence; you lift the cover, all within and without is cold, black and gloomy. Briefly, the fire is out. Those little stoves require no end of nursing; and likewise, exercise in the use of the saw and ax. Give me in their stead a fireplace—a frank, open, honest, cheerful fireplace, in which may be rolled logs six feet in length by one in diameter.

Let me see how many classes of amateur cooks I can enumerate: There is the Super Lazy and Nasty Cook. He may be good-natured, but it does not always follow that good nature is allied to laziness. Such a man I have known, who averaged ten minutes in cooking his meal. On the way to his cabin he employed himself in snatching at the dried, dead weeds and bits of wood in his path. With these he made his fire for boiling his kettle and warming meat, which he deemed by a culinary fiction to be cooked. This man was rather above the average in intellect and intelligence. Considered in a gastronomical point of view, however, he was a baboon and a disgrace to humanity. There was ever on his table a plate, knife and fork, a cup and spoon, two yeast-powder cans containing salt and pepper, and a bottle of pepper-sauce. Platters for meat and vegetables there were none. The frying pan was obliged to perform this duty in addition to its legitimate office. About his plate, which was not movable by a slight touch, there was a deposit of a decided greasy character, the accumulation of hundreds of unwashed meals. This man washed his crockery once a month. And yet, he was human and had a soul. Often he entered our cabin just as we were sitting down to a meal, and exclaimed: "What! just sitting down to dinner! Why, I finished mine ten minutes ago." He seemed to consider eating merely in the light of an animal necessity—a task to be finished as soon as possible, and cooking one of the evils entailed upon man by the miserable defection of Adam.

Above him in the scale are a blundering, rather slovenly, but more pains-taking set of cooks. They wash their dishes once a day. They peel their potatoes, but the rinds are always too thick. This is not economy. Besides, they leave small bits of skin on the tubers; neither do they dig out the eyes. This is not nice. They fry beef-steak in lard, and deem it fit to eat. This is villainous. They do not hesitate to warm—aye, and boil old coffee with new. This is uncivilized. Sometimes, rather than be at the trouble of cooking a warm meal, they content themselves with a cold one. They will even eat of an old stew trembling on the verge of sourness. This is an unpardonable sin against the digestive organs.

Then there are the Hasty Cooks, who do everything in a

hurry; often running to the extremes of neatness and the reverse. They will not take the time to measure anything accurately; so the tea and coffee are either too weak or too strong, the steak bloody or burnt to a crisp, the potatoes boiled to pieces or of an adamantine hardness. They smash much crockery, are apt to lose considerable temper in the preparation of a meal, and often sit down without appetite and in a state of positive antagonism with themselves and everybody else. Indeed, bad temper is generally an adjunct of hasty cookery. I was once quartered with a man, the *ne plus ultra* of this phase of California cookery. He always burnt his fingers while preparing breakfast; this made him mad; angry was not the proper term to apply to his condition of mind. I am obliged to refer to him as "mad." We had an unfortunate stove whose constitution was so far gone that the whole top, with the super-imposed pots, pans and kettles, fell in regularly every morning. Then ensued fishing in the fire with sticks for the disorganized stove covers, or desperate snatchings for the same with hands dressed in rags. The profanity on such occasions was dreadful—even to my ears. In revenge, he would kick that stove. The stove would take the kicking in a meek and Christianlike manner. Its resistance to these assaults was passive in its nature, and not wholly agreeable to my gentleman's toes. Forcible projections of household articles in various directions were not uncommon, and his rage used ultimately to concentrate itself upon a quiet little tin pepper-box, which was invariably kicked with difficulty out of the door and regularly brought in again when the storm had subsided.

I always "cleared the kitchen" on such occasions, and took to the bushes. I allowed this gentleman of an excitable temperament to have the whole apartment to himself. Providence threw me in the way of that man, that I might witness the spectacle of humanity in extreme rage, and thus be cured of a similar infirmity. It was a fearful experience.

Fussy Cooks make much more work for themselves than absolutely necessary. They are generally neat, but their neighborhood, while engaged in an avocation for which they falsely imagine themselves fitted by nature, is unpleasant. I once experienced this sort of cook for several months. He could set, and would set, vast numbers of men at work in the preparation of a single meal. He would plan more dishes than his mind was able to grasp at once, or his hands to handle. For instance, he would insist on having hash when there was already a respectable variety of food; and besides, we owned no chopping tray to grind our hash in. He would seduce me into chopping a pile of meat and potatoes on a flat board. You cannot chop hash on a flat board conveniently. It seems inclined to spread and fly in all directions. I endured any amount of martyrdom while living with that person, merely from trying to chop hash on a flat board.

Then he suffered aberration of mind brought on by having too many dishes in the fire, and would run about distractedly with a knife in one hand and a fork in the other, looking for a pot-lid, which was found sometimes at the well or in the hen-coop. I have heard it said that one cannot have too many irons at once on the fire; but I do think that my friend erred in imagining that he could do himself justice when he undertook, as he sometimes did, to shave, dress and cook breakfast all at the same time. In the estimation of the Fussy Cook, I was his inferior. This was because I modestly hinted my disapproval of two hours of preliminary bustle to twenty minutes of hasty mastication. The reverse of the arrangement suits me better. And then I happened to be the slovenly man of the household. In my various experiences, I have at times been the neat man of the firm; that happened when my partner was not so nice as I was. Neither of us were divine in this respect. But the Fussy Cook proved a torment. He raved if things were not exactly in their places—wanted all the pot-lids and tinware polished brightly, insisted on washing the crockery after every meal, and read me so many lectures on slovenliness that I felt in his presence like a nasty, blundering lump of humanity.

Fate once placed me with an Experimental Cook, who was constantly trying new dishes. An old cook-book, which by some chance had found its way into our cabin, was the indirect cause of the waste of large quantities of provisions. Moreover, he entertained plans and inventions of his own which resulted in strange and diabolical mixtures. His culinary victories to his defeats were in the proportion of two to ten. His mind ran mainly to hash. Now, hash that is legitimate home-made hash, I don't disparage. But the Experimental Cook was very much opposed to waste, and accordingly wished to reduce everything left over from our meals to a general *olla podrida*. During the week the Experimental Cook gloated over recipes for puddings found in that work on cookery, and on Sundays his studies were carried out. So the main body of our Sunday meal would be slighted and cast in the shade by the projected dessert, which generally turned out a wretched failure, a sodden, heavy, watery mass of flour, eggs, and suet, with a concentrated accumulation of plums in its lowest depths. Experiment has accomplished wonders for science, but it has always been attended with danger. The Experimental Cook devoted his time and risked the welfare of his stomach in search of discoveries in the unexplored regions of gastronomy; nor had he any hesitation in risking the stomach of his best friend. I had no idea of becoming a martyr to science. I left him.

There are Fickle and Uncertain Cooks. My life has been partly bound up with this class. They are subject to fits of order and neatness. These are violent, and of short duration. When over, the establishment quietly and gradually travels back into its normal condition of dirt and disorder. There is a place for everything and everything in its place about once a mouth. When the fit is on, the coffee-pot is put up in the closet, and so is the frying-pan; but the home for the coffee-pot is on or under the stove; so is that of the frying-pan. And if the coffee-pot and frying-pan feel more at home unwashed on the stove, and it is more convenient for their master to keep them in that situation, why, there they remain until jerked out of their places by another convulsion of order. This class are also subject to spasms of bed-making. We Californians have all slept in blankets. Bed making means a shaking of these blankets and laying them down again in such a shape as to allow of their being crawled into. I have seen single men who arose to the dignity of sheets. Yes, and I have known men who washed their own sheets and shirts. I know not how they did it. I never could. I have rubbed and soaped with aching back a shirt for hours, and when it was dry it looked like a map. Spots of dirt represented islands and continents, and the clean portions meant water. There is a knack about washing linen which I never could discover—I do not wish to, either.

The result of my observation and experience convinces me that, as a general thing, man cannot compete with woman in housekeeping or family cookery. We become ridiculous in attempting to "lord it" in the kitchen. Californians who have kept "bach" for years are given to vain assumptions of culinary perfection. Let them beware. Confine yourselves to the transportation of coal and kindlings from the cellar and of brown paper parcels from the butcher's, the baker's and the grocer's. This done, keep away from the stove except in the capacity of an humble assistant. Be "'umble"—don't brag about what bread you can make; you may be seduced into the attempt—you may fail. You know how apt bread is to fail at critical and important epochs; and if it should, the last of that failure will never be heard.

[For the Californian.]

RARE-RIPE.

All the bloom-summers of my younger life,
I louged for kindred nature to bequeathe
My fairer self to me;
Until one harvest day, the fruitage Sonth,
Dropped down a luscious windfall in my mouth,
And I knew thee.

Rare-ripe offence! Flushed to perfected bliss,
Rose-tipped and nectar-centred e'er it fell;
I feast, yet famish still:
While thirsts absorb, divine delights increase,
Pulsating either verge of Joy's release
With triple thrill.

O, when our lips met! At the first I knew
Thy prime of subtle juices, mellow pulp,
And flowers full and fine:
Ecstacies of taste and touch did me possess,
Each time thy hand delicious did caress,
I swoon with wine.

Yea, I am caught—yet I would not escape;
Let but the bonds, I say, be closer knit,
That stay me at thy feet.
For, oh, I knew not even what rest meant
Till thou didst rock me into dumb content,
With white arms sweet!

Beyond ourselves stretches a desert world,
Barren of aught to wake a warm desire;
We do acknowledge this:
Perpetual transports circle one blest zone,
Standing in which, beholding each alone,
We smile and kiss.

Morns blush and broaden into crimson days,
And crimson days transmute to tender eves
That sigh for tranced nights:
Oh, thou and I are as a twisted skein,
Whose silken threads have captured all the train
Of Love's delights!

San Francisco, February 1867. W. A. KENDALL.

CALIFORNIA SCENERY.—Messrs Lawrence & Houseworth, the opticians and photographic dealers of this city and the exponents of our California scenery, and have already published and forwarded throughout the Eastern States and Europe, over one thousand different views taken in towns, cities, valleys, and in the mining, mountain, and coast ranges of our State. The most valuable of these are known as the mammoth views of Yo-Semite and the Big-Tree Grove; any one of which invariably attracts a concourse of admirers when placed in the show window of this store. The set consists of thirty views, and is worth nearly one hundred dollars. A choice copy of this set was presented during the present week by Messrs. L. & H. to the Mechanics' Institute Association. Nothing could be more Californian or more appropriate for their New Library Rooms than these magnificent photographs of our famed California scenery.

[For the Californian.]

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

IMMORTAL Courser—of mortal form!
Proud Science' grand bequest;
There has work been done since thine advent here
Has enfranchised Earth from many a fear
In Grief's insatiate crew.
Onward! tried courier of the storm
With meteor nerves and quiverings warm
And fiery pulses, true
To Heaven's high behest!

Now here! Now there! Flash far and wide
Thy glorious signal gleam!
There is work to do—there are hearts to break,
There are hopes to tell—there are thrones to shake
Within this busy world.
Away! Upon thy timeless ride
Thou hast the speed of light defied,
On in wild triumph whirled
Far as Ambition's dream!

Stride on! Than thought more swift thy speed,
Cleave the unconscious air!
There is work to do—in the city street;
In the Arctic snow; in the Tropic heat,
No bounds thy steps delay.
A myriad leagues of mount and mead
Thou laugh'st to scorn, thou winged steed,
Arrest thee, he who may;
Thy path is everywhere!

Away! There's life on thy breathless leap,
There's Death to foil—away!
There is work to do—for relentless Gold
Hath forged strong fetters, whose power, of old
The victim's doom had sealed.
Now—praise to thee—let the Gold-god creep
Back to his caverns drear and deep;
Truth, victor, stands revealed,
And Freedom wins, to day.

Time, space, thou dost annihilate—
Steed by the lightning fed!
Thou hast plenteous work. In this world of ours,
O'er the ocean cave, by the forest bowers,
Thy burthen thou must bear.
Onward! Triumphant and elate
On thy glowing path, thou barb of fate,
Mighty to do and dare
For living and for dead!

San Francisco, February, 1867. —ISABEL A. SAXON.

CRAFT, OR CHEEK.—A story is going the rounds of the papers, telling how Mrs. Ellen Crafts, who some years ago made her escape from slavery disguised as a gentleman, accompanied by her husband in the character of her servant (he appears to have played the subordinate character ever since), recently at a gentleman's house in London made ex-Governor Eyre of Jamaica and "A. Ward, showman," exceedingly uncomfortable by her impertinent remarks to them regarding their feelings toward the African race. If there is any truth in the story, it only illustrates the well-known fact that persons suddenly raised from a low to a comparatively high position are apt to become vain, supercilious and impudent. No lady, white, black or mixed, would have spoken without occasion to comparative strangers as Mrs. Crafts is reported to have done. We are inclined to think, however, that the whole story is a fabrication. We don't know what social status Artemus Ward maintains in London; but we are certain that no English gentleman, at whose house ex-Governor Eyre is a visitor, would tolerate such rudeness toward his guests. The gentlemen have doubtless erred in opinion and in practice; but that is no excuse for such a flagrant violation of the laws of hospitality and good-breeding as reported in the case above referred to.

THE NEW STYLE OF PHOTOGRAPHS.—By the Eastern journals devoted to the Photographic Art, we learn that a new size and style of picture has been introduced which seems destined to supplant the old style *Cartes de Visite*. The Philadelphia *Photographer* of October calls attention to them, and explains the size, which is about three times the size of the ordinary *Cartes de Visite*, but wider in proportion to the length. The January number of the *Photographer* gives a magnificent photograph, from life, of a lady, showing the new size and explaining its advantages for portraiture. There is none of that crowding of figure, so often observed in the narrow *Cartes de Visite*. In fact, the advantages of the new sizes is more especially noticeable for full-length portraits of ladies; exhibiting their dresses and surroundings complete in every particular. Our principal photographers in San Francisco are already taking them, and Snow & Roos are preparing frames and mats especially for the new size. Jacob Shew, 612 Clay street, is devoting especial attention to them, and has produced some very perfect copies of this new style, full length *Cartes de Visite*, and has on hand albums to receive them.

MEUSSDORFFER—that prince of hatters opens his spring styles of dress and business hats at his store 635 and 637 Commercial street, in this city, and in Sacramento, Marysville and Portland to-day. Meussdorffer always leads the fashion.

DOWN IN A COAL-MINE.

LITTLE I thought when a few years ago I started from London on a visit to Staffordshire, meaning while there to go down a coal-mine—much as a countryman would go to St. Paul's or the Museum—how soon afterwards I should have such bad and fatal experience of these multifarious earthy veins.

I had never seen the Black Country. The Great Western's broad gauge bore us along cushioned and cosey. It was a winter's night, rather showery, but clear. My companions were congenial spirits, and lent their aid so successfully to enliven the journey that we cared little external to our compartment; scarcely noticing the few stoppages we made.

Merriment and chat went round, and chained our attention, until we were at Birmingham. "Change here!" We were all out, and parted, amid heaps of trunks and bags, the jostling of porters and passengers, the smell of steam, and universal scurry.

From here I was alone. It was sufficiently near bedtime to make a lounge grateful, so, tossing my portmanteau under my head, I lay gazing at the lamp. I suppose the apprenticeship I once served to the cradle was not quite forgotten. At all events, the rocking made me drowsy, and I am under the impression that for a few moments I slept. Whether it was so, or whether I merely lay thinking of sleep, I can't say; but certain it is that a peculiar smoky glare startled me into wakefulness. I jumped up, and on either side, as far into the country as I could see, was a spectacle at once impressive, and, to me, novel. I was in the midst of fires. Not a dozen or two, but hundreds. Not bright, dazzling flares, such as the butcher's gas-jet emits, but huge, heavy flames, that burnt, yet illumined little, and wrapt the midnight beyond their immediate circles in a seeming fog.

I let down the window and stood viewing them for some time. What were they?

I was among them early the next day. They were principally blast-furnaces for smelting the iron ore, and rolling mills for putting the metal into the form of bars and sheets. A few were foundries for casting, coke ovens and lime-kilns; but these formed a very small proportion.

The first thing that struck, me on our way to the pits, was the mud. It was not unlike paste made with soot and cinder ashes, rather thin than otherwise. It stuck to my boots, and could not easily be kicked off. Upon raising my head after surveying them, I found I had crushed with my chin a big smut on my shirt-front. Now, if anything will disturb the dignity of a Londoner of rather fastidious taste, it is to splash his snow-white expanse of chest-gear. I had hardly time for my wrath to bubble to the orthodox point, when another "black" alighted on the back of my hand, and I found that the same thing occurred promiscuously as to situation, at regular intervals. There was no help for it while I stayed in the Black Country. I must either don the Church or City clerk; either button my waistcoat up to the top, and only show the white tie, or come the more gaudy scarf and pin.

The indispensible accompaniment of a pit's mouth is that concise arrangement of slim timber that so much resembles the support of the big swing at a fair. At a short distance is the engine-house. A chain that passes from the latter over a wheel at the top of the pit's mouth will raise or lower anything up or down the shaft at a given signal.

A friend who had volunteered to show me the mines consigned me to the care of his brother, who owned several of them in the neighborhood.

I told him I had put on the coarsest clothes my wardrobe would afford. He laughed, and said he'd "rig" me out. For this purpose I was taken to a cottage hard by. The motherly occupant appeared to understand our mission at first glance, and after a friendly "How d'ye do?" left us.

"Get into them," said my new *valet-de-chambre*, tossing across what appeared to be a heap of rags. I could not conceive what articles of apparel they could be. From a pall to a necktie, there was nothing I'd seen before resembling them.

"Here, you're holding them upside down."

I turned them, and began to have a dim perception that they must be trousers. I don't know what Bond Street would say to the cut. I believe they had been made from a sack divided in the middle, with the edges stitched together.

I was obliged to turn them up round the bottom, and even then the fit was more easy than precise.

The boots matched. Old Dowey could have made such uncouth things.

"You'd better take off your socks; for I don't think they are particularly water-tight," was suggested. I did so.

"Here's the coat."

Another sack, apparently with holes in the corners and top for the arms and neck. If I had never put it on before, I was in sackcloth now. A slouched hat, and I was "rigged out."

He laughed again. "Well, what do you think of 'em?"

"Not over pleasant; but if it's the regular uniform I suppose I mustn't grumble."

The chain, with its four hooked ends, was dangling just above ground.

"You'll have to go down by that," said my friend, pointing to it.

I thought it a dangerous enterprise, but fixed my foot firmly in one of the hooks, and held the chain above. The miner, after a slight hesitation, did the same, gave a sign to the engine-man, and the next instant we were suspended over a cavity two or three hundred feet deep.

After the first few yards our speed increased greatly. We went down, down, into a blacker obscurity, swaying to and fro; and now and then, with a grating bump, were sent against the wet smeary sides.

My companion muttered, "It's too bad."

"What is?"

"Why, they are sending us down as fast as they can to try and scare you; besides, we ought to have had the proper iron lift, that is always used in coming up or down, only you jumped on to the hook and they thought it a good joke to send you down so."

We still descended. There was a dampness about the air peculiar to underground places. Above was the mouth. How small it looked—not bigger than the moon, and gradually decreasing, until at last it was a mere speck. "Look out!" We bumped, jumped off, and for the first time in my life I stood at the bottom of a coal-mine.

Everyone in his childhood has played at being "tipsy," by turning himself round and round until such a giddiness is induced that, after he with difficulty stands still, the objects in the room will continue to chase each other in circuit. Just so I felt for some minutes after I alighted. Sinking with such velocity, I appeared at length to have ceased going down—the sides were rising up—slowly—fast—faster. I saw them scurrying past with the hideous and fantastic mirth of demons I could not but fancy were being released from the regious below.

The feeling soon went off, and we procured lights; nothing but dips stuck on holders. They burnt with an insignificant little flicker, and, totally unreflective as were their surroundings, resembled rushlights in sick-rooms, that show little besides themselves.

We proceeded. No fear of knocking our heads here—the natural roof was three feet above us. I should think we went half a mile, and diverged from the main tunnel before we encountered a gang of workers. Their appearance was picturesque in the extreme. Each had a candle attached to the forehead, and many were stripped to the waist. There were some to bore, and some to load. They were kindly solicitious of my health. Their prevailing complaint was thirst; this interesting feature in mining was pressed upon my particular notice.

The coal is not dug or chipped off. The process by which it is detached is called "blasting."

With what appeared to me to resemble a common crowbar, about four feet long, a hole was pierced as near the top of the seam as possible. In this was put some gunpowder. We had retired to a little distance; the match was lighted and burning. I can scarcely describe the feelings with which I waited the explosion. In this coal-bound passages, miles long, to be waiting until a slow match should fire a charge of powder! I imagined it an enormous cannon about to hurl us with the fragments and *débris* into eternity. It was a sensation I had not felt since I saw the Indian Sepoys bound back to the gun's mouth awaiting but the command to be blown into countless pieces, I closed my eyes. A momentary sense of pressure, and a bang—during which the drums of my ears seemed almost to meet—and it was over. Two or three tons of this sable rock—torn into blocks of all sizes—lay strewn and scattered, rent from its bed where for ages it had lain securely.

We went back into the main road, for there was some pretence to a road. It was not quite so high here; our heads just escaped the top. There was a perpetual din, swelling louder at intervals—a combination of water rushing in a cavern, and wind roaring on a stormy night interspersed with blows and voices, muffled more or less by distance. This would swell louder, and while I was guessing at the cause, "Stand clear!" and we would have to jump to the side and stand close back to it until some loaded little trucks should pass.

At parts, near the main shaft, where the cutting was pretty straight, these would be worked by attachments from the engine; but farther off, in the more complex ramifications of the mine, horses were employed. Poor old brutes! they were soon tamed by the darkness, let them be ever so unruly at first, and would sink into the monotous ploddings that, except in rare cases, ends only in death.

"Just look up there."

I looked. It was a discarded shaft. Far, far above was the sky. I could catch but a tiny glimpse of it. Underneath, at our feet, a fire was burning; the curling wreaths of smoke slowly ascended, causing an upward draught that ventilated the mine.

"Do you remember that old pit over the other side of the canal that you saw this morning? You asked what smoke it was that came up."

"Yes; quite distinctly."

"Well, this is it; and this is the fire that sends up the smoke."

We went on; doors opened before and closed after without our intervention. The mechanism was human; there was a boy at each.

We passed two or three of these perpendicular apertures, each of which I had seen above in the morning, and which were made known to me by some landmark. They varied from half to three-quarters of a mile distant from each other. The hollow we were traversing differed in size many times, with much the caprice of a river that widens and narrows alternately.

"Do you think you could get through there?"

"Could you?"

"Yes, I could, but perhaps you are not so accustomed to traveling on your back as I am."

"That may be, but I am the smaller of the two, and if it will prevent our having to go all the way back it is worth the trial."

I could not call it a passage, it was so small; it was nothing but a hole. I stooped down and peered into it, Pushing my light far in front, I could see nothing beyond the wick of my dip.

"How long is it?"

"O, not over long. Come on, you must go in feet first, on your back. Here, I'll carry your light.

I gave it him, and he disappeared. I followed, legs in front, not quite on my back, but with the body inclining, so as to be supported entirely on feet and arms. It was slow work,—twenty yards tired me. I looked ahead; there was my companion, with the candles, wriggling along like a glowworm or something uncomfortably warm.

Raising myself to observe this, my forehead hit the top. It was cold and clammy, like the touch of a corpse, but damper, for it left my face wet. Here, as elsewhere about the pit, on the top and sides, on the doors, and even on the trollies and ropes, there was a trickly exudation that to my unaccustomed sense chilled with every contact.

I stayed a little to rest; my warm breath was thrown back. I felt oppressed, but after a bit struggled on, and was at length enabled by a slight increase in the height of the passage to crawl on hands and knees, to walk crouched; to raise myself a little, and ultimately to resume my proper attitude.

"You can walk through that; one of the chaps will take you over."

There was a pool of water—how deep I know not—extending as far as I could see. It proved to be no more than eighteen inches or two feet deep at most. One of the men made very light of carrying me on his back, and after some distance of this kind of travel, deposited me at the foot of a shaft three miles from the one I had descended four hours before.

We waited; the signals were given, and soon down came the lift. We began the ascent. How cheerful looked the glimmer of light aloft, by degrees expanding—growing—until we were atop, and a flood of heaven's light burst on our dazzled gaze! Then I felt a rapturous emotion such as few epochs in our lives yield.

Disrobing at the cottage, I found how necessary was the precaution to submit to be "rigged out." Dirt-begrimed and wet, I was a sorry object. A broken bit of looking-glass, the only mirror I could obtain, showed me an image I did not recognize, although I was on pretty good terms with myself; so, not being able to procure a suitable reflection, I reflected for myself, and first came the reflection that hundreds of my fellow-men are condemned to this life of danger and darkness for their bread.

The mine, as I had seen it, was unpleasant truly; the work I had witnessed arduous, to be sure; but this was by no means the worst, for there comes a season when this mere hole-bore—the worst feature of which that I had experienced being its black dampness—becomes, with the instantaneous rapidity of a fire-flash, a hell-spot and a sepulchre, where our brethren, absorbed probably in the ordinary thoughts of worldly work, are precipitantly hurled to the judgment of an all-searching God; where mothers are rendered childless, where wives are made widows, where weeping and lamentation are generated, and where the finest tendrils of mortal existence are lacerated and left bleeding, never to be healed.

Such a season is this; and when we draw in circle round a festive fire, and are cheered by the merry coal blaze,—when we press the warm hand that is dear to us, let us think of the many so suddenly no more: let us remember the poor miner in his hour of trouble; let us spare a plum from our rich Christmas pudding, and send it to the mine.

The Philadelphia *Press* gives a summary of the last report of the Girard Estate. The estimated gross revenues for 1867 '68 are $330.000, an increase from last year of over fifty per cent. The value of the real estate is constantly increasing, and as it cannot be sold, or leased for a longer period than five years, it must always furnish a large and steady revenue. The trust owns nearly two hundred properties in Philadelphia, consisting of stores, dwellings, wharves, lots and farms, beside valuable coal and timber lands in Schuylkill and Columbia counties. Some of the rents have been doubled, others trebled. It is to be hoped that the fund will soon be able to support twelve hundred orphans.

S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengtben and invigorute.
Tbey create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengtben tbe system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipution.
They cure Liver Complaiut and Nervous Headache.
They are tbe best Bitters in the world. They make tbe weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and berbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting tbe kettle from tbe fire I scalded my self very severely—one band almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * Tbe Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved tbe pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Pbilada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, &c., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest tbing," and tbe most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in tbe sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywbere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roacbes, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

DR. H. A. BENTON,

The ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, is now cosily fixed in his new quarters, over Congress Hall, Busb street, adjoining the Russ House, and is prepared to treat patients in all the best modes of curing. The Electro-Medicated and Hot Air Baths will do wonders in many cases, in breaking up obstructions, and if properly attended afterwards, will insure success.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR superior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for tbis simply from our atmosphere, whicb is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at bome. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few bigh buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, anu are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries. *

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

FAUST CELLAR,

Beer and Wine Saloon,

Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, San Francisco.

A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - - Proprietor

ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.

FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

L. G. SCHORD,

SUCCESSOR TO
WILLIAM P. LORING & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fine
Wines, Liquors and Segars,
NO. 534 MERCHANT ST.,
Between Montgomery and Sansome sts.

Good Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Families and Clubs supplied on Short Notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,

LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

JOHN TAYLOR,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NO. 16 THIRD STREET,

Between Market and Stevenson Streets. San Francisco.

ASTREDO EXCHANGE,

No. 635 Washington Street,

Opposite Maguire's Opera House,

FINE IMPORTED WINES, LIQUORS,

Native Wines and Bitters, English Ale and Porter.

Hot Lunch Served from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.

A. ASTREDRO, - - - PROPRIETOR

TOWNE & BACON,

Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices
In this City,
536
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

DO YOU WANT ANY

PRINTING?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

GREAT REDUCTION!

FURNITURE

At Less than Gold Cost,

AT THE WAREROOMS OF

J. PEIRCE & CO.,

Nos. 415, 417, 419 California street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

WE ARE NOW CLOSING out our last year's stock of FURNITURE etc., at UNPARALLELED LOW RATES.

It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.

Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to buying elsewhere.

J. PEIRCE & CO.,
415, 417 and 419 California street.

BRANCH STORES—No. 715 Market street between Third and Fourth; and Main street, Stockton.

DR. HAYDEN,

Dentist,

653 Clay street, between Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco.

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED

BY USING

Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,

Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb 6, 1866.

MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.

Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

MR. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.

Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.

San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1866.

To F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ.
335, 337, Pine street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Wholesale Agents, CRANE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & Co., SAN FRANCISCO.

PIANOS!

PIANOS!

AT

AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

McDOUGALL & MARQUIS,

Architects,

328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

B. MACKAY,

ARCHITECT,

NO. 434 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Next door to the Pacific Insurance Company.

GEO. BORDWELL,

ARCHITECT,

No. 224 Montgomery street,

Opposite the entrance of the Russ House, San Francisco

Removal!!

JOHN F. SNOW.

COLORING, CLEANING AND RESTORING OF FEATHERS, Kid Gloves, Silks, Woolens, Furs, etc., has removed to the new building of the "MECHANICS' INSTITUTE," opposite the old stand, 25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

☞ 'RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA' for sale as usual.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

Has anybody heard the bell?
You have! dear me, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
I'll make my toilet very spruce—
This silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this gaiter for me—do;
"A hole! you say? plague take the shoe;
Please, Lule, try and hide it—
Just thiuk, it's Sunday, and, my soul,
I cannot wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peepiug at our feet,
(Though, to he sure, they needu't peep,
The way we hold our dresses!)
I'll disappoint them, though to-day,
"And cross myself," pray, did you say?
Don't laugh at my distresses!

Now, Lucie, pray fell my waterfall;
Do you think it large? ain't it too small?
What hother these things give!
My rat and mice, do they set straight?
Please hurry, Lucie, I know I'm late—
"There's Willie!" as I live.

How splendidly the silk will rustle!
(Please hand my "self-adjusting hustle,"
My corset and my hoop)
There now, I'll take five skirts or six—
Do hurry, Lucie, and help me fix,
You know I cannot stoop?

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?
As if the girls went to church to pray!
How can you he so foolish?
Here dump this rihhon in cologne;
"What for?" to paint, you silly one!
Now, Lucie, don't he mulish.

Now, then, my hat—how he ahhors
This thing!—it's big as all out doors—
The frightful sugar scoop!
Thank Heaven, my cloak is handsome, too;
It cost enough to be, I know—
(Straighten this horrid hoop!)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer. Luce! are you blind?
(Does my dress trail?)
It's all the fashion, now, you know;
(Pray, does the paint aud powder show
Through my loose vail?)

Thank you, my dear, I b'lieve I'm dressed;
The saints he praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven,
For if, on all the other six,
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to Heaven!

ADVANTAGE OF ADVERTISING.—Ask Barnum what he thinks of the advantages of advertising. He will tell you that on one occasion he saw a friend of his in his museum (where there were three hundred of people) looking here and there for a particular individual. Barnum witnessed his labors for some time, when he called to him and inquired who he was looking for. He replied "John Smith." Whereupon Barnum mounted a platform, quieted the assemblage, and in a loud voice asked, "Is there such a man in this room as John Smith?" The quick answer, "Yes, here I am," produced Mr. Brown the person he had been looking for for half an hour or more. "Now, Mr. Brown," said Barnum, "look at the beauties of advertising: you might have searched for Mr. Smith all day and not have found him; but I made my wants known to the public, and in one minute I found the man. Ye must advertise; *advertise* is the word." You merchants East who desire to sell goods, must advertise. *Advertise* is the word, gentlemen.

POPULAR FOLLIES.—To think the more a man eats, the fatter and stronger he will become.

To believe that the more children study at school, the faster they will learn.

To conclude that, if exercise is good for the health, the more violent and exhausting it is the more good is done.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act upon the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To imagine that because the dirty children on our streets or on the highway are hearty and healthy that therefore it is healthy to be dirty; forgetting that continuous exposure to the pure out-door air is such a powerfull agency for health, that those who live thus are well in spite of rags and filth.

Important Notice
TO
TAX-PAYERS.

THE ATTENTION OF EVERY CITIZEN OF THE City and County of San Francisco is called to the following provisions of the Law in relation to the assessment of REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY for State and City and County Taxes:

"Between the first Monday in February and the second Monday in March, EVERY PERSON, corporation, association, company or firm, owning, claiming, or having any interest in, or having the POSSESSION, CHARGE OR CONTROL of any real estate, or any PERSONAL PROPERTY, shall deliver to the City and County Assessor, at his office, a statement under oath, of all such real estate or personal property, and the CASH VALUE of such personal property." (Statutes 1862, page 57.)

"All property, both real and personal, of every kind, nature, and description whatever, within this State, whether owned by individuals or corporations, and whether its owner be a RESIDENT OR NON RESIDENT of this State, is liable to taxation; and all persons, corporations, and associations doing business in this State, either as principals or partners, whether special or otherwise, and not residents of the State, shall be assessed and taxed on all sums invested in any manner in said business, in this State, the same as if they were residents of this State; and said taxes shall be collected from the property within this State of said persons, corporations, associations, or firms." (Statutes 1866, page 803.)

Printed copies of the form of statement, as prescribed by law, can be obtained at the Assessor's Office, City Hall, without charge. WILLIAM R. WHEATON,
1c9 City and County Assessor.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

MASONIC TEMPLE,
Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!
Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

A. J. PLATE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

ALSO,
COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, &c., &c.,
NO. 411 SANSOME STREET,
Between Commercial and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

JOHN LOCHHEAD'S
STEAM ENGINE WORKS
Beale Street, near Mission, San Francisco.

STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.
HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,
Portable Engines of all sizes,
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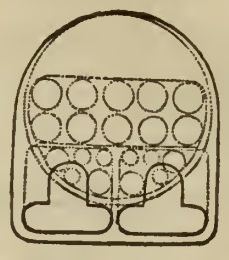

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MANUFACTURERS OF
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Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. C. Bussey, of Jackson, Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this State. It is done by Mathematica Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works,
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Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

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A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

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A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgumery street.

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Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

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P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

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H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
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Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

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Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

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Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st.
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Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

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Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

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Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

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J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

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Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 229 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 266 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

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Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis and 124 Market.

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NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street below Market.

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M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

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Daly & Hawkins, 120 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Broe., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scale 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
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STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
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WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

MR. BARNUM'S BALCONY.

The following hit is from the *Musical Review*, which appeared in the good old days of the New York Museum, at the corner of Broadway and Ann street.

Mr. Barnum was sitting in his office in the Museum, when he heard a knock at the door.

"Come in," said he.

The door opened, and a trombone entered. Mr. Barnum stared. The trombone was followed by an arm, and the arm by a body, the body belonging to no less a personage than Mr. Eli Fant.

"Mr. Barnum?" said Mr. Fant, inquiringly.

"That's my name," said that gentleman.

"Good morning," said Mr. Fant.

"Good morning," said Mr. Barnum.

"I see that you have a band on your balcony," began Mr. Flint.

"Yes," said Mr. Barnum.

"And I came to see if I could get a situation as trombone."

"I presume you can," said Mr. Barnum, "if we can agree upon terms."

"During what hours shall I play?" asked Mr. Fant.

"They usually play," said Mr. Barnum, "from two to three in the afternoon, and six to eight in the evening."

"What is the place worth?" said Mr. Fant.

"Five dollars a week?" said Mr. Barnum, inquiringly.

"Very well," said Mr. Fant, with great satisfaction. He had not expected more than three or four.

"You can begin to-day, if you like," said Mr. Barnum; "the payments are weekly."

"Very well," said Mr. Fant.

In accordance with this agreement, Mr. Fant's trombone did duty for a week for Barnum, and very hard, too, he blew away on his trombone. At the end of the week he called on Mr. Barnum for his week's salary.

"I will make out a bill if you like," said Mr. Barnum.

"If you please," said Mr Fant.

After a little turning over of leaves and comparing of books, Mr. Barnum handed him the bill. He read it over once, twice, three times, looking every time more and more mystified. At last he said:

"Mr. Barnum, you have made a little mistake here, I believe?"

"Eh?" said Mr. Barnum, "not that I am aware of."

"Yes," said Mr. Fant, smiling. He could not help smiling to think how Mr. Barnum would laugh when he learned where the mistake was.

"It's rather a funny mistake. I don't see how you came to make it. The bill reads:

"'Mr. Eli Fant to P. T. Barnum, Dr.

"'To privilege of playing a trombone in his museum for week ending May 15, 1853, $5.'"

"Well," said Mr. Barnum, "I believe it was five dollars, wasn't it?"

"Ye-es," said Mr. Fant, perplexed, "I believe it was. But I didn't look at it in that light."

"In what light did you look at it?" said Mr. Barnum.

"W-h-y," said Mr. Fant, still more perplexed, "I thought you paid me five dollars, not I you."

"Oho, no," said Mr. Barnum. "This is the state of the case: There are quite a number of persons in this city who wish to practice such instruments, but cannot do it at home on account of disturbing the neighbors. So I let them a standing up place in the balcony, and each gentleman who comes here brings what instrument he likes, and practices whatever he wants to, without disturbing anybody; that is, anybody we care anything about."

The office door opened, and the trombone went out, followed by Mr. Fant, while Mr. Barnum proceeded to make out his bills against the other instruments. Mr. Fant has since given up the trombone.

The last wife of Brigham Young is named Maria Folsom. Her former residence was at Council Bluffs, Iowa. She is an imperious looking young beauty of the Grecian, rather than the Roman order, and is very imperious and jealous.

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On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central American.

STEAMERS FOR MARCH.

March 9—SACRAMENTO, Capt. J. M. Cavarly, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
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March 30—GOLDEN AGE, Captain James T. Watkins, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt Furber.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

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Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on April 3d, for Hongkong via Kanagawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.

The steamship HERMANN, Capt. M. P. Nolan, will be dispatched on Friday, March 1, for Yokohama, carrying passengers and freight, and the U. S. mails.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

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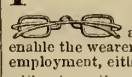

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SPANISH NOTARY
The undersigned having been commissioned by Gov. Lowns Notary Public, vice Henry Dreschfeld, deceased, has removed his office to 509 California street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co., where he will be pleased to see his former patrons, and receive a share of public patronage
A. G. RANDALL,
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NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.
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MY WIFE'S PIANO.

The deed is accomplished. My wife has got a piano. It came on a dray. Six men carried it into the parlor, and it grunted awfully. It weighs a ton, and shines like a mirror, and has carved cupids climbing up on its limbs. And such lungs—whew! My wife has commenced to practice, and the first time she touched the machine I thought we were in the midst of a thunder-storm, and the lightning had struck the crockery-chest. The cat, with tail erect, took a bee-line for a particular friend on the back fence. The baby awoke, and the little fellow tried his best to beat the instrument, but he couldn't do it. It beat him.

A teacher has been introduced into the house. He says he is the last of Napoleon's grand army. He wears a huge mustache, looks at me fiercely, smells of garlic, and goes by the name of Count Runawaynevercomebackagain-by. He played an extract de *opera*, the other night. He first ran his fingers through his hair twice, then grinned, then cocked his eye up at the ceiling, like a monkey looking for flies, and then down came one of his fingers, and then I heard a delightful sound, similar to that produced by a cockroach dancing on the tenor string of a fiddle. Down came another finger, and I was reminded of the wind whistling through the knot-hole of a hen-coop. He touched his thumb, and I thought I was in an orchard, listening to the distant braying of a jackass. Now he run his fingers along the keys, and I thought of a boy rattling a stick upon a store-box or a picket-fence. All of a sudden he stopped, and I thought something had happened. Then he came down with both fists, and, oh! Lord! such a noise was never heard before. I imagined I was in the cellar, and a ton of coal was about falling on my head.

A LITERAL MEANING.

The last *Harper's Monthly* is responsible for the following:

Saunders, mine host of the Tremont, is a rare joke-loving *hombre*, and can tell a story in an inimitable manner, and appreciate a joke even when the point tells against himself. Several years ago a tall, loose-limbered, foolish-appearing loon came in to the supper-table in a slow and measured manner, and attracted attention by the voracity with which he made away with the eatables. Having devoured the portion of several men, he called at Saunders's desk, and paying his "four bits," drawled out the question in a stuttering way, "I say, Cap, hev you got more heds than you want? for I thought ef you had I'd take one, and ef you didn't hev more'n you wanted I'd go somewhar else and take one." Mine host wondered at the queerness of his style of language, but answered that if he wanted lodgings he could be accommodated—that he still had some spare beds. The stranger came out with his *dust* and was shown to a double-bedded room, occupied by a little Irishman Before daybreak Saunders was awakened by hearing stealthy footsteps in the dining-hall, and hastily throwing on some garments he proceeded to investigate, pistol in hand. Just as he reached the hall-door he heard a voice in a smothered tone crying, "Saunders! Saunders! who did you put in my room, sure? for the murthering thafe has stole my boots!" It was the little Irishman prowling around in his stockings; and the two hastily proceeded to the room of the late guest, found it *sans* him, Mike's boots, and the bed, blankets, sheets, and pillow gone. The suggestion about the stranger's "taking a bed" had been acted upon, and it was so rich a sell no attempt was made to apprehend the thief, although heard of at every mining camp along the river for miles, and supposed by all to be a "Jew peddler with his pack on his back."

The following simple rule of determining whether a mine is rich or not, has been found by the Montana *Post* to be almost infallible, and is cheerfully offered for the benefit of the public: We consult the records of the courts. If we discover that a lawsuit is or has been connected with the lode, we have no hesitation in asserting that it is valuable property. We never heard of any conflict about the ownership or discovery of a worthless claim.

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LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

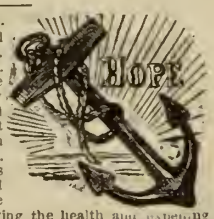
HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.
PRICE 50 CENTS.
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
Cor Sansome & Commercial streets.
Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS.
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial streets.

CLEANSE THE BLOOD.



WITH CORRUPT, DISordered or vitiated Blood, you are sick all over. It may burst out in Pimples, or, Sores, or in some active disease, or it may merely keep you listless, depressed and good for nothing. But you cannot have good health while your blood is impure. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA purges out these impurities and stimulates the organs of life into vigorous action, restoring the health and expelling disease. Hence it rapidly cures a variety of complaints which are caused by impurity of the blood, such as Scrofula, or Kings' Evil, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Tetter, or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Cancer or Cancerous Tumors, Sore Eyes, Female Diseases, such as Retention, Irregularity, Suppression, Whites, Sterility, also Syphilis or Venerial Diseases, Liver Complaints, and Heart Diseases. Try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and see for yourself the surprising activity with which it cleanses the blood and cures these disorders.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound "Sarsaparilla," and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. We think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. We can only assure the sick, that we offer them the best alterative which we know how to produce, and we have reason to believe, it is by far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered by any body.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is so universally known to surpass every other remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease, that it is useless here to recount the evidence of its virtues. The world knows them.

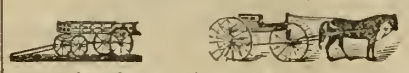
Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers

WM. WORTHINGTON,
House and Sign Painter,
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c., &c.,
735 Market street,
Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

SAUL & McARRON,
Carriage Manufactory,
NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,
Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.
A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.
Larkins & Co.,



Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

Pollard & Carvill,

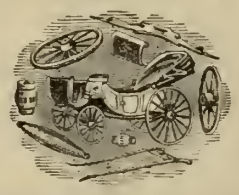
Dealers in and Manufacturers of
LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
37 and 39 Webb street,
Between Sacramento and California.

Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

A Rare Chance.

THE UNDERSIGNED, INTENDING TO RETIRE from business, desires to call the attention of the public to a LARGE STOCK OF CARRIAGE MATERIAL at his store, No. 506 MARKET STREET, and No. 7 SUTTER STREET, which he will SELL AT COST. Until said goods are disposed of, he will BUILD TO ORDER, at his factory, corner of FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, all kinds of
WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c.,
A good assortment of which can always be found on hand, and at a less price than can be had at any other place in the city. Will keep about 50 workmen employed to complete all unfinished work and contracts, in order to close business by the first day of July next. Has on hand and for sale, Six First-class Concord style 9-Passenger STAGE WAGONS, and a good assortment of LUMBER or FARM WAGONS, EXPRESS WAGONS, CARTS, &c.
Also, will soon have finished FIFTY BUGGIES.
H. CASEBOLT.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,
No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

Manufacturer of
Saddles, Harness and Collars,
North-west corner Davis and Commercial streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

A good assortment, made from the best Materials, in the highest style of Workmanship, constantly on hand.
Manufacturing and Repairing done promptly, on reasonable terms. Country Trade solicited.

DR. FONDA SAN FRANCISCO
EYE INFIRMARY,
PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED, EXCLUsively for the treatment of all diseases of the EYES, and for the past seventeen years Principal of the La Fayette (Ind.) Eye Infirmary.
P. W. FONDA, M. D.,
Surgeon in charge Infirmary,
223 Kearny street between Bush and Sutter.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.
INCORPORATED.....1821.
Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000
Insurance effected against both
Fire and Marine Risks,
AT THE LOWEST RATES.
Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.
R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
Capital Stock, - - - $300,000
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.
THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pres't.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

GREAT WESTERN
Life Insurance Company.
OF NEW YORK.
STOCK and MUTUAL
The Security of the Stock Plan, with all the Advantages of the Mutual System.
POLICIES AND DIVIDENDS ARE NON-FORFEITABLE
Thirty Days Grace for Payment of Premiums.
J. W. BRUMAGIN.
General Agent for California,
Office 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with
24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,
giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to hear
"THE OTHER SIDE,"
and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.
Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Address
F. E. SHEAR, General Agent,
No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,
Shoulder Braces, etc.,
FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,
AT
GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S
NEW YORK BRANCH
Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,
(Opposite the Russ House,)
J. H. A. FOLKERS, Sole Agent.
Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L REED, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L LIEN, PETER S McNIEL, SARAH J McNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be declared and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM LOEWY, Clerk

[SEAL.] By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.

Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled, 50 cts.

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of aliforma, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defeudaut.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service.) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this conuty; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken agaiust you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said actiou is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaiutiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one-half of the commou property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to aud be delivered to tois plaintiff; aud that the care, custody and educatiou of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendsnt may, by order of this Court, be restrained and enjoined from selliug, or in any manner disposing of the commou property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; aud that defendant be ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, aod the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general belief.

Aud you are hereby notified tbat if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as ahove required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief thercin demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Depnty Clerk.

[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]

PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUdicial District of the State of California, in and for tue City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, detendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovcnamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summous—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, bnt in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudgiug and ascertiuing the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City aad County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defeudaut Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and be put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified tbat if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk, By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j193m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

CECILE PEBELLE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelle, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimouy heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resome her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my band and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]

J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of FRANCOISE P. BETUEL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Frangois M. Betuel, the Executor of the last will and testament of Frangoise P. Betuel deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residne of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Frangoise P. Betuel, deceased, appear before the said Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the devisees of the said Frangoise F Betuel, deccased, according to law:

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before the said eleventh day March, A. D. 1867: in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probnte Judge.

Dated February 5th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK
Of the City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true, full and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 8th day of February A. D. 1867

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM LOEWY, Clerk.

19 5t By A. J. JEGHERS, Depoty Clerk.

GEO. F. & WM. H. SHARP, Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS THOMAS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Admioistrator of the Estate of Thomas Thomas, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed: that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid: and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Thomas Thomas, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the twenty-sixth day of MARCH, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Thomas Thomas deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-sixth day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a news paper printed and published in the said City and County

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 21st, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK
Of the City and County of San Francisco, } ss

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 21st day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[Seal and stamp.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Depnty Clerk.

J. F. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. 123 5t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JAMES FITZPATRICK, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of James Fitzpatrick, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the place of the transaction of her business, at the office of her attorney, Geo. B. Merrill, Esq., No. 520 Montgomery street, San Francisco. MARY FITZPATRICK,

Administratrix of Estate of James Fitzpatrick, deceased.

San Francisco, February 2d, 1867. 4w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ELLEN O'CONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Ellen O'Connell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, No 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco. WM. A. QUARLES, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen O'Connell, deceased.

San Francisco, February 9, 1867.

W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Administrator, 323 Montgomery street. f9 5t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on 6th day of February A. D. 1867, in the matter of the Estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on THURSDAY, the 14th day of March, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the counting-room of J. C. Merrill & Co., Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, of, in and to all the undivided two months of the lot of land situated in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the westerly side of Berry street, one hundred and thirty-seven and a half (137 1-2) feet northeasterly from the northeast corner of Berry and Third streets; thence running northeasterly along said westerly side of Berry street one hundred and thirty seven and a half (137 1-2) feet to a point; thence at a right angle northwesterly two hundred and forty (240) feet more or less to a point in the easterly line of King street; thence at a right angle southwesterly along said line of King street one hundred and thirty-seven and a half (137 1-2) feet; and thence at a right angle southeasterly two hundred and forty feet, more or less, to the point of beginning.

And offers or bids for said property, in writing will be received at said place, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county, from this date till Thursday the 14th day of March, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon, by the undersigned. J. C. MERRILL,

Guardian of the Estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, minors. f9

Dated February 8th, 1867.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOSEPH W. KERR, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On readiog and filing the petition of Honora Kerr, the Administratrix of the Estate of Joseph W Kerr, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, Anno Domini, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 11th day of March A. D., 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, February 5th, 1867. f9 5t

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 8th day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

HAIGHT & PIERSON, Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDIcial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretolore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Depnty Clerk.

[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM SHANAHAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of William Shanahan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, at the store of Maurice Dore & Co, No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. Dated February 1, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator and the Administrator of the Estate of William Shanahnn, deceased. 12 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. — ESTATE OF JOHN THOMAS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated February 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of John Thomas, deceased.

J. F. FINN, Atty for Administrator. fe16-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF AUGUSTA SAAL.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Saal, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of his Attorney, R. W. Hent, Esq, northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the city and county of San Francisco. Dated February 9th, 1867.

H. O. GOUGH, Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Saal, deceased. f9 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the estate of MINA HOFFMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Isaac D. Barnard, Executor of the last will and testament of Mina Hoffman, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees of the will of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residne of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Mina Hoffman, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Coort Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of March, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock, P M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residne of said estate among the legatees of the last will and testament of the said deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before the said Tuesday the 19th day of March, A. D. 1867, in the THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 11th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, } ss.

I Wm Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to bo a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Depnty Clerk.

Messrs. W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Petitioner.

February 16th, 1867. 1e16-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE H. HOSSEFROSS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by R. H. Simton and H. M. Whitmore, the Executors of the last will of George H. Hossefross, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate and also all the personal property of the estate of George H. Hossefross, deceased, to pay the debts due by the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the eighteenth day of March A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary; and also the personal property of deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 12th, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK,
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of February A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. Winans & Belknap Attys. for Petitioners.

fe16-3t

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, and State of California, made on the 12th day of February, A. D. 1867, in the matter of the estate of Thos. W. Sutherland, deceased, the undersigned, Administrator in charge of said estate, will sell at private sale for cash payable in United States gold or silver coin, on and subject to the confirmation of said Probate Court on or after the fifth day of March, A. D. 1867, in one parcel all the right, title, interest and estate of the said intestate at the time of his death; and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired, other than and in addition to that of said intestate at the time of his death, in and to the following real property, lot, piece or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco and State of California, bounded and described as follows:

A certain unknown undivided interest of in and to that certain 50 vara lot situated lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and known on the official map of said city and county as 50-vara lot number 32.

Persons wishing to purchase said real estate will present their bids in writing to the undersigned at his store Nos. 219 and 221 Front street, in the city and county of San Francisco on or before the day set for the sale.

Dated February 13th, 1867.

ALEXANDER R. BALDWIN,

Administrator of the estate of Thomas W. Sutherland, deceased. fe16 3t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John Couch, the Administrator of Sarah McLaughlin, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his annual and final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said Sarah McLaughlin, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order for distribution should not be made of the residne of said estate among the heirs of the said Sarah McLaughlin deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and publisued in the said City and County.

M. C. BLAKE Probate Judge.

Dated San Francisco, February 8th, 1867.

I. N. THORNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. fe9 5t

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mh2-1t

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CAROLINE HUEBNER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of CAROLINE HUEBNER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 28th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Caroline Huebner, deceased. mh2 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 28th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of James Edwin Reas, deceased. mh2-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN F. LOGAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Mary Banks and Catherine Rogan, claiming to be the nearest relatives and heirs, being the aunts of John F. Logan, deceased, setting forth that the administrator has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said John F. Logan, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of March, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said John F. Logan, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said fifth day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated January 30th, 1867. feb2-4w

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this first day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk
[Seal and stamp.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE C. PETERSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of George C. Petersen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated February 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of George C. Petersen, deceased. mh2-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS KEENAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, northwest corner of Sacramento and Sansome streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, March 2d, A. D. 1867.

mh2-5t THOMAS BREEZE,
Administrator of Estate of Thomas Keenan, deceased.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Administrator.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 16
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

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CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: My New Lodgings, by John Clerk: Sound Advice to Young Men, by Prentice; Cacographic Literature, by John Clerk; Local Architectural Items; The State of the South; Our æsthetic Progress; Lion's Mouth: The Draco of the Press; California Academy of Natural Science; Police Pistol Practice; Skedaddle; The First-Class Paper; Dramatic Affairs, etc., etc. POETRY: The Eagle, by X-X. SELECTED: Conundrums (constructively considered); The French Police System; In the Omnibus; A Star in Flames; Black Sheep: Poetry, Paragraphs, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

The Draco of the Press.

Lucky, indeed, is it for the inhabitants of San Francisco, that the relentless and bloody-minded Fitz-Smythe only occupies the humble and comparatively uninfluential position of gatherer up of local items for the *Alta*, instead of that of a judge. Fitz-Smythe is constantly exposing some "hardened miscreant for whom hanging is too good," or "fiend of the blackest hue, for whom no punishment devised by human law can be sufficiently severe." On Tuesday, Fitz-Smythe was "informed by a friend that some miserable scoundrel or scoundrels were in the habit of stealing the plants and trees from off the graves of deceased persons at the Lone Mountain Cemetery." This is very shocking. "The graves of deceased persons" should be protected, as also should the graves *in prospectu* of persons not yet deceased. It would be well to detail a member of the police force to guard the cemetery, and to punish by a long term of imprisonment, any person found perpetrating such mean thefts. But that would not satisfy Fitz-Smythe. No! He says:

"A good look-out should be kept, and the parties, if captured, have the benefit of neither judge nor jury."

That's the talk. Lynch 'em! Smash their brains out with broken tomb stones! They should have the benefit of neither judge nor jury. On Wednesday, our local Draco became still more excited on the subject of thefts of shrubs. He says:

"On Monday night some soulless wretch entered the grounds of B. C. Horn, Esq., on Harrison street, near Second, (Rincon Hill) and threw down two large sized ornamental marble statues, crushing in their fall several fine plants, and destroying, by breaking, the ornaments. In front of the residence were two large figures representing reposing lions, one of which was by the same hands thrown over into the street, but being strong enough to stand the shock was not broken."

Our Draco becomes ingenious in devising an appropriate punishment for the soulless wretch who wrestled with the lion and overthrew him. He says:

"It would hardly be too much punishment to tie one of the broken statues around the contemptible scoundrel's neck and throw him off the end of Vallejo street wharf."

Not a mill-stone, mind you, but one of the broken statues is to be tied round his neck before casting him into the bay. But why, oh worthily indignant Fitz-Smythe, "throw him off the end of *Vallejo street* wharf?" Fitz Smythe in his rage and grief becomes incoherent:

"Such acts as these are almost enough to make a man shut himself out from the world by building a high board fence around his garden plot, no matter how large or small that might be. The citizen who is public spirited enough to plant and ornament a garden, and let the passer-by gaze upon his grounds by making an open fence about his property, should be commended and praised by every person, and when the wanton hand of a sneak destroys or steals from his stock, every effort should be exhausted to ferret out the offender."

Fancy a man "shutting himself out from the world by building a high board fence round his garden." Oh! Fitz-Smythe! of coarse every one must admire the public-spirited citizen who will "let the passer-by gaze in upon his grounds" through the pales of his fence, and he ought to have a monument erected to his memory when he dies. We sincerely trust that these mean and mischievous thieves and destroyers of shrubs and flowers will be discovered and punished; but we would not tie stone lions round their necks and throw them off the end of Vallejo street wharf, nor would we deny them the benefit of both judge and jury.

A Quincy Maniac.

An exchange says: "A lady recently died in Quincy from injuries received from a fall at her own door on the ice."

We suppose that people are expected to cry, "How sad!" when they read how this poor Quincy maniac met with her death: "from injuries received from a fall at her own door on the ice"! We don't pity her a bit. She had no business to have her house on the ice; or if she must have her door on the ice, she should have practised skating.

California Academy of Natural Science.

The California Academy of Natural Science held its monthly meeting last Monday evening. Various new specimens of bugs, beasts, birds, and various petrifactions were handed in. Dr. Ramsnuckle brought a bug found in his bed—said he had seen and felt several like it during the last few months.

Perrybingle Smith Jr. arose and remarked that such specimens were quite common where he came from. He then presented the society with a three legged horse, and was immediatedly voted a life membership, providing he would take the horse away with him.

Dr. Rumbuzzle remarked, that too much rain had fallen during the past winter. He also produced a diagram proving that more water was evolved from the clouds in a heavy rain than a light one. The society received this announcement with two cheers, and Dr. Rumbuzzle was mounted on Perrybingle's three-legged horse, and led away.

Balwer Dickens Smith exhibited a live "rat" captured in the composing rooms of a weekly paper. This animal had lived fourteen days without a square meal. The termination of its spinal vertebrae was distinctly visible.

John Washington Brown read an essay, proving the possibility of speech among clams. He also entertained the society at considerable length with an account of an unsuccessful attempt to produce a hybrid between the frog and the lobster.

Humboldt Jones read an essay on the nocturnal habits of cats; the result of years of observation by himself and Mrs. H. Jones. It was an entire failure, and he was thereupon voted a bag of ichthyological putrefactions—mostly smelt.

Agassiz Brown brought a sketch of the brains of an editor, taken after death. The substance was light, porous and honeycombed much, resembling the inside of a squeezed lemon.

Silliman Snooks recited the poem, "I would I were a Butterfly;" also, "On Linden when the Sun was Low;" and closed the show by exhibiting the head of Joaquin, the hand of Three-Fingered Jack, a two-headed calf, an infant in good spirits with four ears and one eye, and wound up entirely by killing a cat with a single dose of Pacific street whisky.

"Skedaddle."

This word, by no means an elegant one, is frequently used even by the press. It first became common after the battle of Pea Ridge, when the Westen soldiers engaged there boasted that they had made "Pap." Price's troops "skedaddle." The word soon became popular, especially among the army boys, and was used from the Osage to the Potomac, to express a retreat. The word being new and singular, etymologists set to work seriously to discover its origin, and some of them, satisfactorily to themselves, traced it to the Greek! A man who heard it in common use in what was then the "Western country," gives the following account of its origin: In the early days of that region fencing material was scarce, and to protect their grain fields from the cattle, which were numerous, small boys with dogs were employed. The boys were stationed at convenient points, and whenever any of the horned marauders approached too near the precincts sacred to Ceres, they would set the dogs on them. It was with these urchins the curious word had its origin; and it was probably formed in this wise: "Hiss, cattle!" "'S cattle!" "'S' kaddle!" "'Skedaddle!" The last expression—probably on account of its oddness, as Western people are observed to have a *penchant* for odd words, finally became the settled one, and was very potent in causing vagrant cattle to betake them to their legs with great expedition. As most of our troops at the battle of Pea Ridge where Western men, it is not at all strange that when they saw Price's troops scampering off like so many frightened cattle, their favorite expression should have occurred to them.

Interesting about Olives.

The Santa Cruz *Sentinel* of the 2d instant contains the following paragraph, which, as a model of style as well as a repertory of information concerning the olive, and an essay on national taste, we feel constrained to give to our readers:

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.—One of the old olive trees, in the mission orchard, was blown down during the late storm. The tree is no doubt, sixty or seventy years old and full of fruit. The tree is a relic of the olden times, a connecting link between the Arcadian days, when Old Spain held sovereign sway over this portion of the globe. Several other large olive trees are standing full of fruit, and growing quite thrifty. The olive is a tree tenacious of life, and grows quite thrifty. The fruit is a dark purple color, when ripe, about the size of a small plum, and having a bitter acrid taste. Residents of Italy and Old Spain, consider pickled olives, a great luxury, but Americans prefer other and sweeter delicacies and condiments.

The Sigma Phi Jollification.

The dinner of the Sigma Phi Society came off at Martin's restaurant on Monday. The dinner was good, the wine first rate, and every one was jolly. Monday was the fortieth anniversary of the formation of the society, and the dinner (as was happily expressed by a gentleman some time after dinner) had a great signification. He said: "Gentlemen, thish mos 'mport'n' occash'n. Lenth 'n breth lau thish banquet's great Sigma-Phi-cation!"

The First-Class Paper.

We have for some time past left the new "first-class daily paper," the *Times*, to the tender mercies of the *Bulletin* and *Dramatic Chronicle*. The former annoys it by reiterating the charge that it steals dispatches; the latter pitches in and worries it on general principles The *Times* does make a good many blunders for a "first-class paper." One of the editors complains in Thursday's issue that the Southern people say, "an appeal must be made to the Supreme Court. That failing, nothing is left but abject submission"—and goes on as follows:

"By pride angels have fallen. The Southern people must learn to abstain from the use of language such as this. *Abject* is not the word that becomes their lips. It is alike insulting to the dignity of Congress and inexpressive of the condition in which their own misguided conduct has placed them. Arrogance, surrounded by the luxuries of wealth, is entitled to little sympathy But when displayed amid poverty, helplessness and crime, it excites only pity and disgust."

The above is a fair sample of the editorials of the *Times*. How grand is the opening: "By pride angels have fallen," and then perhaps these same angels, after they were subjugated, exclaimed that there was nothing left for them but abject submission. Then mark the stern rebuke which follows: "*Abject* is not the word which becomes their lips." Perhaps the Southerners who are reported by the telegraphic reporter (how many Southerners is not mentioned) to have made use of this proud word, used it as expressing their own "cast down" condition; but the *Times* declares that "abject" is "inexpressive of that condition." It evidently thinks that the Southerners evince a most rebellious spirit in not terming their present condition an "exalted" one, though five thousand persons in one county in Alabama are at this time starving to death. The local items in the same issue writes an item on "the evils of gambling." We will cut a chunk out of the middle as a specimen:

"But bring before them, instead, a truthful picture of one ruined life, one blasted career; trace carefully in all its hideousness and deformity the progress of the monster canker worm; lay bare, from its first inception in a moment of thoughtlessness, the growth, progress and consummation of the fatal passion; open the doors of one doomed home and display in all their wretchedness and gloom the cold, black hearth, the bare walls, the thin, wan wife and the starving children; picture with a relentless pencil the deep furrows graven."

There, that's enough. That's the sort of stuff the *Times* publishes as city news. This ambitious young local, who ought evidently to write an epic poem, instead of filling the laborious and shoeleather-destroying occupation in which he is at present engaged, concludes by publishing an affecting letter about a young Solomon Abrahams. He says:

"We copy it, changing only the name, *verbatum et literatum*."

We also have reproduced the local's writing "verbatum et literatum." The latter is a specimen of *Times* Latin. From all we can learn, there is but one man on this first-class daily who has received the advantages of a decent education. The others are foes to reason, haters of the dead languages, and murderers of their own.

Police Pistol Practice.

Practice will soon make the San Francisco Police force very skillful in the use of the national weapon, the revolver. In their hands it is a most efficient instrument for the ends and prevention of crime. A ball through the heart is very effectual in quieting the lungs of noisy Bacchanals, and a broken arm may suspend the operations of a burglar, or a person suspected of burglary, for many months. The historian of 1900 may write, concerning the regulation of the public peace in this city in 1867, as follows:

"Public order and morality was strictly maintained by the police at this time chiefly by moral suasion proclaimed from the mouths of six-shooters. But few arrests were made and the courts were comparatively idle. Midnight brawlers and criminals were promptly shot. Scores of dead and wounded frequently garnished the sidewalks in the grey dawn of the morning, arrested in their unlawful career by the leaden messenger of justice, death or mutilation. At times mistakes were made, and respectable law abiding citizens were shot down. Yet, those not killed outright cheerfully suffered from their injuries, thinking it far better a few should be shot by mistake rather than the majesty of the law should not be vindicated. Instances of women and children killed at the windows by stray bullets, were not unfrequent, and also in this manner a preacher of the gospel had a sudden termination of his labors, and sent to life eternal while in the midst of the delivery of a Thanksgiving sermon. The principal abuse of this system, lay in the fact that it gave the police rather too much power, enabling them to shoot anyone they pleased, thus affording them a means of revenging real or imagined private injuries. Mainly to this cause was due the total massacre of the police force on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1868, by an outraged and bullet-ridden populace, many of whom had suffered the loss of relatives and friends through the pistol practice of policemen."—[Hist. Cal. by Jim Jones.]

Base-Ball Propriety and Principle.

Says the *Bulletin*, in mentioning a challenge between two base-ball clubs, one of which named Sunday as the day of trial: "There are a large number of young men who enjoy this manly game, but *from principle or more correct views of propriety*, will not play on that day"—meaning Sunday. From this we learn that there is a more correct standard by which we can be guided through the journey of life than that of principle. We shall now submit the question to the public more especially the mathematical public, in the form of a query in compound proportion, known sometimes as the "Rule of Three," thus. Given Base-Ball, Sunday, Principle. Required, more correct views of propriety than those emanating from principle.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUED.

THE transition effected by by the aid of his intense selfishness, from his lormer state of leeling toward Harriet, to one which reqnired only the intervention of any active cause to become hatred, was not a difficult matter to a man like Ronth. Having lost all her former charm, and much of her previous usefulness, she soon became to him a disagreeable reminder. Something more than that—the mental superiority of the womau, which had never before incommoded him, now became positively hateful to him. It carried with it, now that it was no longer his mainstay, a power which was humilating, because it was fear-inspiring. Routh was afraid of his wife, and knew that he was afraid of her, when he had ceased to love her, after he had begun to dislike her; so much afraid of her that he kept up appearances to an extent, and for a duration of time, inexpressibly irksome to a man so callous, so egotistical, so entirely devoid of any seutiment or capacity of gratitude.

Such was the position of affairs when George Dallas and Mr. Felton left London to join Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers at Homburg. From the time of his arrival, and even when he had yielded to the clever argnmeuts which had been adduced to nrge him to silence, there was a sense of insecurity, a foreboding in Routh's mind; not a trace of the sentimental superstitious terror with which imaginary criminals are invested after the fact, but with the reasonable fear of a shrewd man, in a tremendously dangerous and difficult position, who knows he has made a false move, and looks, with moody perplexity, for the consequences, sooner or later.

"He must have come to Englaud, at all events, Stewart," Harriet said to her husband, when he cursed his own imprudence for the twentieth time; "he must have come home to see his uncle. Mr. Felton would have been directed here to us by the old woman at Poynings, and we must have given his address. Remember, his uncle arrived in England the same day he did."

"I shonld have sent him to George, not brought George to him," said Routh. "And there's that uncle of his, Felton; he is no friend of ours, Harriet, he does not like us."

"I am qnite aware of that," she answered: "civil as he is, he is very honest, and has never pretended to be our friend. If he is George's friend, and George has told him anything about his life since he has known us, I think we can hardly expect him to like us."

Her husband gave her one of his darkest looks, but she did not remark it. Many things passed now without attracting her notice; even her husband's looks, and sometimes his words, which were occasionally as bitter as he dared to make them.

He was possessed with a notion that he must, for a time at least, keep a watch upon George Dallas; not near, indeed, nor apparently close, but constant, and as complete as the maintenance of Harriet's influence with him made possible. For himself, he felt his own influence was gone, and he was far too wise to attempt to catch at it, as it vanished, or to ignore its absence. He acquiesced in the tacit estrangement; he was never in the way, but he never lost sight of George; he always knew what he was doing, and had early information of his movements, and with tolerable accuracy, considering that the spy whose services he employed was quite an amateur and novice.

This spy was Mr. James Swain, who took to the duties of his new liue of business with vigorous zeal, and who seemed to derive a grim kind of amusement from their discharge. Stewart Ronth had arrived with certainty at the conclusion that the young man had adhered to the promised silence up to the time of his leaving England with his uncle, and he felt assured that Mr. Felton was in entire ignorance of the circumstances which had had such terrible results for Mrs. Caruthers. It was really important to him to have George Dallas watched; and, in setting Jim Swain to watch him, he was inspired by darkly sinister motives, in view of certain remote contingencies—motives which had snggested themselves to him shortly alter George's unhesitating recognition of the boy who had taken Routh's note to Deane, on the last day of the unhappy man's life, had solved the difficulty which had long puzzled him. Only second in importance to his keeping George Dallas in view was his uot losing sight of the boy; and all this time it never occurred to Routh, as among the remote possibilities of things, that Mr. James Swain was quite as determinad to keep an eye on him.

Harriet had acquiesced in her husband's proposal that they should go to Homburg, readily. It happened that she was rather more cheerful thau usual on the day he made it, more like, though terribly unlike, her former self. Natnre must have its periods of rest lor the mind, be the agony ever so great; and hers was of the slow and hopeless kind, which has such intervals most surely, and with efficacy. One of them had come just then. and she was placid, drowsy, acquiescent. She went with Routh to Homburg; he manaaged to make some hopeful, promising, and credulous acquaintances on the way, and was, besides, accredited to some "business people," ol perlectly authentic character, at Frankfort, in the interest ol the flourishing Flinders.

The change, the novelty, the sight of gayety, in which she took no share, but which she looked on at with a partial diversion of her miud, did her good. It was something even to be out of England; not a very rational or well-founded relief, bnt still a relief, explicable and defeusible too, on the theory to which she adhered, that all her ills were merely physical. The torpid interval prolouged itself, and the vital powers of the sufferer were recruited for the wakening.

This took place when Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge's pony-carriage passed her as she sat by the side ol the broad-shaded road, and the woman's splendid black eyes met hers. When her husband passed her without seeing her, absorbed in passionate admiration, which any child must have recognized as such, for the beautiful woman whose pony-carriage was like a triumphal chariot, so royal and conquering of aspect was she.

Keen were the tormentors, and full of avidity, and subtle was the new device to tax the recruited strength and mock the brief repose. It was raging, fierce, fiery, maddening jealousy.

It was late in the afternoon of the day on which Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had sent her answer to Mr. Felton's note, and while George Dallas was sitting with Mrs. Routh, that the beautiful widow and her companion—this time exploriug the forest glades in another direction, in which they met but few of the visitors to the springs—once more mentioned Mr. Felton and his son. The gray ponies were going slowly, and the French groom in atteudance was considering the probable direction of the "affair" in which his mistress had so precipitately engaged herself, and which, being conducted in the English tongue, was interpreted to him by glances aud tones only. The beauty of the face ou which Stewart Routh was gazing in an intensity of admiration, with a certain desperation in it, in which a cleverer woman than this one would have seen indications of character to warn and alarm her, but which this one merely recognized as a tribute due to her, was marvellously bright and soft, as the slauting rays of the sun came through the tree stems and touched it lingeringly. Her black eyes had wonderful gleams and reflections in them, and the masses of her dark hair were daintily tinged and tipped with russet tints. She was looking a little thoughtful, a little dreamy. Was she tired, for a moment of sparkling? Was she restiug herself in an array of the semblance ol tenderness, more enchanting still?

"You knew him, then, in your husband's lifetime? He is is not a new acqnaintance?"

"What a catechist yon are," she said, with just a momentary glance at him, and the least flicker of a smile. "I did know him, in my husband's lifetime, who highly diapproved of him if you care for *that* piece of information; we were great friends, and he was rather inclined to presume upon the fact afterwards."

She lingered upon the word, and gave it all the confirmatory expression Routh had expected and feared.

"And yet yon make an appointmeut with him to meet him *here*, in this place, where every one is remarked and speculated upon; here, alone, where you are without even a companion—" He paused, and with a light, mocking laugh, inexpressibly provoking, she said,—

"Why don't you say a 'sheep dog?' We know the immortal Becky quite as well as you do. In the first place, my appointment with Arthur Felton means simply nothing. I am just as likely to break it as to keep it; to go to London, or Vienna, or Timbuctoo, to-morrow, if the fancy takes me; or to stay here, and have him told I'm not at home when he calls. ouly that would please his lather; and Mr. Felton is about the only creature of my acquaintance whom I don't want to please. In the second place, I don't care one straw who remarks me, or what they remark. and have no notion of allowing public opinion to take precedence of my pleasure."

She laughed again, a saucy laugh which he did not like, gave him another glance and another flicker of her eyelash, and said:

"Why, how extremely preposterons yon are! Yon know well, if I cared what people could, would, might. or should say, I would not allow you to visit me every day, and I would not drive you out alone like this."

The perfect nnconcern and freedom of the remark took Routh by surprise, and disconcerted him as completely as its undeniable truth. He kept silence; and Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, amused at the blank expression of his countenance, bnrst iuto a hearty fit of laughter this time.

"I tell you I don't care about public opinion. All the men admire me, no matter what I do; and all the women hate me, and would hate me all the same, for my beauty—which I entirely appreciate, you know—if I made my life as dull and decorous, as miserable, squalid, aud canting, as I make it pleasant, and joyous, and 'not the thing.' Neither men uor women dare to insnlt me; and if they did, I should know how to meet the emergency, I assure you, though I am not at all clever. I am only courageous—'plucky,' your English ladies call it, I think, in the last new style of stable and barrack-room talk. I am that; I don't think I could be afraid of any thing or any one."

"Not of a man who really loved you with all the force and passiou of his heart?" said Routh, in a hoarse whisper, and bending a fierce, dark look upon her.

"Certainly not," she replied, lightly; bnt the color rose in her cheek, and her breath came a little quicker. "I don't believe in people loving with passion and force, and all that sort of thing. It is pretty to talk about on balconies, and it looks well on paper, in a scrawly hand, running crookedly up into the corner, and with plenty of dashes, and no date—" And here she laughed again. and touched up the grays. Routh still kept silence, and still his dark look was bent upon her.

"No, no," she went on, as the rapid trot of the ponies began again to sound pleasantly on the level road, and she turned them out of the forest boundaries toward the town, "I know nothing about all that, except pour rire, as they say in P'aris, about every thing nnder the sun, I do believe. To return to Arthur Felton: he is the last person in the world with whom I could imagine any woman could get up any thing more serious than the flimsiest flirtation."

"You did 'get up' that, however, I imagine?" said Routh.

"Of course we did. We spouted very tritc poetry, and he sent me bouquets—very cheap ones they were, too, and generally came late in the eveuiug, when they may, being warranted not to keep, be had at literally a dead bargain; and we even exchanged photographs—I don't say portraits, you will observe. His is like enough; bnt that is really nothing, even among the most prudish of the blond misses. I wonder the haberdashers don't send their likenesses with their bills, and I shall certainly give mine to the postman herc; I am always grateful to the postman everywhere, and I like this one—he has nice eyes, his name is Hermann, and he does not smoke."

"What a degenerate Germau!" said Routh, "And so Mr. Arthur Felton has your likeness?"

"Had—had, you mean. How can I tell where it is now? thrown in the fire, probably, and that of the reigning sovereign of his affections comfortably installed in the locket which contained it, which is handsome, I confess; but he does not so much mind spending moncy on himself, you see. It is exactly like this."

She placed her whip across the reins, and held all with the lelt hand, while she fumbled with the right among the satin and lace in which she was wrapped. and drew out a short gold chain, to which a richly-chased golden ball, as large as an egg, was attached. Turning slightly toward him, and gently checking her ponies, she touched a spring and the golden egg opened lengthways, and disclosed two small, finely executed photographs.

One was a likeness of herself, and Routh made the usual remarks abont the insufficiency of the photographic art in certain cases. He was bending closely over her hand, when she reversed the revolving plate, and showed him the portrait on the other side

"That is Arthur Felton," she said.

Then she closed the locket, and let it drop down by her side amid the satin and the lace.

The French groom had in his charge a soft India shawl in readiness for his mistress, in case of need. This shawl Stewart Routh took from the servant, and wrapped very carefully round Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge as they neared the town.

"The evening has turned very cold," he said; and, indeed, though she did not seem to feel it, and rather laughed at his solicitude, Routh shivered more than once before she set him down near the Kuursaal, and then drove homeward, past the house where his wife was watching for her, and waiting for him.

Routh ordered his dinner at the Kuursaal, but, though he sat for a long time at the table, he ate nothing which was served to him. But he drank a great deal of wine, and he went home to Harriet—drunk.

"How horribly provoking! It must have come undone while I was handling it to day," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge to her maid, when that domestic was attiring her for dinner. "I had the locket, open, not an hour ago."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the maid, examining the short gold chain; "it is not broken, the swivel is open."

"And of all my lockets, I liked my golden egg best," lamented Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge.

CHAPTER VI.—A FIRST APPEAL.

"Stewart," said Harriet Routh to her husband, in a tone of calm, self-possessed inquiry, on the following day, "what has happened? What occurred yesterday, which you had not the courage to face, and deprived yourself of the power of telling me?"

As Harriet asked him this question, she unconsciously as-

sumed her former manner. Something told her that the cause of Routh's conduct, and of the distress of mind which she read in his face, was not connected with the subject that was torturing her. Anything apart from that, any misfortune, any calamity even, might draw them together again; might teach him anew his need of her, her worth to him,—she felt some alarm, but it was strangely mingled with satisfaction. The sharp agony she had endured had impaired her faculties so far, had dulled her clear understanding so far, that the proportions of the dangers in her path had changed places, and the first and greatest danger was this stranger,—this beautiful dreadful woman. In that direction was the terrible impotence, the helpless horror of weakness, which is the worst attribute of human suffering; in every other there was the power to exercise her faculties, to rally her presence of mind, to call on her fertility of resource, to act for and with him. With him at her side, and in his cause, Harriet was consciously strong; but from a trouble in which he should be arrayed against her, in which he should be her enemy, she shrank, like a leaf from the shrivelling touch of fire.

She was standing by his side as she asked him the question, in the familiar attitude which she had discarded of late. Her composed figure and pale calm face, the small firm white hand, which touched his shoulder with the steady touch he knew so well, the piercing clear blue eyes, all had the old promise in them, of help that had never failed, of counsel that had never misled. He thought of all these things, he felt all these things, but he no longer thought of, or remembered, or looked for the love which had been their motive and their life. He sat moodily, his face pale and frowning, one clenched hand upon his knee, the other restlessly drumming upon the table; his eyes were turned away from her, and for some time after she had spoken he kept a sullen silence.

"Tell me, Stewart," she repeated in a softer voice, while the hand that touched his shoulder moved gently to his neck and and clasped it. "I know there is something wrong. Tell me what it is."

He turned and looked full at her.

"Do you remember what you said, Harriet, when that letter came from Poynings,—what you said about the hydra and its heads."

"I remember," she answered. Her pale cheek grew paler; but she drew nearer to his side, and her fingers clasped his neck more closely and more tenderly. "I remember. Another head has sprang up, and is menacing you."

"Yes," he said, half fiercely, half wearily. "This cursed thing is never to be escaped nor forgotten, I believe. I can hardly tell you what has happened, Harry, and even you will hardly see your way out of this."

A touch of feeling for her was in his voice. He really did suffer in the anticipation of the shock she would have to sustain.

"Tell me—tell me," she repeated, faintly, and with a quick, involuntary closing of her eyes, which would have told a close observer of constant suffering and apprehension.

"Sit down, Harry." He rose as he spoke, placed her in his chair, and stood before her, holding both her hands in his.

"I have found out that the man we knew as Philip Deane was—was Arthur Felton, George Dallas's cousin, the man they are inquiring about, whom they are expecting here."

She did not utter a cry, a groan, or any sort of sound. She shrank into the chair she was sitting in, as if she cowered for life in a hiding-place, her outstreched hands turned cold and clammy in her husband's grasp. Into her widely-opened blue eyes a look of unspeakable horror came, and the paleness of her cheeks turned to ashen gray. Steware Routh, still standing before her holding her hands, looked at her as the ghastly change came over her face, telling—what words could never tell—of the anguish she was suffering, and thought for a moment that she was dying before his face. The breath came from her lips in heavy gasps, and her low, white brow was damp with cold, sluggish drops.

"Harriet," said Routh,—"Harriet, don't give way like this. It's awful,—it's worse than anything I ever thought of, or feared. But don't give way like this."

"I am not giving way," she said. Drawing her hands from his hold, she raised them to her head, and held them pressed to her temples while she spoke. "I will not give way. Trust me, as you have done before. This, then, is what I have felt coming nearer and nearer, like a danger in the dark,—this—this dreadful truth. It is better known than vague. Tell me how you have discovered it."

He began to walk up and down the room, and she still sat cowering in her chair, her hands pressing her temples, her eyes, with their horror-stricken looks, following him.

"I discovered it by an extraordinary accident. I have not seen much of Dallas, as you know, and I know nothing in particular about Mr. Felton and his son. But there is a lady here,—an American widow,—who knows Felton well."

"Yes," said Harriet, with distinctness; and now she sat upright in her chair, and her low, white brow was knitted over her horror-stricken eyes.

"Yes, I have seen her."

"Have you, indeed? Ah! well then, you know who I mean. She and he were great friends,—lovers, I fancy," Routh went on, with painful effort; "and when they parted in Paris, it was with an understanding that they were to meet here just about this time. She met George Dallas, and told him, not that, but something which made him understand that information was to be had from her, and she has appointed an interview with Mr. Felton for to-morrow."

"Yes," repeated Harriet, "I understand. When he and she meet, she will tell him his son is coming here. His son will not come. How did you discover what you have discovered?"

He took out of his pocket a large locket like a golden egg, and opened it by touching a spring. It opened lengthwise, and he held it towards Harriet. She looked at one of the photographs which it enclosed, and then, pushing it from her, covered her face with her hands.

"She showed me that yesterday," Routh continued, his throat drier, his voice more hesitating with every word he spoke, "when she told me she was expecting him,—and I contrived to secure it."

"For what purpose?" asked Harriet, hoarsely.

"Don't you see, Harriet," he said, earnestly, "that it is quite plain Dallas has never seen a likeness of his cousin, or he must have recognized the face. Evidently Mr. Felton has not one with him. Dallas might not have seen this; but then, on the other hand, he might; and to prevent his seeing it, even for a few hours, until we had time to talk it over, to gain ever so little time, was a great object."

"You took a strange way of gaining time, Stewart," said Harriet. "Had you come home last night in a state to tell me the truth, time would really have been gained. We might have got away this morning."

"Got away!" said Routh. "What do you mean? What good could that do?"

"Can you seriously ask me?" she returned. "Does any other course suggest itself to you?"

"I don't know, Harry. I am bewildered. The shock was so great that the only thing I could think of was to try and forget it for a little. I don't know that I ever in my life deliberately drank for the purpose of confusing my thoughts, or postponing them, before; but I could not help it, Harry. The discovery was so far from any apprehension or fancy I had ever had."

"The time was, Stewart," said Harriet, slowly and with meaning, "when, instead of 'confusing' or 'postponing' any trouble, dread, or difficulty, you would have brought any or all of them to meet at once; unhappily for us both, I think that time is past."

He glanced at her sharply and uneasily, and an angry flush passed over his face.

"What cursed folly have you got in your head? Is it not enough that this fresh danger has come down upon me—"

"Upon *us*, you mean," she interrupted, calmly.

"Well, upon *us*, then; but you must get up an injured air, and go on with I don't know what folly? Have done with it; this is no time for womanish nonsense—"

"There is so much womanish nonsense about me! There is such reasonableness in your reproach!"

Again he looked angrily at her, as he walked up and down the room with a quicker step. He was uneasy, amazed at the turn she had taken, at the straying of her attention from the tremendous fact he had revealed; but, above and beyond all this, he was afraid of her.

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and said, "Let it drop, let it drop; let me be as unreasonable as you like, and blame me as much as you please, but be truer to yourself, Harriet, to your own helpful nature, than to yield to such fancies now. This is no time for them. We must look things in the face, and act."

"It is not I, but you, who refuse to look things in the face, Stewart. This woman, whom I do not know, who has not sought my acquaintance, whose name you have not once mentioned before me, but who makes you the confidant of her flirtations and her appointments,—she is young and beautiful, is she not?"

"What the devil does it matter whether she is or not?" said Routh, fiercely. "I think you are bent on driving me mad. What has come to you? I don't know you in this new character. I tell you, this woman—"

"Mrs. Bembridge," said Harriet, calmly.

"Mrs. Bembridge, then, has been the means of my making a discovery which is of tremendous importance, and thus she has unconsciously saved me from an awful danger!"

"By preventing George Dallas from finding out this fact for a little longer?"

"Precisely so. Now I hope you have come to yourself, Harriet, and will talk rationally about this,"

"I will," she said, rising from her chair and approaching him. She placed her hands upon his shoulders, and looked at him with a steady, searching look. "We will talk this out, Stewart, and I will not shrink from anything there is to be said about it; but you must hear me then, in my turn. We are not like other people, Stewart, and our life is not like theirs. Only ruin can come of any discord or disunion between us."

Then she quietly turned away and sat down by the window, with her head a little averted from him, waiting for him to speak. Her voice had been low and thrilling as she said those few words, without a tone of anger in it, and yet the callous man to whom they were addressed heard in them something which sounded like the warning or the menace of doom.

"When Dallas knows what we now know, Harriet," said Routh, "he will come to us and tell us his discovery, and then the position of affairs will be that for which we were prepared, if we had not succeeded in inducing him to be silent about Deane's identity."

"Exactly so," said Harriet; "with the additional difficulty of his having concealed his knowledge."

"Yes," said Routh; "but that is *his* affair, not ours. He concealed his knowledge because he was compromised. There is nothing to compromise me. I neglected a public duty, certainly, in favor of a private friendship; but that is a venial offence."

It was wonderful to see how the callousness of the man asserted itself. As he arranged the circumstances, and started them, he began to regain his accustomed ease of manner.

"It is unfortunate that he should be compromised in this double way, and, of course, there will be a great deal to go through, which will be hard to bear, and not easy to manage; but, after all, the thing is only as bad as it was when Dallas came back. Don't you see that, Harriet?"

"I see that, Stewart, but I also see that he will now have a tenfold interest in finding out the truth. Hitherto he might have been content with clearing himself of suspicion, but now he will be the one person most deeply interested in discovering the truth."

"But how can he discover it?" said Routh; his face darkened, and he dropped his voice still lower, "Harriet, have you forgotten that if there be danger from him, there is also the means of turning that danger on himself? Have you forgotten that I can direct suspicion against him tenfold stronger than any that can arise against me?"

She shivered, and closed her eyes again. "No, I have not forgotten," she said; "but O, Stewart, it is an awful thing to contemplate,—a horrible expedient."

"Yet you arranged it with a good deal of composure, and said very little about its being horrible at the time," said Routh, coarsely. "I hope you are not going to be afflicted with misplaced and ill-timed scruples now. It's rather late in the day, you know, and you'll have to choose, in that case, between Dallas and me."

She made him no answer.

"The thing is just this," he continued; "Dallas cannot come to any serious grief, I am convinced; but, if the occasion arises, he must be let come to whatever grief there may be,—a trial and an accquittal at the worst. The tailor's death, and his mother's recovery, will tell in his favor, though I've no doubt he will supply all the information Evans would have given, of his own accord. I think there is no real risk; but, Harriet, much, very much, depends on you."

"On me, Stewart! How?"

"In this way. When Dallas comes to see you, you must find out whether any other clew to the truth exist; if not, there is time before us. You must keep up the best relations with him, and find out all he is doing. Is it not very odd that he has not mentioned his uncle's solicitude about his son to you?"

"I don't think so, Stewart. I feel instinctively that Mr Felton dislikes and distrusts us— (what well-founded dislike and distrust it was," she thought, mournfully, with a faint pity for the unconscious father) —"and George knows it, I am sure, and will not talk to me about his uncle's affairs. He is right there; there is delicacy of feeling in George Dallas."

"You seem to understand every turn in his disposition," said Routh, with a sneer.

"There are not many to understand," replied Harriet, simply. "The good and evil in him are easily found, being superficial. However, we are not talking of his character, but of certain irreparable harm which we must do him, it seems, in addition to that which we have done. Go on with what you were saying."

"I was saying that you must find out what you can, and win his confidence in every way. I shall keep as clear of him as possible, under any circumstances. If the interview of to-morrow goes off without any discovery, there will be a chance of its not being made at all."

"Impossible, Stewart—quite impossible," said Harriet, earnestly. "Do not nourish any such expectations. How long, do you suppose, will Mr. Felton remain content with expecting his son's arrival, and hearing no news of him? How soon will he set inquiries on foot which must end in discovery? Remember, hiding is possible only when there is no one seeking, urged by a strong motive to find. Listen to me, now, in your turn, and listen to me as you used to do, not to cavil at my words, or sneer at them, but weigh them well. This is a warning to us, Stewart. I don't talk superstition, as you know. I don't believe in any nonsense of the kind; but this

I do believe, because experience teaches it, that there are combinations of circumstances in which the wise may read signs and tokens which do not mislead. Here is just such a case. The first misfortune was George's return : it was confirmed by his uncle's arrival ; it is capped by this terrible discovery. Stewart, let us be warned and wise in time ; let us return to England at once—to-morrow. I suppose you will have the means of learning the tenor of Mr. Felton's interview with this lady who knew his son so well. If no discovery be then made, let us take it as another indication of luck, circumstance, what you will, and go."

"What for?" said Routh, in amazement. "Are you returning to that notion, when all I have said is to show you that you must not lose sight of Dallas?"

"I know," she said—"I know ; but you are altogether wrong. George Dallas must make the discovery some time, and must bear the brunt of the suspicion. I don't speak in his interests, but in yours—in mine. Let it come when it may, but let us be away out of it all. We have money now, Stewart,—at least, we are not so poor but that we may make our way in another country,—that we may begin another life. Have I ever talked idly, Stewart, or given you evil counsel? No, surely not. In all the years for which you have been all the world to me, I have never spoken vainly : let me not speak vainly now. I might implore, I might entreat," she went on, her eyes now bright with eagerness, and her hands clasped. "I might plead a woman's weakness and natural terror : I might tell you I am not able for the task you dictate to me ; but I tell you none of these things. I am able to do and to suffer anything, everything that may or must be done, or suffered for you. I don't even speak of what I *have* suffered ; but I say to you, be guided by me in this. There is a weak spot in your stronghold ; there is a flaw in our armor. I know it. I cannot tell, I cannot guess where it is. An instinct tells me that ruin is threatening us, and this is our way of escape. O, my husband, listen to me!"

(*To be Continued.*)

The Sigma Phi Celebration.—On Monday evening last the members of the Sigma Phi Society residing in the city, celebrated the forteenth anniversary of their association. The Society numbers among its members some of the most distinguished literary personages of the country, and many have held, or now hold, prominent political positions. A number of representatives from Atlantic Chapters early migrated to the Pacific coast. These have since had accessions to their numbers, until now the Brethren may be found in all the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains. For many years past the anniversaries of the organization of this Fraternity have been observed with great spirit and enthusiasm by the members resident here.

Among the members now resident in California are the following :

Hon. Edward Norton, Rev. Chas. Wadsworth, D. D., Hon. Edward Tompkins, Alfred Wheeler, Rev. J. E. Benton, Wm. H. J. Brooks, Rev. I. H. Brayton, Chester Averill, J. I. Bowman, Dr. F. W. Hatch, I. N. Thorne, John Beveridge, Chas. E. Brayton, M. W. Belshaw, Frank Hamilton, Jr., E. D. Shattuck, H. S. Cravens, H. K. Mitchell, J. E. Southwick, W. G. West, J. P. Winnegar, D. P. Belknap and H. B. Livingston.

The anniversary dinner came off at Martin's Restaurant, after which reminiscences of college days and college companions occupied the time until an early hour in the morning.

Charles Warren Stoddard's Poems.—We have had the pleasure of examining the proof-sheets of the illustrations already prepared for the forthcoming volume of Charles Warren Stoddard's poetry, now in the press of Edward Bosqui & Co., of this city. The illustrations were designed and engraved by Messrs. Van Vleck & Keith ; are beautiful specimens of art, and some of them valuable, as faithful representations of California scenery. They comprise "Tamalpais" and "Point Lobos," illustrating poems which appeared originally in the Californian ; "Sunset by the Sea," "At the Spring" and "Meditation," together with some pretty head and tail pieces. Several additional illustrations are contemplated. The book will be issued about the first of May, and will be in all respects the finest specimen of California bookmaking hitherto produced. Furthermore, we are pleased to learn that the list of subscribers to this volume is rapidly increasing—a gratifying evidence of the appreciation in which our citizens hold native genius and and art.

Death of "Artemus Ward."—As we go to press we learn, from dispatches to the daily papers, the painful intelligence of the death of Charles F. Browne, better known to the public as "Artemus Ward," which occurred at Southampton, England, on the 6th inst. Mr. Browne was the most popular humorist of the day, while his cordial manners and social qualities endeared him to a host of personal friends.

San Francisco Olympic Club—The Second Exhibition and Social party of this club, for the present season, will be given on Friday evening next at their Hall on Sutter street. The entertainments given by the Olympians, like good wine, needs no "bush."

The Last Day.—The exhibition of Nast's painting, "Sherman's March Through Georgia," at Snow & Roos' gallery, will close this evening. The painting will be re-shipped to New York.

"Locae Architectural Items," unavoidably crowded out of this number, will appear next week.

[For the Californian.]

SOUND ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

BEING MODERN EXPOSITIONS AND MODIFICATIONS OF OLD MAXIMS.

BY PRENTICE.

THE following screeds of advice are shot at young men semi-annually from numerous papers The advice is supposed to be good, and, consequently, is never followed. We contend that it is not good. We propose to take up several of these maxims, one by one, and prove their fallacy. The first shot reads thus : "Keep good company or none."

Now, living a hermit and keeping no company is an unnatural state of existence. If you are good yourself, go into bad company and try and elevate them to your own level. Go among the black sheep. You need not thereby become a black sheep yourself. Let them have a good opinion of you. Exclusive and select piety and goodness, of the "I am holier than thou" stripe, have damned millions. Who is to regenerate the unregenerated unless it be the regenerated themselves? Preaching goodness by words, redeems but few. Preaching goodness by example may be more potent for redemption, but you cannot preach by example ten miles off. Don't keep all your goodness to yourself. Let your light shine before men and women. Hide it not under a bushel. The man of Nazareth did not keep such company. He went amongst publicans and sinners. Perhaps sinners in those days may have resembled the ungodly of the present. We mean the gamblers, the bar keepers, the men who hang about Maguire's Opera House, who frequent the Bank Exchange, who patronize melodeons and beer saloons, aye, perhaps, even the members of the Press and State legislators, etc.

The second reads, "Never be idle." Another fallacy. It is good at times to be idle. It is good for mind and body. There is a time for all things. A perpetual condition of work, work, work, be it corporeal or mental, is ruinous to mind and body. Go into the fields and lie down upon the grass, providing it be not damp, as it may then have a rheumatic tendency. Wander by the sea shore. Be lazy once in a while. The steam engine must be idle sometimes that its fires may be drawn, its boilers cleansed, a screw tightened here, and a leak stopped there. You cannot go through the world with a full head of steam on all the time There is temperance even in work. Idleness makes one reflective. What was Newton doing when the apple fell from the tree? Lolling on the grass.

Third gun. "If your hands can't be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind." This is very good as far as it goes, only it does not go far enough. The mind may be undergoing the process of cultivation, even while the hands are employed. The mind is always at work and the qualities belonging thereunto may be cultivated, even while one is digging post holes. Sitting down with a stern determination to do some heavy reading that intellectual cultivation may be facilitated, has oftentimes an effect to defeat the end in view. It comes to be regarded as a task, for which reason it becomes distasteful. The cultivation of mind goes on everywhere, in doors and on the street, and in the use of every sense and faculty we are possessed of. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, young man.

Fourth explosion. "Always speak the truth." There should have been added to this modification "unless you write for the newspapers." No one who writes for the public can gain an honest livelihood who always speak the truth. There are such things as desperate cases, in which the telling of the truth may lead to dire misfortune. If you remain silent under examination, your silence may be construed as a tacit admisssion. The temptation then to tell a lie of a temporary nature is very strong. Pious people sometimes break the news of the sudden death of a husband to a loving wife by these short-lived lies, and pardon themselves for it. We are all telling silent lies every day. Do you proclaim it on the house-tops when your pockets hold not a cent? Don't you go about with a cheerful countenance, as if you were staggering under the load of prosperity? You know full well, were you to proclaim that truth, the ravenous world would turn and devour you—that you would share the fate of the wounded porpoise.

Fifth bomb. Never speak evil of any one. This should be so modified as to read "Never speak evil needlessly of any one." If by evil is meant the mention of certain defects in a person's character, there may come a time when mention of such defects are necessary. If you discover your bosom friend about employing a professional thief as a domestic, it may be as well to give your friend a hint regarding the man's unfortunate peculiarities. If unintentionally you walk out with a lunatic, who contemplates murdering you on reaching some retired spot, you might not admire the stern and formidable virtue which prevented friends from informing you that the man was mad because they made it a rule "Never to speak evil of anyone." A persistent obedience of such unbending maxims is ruinous.

Sixth report. "Earn money before you spend it." This maxim is obsolete and unnecessary at this time of day, since ninety-nine hundredths of us are compelled to earn our money twice before we have the privilege of spending it once. It applies only to millionaires who are obliged to hire others to look after their constantly accumulating piles of gold.

Seventh musket. "Do not marry until you are able to support a wife." Obedience to this maxim would ruin all possibility of marrying a wife who could support you. Such a thing might be. Such things sometimes are, especially among clergymen, and occasionally physicians. If the lady be rich, she has a right to support you (the country at the present writing being free in this matter,) and if you are poor and your bodily and mental conformation is agreeable to the lady, you have a natural and inalienable right to be married to her, and keep married so long as the union is agreeable to both parties. Obedience to this maxim would never give to any liberal-minded and wealthy lady the opportunity of making of herself a blessed and long sought for donation, to some enterprising, young poor man. It is therefore opposed to the admonition, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Eighth gun. "When you retire to bed ; think o'er what you what you have been doing during the day." When you retire to bed the best thing you can do is to go to sleep. That is the legitimate object of going to bed. That is what beds were founded for. Don't bother your brains and get nervous over your rascality by daylight. It is unhealthy and promotes wakefulness. Sufficient for the night is the evil thereof, especially if you possess a partner of your joys and sorrows, and a concomitant infant. Morning is the proper time for the revival of past transactions, provided you can enjoy the luxury of lying abed.

Ninth shot. "Save when you are young, that you may spend when you are old." Well enough were there any certainty of growing old. We believe in the expediency and rationality of "going it whilst you're young" provided you go it in a prudent and temperate manner. This may be done, paradoxical as it may appear. Economy carried to extreme becomes parsimony. The close-fisted at twenty are miserly at sixty. Many of the good things of this planet fade out entirely at three score and ten. If they are to be bought and enjoyed at all, it is in the vigor and strength of youth and manhood, and not when the eye becomes dim, the taste palled, the knee weak and the soul just on the point of quitting its decayed tenement. Save for a rainy day, but not for too many rainy days The present is all we have. Live for it a little. Saving and hoarding in anticipation of the future have been too strongly hammered into the national brain. "Great Heavens!" says one, "would you encourage the national extravagance, already proverbial?" Not altogether. The extravagance of shoddy is better than the cold-blooded selfishness of the miser The money from which the fool is so soon parted, generally benefits to a certain extent some one poorer than himself. But how extensive is the good derived from the millions shut up in banks, vaults etc. ?

[For the Californian.]

THE EAGLE.

Up through the fields of azure hue,
My pinions tipt with morning dew,
I calmly float ;
As on a wide, wide waste of sea,
Some dark speck there, may floating be,
A drifting boat.

The Sun's red eye in flaming light
Comes rolling from the caves of night,
To meet me there;
And down below, the Earth in gloom
Seems rising from the pit of doom,
On waves of air.

A lance of flame darts through the sky,
And gilds my pinions passing by
Upon its way ;
Then tides of light from out the Sun
In flashing streams around me run,
To bring the day.

O'er cloud and tempest, far abroad,
I view the highways of the Lord,
In boundless space ;
Where worlds above, below, around,
Seem specks of light in the profound,
Before His face.

Deep down upon the Earth below,
Black specks are passing to and fro—
What do they there?
In ceaseless turmoil, rushing haste,
As if by some dark demons chased,
Of woe and care.

But I, who upward soar afar,
Am watching with the morning star,
When day is born ;
And bathing in its crimson sea,
The songs of worlds float by to me,
From out the dawn.

O ! things of Earth, that walk and creep
Within the far abysmal deep,
Of boundless space ;
How dim amid the starry worlds,
Earth's dusky form its face unfolds
In circling race.

X–X.

San Francisco, February, 1867.

[For the Californian.]

CACOGRAPHIC LITERATURE.

THERE are certain would-be-thought scholarly critics and elegant men of letters, who condemn, indiscriminately, all those effusions of which one characteristic is that all or most of the words called "hard" by school urchins, are misspelled. Some of them go so far as to assert that such productions, emanating from men of literary ability, are an insult to the language; that they tend to vitiate the language and degrade literature; and that the newspapers—especially literary papers (which they assume to be the *arbitres elegantiarum* in this branch of æsthetics)—ought to wholly contemn and reject them, lest a "bad spell" should come over their readers, destructive to all correct notions of literary propriety. With these high-toned censors we have no sympathy. We like a variety of mental as well as of physical food. We would occasionally turn from Plato to Pindar by way of relaxation. The wisdom of Fenelon does not prevent us from enjoying the ribaldry of Rabelais. "Box and Cox" can amuse us after we have been elevated and impressed by the artistic rendition of the stately character of Richelieu. A banquet of Bacon does not destroy our appetite for an afterdish of Joe Miller, and we can even relish "Sut Lovengood" or "Parson Nasby" after an hour or so with Story, or Bancroft, or Motley. "Every one to his taste," saith the proverb; and we think ours is not the worst. What! O critic, "because thou art virtuous, dost think there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

The cacographic style has its uses, and perhaps it is not more abused than most others. Before condemning it, it would perhaps be as well to consider that it has often been used in works of standard character. Fielding and Smollett frequently made their minor characters write *characteristically*, and their example has been followed by later eminent novelists, both English and American. Many writers have employed cacography solely for the purpose of amusing their readers; these are mere buffoons, most of them low, contemptible and unendurable. They have poured forth a volume of trash against which every respectable press should close its columns. They pander to a vulgar taste, which deems everything "funny" that is merely disjointed, and would find as much food for mirth in the painful hobbling of a cripple as in the ludicrous antics of a harlequin. Were the censures of the critics directed only against this class, we would heartily concur in them. But when we find arraigned in this category real artists—literary caricaturists, whose productions, while grotesque, exhibit breadth of power with depth of purpose, we must enter our humble protest.

These writers deal in keen and cutting satire. To employ it successfully they assume certain characters, which they costume, as it were, accordingly. Mr. Thackeray, for example, wished to satirize certain foibles of the English aristocracy abroad. To do this effectually he must write from "behind the scenes." Accordingly he employs the character of an upper servant with an English nobleman's family on the continent, and in his name produces "Jeames's Diary"—a work no less keen and effective than "Vanity Fair." Had Thackeray clothed the supposed diary of the English flunkey with scholarly diction and orthography, the book would have been an absurdity and would have failed of its purpose. In like manner James Russell Lowell borrowed the regimentals of private "Birdofreedom Sawin" to satirize the spirit which prompted the Mexican War, and Mr. Locke assumed the holy robe of "Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby" in order the more surely and completely to bring into ridicule and contempt the Northern Copperheads. It is absurd to suppose that either of these gentlemen—and especially the latter—could have succeeded as well by writing in elegant language over his own signature or a fictitious one. By adopting a similar style, "Josh Billings" has been enabled to mingle keen wit and profound philosophy with a rustic humor which has captivated tens of thousands of readers; Artemus Ward has winged many a sharp arrow of wit and satire, and other writers have succeeded in accomplishing various purposes, which it is highly probable they could not otherwise have done.

Nevertheless, the style is not one to be imitated. To use it successfully requires at least average wit and common sense, combined with a talent which but few possess, though nearly every one thinks it is easy enough. But that its exercise can in anywise affect the purity or elegance of the English language is a proposition as absurd as that the same result could follow from the introduction of provincialisms, or the speech of ignorant persons, in works of acknowledged merit. The style has its uses—even its beauties—and within certain limits is admired by persons of culture and refinement. It is hardly doubtful that even the critics who so scornfully condemn it occasionally find both amusement and instruction in the "badly spelled" epistles of Nasby, Billings and others.

JOHN CLERK.

JOHN MINDLETON & SON'S great credit sale of three hundred and fifty homestead lots will take place at Platt's Hall on Monday week, March 18th inst. Call and procure maps.

REMOVAL.—P. Lisenfeld, the premium billiard-table manufacturer so long located at 612 Battery street, has removed to 539 Sacramento street, a few doors below Montgomery. See card.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

THE *Mariner's Compass*, which was produced on Saturday, was presented again on Monday and then withdrawn from the stage. It was an even worse play than *The Orange Girl*, and not even the fine scenery with which it was presented could save it. The management of the Opera House must not take it for granted that because a play has proved a success at one of the minor theatres in London, it will prove acceptable to the audience at a first-class theatre in San Francisco. The lower classes of London are easily amused, and are not very critical as regards the sense of a play as long as the moral sentiment is good and the fun is broad and noisy enough. The San Francisco public will not tolerate trash on the stage, therefore the less they have offered to them the better it will be for the management. On Wednesday, Mr. John McCullough appeared as "Hamlet," and rendered the part carefully and conscientiously, avoiding all attempt at new readings, and contenting himself with following stage traditions. Mr. McCullough's reading and acting were both good. Miss Alice Kingsbury gave us "Ophelia," differing considerably from that which is generally seen. I think Miss Kingsbury's conception of the character is far better than that of an actress who makes "Ophelia" a quiet, rather sedate young lady. The other characters were fairly played. On Thursday *Funchon* was played and, as has been the case on every occasion of its production, the house was crowded. Last night Mark Lemon's drama, entitled *Sea and Land*, was produced. As the CALIFORNIAN's rule is to go to press before the curtain rises, on Friday, in order that all the typographic artistes engaged on it may have an opportunity to attend the theatre, I cannot write a criticism of the manner in which this play was performed until next week. It will be played at the matinée to-day, and again in the evening.

Miss Pauline Conger, a young lady of this city, who has good literary attainments, will, at an early day, make her *debut* at Maguire's Opera House, in Sheridan Knowles' play of *The Wife*. Miss Conger intends to adopt the stage as a profession; she has youth and good looks, and is said by her friends to possess rare dramatic talent.

On Monday Robert Heller, the conjuror and pianist, made his first appearance at the Metropolitan Theatre. He possesses a great advantage in being a fluent talker, and possessing considerable skill in playing tricks with his mother tongue. He keeps the audience amused by talking, conjuring and playing on the piano, for a little over two hours. The conjuring portion of the performance is not as good as we expected it would be. The invention of the electric telegraph renders the explanation of such tricks as the two first on the programme, the "Cabalistic Clock" and the "Aerial Bell," very easy. The clock, which is of glass, is made, by means of a wire passing through the centre of the cord by which it is suspended, to point to any hour required; the glass bell by the same means raps answers to questions. Heller did not tell me how these feats were accomplished; I knew them many years ago. In the feat entitled "Infernal Medicines," the sleight of hand required is cleverly performed, but the feat itself is an old one which has been performed here many times. When I come to the "Witch's Pole" I must pass in my checks; it is perfectly incomprehensible. The "Orange Tree" is a very ingenious and beautiful piece of mechanism. Heller handles the silver rings with far more grace than any of his predecessors. The coarse insult, which Mr. Heller saw fit, on the first two nights, to offer to the members of the Odd Fellow's Association (holding up the rings formed into the honored symbol of their order, and exclaiming "Idiotic offshoot of Free Masonry) was subsequently wisely omitted. He is a fine pianist; his execution is brilliant; his style of playing is very cold; his art seems to lie chiefly in his fingers' ends; he appears to possess equal firmness and power in right and left hands; his playing in octaves is very fine. As a composer, Heller is "pretty." His "Last Rose of Summer," composed for the express purpose of exhibiting to advantage his clever tricks on the piano, is not a fine musical production. The good old tune does not deserve to be treated in such a flippant manner. "Second Sight," exhibited by Heller and his assistant Willie, has set all San Francisco to wondering. "Second Sight" has been I know most effectively exhibited by means of an established code of questions, each one containing in itself its answer. For instance: We will say that Heller, on receiving a watch, must frame his question thus: "What is this?" Willie answers, "A watch." Heller says, "Go on." Willie says, "It is gold." If the watch is silver, Heller would perhaps say, "gold or silver?" instead of "go on." It is not difficult to imagine how, by varying the question every time (as it will be observed Heller does), it may be possible to convey to the man on the stage the names of many hundreds of articles. Second sight is generally a miracle of memory. It is possible that Heller may not use this method, and may accomplish his second sight performance by the aid of physiological communication with Willie. If the code of signals which I have mentioned is used, it is quite possible for Heller to arrange with his confederate on the stage before the commencement of the performance each night, that after he has asked many questions aloud he will touch nine articles and demand their names by simply clapping his hands, thus the first clap shall give information that he is touching a stick, the second a hat, and so on. I do not pretend to say that Robert Heller's "great mystery of second sight" is "worked" in this way; but I say pay attention to his questions, and notice whether he always, when a watch is handed to him, addresses his question to Willie in the same words. Heller will perform every night during the coming week.

I am sure every one in San Francisco will be grieved to hear that Signor Felipe Morelli, the favorite *baritone*—the finest that ever was heard in this city—died in Jamaica some weeks ago. This sad news was received by a gentleman in this city this week. Signor Morelli was very much liked by all who knew him, and his brother professionals in this city will lament his death.

The public will be glad to hear that Mrs. Laura Cuppy, who has been too long absent from this city, will shortly return and will resume her popular Sunday lectures at the Opera House. Mrs Cuppy has met with great success in Sacramento, large and fashionable audiences having attended each one of her lectures.

A lecture, on a highly interesting subject, will be delivered on Sunday evening, March 17th, at Maguire's Opera House. Dr. H. B. Davison will lecture on the "Commercial Wants, Present Condition, Productions, Soil and Climate, and Chief Characteristics of the inhabitants of the States of Colima and Jalisco." The large cities of Colima and Guadalajara lie in these States. The latter city is second in point of commercial importance in Mexico. Dr. Davison has been engaged for the last seven years in those cities in commercial pursuits. This lecture will be more especially interesting at this time, when the commercial men of Guadalajara, becoming awake to the importance of the navigation of Lake Chapala and the Rio Grande, have, in connection with American and foreign capitalists in this city, incorporated the "Lake Chapala and Rio Grande Steam Navigation and Commercial Company." The first steamer for Lake Chapala is rapidly approaching completion. The announcement of this lecture has led me a little beyond the strict province of a dramatic letter, but the fact that Mexico is the most interesting country in the world, and the "dramatic events" now transpiring there, must be my excuse.

TOUCHSTONE.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS are beautiful and bright with verdure and flowers. The animals in the zoological collection are in a high state of health and spirits, and the green-houses and hot-houses are in fine order.

THE PACIFIC MUSEUM.—The costly ceroplastic models of the internal organs of the human frame, on exhibition at this establishment, are objects of interest to the studious youth of this city.

THE HOMESTEAD SALE TO-DAY.—At 12 o'clock to-day, at Platt's Hall, Messrs. Cobb & Sinton will commence their grand auction sale of five hundred Homestead lots—each 25 by 114 feet. This property occupies the whole of twenty one blocks and portions of others, lying between 22d and 25th streets, and Dolores and Noe streets—forming a portion of the Mission table-lands, and is all held by that best of titles, United States patent. The new terminus of the Market street horse-car railroad is within two or three blocks of these lots. The terms of sale are very easy—one-third cash and the balance to remain on mortgage at one per cent. Real estate investments, in a rapidly growing city like ours, are the surest basis of wealth. There is no fear of the San Francisco real estate "petering out"; on the contrary, there is almost a certainty that its increase in value will probably double or treble the amount of purchase money in less than two years. With so large a number of lots to dispose of at this sale, they must necessarily be struck off at the lowest selling figures, and the present opportunity for investment is no ordinary one.

DR. BENTON will lecture, and exhibit his remarkable power of magnetism on the persons of the audience, to-night at Congress Hall. The Doctor, being an Electrical Physician, takes this method of making the public acquainted with the power that electricity has over the human system, and has gallantly made the admission free for ladies, and 25 cents only for gentlemen. The psychological features of his lectures are more wonderful and amusing than the stereotyped tricks that Heller and other conjurers do. They should be seen by everyone. He will continue his lectures next week on Friday and Saturday evenings.

GOOD WATCHES, AND CHEAP.—C. E. Collius & Co., 603 Montgomery street, are retailing the celebrated machine-manufactured American watches at wholesale prices, thus placing it within the means of every one to purchase as good a time-keeper as the best imported. They also sell Swiss and English watches at very reasonable prices. Let every man heed the Scriptural injunction, "I say unto you all, *watch!*"

LET the public bear in mind that Mr. Jacob Schreiber, at Nos. 121 and 123 Sansome street, below Pine, is especially engaged in the business of Beds, Bedding, Mattresses, Blankets, etc., where they can be purchased at lower rates than elsewhere. Hotel and steamboat men know this fact well, and smaller purchasers can be convinced that this is so by calling and pricing the above articles.

REMOVAL.—Mr. John F. Snow, who cleans and restores soiled kid gloves to their original snow-like purity, has removed to the new Mechanic's Institute building, No. 25 Post street, directly opposite his old stand.

YOUNG MEN requiring the aid of a physician, can receive important information, gratuitously, by applying to Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple.

ELECTRICITY.—Four bits for the use of the powerful electro-magnetic battery of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

DYSPEPSIA IS CURED, not patched up, guaranteed thorough, and to the entire satisfaction of the invalid, by the never-failing process of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple.

CURES GUARANTEED to the sick in almost all cases—without medicine, mesmeric jugglery, or any species of fraud or deception, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple.

CONUNDRUMS.

BY GEORGE WAKEMAN.

SOME time ago, a friend sent me, with his compliments, a very curious present. To outward appearance it was a box of cigars. I was rather surprised at this, for the reason that I do not smoke, and, moreover, my friend having been an editor for the last ten years, is not in a pecuniary condition which would render it prudent for him to make very numerous presents of cigars at the current prices. I opened the lid and discovered that the box was filled with small slips of printed paper neatly tied into little bundles and closely packed. I cut the ribbon of one of the bundles, and spreading the slips on the table, found that they were twenty-five conundrums. In fact it was a box of conundrums. My friend had taken the fancy to cut them from exchanges. of which he looked over piles every day, and to pack them in this peculiar manner.

I counted the bundles, and made various computations in reference to them. I do not remember the exact result—I have no memory for figures—but, in a general way, I estimated that I could supply a country weekly paper with a column of conundrums for each issue during the space of four years and six months. I judged, however, that one eighth of a column would be as many as an ordinary reader would heartily enjoy in each paper, and, at that rate, I would have been able to keep the journal supplied with conundrums for thirty-six years.

I tried to compute the explosive power of the material contained in this little box. I know an obese, and very lively middle-aged gentleman, with large cheeks, white teeth and a generally cheerful expression of face, who, by the simplest conundrum, judiciously told after dinner, can be thrown into such convulsions as threaten the demolition of the dishes and the bursting of his own sides. He will go off in that manner about five times by varying the style of conundrums, after which they gradually lose their effect upon him until the next day. Now let us suppose that, by some undiscovered means —by some intellectual ignition of every one of the conundrums in this box—the point of each and all of them might be made to flash upon his mind at the same moment, as thousands of grains of powder ignite at once; suppose there might be one grand, sudden, simultaneous explosion of this wit upon his mind—what would be the result? If he nearly breaks the dishes and bursts his sides at one conundrum, what would become of him and the house over his head when the effect of their mass of wit was concentrated into one convulsion? It is indeed a merciful ordering of Providence that the mind is only capable of a certain amount of joy and grief and mirth, after which they lose their force, and that the effect of wit upon the mind does not increase, like the power of powder, in mathematical ratio with the quantity.

I must confess that I was at a loss what use to make of this present. To attempt to read all the contents of the box was out of question. Could I make them marketable? Could I induce some magazine to publish nothing for several months but conundrums, with "to be continued" at the close of each number? Could I sell them at so much a dozen, as motto verses are sold? Or could I be still more choice with them and procure a run of custom from gentlemen who are required to keep up a reputation for wit to secure invitations to social dinners, after the manner of the person who wrote that article in one of Dickens's Christmas stories, which explains the manner of making conundrums from the dictionary. That person's idea, I may remark, is old, for my friend informs me that at one period of his life he was timed. on a bet, and proved himself able, with the aid of a dictionary and spelling-book, to make two and a half conundrums per minute, for such a length of time (being allowed intervals for meals and sleep), that it was quite evident that he could continue doing so as long as the English language held out. Indeed, he was not limited by the number of words in the language, for he found it possible to make a great many conundrums on one word.

To give me some idea of his method of operation, my friend took the pains to make assorted packages illustrative of distinct styles of conundrums. For instance, there were two packages (fifty) on the single word "lie." As, for instance, when is truth falsehood? When it lies in a well. There were three packages about ships. You will find in your spelling-book a list of words ending with *ship*. Every one of them is capable of a conundrum after the following style: What ship should be freighted with knowledge? Scholarship. Take all the technical words used on shipboard (if you have a complete spelling-book you will find them in one list), and every one of those words is capable of one or more conundrums. How easy it is! Why is a man who marries twice like a ship? Because he has a second mate. When may a ship be said to be in love? Notice how many answers may be made to this: When she wants a mate (there it is again); when she wants to be manned; when she is struck aback by a heavy swell; when the carpenter re guards her; when she makes much of a fast sailor; when she is tender to a man-of-war; when she is a ship of great size (sighs); when she hugs the wind; when she runs down for a smack; when she is after a consort; when she is attached to a buoy.

Let me begin at the beginning, with my friend, and illustrate some methods of constructing conundrums. The student should commence on the alphabet. The best letter is *t*. For instance: Why is the letter *s* like dinner? Perhaps you give it up. The triumphant student answers, Because it comes before *t*. Here is one more ingenious on account of its associations: Why is China called the celestial land? Because a little tea (*t*) makes an immortal life out of an immoral one. The practical hand can make these at the rate of one in thirteen seconds. Thus: Why is *a* a strong letter? Because it is always in health. If the alphabet was alive, why would you find it difficult to kill it? Because you could not put *b* out of being. Why is *c* a fortunate letter? Because it is always in luck. You will perceive that the whole alphabet can be used in the last form. *L*, *u* and *k* the same as *c*, and the other letters in this manner, Why is *a* an unfortunate letter? Because it is always out of luck. A lady asks a gentleman, to whom she is engaged, Why is *d* like a ring? He gives it up. Because *we* can't be *wed* without it. Why is *i* the happiest of vowels? Because it is always in bliss, while *e* is in hell and the others are in purgatory. Again, you can use a form like this: Why will *s* be long remembered by Americans? Because it is the beginning of secession and the end of Jeff Davis.

These conundrums are easily made, and illimitable; but my friend only classified them as beginners. There are several other methods for beginners. Take the numeral adjectives. What word is that of five letters from which, if you take away two of them, only one will be left? St-one. What word is that of eight letters from which, if you take away five, ten will still be left? Ten-dency. If you will look in the dictionary you will find about a hundred words beginning with the syllable "ten," all of which you can turn into conundrums as fast as you can talk. There are any number of puzzles to be made on the principle used by Artemus Ward of putting the figure 4 for the word "for." That is not nearly as ingenious as the children's method of spelling potatoes—put one o, put two o's, put three o's, put four o's, put five o's, put six o's put seven o's, put eight o's. There are other methods which I cannot stop to consider; as, what word is always pronounced wrong? Why, "wrong," of course. What word is pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick, etc.

My friend next opened his spelling-book at the list of christain names, then turned to the dictionary to find words commencing with such syllables as Ann, Abe, Ben, Bill, Carrie, Dan, Dick, Ella, Emma, Olive. Ollie, Jennie, Polly, Minnie, etc., and went to work thus: What lady should be loved by the Irish? Amelia Ration. In the same way with Ann T. Diluvian, Dick Tater, Ollie Garchy, Sall Lad, etc. Several hundred such conundrums can be made as fast as a short-hand reporter can take them down. Sometimes a little extra thinking will develop a new one not already obtained in the dictionary, as when you say that Jenny Rosity is a benevolent lady.

You will allow me to remark that the machinery by which a conundrum is made and then palmed off on society, must never be exposed. The conundrum must seem to be a natural product of the conversation, although it is quite easy to lead the attention of a whole room-full gently up to a joke. *Punch* gives a graphic description of such an attempt in the following account of a five minutes' conversation before dinner:

Bold Somebody (during an awkward silence.) Have you (to Young Lady)—have you ever read Hiawatha?

Young Lady (timidly feeling that something or other depends upon her reply.) Yes. (Fearing she may be called upon for a quotation, adds)—but 'twas a long time ago.

Bold Somebody (leading up to his joke, gently.) The name of the heroine was, as you remember, Minnie-haha, the laughing water.

Young Lady (not liking to commit herself.) Well—

Bold Somebody (observing that his conversation attracts general attention.) I dare say she was called by her savage intimates, Minnie.

(A few people tittering ha! ha! ha!)

Bold Somebody. Well, if a cannibal had eaten this heroine (every one listening) why would he be like a small portrait?

Young Lady (repeating.) If a cannibal had—what?

Bold Somebody (says it again.)

Young Lady. Ah yes! Is it a riddle?

Bold Somebody (pleasantly.) Yes.

Various people (pretending to have thought over it, and wondering when dinner will be ready.) I don't know.

Lady of the House (politely.) What is the answer, Mr. Somebody?

Bold Somebody (repeating the point.) He would be like a small portrait, because he'd be a Minnie chewer.

(Curious sensation felt by everybody.) Bold Somebody smiles at his boots.

ENTER SERVANT.

Servant (very distinctly.) Dinner mam.

Relief of guests. Exeunt omnes.

On ordinary names it is not necessary to use the dictionary. I had four packages entirely on scriptural names. If I remember rightly, there were twelve conundrums on Adam, some of which were profane. Among the genealogies and the hard names, the torture of language was frightful.

Others run on puns, for instance: When is a man not a man? When he is a-bed. When is a fortune like an appendage to a vessel? When it is amassed (a mast.) Why is a sailor never a sailor? Because he is always a-board or a-shore. Never despair of any word. Can you make one on "bee?" Why is making honey like whipping? Because it is a bee-laboring business. Take the same syllable again. See from what a remote point the following conundrum finally comes to the dictionary: Why is a bee-hive like a rotten potato? A bee-hive is a bee-holder, a bee-holder is a spectator, a spectator is a rotten potato. In the same way, a convalescent dyspeptic is said to be like a reprieved criminal, because he cannot di-gest yet; a child who gets stout as he gets taller is said to be like a newspaper reporter, because he picks up in-formation etc. The incongruity of the two subjects said to resemble each other is the merit of the following: Why is an old man like a dog's tail? Because he is in-firm. In 1850, the Universalist Society at Linn offered a reward of a set of silver spoons for the best conundrum. The man who took the prize was a student of the dictionary, for this was his conundrum: Why is a prolix clergyman like an aged person? Because they both di-late. Lord Dundreary attempted to get off a conundrum of this sort once and was rather unfortunate. He says a young lady was asking him the last thing in "widdles."

"Now, I hadn't heard any mythelf for thome time, though I couldn't give her any vewy gweat novelty, but a fwiend of mine made one latht tneathon which I thought wather neat, tho I athked her,

"'When ith a jar not a jar?'

"Thingularly enough, the moment thye heard thith widdle thye burtht out laughing behind her pocket-handkerchief."

"Good Gwathiouth! what'th the matter?" thaid I; "have you ever heard it befaw?"

"Never," thye thaid, emphatically, "in that form; do, pleathe, tell me the anthwer."

Tho I told her.

"When it ith a door!"

Upon which thye—thye went off again into hythtewicth. I—I—I never did thee thuch a girl for laughing. I know it ith a good widdle; but I didn't think it would have thuch an effect ath that.

It is really astonishing to what extremes the passion for wrenching words from their ordinary meaning is carried. Let us take some words of three syllables. A field of grass is like a person older than yourself, because it is past-ur-age, the snows on Mount Blanc are like a ship-builder, because they av-a-lanch (have a launch) whenever they get ready; cats are like unskilful surgeons, because they mew-till-late and destroy patients; the heart of a lover is like a sea-serpent, because it is a secreter (sea cretur) of great sighs (size); gate-posts are like the human species, because they prop-a-gate; if the ornithological emblem of the United States were taken sick, it would be contrary to law, because it would be ill-eagle; a person who dislikes writing resembles an inmate of Greenwich Hospital, because he is a pen-shunner (pensioner); a marriage certificate is like an article the public cannot do without, because it is a noose-paper; the patients who should be put in the highest part of the hospital are the room-attics.

I do not know of anything worse, except those of words in four syllables. The poet Bryant's head is like a colored girl's because it cannot produce any more than a-Topsy's (Thanatopsis); the kind of essence which a young man likes when he pops the question is acquiesence; the shape of a kiss is elliptical (a liptickle); the man who sells fiddles is like a musical instrument, because he is a violin seller (violoncello); a new patent mouse trap is a cowardly affair, because it is a puzzle-any-mouse (pusillanimous) contrivance. That will do. When conundrums require parentheses and italics they must be *very* bad. The person who said that a swallow was like a smoking chimney because it had a crooked flue (flew), thought he had done wonders.

Similar monstrosities are: Why is killing bees like a confession? Because you unbuzz'em. Why is a person riding rapidly up hill, like one who presents a young lady with a young dog? Because he gives a gal a pup. In the following a long word writhes awfully upon the rack of the riddler: Why are the Arabs like a process of reasoning? Because they're a racy hossy nation (ratiocination). And here is probably the most wonderfully protracted pun ever made: When may a man be said to have a vegetable time-piece? When he gets a potato clock (gets up at eight o'clock).

Dr. Holmes stated that in the "Index Expurgatorius" of the "Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters" the following puns are prohibited:

References to *Attic salt* when asked to pass the salt cellar; remarks on being *mustered*, etc.; associating baked beans with *bene*-factors of an institution; saying that beef-eating is befitting, etc.

There are many rather pretty conundrums drawn from nature. I read in one package such well-known ones as that the best time to read the book of nature is when Autumn turns the leaves; that the trees when they put on their new dress do not have to open their trunks because they *leave* out a Summer suit; that the grass is like a note of hand, because it is matured by falling dew; that the stars should be the best astronomers, because they have studded the heavens ever since creation. I discovered one package of sixty-seven questions about trees.

A style of conundrum has become very frequent and popular which is founded on a transposition of letters or words giving a new and surprising sense. It generally commences with

"what is the difference?" I have opened one package of this class. The first one is as follows: What is the difference between stabbing a man and killing swine? One is assault with intent to kill and the other is a killing with intent to salt. So it is discovered of a cat and a document that one has claws at the end of its paws and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses; of a wife and an editor, that one sets articles to rights and the other writes articles to set: of the eagle and a certain kind of dog, that one is a tarrier in the sky and the other is a Skye-terrier; of a pound of meat and a drummer boy, that one weighs a pound and the other pounds away; of a church organist and the influenza, that one knows the stops and the other stops the nose; of a successful lover and his rival, that one kisses his miss and the other misses his kiss; of seventeen and seventy, that one is careless and happy and the other hairless and cappy; of an emperor and a beggar, that one issues manifestoes and the other manifests toes without his shoes; of a tailor and a siege gun, that one works the breeches and the other breaches the work; of the Prince of Wales and a bomb-shell, that one is heir to the throne and other is thrown to the air. It is also mentioned that the difference between a baby and a great coat is that one you was, and the other you wear; that perseverance is a strong will and obstinacy is a strong won't; of a gauze dress and a drawn tooth, that one is too thin and the other is tooth out.

As a relief from the ingenuity of the specimens which I have given, it is well to introduce occasionally a question which ought to be obvious to every one, but which is not. For instance, what makes more noise than a pig under the gate? two pigs; why does a traveler who has been on a long journey, and comes to a board fence in the midst of a forest, try to get over it? because he wants to get over; what is the best thing to do in a hurry? nothing; why does the miller wear a white hat? to keep his head warm. Lord Dundreary gives one of this kind which, though quite obvious, is, notwithstanding, exceedingly logical:

Why doeth a dog waggle hith tail? Give it up? I think motht fellath will give that up! You thee the dog waggleth hith tail becauth the dog'th thtwonger than the tail. If he wathn't, the tail would waggle the dog!

Somewhat similar is the following, which was written in the sixteenth century:

Why dooth a dogge tourne hym thryes ere that he lyeth hym downe? Because he knoweth not his bedde's head from the fete.

If any person shall follow the course of instruction here laid down, I trust he may arrive in due time at the felicity of that decrepit centenarian described in the account of the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters.

The ancient man crawled toward us, cocked one eye, with which he seemed to see a little, up at us, and said:

"Sarvant, young gentleman. Why is a—a—a—like a—a—a? Give it up? Because it's a—a—a—a—a—."

He smiled a pleasant smile, as if it were all plain enough.

"One hundred and seven last Christmas," said the director. "He lost his answers about the age of ninety-eight. Of late years he puts his whole conundrums in blank—but they please him just as well."

It is so easy to make conundrums that most intelligent men will prefer to put their faculties to some harder and more useful task. A dancer once said to a Spartan, "I can stand on one leg longer than you." "Perhaps so," said the Spartan, "and so can my goose." A few conundrums are very well after dinner with the raisins and nuts, and I have no doubt my friend, the editor, will be quite willing to furnish them at reasonable rates in lots to suit purchasers.—*Galaxy.*

Ladies Should Read Newspapers.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with the actual world, with the outer world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral and religious improvements of our times. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the center table be kept part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the whole family, men, women and children, read newspapers.

Pursuit of Pleasure.—We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits; but the fact is, that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure. To such the present moment is everything and the future is nothing; he borrows, therefore, from the future at a most ruinous and usurious interest; and the consequence is that he finds the tone of his best feelings impaired, his self-respect diminished, his health of mind and body destroyed, and life reduced to its very dregs, at a time when, humanly speaking, the greater portion of its comforts should be still before him.

THE HERDSMAN'S REPOSE.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE herdsman rested awhile at noon,
At noon when the sun was shining bright,
And hills and valleys were all a-light
In the glow of summer glory.

And the rivulet lazily hummed a tune,
And the flaxen-haired herd-boy soundly slept,
And into the herdsman's thought there crept
A long-forgotten story.

Quietly grazed the cattle around,
And the pony cropped the herbage sweet;
The worn-out dog at his master's feet
Stretched out, was fitfully sleeping.

The valley in tranced slumber was bound,
Only the herdsman and Hector grim,
Who had watched through many a watch with him
A dreamy look-out was keeping.

Andthe herdsman sighed a heavy sigh,
And his thoughts went back to days gone by.
The herdsman lighted his pipe. Quoth he:
"All things must happen that are to be;
There's never a day, be it ever so bright,
But must darken and darken into night;
There's never a night so black and drear
But the morning light draws ever so near;
And the darkest night that ever shall be
Must brighten into eternity.

* * * * *

"There were two brothers in days gone by.
Loving each other tenderly—
Loving till love stepped in between.
Who was fairer than little Jean?
Little Jean with the golden hair—
Why should hate come through one so fair?
One was loved and one was not—
One was flushed with triumph, and one
Was as his heart were turned to stone;
All the pulses of life seemed gone,
And the blood in his veins to rot.

* * * * *

"Whence rang out that terrible cry?
The river was deep, and the current strong,
And a drowning man was borne along,
'Let him die!
Death hath been mine for many a day,
I might have died, and what cared they?
She may weep, and she may wail,
And her cheek and lip turn ashen pale,
As her lover in his shroud shall lie;'
And again rang out that terrible cry.
They were two brothers—in days gone by
Loving each other tenderly."

The herdsman took his pipe from his mouth,
And he wiped his burning brow,
And a choking sob in his throat arose
At the tale he thought over now.
"Thank God there was no murder done,
The strong man rescued the drowning one;
The strong man looked in his mother's face—
The strong man had in her prayers a place.
And little Jean with the golden hair
Blessed the strong man again and again,
Till his stony heart throbbed free from pain,
And the blood coursed softly through each vein."

He might not now despair.
Years ago in the quiet grave
Little Jean is laid at rest,
And only one brother lives to bear
The secret in his breast,
Of the hand that was stretched forth to save
Him from a life of dark unrest,
Him from the curse of Cain.

The Daughter at Home.—To be able to get dinner, to sweep the room, to make a garment, to tend a baby, would add greatly to the list of a young lady's accomplishments. Where can we behold a more lovely sight than the eldest daughter of a house, standing in the sweet simplicity of her new womanhood by the side of her toiling, careworn mother, to relieve and aid her? Now she presides at the table, now directs in the kitchen, now amuses the fretting babe, now diverts half a score of little folks in the library. She can assist her younger brothers in their studies, read the newspaper to her weary father, or smooth the aching brow of her fevered mother. Always ready with a helping hand and a cheerful smile for every emergency, she is an angel of love, and a blessing to the home circle. Should she be called out of it to originate a home of her own, would she be any less loving or self-sacrificing?

Conversation.—Let your conversation be with those by whom you may accomplish yourself best; for virtue never returns with so rich a cargo, as when it sets sail from such continents. Company, like climates, by a kind of contagion, doth insensibly infect us: soft and tender natures are apt to receive any impressions. Alexander learned his drunkenness of Leonidas, and Negro his cruelty of his barber.

London is to be provided with basket-carriages, in the Parisian style. This improvement is due to French enterprise and capital.

IN THE OMNIBUS.

A MIGHTY woman with a bundle, a cross woman with a baby, an uncomfortable woman with a dog, an old gentleman with a trumpet, a beaming young lady with expansive crinoline, and the usual complement of nothing particular people, including myself, John Hayes, gentleman at large, would not have been inside if I could have helped it; and judging from the surrounding faces, we were all hot and hated one another. When a fellow creature is visibly radiating the caloric one has already in excess, hatred for him, or even her, follows in logical sequence, and we were waiting for more passengers.

"Please help me in, I'm blind!" It was the tiniest, sweetest voice; we all turned to see a little girl lay her hand confidingly on the conductor's arm. I took her from him as carefully as if she had been in truth what she looked like—my Parian Clytie—the same pure, sweet face, with the delicate features and drooping white eyelids; but the sadness of her pallor was relieved by the vivid dark gold of her hair, which fell in soft thick rolls upon her neck.

"Isn't there a dog here?" said she presently.

"Yes, darling," said the dog's owner, as she handed it to the child, looking uncomfortable no longer; the blind face turned to hers seemed to charm away its nervousness.

"What a dear fellow," said Clytie, and the rough terrier grew popular.

"Do they let you go far alone?" said the cross woman.

"Oh, yes." The little creature gave a low glad laugh of triumph. "I've been to the blind school; I can do every thing for myself now."

"Would you mind saying that again, my dear? I am very deaf," said the old gentleman. She repeated her sentence, adding with an old womanly pity, "It must be very sad to be deaf."

I said, involuntarily, "You don't look as though you were ever sad."

"Oh, no, I never am, now that Emy is well."

"Who is Emy?"

"Oh, my little sister; oh, such a little darling; but she was ill for a long time—so long!"

Clytie's voice faltered, as though she were living over again a great sorrow.

"But she is well now," I said.

"Oh, yes, quite strong, and it's so nice."

"Have you many sisters and brothers?" asked the young lady.

"No; only Emy and one brother, baby Tom; he's such a great, fat fellow, and he laughs—you can't think how he does laugh."

If it was anything like the musical thrill his sister sent rippling through the air, I should like to have heard the baby.

"What does he laugh at?" said the cross woman.

"Oh, everything; at Emy and me, when we play Punch and Judy; and at dinner, when there's dumplings; and sometimes he lies on the floor and laughs at himself; and we laugh, too, it's so funny."

The little one's mirth was so infectious, we all joined in with various modulations of the roar of the deaf old gentleman, who could not stop himself, and setting off again, little Clytie clapping her soft gloved hands till she made the dog bark, and the conductor looked in to say:

"Well, if I ever saw such a row."

"Euston road, please," said Clytie, turning into a business woman all at once.

The unwelcome place seemed to come directly. As I turned from helping the child out, I saw the cross woman's face breaking up into tears.

"It's queer," she said, "but I feel like to cry to see her so merry."

I was unpleasantly conscious of what my dear mother used to call the apple in my throat; so I was grateful to the deaf gentleman for saying "Eh!" and saving the effort of replying.

We all fell into quietness, but it was curious to notice how forbearing we were to one another; the child's great loss, worn like a flower crown on the head of some pictured saint, made our petty discomforts all melt away.

The young lady began to play with the baby, the old gentleman with the dog, and I, who object to all gratuities on the principle of never having any money to spare, was absolutely pleased when the mighty woman handed back her change to her vanquished foe, saying:—

"Never mind the penny, conductor."

Even the cross woman grew quite interesting over a reminiscence of a youth she had known when she was a girl, who had recovered his sight after being blind for a year.

I think, if instead of being a plucked evil service candidate, I could be a woman with a mission, I could choose that of my unconscious little Clytie.

Senator Sherman's daughter is said to be the belle of Washington, and Mrs. Charles Sumner is said to be the undoubted leader of fashionable society in Washington this Winter.

Some of our most fashionable women have adopted powdered wigs for full dress.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1867.

THE STATE OF THE SOUTH.

IT is reported that General Grant is in favor of having the garrisons of United States troops now maintained in the Southern States withdrawn without further delay, believing that they are no longer necessary. Of the degree of reliability that belongs to this statement, we have no satisfactory means of judging. If, however, such is the opinion of General Grant, it certainly ought to carry much weight with it—though a statement of the reasons and facts upon which it is based will seem exceedingly desirable to those who, from all the information at present within their reach, have arrived at the opposite conclusion.

We are not conscious of any feeling of excitement, animosity, or prejudice, likely to interfere with an impartial examination of the facts of the case, and from all the facts that we have been able to gather, it seems to us clear that a spirit still pervades many portions of the South which would make the withdrawal of the garrisons at present stationed there, equivalent to giving the negroes and a class of the whites unreservedly into the power of men who have clearly manifested, and are still manifesting, a disposition to use such power not merely oppressively—that is a very mild expression—but with terrible cruelty. Very probably General Grant has much more accurate and extensive information on the subject than we possess, and he may also have taken some view of the subject that has not occurred to us; but until the public is favored with the grounds of his opinion at large—if it is true that he has expressed the opinion attributed to him—those who have looked at the subject as we have, will of course decline to change their views in blind deference to the authority of a name, however illustrious.

We do not know how numerous in the South is the class of men whose sentiments are represented in a recent letter in the Richmond *Times* concerning the state of things in Texas, from which the following is an extract, but if that class wields any considerable influence, we would quite as soon take our chances in a Camanche village after a battle, as in Texas after the withdrawal of the troops:

"There the negroes have not been demoralized by the Freedmen's Bureau and the school-marms. The climate, too, of this magnificent State, although salubrious in the extreme, has been found unhealthy to the few straggling Yankee letter-writers and meddling negrophilists who have ventured there in quest of mischief. They have, in many instances, when they have stirred up ill-feeling between the races, been mysteriously devoured by wolves and bears, or scalped by the Camanches. The settlers in Texas have bitterly deplored those accidents, but they have not been able to prevent them."

We repeat that we have no very accurate means of estimating how large a portion of the population of the South shares the murderous spirit that pervades this fiendish letter; but we do know that it was permitted to appear in a paper that is reputed to be the most popular journal in Virginia. It is also a significant fact, that the result of a recent official investigation into the alleged illegal apprenticing of colored children in North Carolina, is to the effect that a system of modified and temporary slavery was being introduced there, and that negro children "were bound under unlawful indentures, without the consent of their parents, or allowing them to protest in court." Scarcely a mail, from the East, arrives that does not bring intelligence of acts of violence or cruel oppression practised in some Southern community upon the freedmen, or upon whites who have been identified with the Union cause. Among the latest items of this description, it is stated that Obion County, Tennessee, "*continues* to be the scene of great lawlessness and savagery;" that "in Logan County the blacks are miserably persecuted by 'regulators' who plunder, beat, and assassinate them." If we are inclined to withhold our unqualified confidence from statements so general as these, we are, nevertheless, compelled to attach some weight to them as not wholly without foundation, by numerous well authenticated specific cases. For instance, there is not any reason to doubt the existence, in various localities, of certain organizations or "committees" of murderous ruffians, whose object and business it is to commit outrages upon negroes and Union men. The particulars furnished in regard to the "I Am Committee" of Logan County, Tennessee, for instance, are too circumstantial to admit of any doubt as to their substantial accuracy. This secret association "of regulators" has recently, it is stated, posted a handbill in divers public places, announcing the rules which they propose to enforce, and the penalties to be inflicted upon all who shall dare to disregard them. The sentences of this invisible tribunal are secretly pronounced, and they are executed by midnight visitation or sudden attack in out of the way places. Among other laws promulgated by the "I Am Committee" are the following:

No man shall squat negroes on his place unless they are all under his employ, male and female.

Negro women shall be employed by white persons.

All children shall be hired out for something.

Negroes found in cabins to themselves shall suffer the penalty.

Negroes shall not be allowed to hire negroes.

Idle men, women, or children shall suffer the penalty.

All white men found with negroes in secret places shall be dealt with, and those that hire negroes must pay promptly, and act with good faith to the negro. I will make the negro do his part, and the white must, too.

The "penalties" for violating these rules, and the threats by which the tribunal seeks to strengthen its authority, are well calculated to furnish a vivid idea of the kind of ruffians and savages who constitute the "I am":

For the first offence is 100 lashes—the second is looking up a sapling.

This I do for the benefit of all, young or old, high and tall, black and white. Any one that may not like these rules may try their luck, and see whether or not I will be found doing my duty.

Negroes found stealing from any one, or taking from their employers to other negroes, death is the first penalty.

Running about late of nights shall be strictly dealt with.

White men and negroes, I am everywhere. I have friends in every place. Do your duty, and I will have but little to do.

In all probability, it is the existence of organizations of a similar character to this that has made Texas the paradise which the eminently Christian correspondent of the Richmond paper describes it, and has prevented the negroes of that happy State from being "demoralized by the Freedman's Bureau and the schoolmarms," besides rendering the climate particularly "unhealthy to straggling Yankee letter-writers and meddling negrophilists." Notwithstanding the rumored opinion of Gen. Grant, we experience a very strong conviction that the withdrawal of the United States troops at the present time from the States composing the late Confederacy, would be speedily succeeded in large districts of the majority of said States by a sudden and alarming aggravation of the unwholesomeness of the climate for all persons unfortunate enough to possess either skins or political opinions of an unpopular complexion.

OUR ÆSTHETIC PROGRESS.

IT is gratifying to note the increasing attention paid to architectural embellishment in the principal public buildings recently erected in San Francisco. It is beginning to be understood by the persons who have control of the erection of edifices of this description that it is not enough that they should be piles of masonry, with a sufficient amount of room inside to answer business requirements, but that they should in a certain sense be works of art. It is also beginning to be understood that every architect, worthy of the name, is something more than a mere carpenter or builder—that he is an artist. It is owing to these truths having been long overlooked, that so many costly structures in this city, including several large churches, are offensive to the eye that has been cultivated to appreciate beauty of form and proportion as expressed in architecture. Unfortunately, this kind of culture is by no means common among the class of men who generally have to pass upon the plans submitted for proposed churches and other public edifices. The controlling influence in these matters is generally exercised by men of wealth and practical ability, in whom business success and the respect which attends it, have bred a conceit of their superior taste and knowledge in departments not at all related to those with which they have been most conversant. It is a hard thing for a successful man, accustomed to the deference which wealth commands in all young communities, to acknowledge that his taste is liable to be erroneous in any matter directly or indirectly connected with the disbursement of large amounts of cash; and certainly, it must be admitted that the man or the corporation whose money is to pay for a building has an indubitable right to consult his or its own taste in regard to such building. Nevertheless, there is a subtle principle of regulation in matters of this kind that steadily, though imperceptibly tends to bring the crude or vulgar taste under the influence of that which is trained and cultivated. Vestrymen and trustees, and boards of directors, however opinionated or self-sufficient, often receive impressions unconsciously; advance opinions as their own, which they merely echo; and enthusiastically admire at second hand. Ignorance, in fact, is naturally prone to yield itself to the guidance of knowledge—provided only that it is not made to realize too clearly that it is being guided; and during the last year or two, it is quite certain that the amount of influence exerted by culture, taste and professional skill, in the matter we are speaking of, has notably increased. This affords us encouragement to hope that we shall yet have structures in San Francisco which will be something more than safe, substantial and convenient buildings for the purposes for which they were respectively designed—which shall, in addition to furnishing church or office or other accommodation, exert a direct influence on the æsthetic education of the people, by affording to the imagination and the taste the same sort of gratification that is supplied by a noble picture, or any other true production of the artistic faculty.

[For the Californian.]

MY NEW LODGINGS.

AFTER the escapade of Mr. Jones, which resulted in my vacating my elegant apartments in the aristocratic mansion of Mrs. Harriet Honeydew, widow, No. 3,999 Stockton street, I was obliged, as a matter of course, to seek lodgings elsewhere. I have a horror of hotels. They are a necessary evil for the accommodation of travelers and sojourners; but the permanent resident who will deliberately take up his abode at a hotel certainly has not learned how to live. At a grand hotel there is great display and very little comfort. If you are at all socially inclined, you are sure to have a score or more of idle acquaintances who seem to take a malicious pleasure in trespassing upon your time and your pocket—in making you neglect your business, injure your health and ruin your reputation. I have two or three friends who board at a first class hotel. They have offices in the city and pretend to do business; but I defy the oldest and most sagacious man in the world to find them in their offices during business hours or at any other time. They are always roving around with Brown, Jones and Robinson, "taking another nip," and arranging the programme for the evening's pleasures. When I meet them in the street, as I do occasionally, they are always in the company of some fast-looking individuals, whom they introduce to me as Colonel This or Judge That; their faces are expressive of recent severe dissipation; and they always say: "We are just going around here to get a square drink, Clerk; won't you go along?" Of course I decline the invitation, and off they go in search of the "cup that cheers and yet inebriates;" while I shake my head sadly as I walk away in the opposite direction, thinking of the physical and financial ruin which is fast overtaking these young men, simply because they board at a fashionable hotel, and, being of a social turn, have acquired a set of fast acquaintances whom they cannot get rid of. A popular hotel, I repeat, is the worst place in the world for the permanent residence of a "good fellow." He gets into all sorts of bad scrapes. There was Robert Jenkins—he had not boarded more than three months at the Great Mogul before Mrs. Rataplan ran away with him—took him up to Oregon or some other foreign port, and there worried him into committing suicide. Bob had been civil to her—had taken her to the theatre a few times, and once, with the consent of her husband—who was a dry old stick, up to his ears in business and caring little for anything else—had accompanied her to a masked ball, where he treated her very handsomely. As Bob was well dressed, and seemed to be liberal in his expenditures, she imagined that he was wealthy, and resolved to effect his ruin. She succeeded. Well, to return to our mutton, if you are of a retiring, modest manner, and rather good-natured, the servants, waiters and chambermaids at a big hotel will soon find you out, and take revenge upon you for all the indignities they may have suffered from other quarters. They will snub you, and neglect you, and shamefully impose upon you in various ways; and if you venture to put in a mild remonstrance before his high mightiness the landlord, that worthy will respond with an air as if he doubted your veracity, or your sanity, or some other of your moral or mental qualities, that "such things cannot be, because he doesn't allow them. He has heard that the servants at the Grand Lama are very insolent; but *his* know better; why, he wouldn't keep one in his house who didn't come right square up to the mark;" and then he would promise to "see about it;" and then he would deliberately forget his promise. You can't tell me anything about hotels. It may be all very nice to stand in front of the Lick House or the Occidental and pick your teeth for the edification of such of your acquaintances as may chance to pass by, and after they get out of your hearing remark, "What a blessed stuck-up fool Smith has got to be;" but give me a quiet suite of rooms in a respectable private house, where there are few or no other lodgers, and where I can come in or go out as I please; take my meals at a restaurant when I am hungry, and associate with gentlemen of a quiet and reflective habit, who are moderate in their potations, and do not make it a point to go to bed inebriated every night of the year, and I am as happy as a man well can be who is compelled by cruel fate to live the life of a bachelor at the peril of his longevity. (See statistics in a recent number of the *Bulletin*.)

So, after I had bidden Mrs. Honeydew a stern but respectful farewell (if she had shed a few tears—even a teaspoonful—I would have relented and remained with her—I have a weakness that way), I set about finding other lodgings. And first, I consulted the papers. I have found, in my brief experience, that people often save much time and trouble by consulting the advertising columns of the newspapers. I soon found what I wanted. It was worded thus:

To Let.—A suite of handsomely furnished rooms, suitable for a single gentleman. Apply at 4,611 Union street.

Taking the address I started out, and soon reached the place designated in the advertisement. The house was quite a large one, and not particularly new or inviting in external appearance. There was some shrubbery in the front yard, but it seemed to be pining away in consequence of neglect. The hinges and fastenings of the gate were so loose that I feared

the confounded thing would drop off when I opened it; and there was a general untidiness about the place which was anything but inviting. I would have retreated at once; but happening to look up I saw a sharp female face at a wiudow and a pair of bright eyes observing me, and I hadn't the courage to run away. I walked up boldly and rang the door bell. The door was immediately opened by a shock-hended young woman with a broom in her hand, and wearing a calico} dress which would have been the better for a lively and forcible application of soap and water. She invited me to step into the parlor, and I followed her into a dingy room, the walls whereof were hung with cheap and gaudy prints: the furniture looked as if it had been bought second-hand at auction, and was so dilapidated that I hesitated before I took my seat upon a rickety sofa, the springs of which emitted a complaining sound, and made themselves uncomfortably evident when I sat down upon them. My martyrdom was brief, however, for presently the landlady entered. She was attired in a faded morning wrapper, looked as if she might have combed her hair and washed her face some time during the previous week, and altogether was less captivating (if that could be possible) in appearance than the servant girl. Her sharp features and small black eyes warned me to be careful not to arouse her temper. But she smiled as graciously as a playful catamount when she saluted me:

"Good mornin', sir. Come to see about them rooms I s'pose?"

"Yes, madam; I saw your advertisement in the paper, and thought I would call and inquire about them."

"Well, you'll find them real nice rooms. There's a settin'-room and a bedroom, and they're furnished good enough for anybody. There ain't no fire-place in the settin'-room, but I reckon you can put up a stove if you want one. There's been two or three speakin' to me about them rooms, and I reckon it's lucky you come just when you did, or they might 'a been took. There was Mr. Rumsler that keeps a saloon down on Jackson street—p'raps you are acquainted with him—he talked about takin' them, but he hasn't made up his mind yet."

"You have other lodgers, I presume," said I.

"Not many now," replied the landlady. "I've got four young men, and there's three young women that works in a milliner shop, or something of that kind. They're all very stiddy, and don't stay out late except Saturday nights—then the boys stay out late because they don't have no work to do next day. You'll find them very sociable, and good company."

"Madam," said I, rising, with a respectful bow, "I think the rooms will not suit me."

"How do you know they won't?—you havn't even looked at them. Won't you walk up and see them?"

"No, I thank you, it is not worth while."

"Will you be so good as to tell me, sir, what your objection is to them rooms?" and the smile changed into a portentous scowl.

"Madam," I replied, "to the rooms I can make no objection, certainly, because I have not seen them. But I want a more retired place—you have too much company for me."

"Indeed! Well, sir, I hope you may always find as good company as honest working young men and women. As a general thing people that's honest themselves ain't afraid of company."

"I did not object to the character of your lodgers, madam, but to their number. Besides, your house is inconveniently far from my place of business, and it would not suit me on that account."

"What did you come here for, then? I don't believe you wanted any rooms. You look more like one of them fellows that goes around pickin' up things! You'd better git from here, or I'll call a policeman!"

I made my exit from that locality with more speed than dignity, and with a feeling compounded of amusement and indignation—the former predominating. And the untidy landlady and sloveuly servant girl watched me from the front door step, and, I am confident, discussed my appearance and supposed character in a manner highly uncomplimentary to the undersigned.

After this adventure I was careful not to approach a house until I had reconnoitered it from the other side of the street. At last my diligence was rewarded. At 4,253 Powell street, I found a house which seemed to suit me in external appearance as well as in its internal arrangement. The landlady was a widow (all these landladies are widows), "fat, fair and forty," and charmingly good-natured. She had a pretty daughter aged eighteen and a son a couple of years younger. Her lodgers were two young men of correct habits—I ascertained by close inquiry that neither of them belonged to the Hercules Club—the landlady thought, but was not certain, that they were both members of the Young Men's Christian Association. At all events they were quiet and gentlemanly, and went to church regularly every Sunday. Also, a young lady, whose "delightful task" it was "to rear the tender mind, and teach the young idea how to shoot"—in other words, a schoolma'am. Now, in my tender boyhood I made the close acquaintance of a class of schoolma'ams anything but lovable—old maids of vinegar visages and acidulous temper, who, in revenge for their own deprivation of offspring, took delight in maltreating with devilish ingenuity such helpless brats as were placed temporarily under their care. But the schoolma'ams of the present day are of a different class. They are young, handsome and intelligent. They "spare the rod," yet do not "hate the child." They have soft voices, rosy cheeks and tender eyes. I envy the youngsters who go to school to them. If I were as they I would never play truant—no, never!

Mrs. Peablossom's rooms suited me, and I took them. I immediately removed my personal effects to my new quarters, and settled down in quit possession, resolved to make up by increased diligence for the time and money I had lost through that scamp, Jones. Delusive hope!

In the evening I presented myself in the parlor, and was duly introduced to the members of the household: Miss Polly Peablossom, a large and well-favored young lady, with a strong resemblance to her mother; Miss Catharine Crickett, the schoolma'am, a young lady of about twenty-two, with soft brown hair, keen blue eyes, regular features, and a small, graceful figure; Mr. Podson, a tall, slender young man of about thirty, with immense side-whiskers; Mr. Gigsby, an immature youth of twenty or thereabouts, with ruddy cheeks and an incipient moustache, and Tom Peablossom, a rather mischievous boy of fifteen. After a little small talk, Miss Crickett addressed me:

"Do you sing, Mr. Clerk? We are all musicians here."

"That branch of my education," I replied, "has been sadly neglected. I used to know a few old psalm tunes, but I fear I have forgotten them. However, I can whistle a stave or two of 'When this cruel war is over,' if you would like to hear it."

"No, I thank you; don't trouble yourself. But I suppose you don't object to music?"

"By no means; I am rather fond of it," I replied, with an inward foreboding that I was likely to have enough of it so long as I staid under that roof. And as I looked around upon the company I fancied that I could read stirring lyrics in the deep blue eyes of Miss Crickett, sentimental love-ditties in the soft gray orbs of Polly Peablossom, passionate strains in the flashing hazel optics of young Gigsby, melancholy dirges in Podson's stony stare, Ethiopian melodies in Tom's roguish glances, and a hymn of peace and contentment in Mrs. Peablossom's comfortable countenance. One thing I noted for a certainty—Podson and Gigsby were both dead in love with Miss Crickett, and about as jealous a pair of rivals as I ever saw in my life; while the young lady, who was evidently aware of the "situation," did not seem to care a straw about either of them.

I was anxious to retire to my room, for I had a long correspondence to write for the Bungtown *Banner*, besides a biographical and critical notice of the life and writings of the late James Thompson Hodges, the eminent archæologist, for the Morning *Highflyer*; but good manners kept me seated while the four—that is, the two young gentlemen and the two young ladies—executed a quartette in passable style, Miss Crickett doing the piano accompaniment with considerable skill. Then Miss Crickett and Gigsby sang a duet, while Podson looked on scowlingly; but his face brightened when Miss Crickett asked him to favor the company with an *aria* on the flute. He had the instrument in his pocket and produced it without delay. Never till that moment had I an adequate conception of the capabilities of a flute. As an instrument of torture, when unskillfully handled, I firmly believe it is worthy to take rank with the accordeon or the thumb-screws. During the performance Tom stole out, and presently returned with a couple of hollow reeds, each about eighteen inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, pierced with holes like a flute. When Podson had finished his little piece and received our hypocritical applause, Tom presented him with one of the reeds, saying he believed they were Fijian flutes—that he had got them down on the wharf from a sailor who had brought them from the Islands. Podson tried the instrument and found that he could produce from it shrill, but not unpleasing sounds. After one or two attempts he succeeded in performing a simple air with tolerable success.

"Try this one," said Tom, presenting the other. "I don't think it blows quite so easy."

Nothing loth to give further proof of his skill—proud, indeed, of being the only one in the room who could bring melody out of the rude instrument of the savages—Podson took the second flute and began to blow upon and finger it. The sounds it emitted were rather choked; but as he exerted his lungs to the utmost to fill it with air it gradually cleared, and finally gave forth soft, mellifluous sounds. But in the meantime a singular phenomenon appeared. As Podson blew in the flute, a cloud of fine black particles came out of the mouth-hole and settled upon his face, until, from his mouth to his eyebrows, he was about as dark as any chattel ever purchased in the barracoons of Dahomey. At first the company stared with astonishment; but I, who had before seen a similar trick, was unable to restrain a violent outburst of laughter, which proved instantly contagious. I thought that schoolma'am would go into hysterics. Podson, turning around to see what was the matter, happened to glance into the mirror, which revealed to him the truth, but he was so dull as not to see the point of the joke. Instead of laughing he flew into a violent rage, threw the flute at Tom, missed him and hit the schoolma'am in the eye, and then rushed out of the room, and up stairs.

"Oh, my eye!" exclaimed the schoolma'am, covering the injured organ with a delicate little hand.

"Oh, didn't he look funny!" cried Polly; and she lapsed into a fit of laughter so immoderate that I thought she would roll off her chair.

"You little rascal!" said Mrs. Peablossom, as soon as she could control her risibles, "what possessed you to play such a trick on the gentleman?" and she gave Tom a box on the ear which did not seem to hurt him much, for he immediately began laughing afresh.

Gigsby with an air of concern advanced to the side of the schoolma'am. "Did that awkward brute hurt you much?" he inquired.

"Don't call such names, Mr. Gigsby," she replied. "I believe my eye is put out."

"The wretch!" said Gigsby. "You'd better put a raw oyster on it."

"But where shall I get the oyster?"

"Well, put a piece of raw beefsteak on it; that will draw the swelling out."

Mrs. Peablossom and Polly ran to the pantry, but soon returned with the information that the raw beefsteak was all out. They concurred in recommending cold water.

"Warm water is better," said I. "Cold water will relieve the pain, but it will set the color if the eye should turn black."

But the advocates of the cold water cure prevailed, and bound up Miss Crickett's eye with a cloth liberally saturated with their favorite fluid.

Then Gigsby and I took our leave. Our rooms were adjoining, while Podson's were across the hall. I had turned on the gas and sat me down to write, when I heard, proceeding from Gigsby's apartment, a sort of triumphal strain badly executed on a violin of indifferent sound. When this had lasted for a brief time, from the other side of the hall came a defiant note, from that most ear-piercing and nerve-torturing of wind instruments when played alone—a B flat clarionet. I was so annoyed that I could do nothing, but withal so amused that I did not care to interfere to stop the sport. The music (!) gradually grew wilder and louder; it was a trial of endurance between muscle on the one side and lungs on the other. "*Plus potestatis tuo cubito*," I mentally exclaimed to Gigsby; "*plus venti tuis pulmonibus*," to Podson. I verily believe the contest would have been prolonged all night between these foolish rivals, had not Tom, coming up to bed, brought a request from his mother that they would desist and allow the rest of the household to sleep.

"Order reigned in Warsaw," and I proceeded with my "pen-write." I had written I don't know how many pages; but it was about midnight when I heard Gigsby's door softly open and a stealthy foot passing through the hall and descending the stairway. A few minutes afterward I heard, nearly under my window, a flourish of violin music, and then Gigsby's not unmelodious voice singing "Beautiful Dreamer." He was evidently serenading the schoolma'am, who, I conjectured, slept in a chamber below. Hardly had he commenced when I heard Podson's door open, and another stealthy step crossing the hall and entering Gigsby's room. Then I heard a window softly raised, and then a splash, which was answered from below by a hoarse, gasping sound, succeeded by a volley of oaths of which I did not think Gigsby capable. A sleepy old Newfoundland dog on the back porch took up the chorus, which was echoed by all the dogs in the neighborhood—a hundred, more or less. Podson, in hastening back to his own room, stumbled and fell, smashing the pitcher he was carrying to atoms, and making a terrible racket; Gigsby came rushing in furiously, slamming the door violently and tumbling half way up the staircase; Tom rushed out, yelling incoherently at the top of his voice, and the women, frightened out of their seventeen senses by the unearthly clatter, screamed "Murder!" "Thieves!" "Police!" with all their might and main. It was more than an hour by my chronometer before matters were explained, quiet restored, and the members of the household again resigned to sleep.

Next morning Miss Crickett had a black and painfully swollen eye, and was fain to give her pupils a holiday. Mr. Podson made so humble an apology for his rage and the accident resulting from it that he was forgiven, though I am satisfied that Miss Cricket is not altogether appeased. Podson and Gigsby are now declared enemies; the latter has been to consult me about the best means of "getting even" on his big rival, and the former has confided to me his opinion that Gigsby is a nuisance and a scoundrel, and that we ought to adopt some measures to drive him off. They are constantly seeking to worry and annoy each other, and even the presence of the ladies hardly restrains them from mutual exhibitions of hatred and malice. I try to give them both good advice, but I might as well talk to a pair of enraged ourang-outangs. They are so blinded by passion and jealousy they cannot see what everybody else does—that their conduct renders them despicable in the very eyes whose approving smile they covet. It is plain that they cannot remain long under the same roof without a violent collision of some sort, but neither will consent to leave so long as the pretty schoolma'am remains. I, as a neutral power, have been successively called in council by Mrs. Peablossom, Miss Crickett and Polly—which last I am satisfied nurses a budding attachment for young Gigsby—but thus far we have not hit upon any plan of adjustment which seems feasible. Tom, too, has consulted me with regard to another trick which he meditates playing on "old Podson," as he calls him. I gave the young scamp no encouragement, but I hope he'll do it! In short, there is trouble brewing at my new lodgings; when the denouement arrives you shall have a full, true and particular account of all the circumstances.

JOHN CLERK.

THE FRENCH POLICE SYSTEM.

THOSE who purpose coming over to Paris during the Great Exhibition should be somewhat initiated into the habits of the country. Provided one is not a conspirator, and willing to submit to the laws and regulations enforced by the present government, one is certain to meet with a cordial reception, as well as courteous impartiality from any of the judicial authorities one may happen to be brought into contact with. Still, everything is so radically different here from what it is in England, that, to my idea, the wisest plan for foreigners who contemplate a visit to Paris would be to follow the advice given by St. Monica to St. Agustin: "Oublie ce que tu as su!"

For example, you arrive at Calais, Boulogne, Havre, or Dieppe. Your first thought is, "Where is my luggage?" You need not have this preoccupation, or any other, inasmuch as once you set your foot on French territory government takes charge of you, looks after your luggage, sees that you keep respectable hours, inquires where you lodge, forbids you to put flower-pots on your balcony, and now and then informs you that you had better whitewash the outside of the house you inhabit. When once you have settled in Paris,—whether you have selected a hotel, furnished lodgings, or a private house for your residence,—Monsieur le Préfet do Police will be made aware of the fact within twelve hours of your arrival, no matter how humble or exalted be your social position; not that he is "on hospitable thoughts intent," and purposes inviting you to one of his *soirées* or dinners, but simply in order that he may be kept *au courant* of the sort of life you may be leading.

"The Devil on Two Sticks," when he wished to know what was going on in any dwelling, did so by raising the roofs of the houses, and peering in from the upper regions of the air. The Préfet de Police, without removing a single slate, brick, or tile, is perfectly aware of all that occurs in the whole empire. His are indeed Argus eyes. You write an article in a magazine, and sign it with a *nom de plume*. Within twelve hours, at the latest, of its publication, M. le Préfet knows your real patronymic as well as you do yourself. If you write a book, M. le Préfet enjoys the privilege of receiving from your editor the first copy; and in vain may your friends besiege every bookseller in Paris for the work until he has granted permission for its sale. Should you take a fancy to turn valet, cook, or servant, you will have to appeal to M. le Préfet for what is called a *livret*,—viz. a little book, wherein the master who takes a fancy to you, or he who does not, will inscribe on the said *livret*, it to be their deliberate opinion that you are a trustworthy creature, a mere booby, or an intelligent member of the community. If you choose to make the Bourse or Exchange your place of resort, a special commissary will report to the powers that be whether you have gained or lost by your speculations. If you give a dinner or an evening party to above twenty-three persons, a police agent may enter your drawing-room, and put a stop to your enjoyment of your friends' society by summarily dispersing your guests.

Any one walking about at night and wishing to study Paris by moonlight, runs the risk of getting a lodging at the expense of the state, the honors of which abode will be done by a *mouchard*. The Préfet de Police not only is intimately acquainted with your character, habits, and mode of life, but can tell the hour at which you go to bed; that at which you rise; that at which you are in a good humor; and that, also, when you are usually in a rage. He knows exactly who you correspond with, what books you read, and most especially to what paper you subscribe. If you wish to be in the good graces of this Grand Vizier you ought, on your reaching Paris, either to subscribe to the *Moniteur Universel* or to the *Petit Moniteur*. It is true you will, even after the most attentive perusal of the said official sheets, utterly fail in gathering any sort of information therefrom. Yet you will have more chance of a ticket for the ball at the Hotel de Ville than if you took in the *Siècle* or the *Opinion Nationale*. I repeat what I have already said, that it is impossible that a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, an American, a Chinese, etc., etc., can take up his residence in this capital or in any city in the Empire without the Prélet being perfectly cognizant of his past and present career. One example will suffice to prove this. A lady of my acquaintance, residing in a country town, received a letter from a niece, of whom she had not heard for many years in consequence of family differences. The young lady complained that her father and sister had abruptly quitted the French watering place, where they had lived for two years, and had left her without resources in a house full of servants, and prayed her aunt to receive her immediately. The lady, before acceding to this request, wished to ascertain the facts of the case. She applied to the Préfet of her department, to whom she was known. His secretary after listening to the case, requested her to return in twenty-four hours. Precisely at the given time the lady presented herself. The secretary laid before her some sheets of closely-written paper, on which were inscribed the most minute details of the life the family in question had led from the hour of their landing in France to the abrupt departure of the young lady's father and sister. The report confirmed the young lady's statement in every particular; and the reassured aunt unhesitatingly sheltered her unlucky relative.

To speak of Paris alone, there are at this moment above 300,000 names of strangers inscribed on the books of the Prefecture; the antecedents of the life of each individual being *résumed*, in few brief lines, and recorded in alphabetical order on the police register. These books became so voluminous, and took up so much space, that latterly cards have been substituted for registers. Each card bears the name of the foreigner in question, and beneath are the salient points of his past career, condensed into as few words as possible. The cards are placed according to their alphabetical order in tin cases. Each fresh arrival in the metropolis adds a fresh card to the collection. This arrangement works so admirably that fifty tin cases sufficed to supply all the facts required for judicial purposes.

A tremendous number of *mouchards*, or spies, are employed by the Préfet de Police to inform him of what is going on in Paris,—to feel the public pulse, as well as to try to detect culprits of every denomination. These *mouchards* are to be met with, not in the streets only, but in *cafés*, *restaurants*, public places of amusement, etc. They will enter into conversation with you, endeavor to make you express your political ideas, and try to entrap you in every way possible. I therefore think it my duty to caution my readers not to be too familiar with men whom they meet in any public place, and not to betray their thoughts as regards France, and more especially the French government.

Sitting one evening in a *café*, engaged in writing, I was accosted by a man who, under the pretext of not knowing Paris, entered into conversation with me. Presently he offered me a glass of Curacoa, which I declined. He then said he would like to dine with me, which I refused. Lastly he informed me that he had taken two tickets for the opera ball, reckoning upon one of his friends to accompany him, adding that the said friend not being able to keep his appointment, he would gladly offer me the ticket. The thought instantly struck me that I was in the presence of a *mouchard*, and I made up my mind to accept this last offer, and go with him to the Bal d'Opera, which I did. I remained with him till four in the morning. This occurred a few weeks after the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, 1851, when so many statesmen and gray-headed generals were suddenly swept into prison. Vainly did my *mouchard* endeavor to make me speak on political subjects. Vainly did he try to draw out my opinions of the present government. I was too wide-awake, and had made up my mind to observe the same mutism as the *Moniteur*. Finally he invited me to sup with him. I accepted; and a capital supper it proved to be. He evidently hoped that iced champagne would have the effect of making me communicative, but my mouth only opened to absorb *paté de foie gras* paid for by the Préfecture de Police. The *mouchard* suddenly seized an excuse to part with whom he began to fancy might have discovered his game. Years elapsed,—eight or ten,—when I met my friend at a review by the Emperor in the Bois de Boulogne. I was then walking arm-in-arm with a government official. I noticed that he (the *mouchard*) tried to avoid me. I inquired from my companion whether he knew who the personage was. "Yes," he replied, "he is in the secret police." I had therefore guessed rightly.

The street agents of the police amount in Paris alone to above 2,000! Each has a specialty of his own. Some resort to *cafés*, others to public balls, some only frequent theatres and concert-rooms, others are only to be met with in the streets or Boulevards keeping a sharp look-out on the cabbies; others frequent the Boulevard, and accost the social evil, at dead of night, requiring its representatives to show their *livrets* as a proof that they have obtained from the Préfecture a license to pursue their dark trade. Some are traveling *mouchards*, and go from one department to another, and even from one country to another—from Paris to London, or from Paris to Florence, reporting on their return all they have heard or seen. I have even heard of some who were recommended as servants, butlers, or valets, and thus were introduced into the best houses.

Of the 4,000 or 5,000 *sergents-de-ville* who are to be met with in the different streets of the metropolis, I have nothing to say, inasmuch as they more or less resemble our own policemen, and are somewhat organized on the same system. Connected with the police are the *commissaries de police*. These only number 80. Their duty is to superintend the cleanliness of each *quartier*, take cognizance of misdemeanors and attend to any complaints which the public, French as well as foreigners, may have to make. Their residence is known at night by a square lantern of red glass hung above the door of their respective domiciles.

I know of no life more wretched than that of a police commissary. In virtue of his political functions, the commissary culminates hatred, contempt, and even a goodly crop of revenge, which sooner or later fall on him or his family. I have remarked that popular instinct invariably runs counter to his performance of any political duty; but when a commissary, in his capacity of agent of the administrative police, wishes to capture a thief, the ringleaders of a night brawl, or any other offender, public sympathy is immediately enlisted on the side of justice, and the police are efficiently assisted by every passer-by. When, on the contrary, the commissary is on the scent of a political criminal, there is not a man in his neighborhood who does not do his best to facilitate the escape of the culprit. The consequence is that the police, when on the track of some member of a revolutionary society, constantly give out that the object of their pursuit is a thief or a robber, by which means a noble-minded, though probably mistaken, patriot is captured and carried off to prison.

A considerable portion of the commissaries' time is engaged in attending theatres, and they possess in every theatre an *entree* to every part of the house, *y compris* behind the scenes. Their business is to see not only that the public conduct themselves in an orderly manner, but that the manager fulfils his engagements to the public. The commissary sees that the curtain rises at the precise moment announced on the playbill; is responsible that all due precautions have been taken to guard the house from fire or accident; he insists on the curtain being lowered at a certain hour, etc. To aid him in these various duties he has a picket of the municipal guard, and a certain number of *sergents-de-ville*, besides the fire brigade. His *role* at the theatre is anything but agreeable. On every first night it becomes his business to see that all passages suppressed by the Censure are omitted by the actors. It frequently happens that the public, who are perfectly aware that these suppressions have been made, shout for the omitted sentences, and, to use a familiar term, "kick up a thundering row." On this taking place, the commissary puts on his official scarf, and suddenly sturtles the audience by appearing in a front box, which manifestation invariably excites the risible faculties of the public, and generally suggests a shower of orange-peal, and even the still more unpleasant missile—much patronized on these occasions—roasted apples. The *sergents-de-ville* now come to the rescue of the representative of justice, and the theatre is transformed into a sort of field of battle; the actors, who usually consider prudence the better part of valor, take to flight; the curtain falls; and finally the public evacuate the theatre, shouting "Aux Lampions!"

In penning this, I by no means wished to make an attack on the French police. However disagreeable and vexatious this institution may prove to strangers who unintentionally infringe its edicts, I must in all thankfulness acknowledge that it is marvellously organized, and that it has rendered, and still renders, inestimable services. Most of the high police functionaries have proved to be men of undoubted capacity, who have not only contributed to the material embellishment of Paris, but have rendered still more efficient service by making it one of the most wealthy cities in Europe, and that within a marvellously short space of time. To a Préfet de Police we owe the boon of having the streets lighted by gas; to another the splendid *trottoirs* which have so recently replaced muddy footways which disgraced this metropolis; to another, the squares, ornamented gardens, and plantations of shady trees, which prove so great a source of healthy recreation to the working population of the capital. Finally, be it remembered that it was a Préfet de Police, M. Le Noir, who founded the *mont de piété*, which establishment enjoys the exclusive privilege of lending upon movables four-fifths of the value of gold and silver, and two-thirds of the value of other goods.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK CITY.—The *Home Journal* says, at a recent ball, given at Delmonico's, a young and beautiful married lady appeared in one of the new-fashioned ball dresses, which are now worn short, like the street dresses. The dress consisted of a pink silk underskirt, which just touched the top of the shoes, which were of pink kid, buttoned up over the ankle with white buttons. Over the pink silk was a shorter skirt, of white tulle, trimmed with pink satin pipings. The hair was dressed very high, and ornamented with a wreath of wild roses, the center of each rose containing a diamond of great brilliancy. The dress was made by a Parisian dressmaker, and, it is needless to say, attracted a great deal of attention. Another very beautiful dress was a short skirt, of white tarletan, with a wide box plaiting on the bottom, and having an overskirt of blue satin, trimmed with pipings of white satin, which were studded through the center with small pearl beads. The shoes were of blue satin, the same shade as the overskirt, and laced with a white cord and tassel. The gloves, which are now the fashion for evening wear, had a gauntlet of kid, which reached nearly to the elbow, and buttoned with a small gilt button.

A lady, residing in Twenty-third street, received her friends on New-Year's, seated on a throne, her two daughters seated on either side, while a band of music, stationed in an adjoining room, performed at intervals.

Several young men have appeared at fashionable receptions in this city recently, in something like court dress—maroon velvet coat and breeches, with silk stockings.

At a wedding in this city, last week, the bride's presents, consisting of silver, jewelry, India shawls and laces, were estimated to have cost one hundred thousand dollars.

S.T-1860-X.

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PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR superior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter aud clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, aud their pictures give more satisfactiou, aud are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries. *

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, snd others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sauborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, aud are sold by Mills & Evaus fifty per cent. lower than any other estahlishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is hecoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is hut the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredihly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not hy defamation of others, to estahlish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must he gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a enre. This he is ahle to do, hecause he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
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FURNITURE

At Less than Gold Cost,

AT THE WAREROOMS OF

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Nos. 415, 417, 419 California street,
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WE ARE NOW CLOSing out our last year's stock of FURNITURE etc., at UNPARALLELED LOW RATES.

It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, aud in the most durable manner.

Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to huying elsewhere.

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BRANCH STORES—No. 715 Market street hetween Third and Fourth: and Main street, Stockton.

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Dentist,

653 Clay street, hetween Kearny and Montgomery,
San Francisco.

FRESH MEAT! CORNED MEAT!

PARTIES IN WANT OF COARSE FRESH MEAT, AND COARSE CORNED MEAT, in quantities largo and small can be supplied at low figures, on application to

L. MILLER & CO.,
59 and 60 Washington Market.

☞ All orders delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT STYLES OF

DRESS HATS!

FOR

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1867, ARE NOW READY

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MEUSSDORFFER'S,

HAT MANUFACTORIES,

Nos. 635 and 637 Commercial St...San Francisco
No. 125 J Street,.....Sacramento
Corner D and Second Streets.....Marysville
No. 72 Front Street.....Portland, Or

OUR STYLES OF GENTLEMEN'S DRESS AND BUSINESS HATS, manufactured of the best material and by the most skillful mechauics, excel any in fineness, taste, and durability ever introduced on this coast. We are receiving hy each steamer all the LATEST NOVELTIES from New York. London, and Paris. Call and see them.

PIANOS!

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AT

AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,

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NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

(Opposite the Russ' Honse,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candles sold hy us are warranted to he manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

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B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, helow Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street hclow Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blunn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

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Next door to the Pacific Insurance Company.

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Opposite the entranco of the Rnss House,
San Francisco

Removal!!

JOHN F. SNOW.

COLORING, CLEANING AND RESTORING OF FEAthers, Kid Gloves, Silks, Woolens, Furs, etc., has removed to the new building of the "MECHANICS' INSTITUTE," opposite the old stand, 25 Post street, betweeu Montgomery and Kearny.

☞ 'RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA' for sale as usual.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Ahove Montgomery.....(South side.)

MAHOMET.

Mehomet was a little above the middle hight strongly but sparely made, with broad shoulders and a slight stoop; his hair was black and, in the prime of life, clustered over his ears; his mustache and beard were also black. the latter abundant and reachiug some way down his chest; his forehead was large, with a vein on it, which swelled when he was angry; his complexiou was fair for au Arab; his eyes were large, black and piercing, bloodshot and restless; his teeth where white and well formed but stood apart; his walk was so rapid that people had to run to keep up with him, and his gait is described as being like that of a man striding down hill. He was simple in his apparel; he never wore silk but once in life, and then he threw it aside in disgust, saying it was no fit dress for a man. His general attire was white tnd red striped cotton. Like all Arabs, he had no taste for comfort, and the luxurious refinements of artificial life were not known to him, or would have been despised had they become so. A bed of palm tree fibre, a low hut of burnt tiling with a palm tree roof would have been by him preferred to a palace. Still he was in some things of extremely delicate and sensitive taste, as in the use of perfumes and in his distaste for nn. pleasant odors. At Medina he once sent back a dish of mutton to the sender untouched, because it was flavored with onions, saying that they were disagreeable to the angel who visited him. He never traveled without tooth-picks, and antimony for the eyes. He was a good listener in conversation, and never in shaking hands was the first to withdraw his own. He was not addicted to any of the games or sports of which the Arabs were so passionately fond, and was in all things most unlike the heroic ideal of Arabic character.

How a Man Stole a Town.—The story in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* of the man who stole a meeting-house has suggested to the editor of a New Hampshire paper the reported stealing of that portion of town of Alton, in that State, which was formerly known as New Durham Gore. The legend runs thus: "On a time, the possessors of the wilderness now comprising the towns of New Durham, Wakefield, Middleton (which included Brookfield,) and that part of Alton known as New Durham Gore, agreed with a certain party to run out and duly bound a ce tain number of lots, each 100 by 169 rods, and if there was any land left, the party thus running out of the land should have it. The surveyor's name, we think, was Bryant, but whether he or his employers were the wicked party, we know not; suffice it to say, that instead of lying the lots out with right or square angles, as they were expected to do, the towns were laid out in lots with acute and obtuse angles, like diamonds, and consequently, each contained much less land than was intended by the owners, while the wicked tricksters got for themselves the whole of New Durham Gore. To this day the good farmers of these towns are not only much discommoded by their dia mond farms, but the increase in fencing is enormous.

Letters from Russia stated that communications with a great many telegraph stations were interrupted in consequence of the intense cold. The "wires were frozen," and covered everywhere with a coating of ice three inches thick. Will not this phenomenon give the Atlantic cable the monopoly of telegrams during the winter months?

A story is told of a young man who was crossed in love and attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

When a dog gets his head fastened in a fence, it is unsafe to extricate him, unless you enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance.

A poet wrote "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire;" the printer made him say, "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

What good would centuries do the man who knows how to waste his time?

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

MASONIC TEMPLE,

Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!

Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultatioos Free. all or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

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STEAM ENGINE WORKS

Beale Street, near Mission, San Francisco.

STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.

HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,

Portable Engines of all sizes,

Donkey Pumps, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The attention of the parties engaged in shipping or inland navigation is called to the

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP

of Mr. LOCHHEAD, who has been in the business in San Francisco for the last fourteen years and enjoys the reputation of having built ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN STEAM ENGINES.

Screw Propellers of all kinds, and Steam Boat Machinery generally, made to order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in every particular.

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

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Also,

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, &c., &c.,

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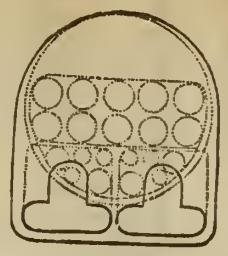
☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



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HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER WORKS.

KITTREDGE & LEAVITT,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fire Proof Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Prison Cells, Balconies. Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc,

Corner Fremont and Market street, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of Second Hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. C. Bussey, of Jackson, Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this State. It is done by Mathematica Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works,

THIS LOCK PUT ON SAFES NOW IN USE

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight, without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

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Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

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SIGNS TO SUIT THE TIMES.

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Main street . . . Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

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J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

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Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st.
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market.

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T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 320 Montgomery street.
Dain & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bro's., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s. 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

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A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

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A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

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CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
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" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S *Through Line to New York.*

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic Company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR MARCH.

March 9—SACRAMENTO, Capt. J. M. Cavarly, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
March 19—CONSTITUTION, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Manly.
March 30—GOLDEN AGE, Captain James T. Watkins, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt Fuller.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.
Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock
Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.
For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.
The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched 1 April 31, for Hongkong via Kanagawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.
For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

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AND
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FOR BUSINESS PURSUITS,
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is conducted upon thorough business principles. The student, upon entering the college,
IS FURNISHED WITH A CAPITAL IN CASH AND MERCHANDISE,
opens a place of business, opens an account with the bank, insures his goods in the insurance office of the College, and enters upon the arena of business. He
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carrying out all the details of trade—buying and selling goods, depositing in and checking from the Bank, making and negotiating notes, drafts, bills of exchange, etc., recording the transactions and keeping the books in a regular and scientific manner. From this he advances to other capacities, until he finally takes his position in the
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a regularly established institution, complete in all its appointments, and having a circulation of
ONE MILLION IN COLLEGE CURRENCY.
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The large and increasing demand for good Telegraph operators has induced us to organize a separate department for thorough instructions in this branch, and we are enabled now to present advantages in this line equal to any that can be afforded on the continent. Several instruments are in operation, and others will be added as the occasion requires. So great is the demand for Operators, that no young man, well qualified, need want a situation. A skillful and accomplished Operator has charge of the departments, and will devote his special attention to the advancement of the students under his charge.

There is no vacation, and students can enter upon any business day during the year. The public are invited to call and examine the various Departments. Sessions day and evening. For circulars and further information, address

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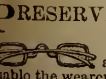

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PRICE of Perfect Glasses, $2 50, and upward. Sent free-paid to any post office on the Coast. Applicants by mail will receive a circular containg directions, etc.

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Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

Splendid Presents
TO SEND ABROAD.
STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS
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California Scenery!

A SERIES OF OVER
ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!
ILLUSTRATING
The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.
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And Published by
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SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
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Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
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And all kinds of
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Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
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The undersigned having been commissioned by Gov. Low as Notary Public, vice Henry Dreschfeld, deceased, has removed his office to 509 California street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co., where he will be pleased to see his former patrons, and receive a share of public patronage
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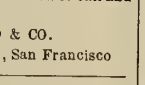

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PSYCHE'S FEET.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Her feet they are so small,
So delicate her tread,
The daisies do not bend at all
When she walks overhead;
But each looks up, and falls in love
With Psyche's tiny feet above.

She walks with such an art,
And steps so daintily,
If she should tread upon my heart,
'Twould still unbroken be,
Unless 'twere by the loveliness
Which Psyche's tiny feet possess!

A STAR IN FLAMES.

A wonderful phenomenon has dazzled the eyes of astronomers on both sides of the Atlantic—nothing less than a star in flames! In May last, a little twinkler in the constellation Corona Borealis, or "Northern Crown," suddenly blazed forth a star of second magnitude, and analyzing its rays with a spectroscope, the light was pronounced to be identical with that emitted by certain gasses in a state of combustion. The universal opinion of scientific men who observed the spectacle, was that the star was on fire—an opinion which was strengthened, as time wore on, by the gradual dying out of its newly acquired lustre. By the 22d of June the star had dwindled from the second to the nineteenth magnitude. It has since become still more insignificant, and when burned out—assuming the theory regarding it to be correct, it will, of course be invisible.

Although we have spoken of the burning as in progress, says the *New Age*, the probability is that the casualty occurred in a former and far remote age. The distance of the star from the earth is so enormous that the light of the conflagration may have been many centuries—perhaps thousands of years—on its journey hither! It must be borne in mind, too, that the fixed stars are supposed to be solar systems like our own; not sinworlds, but congeries of worlds, with suns for their centres. The theory of the astronomers is that a planetary system has been consumed! Imagine our own sun—now the genial source of life and warmth—suddenly wrapped in flames by the liberation and ignition of its internal gas! What would be the effect! Every planet and satellite, from red Mercury to the pale orb that runs its course on the utmost confines of the sphere of solar attraction, would be destroyed in the twinkling of an eye. The earth would be calcined, and of all its millions, not a vestige would remain. We may well shudder at the idea of a systems of worlds having been obliterated in a moment and without warning, and yet to the systems remaining, the one extinguished was but a grain of sand to the myriads on the sea shore. A due consideration of this latter fact may possibly calm the fears of those who look for a grand catastrophe in this part of the universe at an early day. If the incomputable millions of systems suspended in space are to be destroyed one by one—and this would seem to be a natural inference from the late phenomenon, if it has been correctly interpreted by the astonomers—our term may be much further off than the Millerites anticipate.

ITURBIDE, who died recently in New York, was a popular favorite in Mexico. He once made the following speech from the Imperial box at the opera house: "Mexicans, you want a speech from me, eh? Well, you shall have one. You want me to speak as the son of the liberator of Mexico, the immortal Iturbide. Well, he was your chosen Emperor; he was the only honest man in Mexico, and so you shot him! In doing so, you acted like the parcel of robbers and assassins that you always were and always will be."

TIGER HUNTING.—From a point of view a Frenchman who had been in India, speaking of the tiger hunts, pleasantly remarks: "When ze Frenchman hunt ze tiger, ah! ze sport is grand, magnifique! but, wen ze tigare hunt ze Frenchman, zen! zere is ze very devil to pay!"

New Axiom—A thorn in the bush is worth wo in the hand.

MADELEINE.

I.

I wait for you, O Madeleine,
And wait for your coming, sweet,
While the blue-bells tinkle a passion song
To the violets at my feet;

And the heart's-ease holds a tender thought
Of love in its tiny fold,
And the daffodil bends with the amorous breeze
To kiss the marigold.

II.

Ah! *now* you are coming, dear Madeleine,
For the garrulous bird in the tree
Stops for a moment his spiteful jibes,
And his senseless mimicry;

And the proud, pale lilies, so pure and grand,
Drift back and forth with a thrill—
Those queenly flowers that otherwise
Would stand so cold and still;

And the roses you sweep with your muslin dress
Sway blindly to and fro,
And flush to the very tips of their leaves,
With love and shame aglow.

III.

But what! You give me back my ring,
And tell me "To forget!"
And fate of years is whiffed away
In a passionate sigh of regret.

And the Hope that was singing of Love in my heart
Hushes its joyous tune;
And ominous clouds come drifting up
To hide the summer moon.

The mocking-bird that jeered in the tree
Now jeers me a song of regret;
He mocketh our tone and harps on the words
"Forget, forget, forget!"

IV.

The night grows damp, and the clammy wind
Comes up from the sea forlorn,
And the dreary fields, and the misty hills
Take the ashen hue of dawn.

But the weird-like bird, in a garrulous mood,
Sings in the garden yet;
And his song—ah, me!—forever will be,
"Forget, forget, forget!" C. H.

—*Home Journal.*

JOHN BRIGHT ON THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.—Dr. Emerton, President of the English International College, recently delivered a lecture on the French language, Mr. Bright, M. P., who was unexpectedly present, in moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer, said he did not wish to detract from the credit due to the Doctor, but he thought he was over sanguine, as many present could remember the difficulties of learning French at school. The Mayor and the Doctor had expressed an opinion that the learning of the French language by the people of England would tend to promote peace between the two nations. He (Mr. Bright) was of the opinion that that would not follow as a matter of course. All the people in America spoke the same language as that spoken in England, but that did not prevent, during five years' war, the serious war that raged there, and which had incurred great danger in this country. Something else was wanted besides a mere knowledge of each other's language. We wanted fair dealing.

A MUSICAL MATTER.—A gentleman of this city, entertaining some friends a short time ago at the Boston Music Hall, with a sight of the great organ and other curiosities of the place, suddenly became aware of a series of "nudges" in his back, and turning, became also aware of a solemn countryman, evidently of an inquiring mind, who, indicating the statue of Beethovan with an interrogating finger, asked in the unmistakable pathos of New England:

"Is that statoo gilt?"

"No, sir; bronze," was the response.

"Bronze, hey. Must cost considerable. Who is it a statoo of?"

"Beethovan," said the gentleman, beginning to be amused.

"B. Tovin, hey," and then reflectively, with the impression of the statue of B. Franklin fresh in his mind—"*Was he a Bostinman?*"

A gentleman the other day had occasion to telegraph to Cambridge for a book, "Johnson's Poem on Plato." By the time the message reached Cambridge it had become altered nto "John Pomens on Plate Money."

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WITH CORRUPT, DISordered or vitiated Blood, you are sick all over. It may burst out in Pimples, or, Sores, or in some active disease, or it may merely keep you listless, depressed and good for nothing. But you cannot have good health while your blood is impure AYER'S SARSAPARILLA purges out these impurities and stimulates the organs of life into vigorous action, restoring the health and expelling disease. Hence it rapidly cures a variety of complaints which are caused by impurity of the blood, such as Scrofula, or Kings' Evil, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Tetter, or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Cancer or Cancerous Tumors, Sore Eyes, Female Diseases, such as Retention, Irregularity, Suppression, Whites, Sterility, also Sypilis or Venerial Diseases, Liver Complaints, and Heart Diseases. Try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and see for yourself the surprising activity with which it cleanses the blood and cures these disorders.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound "Sarsparilla," and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. We think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. We can only assure the sick, that we offer them the best alterative which we know how to produce, and we have reason to believe, it is by far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered by any body.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is so universally known to surpass every other remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease, that it is useless here to recount the evidence of its virtues. The world knows them.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Fraacisco.

RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L REED, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the cumplaint filed in the said city and County of San Fraacisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L. REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L. LIEN, PETER S. McNIEL, SARAH J McNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in aa actioa brought against yuu by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, iu and for the city and county of Sau Fraacisco, and to answer the cumplaint filed therein, within tea days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of tais Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, hut in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgmcut by default will be taken against you, according to the pruyer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to compel the defcadants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands aud premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claiaas of said defendants may be determined hy a decree of this Court, that it he declared and adjudged that the defeudauts, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever iu or to said lauds or premises, and that they he furever deharred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor nia, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM LOEWY, Clerk

[SEAL.] By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.

Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 5o cts.

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of alifornia, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Fraucisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existiug between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one-half of the commoa property of the parties, he adjudged to belong to and be delivered to tais plaintiff; and that the care, custody aad education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaiutiff; and that pending this suit, the defendaut may, by order of this Court, be restrained and eujoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant be ordered to pay plaiutiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general belief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and auswer tho said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply ro the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judical District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousaud eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]

PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUdicial District of the State of Califoraia, in aud for the City and Couuty of Sau Fraacisco.

BENJAMINS. BROOKS, Plaiatiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendaats.

Action brought iu the District Court of the Fifteeuth Judiciat District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of Saa Francisco, aad the complaint filed in eaid City and County of Saa Fraacisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, detendants. You are hereby required to appear ia aa action brought against you by the ahoveaamed Plaiatiff ia the District Court of the Fifteeath Judicial District of tbo State of California, ia and for the City and County of Saa Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed thercin, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of scrvice,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if scrved withia this Couaty; or, if served out of this Couaty, hut in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said actiou is hrought to obtain a decree adjudgiag and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendaut Harris upon the promissory uote and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage meutioaed, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and tho application of tho proceeds of sale after paymeot of costs und expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, aud that said defendaat Harris, and all persons claimiog uader him subsequeat to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers iacumbrancers or otherwise, may be harred aod foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed aad executed against said defeadant Harris for any deficieacy which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of eaid judgment. That the plaiatiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and be put iato possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above reqnired, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of Saa Fraacisco, this 12th day of January ia the year of our Lord one thousaud eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j193m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.

Actiou brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action bronght against you, hy the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this Connty; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within tweaty days; otherwise, within forty days—or jndgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[L. S.] By Jas. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]

J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and Couaty of San Francisco, State of Calitornia.

In the matter of the Estate of FRANCOISE P. BETUEL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distributioa should not be made.

On readirg aud filecg the petition of Frangois M. Betuel, the Executor of the last will and testament of Frangoise P. Betuel deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final accoont of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expeuses of administration have hcen duly paid; and that a portioo of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees of said deceased, aud praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate o the said Frangoise P. Betuel, deceased, appear before the said Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why an order of distributiou should not he made of the residue of said Estate among the devisees of the said Frangoise P Betuel, deceased, according to law:

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before the said eleventh day March, A. n. 1867: in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper priuted and published in said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 5th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to he a true, full and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upoa the miuutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 8th day of February A. n. 1867

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

19 5t By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. F. & WM. H. SHARP, Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS THOMAS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not he made.

On reading and filiog the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Thumas, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed: that all the debts und expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided amoog the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for aa order of distribntioa of the residue of said estate amoag the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested ia the estate of the said Thomas Thomas, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and Couaty of Saa Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall ia said City aad County, on TUESDAY, the twenty-sixth day of MARCH, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., thea and there to show cause why aa order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate amoog the heirs of the said Thomas Thomas deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, That a copy of tbis order be published for four successive weeks, before the said tweaty-sixth day of March, A. n. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a news paper priuted and published in the said City and County

M. C. BLAKE, Probnte Judge.

Dated February 21st, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City aad Couaty of Sau Francisco, aad ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the forcgoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upoa the minutes of the Court.

Witness my haod aud the seal of said Court, this 21st day of February, A. n. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[Seal and stamp.] By A. J. JEGHENS, Deputy Clerk.

J. F. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. 123 5t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.-ESTATE OF ELLEN O'CONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Admioietrator of the Estate of Ellen O'Conaell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this uotice, to the said Administrator at his office, No 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of Sun Francieco. WM. A. QUARLES, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen O'Connell, deceased.

Saa Francisco, February 9, 1867.

W. & C. BARTLETT, Attoraeys for Administrator, 323 Montgomery street. f9 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE C. PETERSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estato of George C Petersen, deceased, to the creditors of, aud all persons haviug claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the accessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said adaministrator at his place of business at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city aad county of San Francisco.

Dated February 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of George C. Petersen, deceased. mh2-4t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on 6th day of February A. D. 1867, in the matter of the Estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on THURSDAY, the 14th day of March, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the counting-room of J. C. Merrill & Co., Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, of, in and to all the undivided two ninths of the lot of land situated in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the westerly side of Berry street, one hundred and thirty-seven and a half (137 1-2) feet northeasterly from the northeast corner of Berry and Third streets; thence running northeasterly along said westerly side of Berry street one hundred and thirty seven and a half (137 1-2) feet to a point; thence at a right angle northwesterly two hundred and forty (240) feet more or less to a point in the easterly line of King street; thence at a right angle southwesterly along said line of King street one hundred and thirty-seven and a half (137 1-2) feet; and thence at a right angle southeasterly two hundred and forty feet, more or less, to the point of beginning.

And offers or bids for said property, in writing will be received at said place, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county, from this date till Thursday the 14th day of March, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon, by the undersigned. J. C. MERRILL,

Guardian of the Estates of Alfred Rodman and Eloise Rodman, minors. 19

Dated February 8th, 1867.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and Couaty of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOSEPH W. KERR, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should aot be made.

On reading and filing the petitioa of Hoaora Kerr, the Administratrix of the Estate of Joseph W Kerr, deceased-setting forth that she has filed her final accouut of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has heeo duly settled and allowed; that all the debts aud expenses of administration have heeu duly paid; aud that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distributiou of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persous interested in the estate of the said Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, Anno Domini, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distributiou should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Joseph W. Kerr, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 11th day of March A. D., 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city aod county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, February 5th, 1867. 19 5t

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City aod County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 8th day of February, A. n. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

HAIGHT & PIERSON, Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDIcial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greetiog to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said actioa is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bouds of matrimony heretotore and now existing betweea the plaiatiff and defendaut, und that plaiatiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned ia the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaiut, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my haad and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of Califoraia, in and for the City and Couaty of Sau Francisco, this 18th day of January, ia the year of our Lord oae thousand eight hundred and sixty-seveo.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

[Seal. Iat. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. — ESTATE OF JOHN THOMAS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Joha Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, aad all persons having claims against the said deceascd, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, witbin ten months after the first publicatioa of this aotice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Moutgomery street, ia the city and couuty of San Francisco.

Dated February 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator aad the Administrator of the estate of John Thomas, deceased.

J. F. FINN, Atty for Administrator. fe16-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF AUGUSTA SAAL.—Notice is hereby giveu by the uadersigaed, Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Saal, deccased, to the creditors of, and all persons haviug claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, withiu ten moaths after the first publicatioa of this uotice, to the said Admiaistrator, at the office of his Attoracy, R. W. Heut, Esq., northwest coruer of Montgomery and Merchaat streets, ia the city and county of San Francisco. Dated February 9th, 1867.

H. O. GOUGH, Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Saal, deceased. f9 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS KEENAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the nadersigned, Administrator of the Estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased, to the creditors of, aad all persoas having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within tea months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Admiaistrator, at his place of busiaess, northwest coruer of Sacrameato and Sansomo streets, in the City and County of Saa Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, March 2d, A. D. 1867.

mh2-5t THOMAS BREEZE,

Administrator of Estato of Thomas Keenao, deceased.

WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Administrator.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and Couuty of San Fraacisco, State of Califoroia:

In the mutter of the estate of MINA HOFFMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution sbould not be made.

Oa reading and filing the petitioa of Isaac D. Barnard, Executor of the last will and testament of Mina Hoffman, deceased, setting fortb that he has filed his final accouut of his admoistratiou of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided amung the legatees of the will of said deceased, and prayiug amoog other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate amoog the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persoas interested in the estato of the said Mina Hoffman, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of March, A D. 1867, at two o'clock; P M., then and there to shuw cause why au order of distributioa should not bo made of the residue of said estate among the legatees of the last will and testament of the said deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before the said Tuesday the 19th day of March, A. D. 1867, in the CALIFORNIAN, a uewspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 11th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, }

I Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city aod county of San Francisco, aud ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my haud and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Petitioner.

February 16th, 1867. fe16-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE H. HOSSEFROSS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should oot be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by R. H. Sinton and H. M. Whitmore, the Executors of the last will of George H. Hossefross, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate and also all the personal property of the estate of George H. Hossefross, deceased, to pay the debts due by the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the eighteenth day of March A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco to show cause why an order should uot be granted to the said Executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be oecessary; and also the personal property of deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at lesst four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 12th, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, } ss.
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. }

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of February A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. Winans & Belknap Attys. for Petitioners.

fe16-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filiag the petition of John Couch, the Administrator of Sarah McLaughlia, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his ananal aad final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has beea duly settled and allowed; that all the debts aad expenses of administration have beea duty paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to bo divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an ordcr of distributioa of the residue of said estate among the persons catitled:

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said Sarah McLaughlin, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City aod County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, ia the City Hall in said City and Couoty, on MONDAY, the 11th day of March, A. n. 1867, at elevea o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order for distribution should not be made of the residuo of said estate amoog the heirs of the said Sarah McLaughlin deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 11th day of March, A. n. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a aewspaper priated aad published in the said City and Couaty.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated San Francisco, February 8th, 1867.

I. N. THORNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. f99 5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CAROLINE HUEBNER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of CAROLINE HUEBNER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persoas having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the oecessary vouchers, witbin ten moaths after the first publicstion of this aotice, to the said Admiaistrator, at bis place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City aad County of Saa Fraacisco.

Dated February 28th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Caroline Huebner, deceased. mh2 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this aotice, to the said Administrator, at his place of busiaess, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 28th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estato of James Edwin Reas, deceased. mh2-5t

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE, - - SOLE PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
CHAS. TIBBETTS, - - - BUSINESS MANAGER
C. L. GRAVES, - - - - STAGE MANAGER
W. STEVENSON, - - - - - TREASURER

ENGAGEMENT OF THE WITCHING ELFIN STAR,
ALICE KINGSBURY!
—SUPPORTED BY—
Mrs. Sophie Edwin, Mrs. H. Jackson,
Mr. J. McCullough, Mr. H. Edwards,
And a Full Corps Dramatique!

THIS AFTERNOON, MARCH 9TH,
KINGSBURY MATINEE!—
LAND AND SEA!

THIS EVENING, MARCH 9TH,
Miss Kingsbury will appear in the New Drama,
LAND AND SEA!
PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle, - -	$1 00	Orchestra, - -	$1 00
Parquette, - -	50	Upper Circle, -	25

No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

DR. BENTON

WILL CONTINUE HIS SERIES OF LECTURES upon the subject of PSYCHOLOGY, MAGNETISM and its kindred sciences, at CONGRESS HALL, Bush street, on FRIDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, 15th and 16th inst. at 7 1-2 o'clock. The lectures will be illustrated by a variety of very amusing and astonishing experiments upon persons in the audience, showing also that the Electrical or Magnetic Currents, properly directed, are the best and safest method of curing disease. TICKETS FOR GENTS, 25 CENTS; Ladies and Children, Free.

On FRIDAY AFTERNOON Dr. Benton will give a FREE LECTURE, for LADIES ONLY, at 3 o'clock, at Congress Hall.

☞ N. B.—Office for treatment, over Congress Hall.
mh9 1t

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

Art Gallery, Museum,
CONSERVATORIES, AND ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,
On Mission and Valencia streets.
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.

A Museum of Natural History containing over four hundred specimens of Zoology has just been opened.

NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.

Admission to all parts of the Gardens and Museum 25 cents. Children under 12 years of age, half price.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars.

☞ Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS

"SHERMAN'S March through Georgia."

ADMISSION, - - - TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

The Exhibition of this Painting will close on the 9th of March.
SNOW & ROOS,
219 Montgomery street. (Russ Block.)

NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED
BY USING
Healy's Rheumatic Liniment,

Which is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of CHRONIC OR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

It relaxes the muscles, removes the pain, and restores health and vigor to the system.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

San Francisco, Feb 6, 1866.

MR. HEALY—Dear Sir: Having witnessed many cures effected by your Rheumatic Liniment, I take great pleasure in universally recommending it to those in search of a really good article.
Yours, &c., FRANK V. SCUDDER.

Mr. FRANK HEALY: I suffered considerable rheumatic pains in both shoulders for a long time. I tried many remedies to get relief, but to no purpose. I was advised to try a bottle of "Healy's Rheumatic Liniment," which I did, and it has greatly relieved me. I am now using the second bottle, and am confident that in a few days I shall be well.
Yours, &c., R. PAGE,
316, Montgomery street.
San Francisco, Feb, 9, 1866.

San Francisco, Feb. 13, 1866.

To F. HEALY: I have heard much and seen practical proofs of your Liniment, and I endorse all you claim for it. L. GOETZ,
335, 337, Pine street.

San Francisco, Feb. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have used the bottle of Liniment you sent me, and it has done me good. Please send me another. WM. HORR,
718, Battery street

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT is for sale by all Druggists on the Pacific coast.
PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
Wholesale Agents, CRANE & BRIGHAM, and R. H. McDONALD & CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

ATTEND

THE SALE OF

500 HOMESTEAD LOTS

....AT....

PLATT'S HALL!

....AT....

Twelve O'Clock To-Day!

COBB & SINTON,

Auctioneers,

407 CALIFORNIA STREET.

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

HOMESTEAD LOTS!!

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON'S

Great Credit Sale

...OF..

350 LOTS!

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

Monday Week, March 18th,

AT

Platt's Hall,

☞ CALL AND PROCURE MAPS.

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,
Auctioneers,
404 MONTGOMERY STREET.

WILLIAM BRODIE,
California Foundry,
FREMONT STREET, NEAR MARKET,
San Francisco.

LIGHT AND HEAVY CASTINGS
Of every description, made to order.
Special attention paid to all kinds of HOUSE WORK, PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL.

THE GREAT
New England Remedy!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S
White-Pine Compound!

IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHOUT the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:
Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery Street, cor. Clay, San Francisco

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.

☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

HAGAN & HORGAN,
Marble-Workers.
MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth Streets.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monoments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

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Comprising Popular Biographies of our Naval Heroes, by Hon. J. T. Headley, the distinguished Author and Historian—complete in one large volume—handsomely illustrated in steel. The best paying Agency of the day.

In connection with this work our Agents can take orders for five of Headley's Standard Works. Call or send at once for Circulars and Terms.

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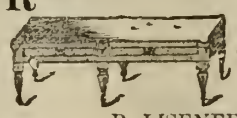

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Out of ten thousand regular physicians you cannot find one who will not say that STIMULANTS and INVIGORANTS are absolutely necessary in medical practice. And yet, in bygone years, humane practitioners have hesitated to administer them, because the fiendish ingenuity of wretches who make merchandise of human infirmities had so polluted and deteriorated them, that the remedy was deemed as dangerous as the disease. This perplexity is happily done away with. Physicians know, because the first analytical chemists of the age have demonstrated the fact that

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Are absolutely and entirely free from all pernicious elements. Hence they have been introduced into the United States Army, and are accepted, whereon the testimony of the wise, the intelligent, and the philanthropic is rated at its just value, as the best protective against and cure for all diseases arising from impurity in the air or other unhealthy climate influences, that has ever been tested by experience. In cases of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, we state without qualification or reservation, that the Bitters are as nearly infallible as anything prepared by human skill can be. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOSE A. FELIZ, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JOSE A. FELIZ, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of Haight & Pierson, No. 510 Jackson street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, February 19, 1867.
ROBERT HAIGHT, Administrator
of the Estate of Jose A. Feliz, dec'd. mh9 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MICHAEL HINES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Michael Hines, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated March 5th, A. D. 1867.
J. W. BRUMAGIM, Administrator
of the Estate of Michael Hines, deceased. mh9 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
DOWNY PULU, CURLED HAIR, MOSS, AND WOOL MATTRESSES.
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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 17
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 16, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Wild Shots by Long-Bowmen, by John Clerk; Church and Sunday-School Recollections, by Prentice; Books Materially Considered, by John Clerk; Appreciation and Fashion; The Danger of Owning Diamonds LION'S MOUTH: The Web-foot Stranger; Sunday Ball Playing and Rowdyism; The Model Schoolhouse; The Respectable "Bulletin;" Women-Waiters in Beer Saloons; Letters from the People; Reviews of New Books; Literary Gleanings; Dramatic Affairs, etc. POETRY: John Center, by James Linen; SELECTED: The Art of Photosculpture; Husband-Hunting; "Black Sheep;" Crime and Want in Paris, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

Sunday Ball-Playing and Rowdyism.

The game of base-ball, so popular with the young men of San Francisco, is undoubtedly, when moderately indulged in, healthful and invigorating to the physical frame. Can it be possible that it is injurious to morals? Is the name of *base* ball pregnant with dark significance? Cannot the chest be expanded and the muscles strengthened by bowling and batting, running and catching, without a corresponding development of rowdyism? Or is the old Puritan theory indeed true, that Sabbath-breaking inevitably leads to all other species of vice and misconduct? We base these queries upon events which have recently occurred at Oakland. On Sunday, the 3d instant, one of our base-ball clubs went to Oakland, played a game with one of the clubs of that city, and got badly beaten. The Oakland boys then went home (we presume to give praise and thanks for their victory), but the San Francisco boys sought revenge by making love in a rude and boisterous manner to the pupils of a female seminary—in fact, behaved in such a *horrible* manner that the authorities were obliged to lock up two or three of them for a short time. "First innings" in *that* game for the "Horribles." However, they were soon out, and made an excellent run—homeward. Fired by the brilliant example and emulous of the fame of these "conquering heroes," on Sunday last another of our clubs—the "South Park"—went to Oakland, played base ball, got beaten, and were soon after seen by Mr. Kyte in the act of demolishing a railroad station. The witness kited up town, and brought a policeman down to the boat, who picked out half a dozen of the South Parkers as a sample lot, and lodged them in the calaboose for the night—a rather unlooked-for and unwelcome change of game, from base-ball to prison-base—second innings for the South Parkers. Whether or not their gloomy apartments were infested with *bats* we cannot tell. Next morning these erstwhile gay and sportive youths, now pale, spiritless and woe-begone, were arraigned before Justice Fogg, who, despite the arguments of pettifoggers, was quite clear that an offense had been committed, and that if the defendants were not actively concerned in it they connived at the misdemeanor of their companions, and were equally guilty with them. He then proceeded to inflict punishment by lecturing the young convicts for about a quarter of an hour on the subjects of intercivic etiquette, good behavior, and the Fourth Commandment, which he read to them from the authorized edition of the Statutes of Moses; after which he informed them that they should be furnished with board and lodging at the expense of the city for a period of ten days, unless they preferred to pay the bill—$2½ each—in advance, and forego the proffered accomodations. Being without means to pay their passage across the Bay, these ingenuous youths were obliged to accept the hospitality of the city of Oakland, tendered to them in an iron-clad box; but their fond parents, who at first probably did not know they were out, learned that they were *in*, and remitted the wherewithal to set them free. We have not heard that they were received by their friends, on their return to this city, with a band of music; or, on the other hand, that when they reached home they were spanked soundly and sent to bed: but we think there is no need of further discussing the propriety of playing base-ball on Sunday.

The Model Schoolhouse.

It is seriously proposed by some influential and leading Americans to devote a portion of the space devoted to the exhibition of American art in the forthcoming World's Fair at Paris to the exhibition of a model schoolhouse. It would be well also to have an American school in full blast therein. It would be well to have a little American boy of wealthy parentage per shoddy to write the following composition:

THE UNITED STATES.

The United States is a great country, because they are inhabited by Americans. The Americans are the noblest people on the face of the earth. They know everything and can do anything. We invented steam, and electricity, and monitors, and free government, and the Great Rebellion. George Washington founded the United States. Father says there is no place like home to make money in. He wants to get back home to go into a new speculation. Mother don't like Paris much, because she don't speak French and the Emperor has not been to call on us yet. We are going to take four big boxes of French dresses and millinery to home with us, and a French waiting-maid, and a French governess to teach in French. Father bought a statue yesterday. Common schools are the salvation of our country. The poorest boy may some day become President of the United States. We have been to the Opera. Pap says he had much rather hear me sing "Rally Round the Flag" or "Hail Columbia." We licked the English in '76. We are going to make Maximilian git up and git out of Mexico, you bet. America is the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The Web-Foot Stranger.

AN AVITORIAL COLLOQUY.

Stranger (just lauded:)

Tell me, Son of 'Frisco! Speak, thou favored dweller
In this breezy city, great and metropolitan,
Where the west wind sporteth, and the frisky *tremblor*
Cometh oft to scare thee;

Tell me what thou knowest of that strange contrivance,
The "air navigator," the fame whereof hath reached me
In my log-built cabin 'mid forests Oregonian,
And hath lured me hither.

For I said—"I'll see it, this aerial steamer,
And I'll go to 'Frisco, though it costs five hundred
Scads in double-eagles, saved through years of labor
In the Vale Willamette—

In the Vale Willamette, chopping pines gigantic,
Chopping mighty redwoods, chopping firs and spruces,
Chopping 'em and hawling, with a double ox-team
To the steamboat landing.

And so, from far Canemah, on the blue Willamette
By stage and steamer travel have I come to 'Frisco
In my slickest store-clothes, in my Sunday dry-goods,
To see the What-d'ye-call-it."

Citizen.

Welcome verdant stranger, from the land of Web-feet,
With thy scads five hundred, all in double-eagles!
Here's the town to spend 'em. A week perhaps they'll last thee,
Or possibly a fortnight.

To the What Cheer hie theo; take your hash there, stranger;
To Jackson street resort not, nor perilous Pacific,
Nor places subterranean; and O beware of deadfalls
And lager-slinging damsels.

Stranger.

Needless is thy warning, friendly son of 'Frisco,
Lo! I am no sardine, and I read the papers.
But of the aerial steamship, the wondrous What-d'ye-call-it,
Tell me now I pray thee.

Citizen.

O, axe-bearing woodsman! much-believing stranger!
Ox-compelling Web-foot from the pluvial valleys
Of the far Willamette! In thine optic organ
There's a spark of verdure.

Know, then, that last season was uncommon dull here,
There was little travel; the hotels were empty,
Business at a standstill, and a crisis threatened
In the money market.

Then our steamboat-owners, and the hotel keepers
And the whisky sellers, and the multifarious
Tribes that thrive and fatten on the verdant stranger
Did conspire together,

Planned this hoax stupendous, planned and advertised it,
Hoping for their pains, and capital invested,
From the verdant crowds to reap a golden harvest,
Who will rush to see it.

But, confiding Stranger, since so far you've journeyed,
Go the porker entire, and be in at the fizzle.
Buy a ticket, O friend, and to Shell Mound hie thee:
Twig the What-d'ye-call-it.

There you'll see a whale-boat, narrow, long, cigar-shaped,
And, on either side, aerial screw-propellers
To a big balloon tied, with hydrogen inflated;
That's the What-d'ye call-it.

Stranger.

Friendly Son of 'Frisco, I'm taken in and done for.
Back to far Canemah, to the pluvial valley
Of the blue Willamette, with my scads five hundred
Straightway will I hie me;

And my brother Web-feet, they shall hear my story.
Farewell! Son of 'Frisco; and may the next *tremblor*
Sink your Sand-hill city, with its cussed dead-falls,
To watery perdition!

For Sale.

Somebody (who conceals his name, probably because he does not want it generally known that he was such a fool as to invest his money in a "first-class paper" to be conducted with fourth-rate ability and tenth-rate business capacity) advertises in the *Chroniele* "Thirty-five shares of the 'Times Publishing Company' for sale." He is tired of paying assessments, we suspect. How much, now, would he be willing to pay a man to take those thirty-five shares of *Times* stock off his hands, and "no questions asked?" He *might* make a dicker with some candidate in want of an organ.

The Respectable "Bulletin."

We have for some time past been proud of the *Bulletin* as the most "high-toned" and respectable journal published in San Francisco. The *Bulletin* has published many articles with a view to elevate the tone of journalism in this city. It has published many able editorials, setting forth the advantages to be derived from the observance of strict impersonality in discussions between newspapers. We were much shocked by an article which appeared in the *Bulletin* of Saturday, March 9th. The *Bulletin*, which has for some time past been a most respectable paper, in this article descends to the level occupied by the late *Flag* in its most prosperous days. The *Bulletin* is accused by the *Times* (the successor of the *Flag*) with having encouraged disloyalty, and having been favorable to the establishment of a Pacific Republic. The respectable *Bulletin*, in answer to this charge, does not state that one of the editors of the *Times* owes for his washing, or that another has grog-blossoms on his nose, but makes use of arguments in rebuttal equally forcible. It says:

"There are, we believe, at least two Methodist ministers employed more or less in the *Times* office, who ought to tell the truth, and one English Secessionist who had control of a newspaper in Victoria during a portion of the rebellion, which published bitter secession articles against the Union. We should like to know which of these worthies has the brazen effrontery to state that the *Bulletin* was 'favorable to the establishment of a Pacific Republic at the outbreak of the rebellion?'"

The above is published in the respectable *Bulletin*, which has said so much in favor of impersonality in journalism. Has this paper actually condescended to bribe the "devil" of the *Times* office to find out for it that "at least two Methodist ministers" and "one English Secessionist" are "employed more or less in the *Times* office?" This is the most disgraceful thing that the *Bulletin* has been guilty of for a long time past. What right has it to know that two Methodist ministers are "employed more or less in the *Times* office," and what right has it to make that fact public? If the *Bulletin* is libelled by the *Times* newspaper, let it attack the *Times*, instead of making statements about the political and religious belief of persons employed more or less in the office. We are extremely glad to observe that the *Times* has not retorted on the *Bulletin* in like manner. The *Times* has not said: "There are, we believe, at least two atheists, four professional gamblers, three adulterers, two spiritualists, one Mormon preacher and a German homeopathist, employed more or less in the *Bulletin* office." The *Times* has not done this, and has thus proved itself more respectable than the *Bulletin*.

Women-Waiters in Beer Saloons.

The sapient Board of Supervisors have come to the conclusion that something must be done to prevent any citizen of San Francisco being robbed by a female in a lager-beer saloon, between 12 o'clock and daylight; they have, therefore, passed an ordinance closing all lager-beer saloons, where women are employed, between 12 o'clock and daylight. Probably in the course of five or six years the very wise, most honorable, and large minded Supervisors will learn that the best plan to prevent robberies in lager-beer saloons is, not to close them at 12 o'clock, but to close those which are conducted in a disreputable manner *entirely*. If every person, intending to open a saloon for the sale of liquors, were obliged to obtain a license from the police magistrate, and were, on evidence of robberies or misdemeanors having been committed in his saloon, deprived of his license, the disreputable saloons in this city would be closed within a very few months. There are virtuous, respectable women employed in some of the better class lager-beer saloons in this city, who, by their earnings, support their families, and who will, if their present occupation is taken from them, be driven to a worse. If every saloon were licensed and the continuance of the license were made contingent on the proprietor's keeping a quiet and respectable house, very little evil would result from the employment of women as waiters. The dens on Pacific and Jackson streets would soon be closed, and the respectable saloons where well-conducted and hard-working girls follow the calling to which they were brought up in Germany and France, would give no trouble to police. The sooner all saloon keepers in San Francisco are granted licenses of which they will be deprived, when they allow bad characters to resort to their houses, the sooner will the present evil of robbery in saloons be corrected. The ordinance closing lager-beer saloons at 12 o'clock will prove but a poor remedy.

What's in a Name?

On Monday evening the tender-hearted Supervisor McCoppin rose, with tears in his eyes, his breast heaving with sobs and otherwise showing signs of extreme distress, for the purpose of urging the Honorable the Board of Supervisors, to pass a resolution requesting the Governor to reflect whether Judge Rix had not laid it on a little too thick in the matter of the poor oppressed Irishmen who simply burned a few houses, killed one Chinaman and whipped a few others. Alas! the Supervisor who opposed this resolution was the man who, if there *is* anything in a name, we should have expected to be the first to beg the Governor's clemency in behalf of the rioters. Webster says "clement" is "mild in temper and disposition, gentle; lenient; merciful; kind; tender; compassionate." All the Irishmen in the city say Clement is "bloodthirsty, murderous; widout the laste taste of pity in him; an unmerciful haythen." In fact, all the Irishmen think it hard to find an unforgiving and stern Supervisor in Clement.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

THE OBLIQUITIES OF CRITICISM.

The possibility of working out a "Science of Criticism" so complete that questions of taste can be decided infallibly, and without appeal, leaving no more room for difference of opinion as to the merits of a picture or a poem than there is as to the sum of two numbers, is being quite extensively discussed in various quarters. Some weeks since we mentioned a learned and elaborate French work devoted to the subject; more recently, in looking over the new books at Roman's, we found an American book which, though not especially addressed to this single question, treats in an unusually thorough manner of topics involved in, or bearing upon the discussion. It is by Doctor G. W. Samson, President of Columbian College, Washington, D.C., and is entitled "Elements of Art Criticism, Comprising a Treatise on the Principles of Man's Nature as addressed by Art," etc., and though somewhat old-fashioned in its mode of presenting several of the doctrines advanced, is calculated to be of much use as a "handbook" to art-students and amateurs, and even to the artists themselves. Concerning comparative taste, or the different degrees of power of apprehending beauty in different individuals, Doctor Samson says:

"Aristotle discusses the limits of development in the appreciation of truth and beauty reached by different ages and sexes; and mentions the fact, that men of the same culture have keener or blunter native apprehension, and become more or less advanced in true taste according as they exercise their powers in the criticism and execution of works of art. Modern writers dwell upon the same fact; though sometimes without logical discrimination. Reid says, 'The most perfect works of art have a beauty that strikes even the rude and ignorant; but they see only a small part of that beauty which is seen in such works by those who understand them perfectly and can produce them.' 'As the color of the body is very different in different climates, every nation preferring the color of its climate, and as, among us, one man prefers a fair beauty, another a brunette, without being able to give any reason for this preference, this diversity of taste has no standard in the common principles of human nature, but must arise from something that is different in different nations, and in different individuals of the same nation.' Blair, while maintaining that there is among all mankind a common standard of taste, as like in its decisions as are those of reason and conscience, and contending that palpable differences of taste are as much perversions of a common nature as are abuses of the palate, yet urges that culture has as much to do with accuracy of judgment in art as it has in science. His words are, 'When we refer to the concurring sentiments of men as the ultimate standard of taste, or of what is to be accounted beautiful in the arts, this is to be always understood of men placed in such situations as are favorable to exertions of taste.' Burke remarks, 'Sensibility and judgment, which are the qualities that compose what we commonly call taste, vary exceedingly in various people;' yet he adds, 'there is rather less difference upon matters of taste among mankind than upon most of those matters which depend upon the naked reason.' Alluding to the taste of early youth, and of men in the infancy of natural culture, he says: 'I despair of ever receiving the same degree of pleasure from the most excellent performances of genius, which I felt in youth from pieces which my present judgment regards as trifling and contemptible.' 'The most powerful effects of music and poetry have been displayed, and perhaps, are still displayed, where these arts are but in a low and imperfect state.' 'But as arts advance towards their perfection, the science of criticism advances with equal pace.'"

In the fifth and sixth chapters of Book V., Grecian, Roman, and Mediæval painting are historically and critically treated. The subject of the seventh chapter (of the same book) is "The Rise of Modern Painting in Europe;" and the ninth chapter is devoted to "The late Development of Modern Painting in Europe and America." We make room for a paragraph or two from this chapter, on some of our popular artists:

"The artists of America, in the present as in the past generations, are of every nationality; among which German and Italian have next to those of native-birth been most numerous. In political views the German has been extreme in his theory of individual independence, fully keeping alive the hereditary spirit of his nationality; while the English tendency may have been to the opposite extreme. In religion the German has cast off all the restraints of ancestral faith, forgetting that individual minds must trust in every department of knowledge to the experience of the past, and not altogether to the slowly-reached deductions of personal reason; while the Italian has rested too entirely in a faith that is so purely hereditary as to be ignorant of its own foundation. In the mass of intelligent American scholars and artists, however, there has been a decided and strong tendency to comprehensive views, and a conservative course in both politics and religion; the reflex of which spirit is taking form in their works of art."

"In portrait every leading city has its one or more favorite artists; some of whom are destined to shine in this and other departments. Historic portraiture, in the field of aboriginal Indian subjects, has found in Stanley an enthusiastic devotee. History proper is worthily represented by Walker in his Battle of Chapultepec, and by Weir in his 'Embarkation of the Pilgrims.' In genre, or the lower order of sentiment presented in home life, Huntington, a pupil of Morse, has won praise. In the higher order of passion, Rothermel is showing decided genius; his 'Paul before Agrippa' exhibiting a creditable departure from the idea of Raphael in his cartoon of 'Paul at Athens,' in which the apostle is tall and commanding in person, while Rothermel's conception is according to the historic tradition of the Roman Lucian, as to the 'bald-headed Galilean with a hooked nose,' and of Nicephorus and others, who described him as small of stature, with aquiline nose, high forehead and sparkling eyes; while his 'Christian Martyrs in the Coliseum' is a master-work in architectural back-ground, in the grouping of the action of the picture, in the expression of the chief figures, and in the shade and aerial effects thrown over the whole. Fresco has just reached a worthy American character in the works of Brumidi in the Roman Cathedral at Philadelphia, and in the United States Capitol at Washington City.

"It is, however, in the field of extended landscape, and especially in distant aerial effects, that American artists have won the meed of leadership in a distinct school. While Leutze has recast admirably Italian and especially Venetian sky, a class of artists have caught the mantle of Cole in American scenery. The twilight landscapes of Weber are fairy-like in the management of aerial and ground tints; the sky of Church's 'Cotopaxi,' 'Heart of the Andes' and 'Niagara' is as rare in art as the subjects of his sketches are in nature: and Bierstadt's master-works, uniting both these fields, have established a new school in the history of coloring."

CRIME AND WANT IN PARIS.

I AM at loss to determine whether the approaching Exhibition or the continual advance in the prices of the necessaries of life (and you must let me include house-rent among them) is the cause of the fever which poisons the general blood here. I do not think I ever knew it in a worse condition. The police have been arresting persons with unusual rigor. The quarries north of the town are explored frequently by them, and numerous gangs of homeless wretches are carried from thence to jail. I am told that the vigilant supervision exercised over the lower classes of furnished lodgings is continual, and that their keepers are imprisoned upon the least neglect of the police regulations for their government. Immoral women and suspicious loungers on the streets are hurried, almost unquestioned, to some cell. The arrests nightly made by policemen, disguised as drunkards or impotent men, or concealed in lonely tracts of the city whose solitude is full of dangers to the belated passer, are numerous. Nevertheless crimes were never so frequent nor committed with so much impunity as they are at the present time. Murder is frequently perpetrated, not only on those fallen creatures whose lonely way of life offers a perpetual temptation to crime, but upon persons surrounded by company who live as it were constantly under some protecting eye. The criminal in every instance has escaped undetected. When the prices of life's necessaries are high, crimes—so those physicians who are constantly feeling society's pulse, the statisticians, demonstrate to us—are frequent. The illiterate, like the wolves in forests when driven to desperation by the winter, brave all dangers to procure necessary food. The form of despair which is most common, I had almost called it active despair, recklessness, takes possession of the poorer classes. The deficit in their little budget phrensies them into the belief that it is unimportant whether the deficit be great or small, for one can be overcome no better than the other, and they waste their means until they are driven to deeds of desperation. Bread is now nearly five cents a pound, the days when a bottle of wine could be had for eight cents have long since passed away, rents are oppressive, great time is lost in going and returning from business (all the abodes of the laboring classes in the centre of Paris having been torn down;) fuel is dear and necessary. The best wages earned go but a little way. The laborers who fail to be thrifty and industrious at once fall into bad habits, into debt, and thence into crime. Classes above the laboring class present quite as many prisoners to justice. Cashiers, clerks, young men of easy fortune are continually committing crimes to procure money, wherewith to satisfy their sensual desires. Everybody gambles. Young men of family find it hard to sit out plays, so impatient are they to be at the gambling table which, as they hope, will increase the income of their pleasures' requirements. The police have interfered time and again, are still interfering, but man's passions laugh at law and all its agents. To restrain vices reform, not repression, is the remedy. The Inquisition exerted all its power (and since the world was created no executive of any description ever exerted such power as that tribunal which brought political strength and conscience's pitiless delicacy to its assistance) the Inquisition exerted all its power to suppress prostitution and wonderfully failed. Louis XIV forbade games of chance and believed he had succeeded until one day he found the officers of his guard gazing silently and steadily on a cup of honey. In answer to his inquiries he found they had made up stakes which were to belong to him who was seated nearest the edge of the cup where the first fly should alight.

The Exhibition is looked on by a great many persons as the event which is to lift them above mediocrity of fortune into the lap of affluence. They are gambling upon this chance. Many persons have staked all they possess in order to furnish lodgings. They ask the most extravagant rates for them, and if they fail to secure tenants they must be entirely ruined. In this way every class here seems to be fevered.

Spiridion, January Letter in the Boston Gazette.

WHAT is the difference between a battered dime and a new penny? Nine cents.

THE worst organ-grinder—A hollow tooth that plays the deuce.

HUSBAND-HUNTING.

WHAT we said the other day about the odium which attaches to "match-making" naturally applies in a far greater degree to "husband-hunting." Practically, the two words mean much the same thing, since the successful result of a husband-hunt is of course a match, and match-making, in the common acceptation of the term, involves a husband-hunt. This latter fact is somewhat curious. There is no reason in the nature of things why the word match-making should be associated only with the pursuit of the unmarried male. On the contrary, the theory of marriage has always been that it is the woman who has to be hunted down. It is curious to note under what completely different circumstances, and occasionally in what grotesque forms, the same theory has been found all over the world, both in civilized and savage life. Sometimes the bride is carried away bodily from her home, as if nothing short of physical force could make a woman quit her maiden state. Sometimes the panting bridegroom has to run her down—no slight task if the adorer happens to be stout, and the adored one coquettish and fleet of foot. In marriage, this custom prevails only, we believe, among savages, but visitors to the Crystal Palace may see how modern civilization has adapted it to courtship in the popular pastime of kiss-in-the-ring. We have read of a savage tribe in which the bride is thought no better than she should be, if, on the day after the wedding, the bridegroom does not show signs of having been vigorously pinched and scratched. This custom, again, is perhaps represented in civilized life by the kissing and struggling which are supposed every Christmas to go on under the mistletoe. It is not unworthy of remark, as regards these two points of comparison between civilization and barbarism, that, as the woman gets more civilized, she seems more disposed to meet her pursuer half way. In the game of kiss in the ring, for instance, although the lady does not run after the gentleman, but, on the contrary, shows her maiden modesty by giving him as hard a chase as she can, she still delicately paves the way for osculation by throwing the pocket-handkerchief. And, in the Christmas fights under the mistletoe (if we may take Mr. Dickens as an authority), slapping, and even pinching in moderation, are considered allowable—perhaps we ought to say proper—on the lady's part; but scratching—serious scratching, we mean, which would make her admirer's face look next morning as if he had been taking liberties with a savage bride or a cat—is thought not merely unnecessary, but unfair.

This difference between civilized and savage woman may perhaps help to indicate the reason why, nowadays, match-making should, as a matter of fact, be associated with husband-hunting, in spite of the theory that it is the woman who has to be hunted, not the man. Popular phraseology has an awkward trick of making people unconsciously countenance the theories against which they most vehemently protest. Husband-hunting is a far more generally obnoxious word than even the much-injured match-making, simply because it flies in the face of the pet theory which we have described. But, if the theory really hold good in modern practice, why should man, not woman, be recognised as the professional match-maker's victim and legitimate game? Why does not wife-hunting, the word which this theory entitles us to expect, take its proper place in society? Heiress-hunting, indeed, is well known, but this can scarcely be considered a form of wife-hunting, for it is not the woman who is the object of pursuit, but her money-bags. We have the word heiress-hunting for the very obvious reason that heiresses are recognized game. The word husband-hunting exists for the same reason. Are we to infer from the non-existence, or at any rate the non-appearance in good society, of the word wife-hunting, that the practice is anything but common—that, since a hunt necessarily implies pursuit an one side and flight on the other, a man cannot well be said to hunt a woman who is either engaged in hunting him, or else only too ready to meet him halfway? Are we gradually tending towards an advanced stage of civilization in which woman will be formally recognised as the pursuer, and man as the pursued? We are not bold enough to take under our protection a view so glaringly heterodox, but still we think it only common justice to point out that there are difficult problems in the present state of society which the view helps materially to solve.

We fear, there can be no doubt that there is a good deal of truth in the Belgravian mother's lament that marriage is gradually ceasing to be considered "the thing" among the young men of the present day; that girls of good families and even good looks are taking to sisterhoods, and nursing institutes, and other new-fangled abominations, simply because there is no one to marry them. It is not merely that the young men are getting every day rarer; though, unless there is some system like Pharaoh's for putting male infants to death, what can become of them all is a mystery. India and the colonies may absorb a good many, though these places also do duty in the absorption of spinsterhood. But this will not account for the alarming fact, that in almost every ball-room, no matter whether in the country or in town, there are usually at least three crinolines to one tail-coat, and that dancing bachelors are becoming so scarce that it is a question whether hostesses ought

not, for their own peace of mind, to connive at the introduction of the Oriental nautch. Yet even the alarming scarcity of marriageable men is not so serious an evil as their growing disinclination to marry.

With the causes of this disinclination we are not now concerned. Some attribute it to the increase of luxurious and expensive habits among bachelors—habits specially fostered by "those hateful clubs"; some to the "snobbishness" which makes a woman consider it beneath her dignity to marry into an establishment less stylish than that which it has perhaps taken her father all his life to secure; some to the *demi-monde*—an explanation very like the theory that small-pox is caused by pustules. But, whatever may be the causes of the disinclination, there can be but little doubt that it exists, and the worst part of matter is, that it is found among rich men no less than the poor. That really poor men should not wish to marry is, even the Belgravian mother must admit, an admirable arrangement of nature. But it is too bad that so many men-about-town should seem rich enough for yachting, or racing, or opera-boxes, or even diamond necklaces— for anything, in short, but a wife. The fact is, that in the eyes of poor men a wife is associated chiefly with handsome carriages, showy dresses, fine furniture, and other forbidden luxuries; and, inasmuch as there is not one law of association for the rich and another for the poor, this view spreads, until even rich men consider whether it is not possible to secure the luxuries without the wife.

Now, since marriage is, on the whole, an institution with which society cannot very well dispense—at any rate not until some good substitute has been found for it—it is clear that rich men ought not to be allowed to treat it in this way. If modern civilization tends to beget a disinclination to marry, it ought also, on the principle of compensation, to provide some means for counteracting this tendency, or keeping it under control. Is the increase of husband-hunting—we ask the question in a respectful and, we trust, purely philosophical spirit of inquiry—calculated to supply this great and obvious want? What are its merits, in this respect, as compared with the old-fashioned theory that woman should be wooed, not woo? Even the most inveterate hater of husband-hunting must admit that, so far as the great end of matrimony is concerned, the two sexes nowadays stand to each other in a most unnatural relation. It is alike the mission of both to marry, but whereas women are honorably anxious to fulfil this mission men, as we have already seen, are too ready to shirk it. Yet, by a strange inversion of the usual order of things, to the very sex which evades the mission is its furtherance and chief control entrusted. Besides, not only does woman take more kindly to the duty of matrimony than man—or at least nineteenth-century man—but she has comparatively nothing else to think about. A dozen occupations are open to him, but her one object in life, her whole being's end and aim, is to marry.

Surely, if the art of marriage requires cultivation, it ought, like everything else, to be entrusted to those who can give their whole time to it, not to those who have so much else to do. Even when a bachelor is in a position to marry, and not unwilling to make the experiment, he is still far less fitted for the furtherance of matrimony than a woman. He perhaps meets a nice girl at a ball, is taken with her, and after a mild flirtation thinks, as he walks home in the moonlight, that she would make a charming wife. He dreams about her, and next morning at breakfast, as he pensively eats a pound of steak, resolves that on the same afternoon, or the next at the very latest, he will contrive an accidental meeting, or even find some excuse for a call. But then comes office-work, or the *Times*, or some other distraction, and later on perhaps a visit from some matter-of-fact friend with an unromantic taste for "bitters," or a weakness for the Burlington Arcade. One day slips away, and by the next the image of the evening's idol has waxed comparatively faint. At least it is not sufficiently vivid to inspire him with courage for a call, or a too suspicious-looking rencontre. In a week he bows to the image as it is driven by, as coolly as if he had never had a thought of making his heart its shrine; and thus a golden opportunity for bringing together two young people, in whose auspicious union the whole community has an interest, has been cruelly thrown away.

How different might the case have been if fashion had allowed the lady to take the initiative, instead of compelling her to sit idly at home! She has no office-work, or *Times*, or any business but that of bringing last night's flirtation to a practical issue. Assuming her to be satisfied as to the eligibility of her partner, there is nothing to prevent her giving her whole time and attention to his capture. She is as little likely to throw away any chance of an interview calculated to help in bringing about this result as he is to neglect an opportunity for winning the lawn sleeves or silk gown. Marriage is of as much importance to her as either of these to him. It is perhaps not impossible that the mere notion of a woman's thus taking the initiative in courtship may to some appear outrageously immodest. But with this point we have nothing to do, as we have been discussing the theory of husband-hunting, not with any reference to its modesty, but solely and exclusively in its connection with the great question, how marriage is to be carried on. We put together the three facts that nineteenth century civilization makes men indisposed to marry, that it gives woman no object in life but marriage, and yet that it assigns the furtherance of marriage, which we assume to be an object deserving of careful cultivation, not to those whose interest it is to promote it, but to those who are comparatively averse to it. Modest or immodest, husband-hunting obviously tends to remedy this misdirection and waste of force.

We take this to be the right explanation—and we have endeavored to make it an impartial one—of the charge not uncommonly brought against the young ladies of the present day, that, as compared with their mothers and grandmothers, they are rather forward and fast, and that husband-hunting, in their hands, is gradually being developed to an extent scarcely compatible with the old-fashioned theories about maidenly modesty and reserve. The change may be considered the effort of modern civilization to remedy an evil of its own creation. The tide advances in one direction because it recedes in another. If the men will not come forward, the women must. It is all very well for satirists to call this immodest, but even modesty could be more easily dispensed with than marriage. Besides, without quitting our position as impartial observers, we may point out that it is only fair to the professors of husband-hunting to remember that there are two kinds of immodesty, and that some actions are immodest merely because it is the custom to consider them so. It would no doubt be immodest for a young lady to ride through Hyde Park in man's fashion. Yet what is there in the nature of things to make a side-saddle more modest than any other? The Amazons were positive prudes, and would never have even spoken to man if they could have contrived to carry on society without him; yet they rode astraddle. And if fashion could make this practice feminine, why should it not some day do as much for husband-hunting?—*Saturday Review.*

CONJURING OR PERFORMING ANIMALS.

In the present prevailing era of monntebanks and charlatanism it may not be uninteresting to see how perfectly the animal instincts of dogs, monkeys, and birds, have been trained to perform conjuring tricks equal to those of the best "Conjurors," and equally mystifying to their audiences, without the aid of any assistance more than their mere animal dexterity; and how easily the mysteries of their tricks are explained away.

It was an amusing study of the writer's younger days to visit any wonderful exhibitions of learned dogs, acting birds, etc., and to discover how they were taught. It is merely a work of time and patience to teach animals various feats of docility. Some are much more readily trained than others; especially the horse, the elephant, the dog, and the monkey. Although harsh treatment, beating, and half-starving, are too often resorted to, petting and kindness are more successful. At all events, a system of rewards for good behavior is essential, and is uniformly practised even when alternated with correction for failure.

An accurate observer sees that, when horses apparently keep dancing-time to a band, it is the music which invariably adapts its time to the steps of the horse. There is now in the Cirque Napoléon, in Paris, a large ape admirably trained to all the various feats of a circus-rider. He jumps on the horse and is carried round and round. He stands on one leg, holding out the other with his hand, vaults over a riding-whip, stands on his head, turns somersets, jumps over garters and through hoops covered with paper, all in regular sequence as the music changes. In taking his leaps he sometimes misses the horse in his descent, and then he runs rapidly after him, scrambles on the side palisades, and climbs to his place, keeping, all the time, the most perfect gravity of demeanor, instead of the grinning, self-satisfied smiles of his human compeers. Here, there has been a mixture of petting and flogging. At any failure, we noticed that poor Jacko looked frightened, and received a sly cut of the whip; after a successful feat, he had a little sweetmeat from the pocket of the master of the ring.

Many years ago, a learned dog was exhibited in Picadilly—Munito, a clever French poodle, very handsome, with a fine silky white woolly coat, half-shaved. He performed many curious feats, answering questions, telling the hour of the day, the day of the week or date of the month, and picking out any cards called for from a pack spread on the ground. At the corner of the room was a screen, behind which the dog and his master disappeared between each feat for a short time. We watched him narrowly; but it was not until after our second visit that the mystery was solved. There were packs of ordinary cards, and other cards with figures, and others with single letters. One of the spectators was requested to name a card—say the queen of clubs—tho pack was spread on the floor in a circle, faces upward. Munito went round the circle, came to the queen of clubs, pounced upon it, and brought it in his mouth to his master. The same process was repeated with the cards with figures, when he brought the exact numbers which answered the questions put as to the dates, or days, or hours; in the same way with the letter card, when he picked out the necessary letter to spell any short word called for, always making a full circle of the whole of the cards for each letter or for each number, and never taking up two letters or two numbers consecutively, though they might chance to lie close together. This fact we made out at the first visit, but nothing more. On the second occasion we watched more narrowly, and with that object took a side seat, so that we had a partial view behind the screen. We then noticed that between each feat the master gave the dog some small bits of some sort of food, and that there was a faint smell of aniseed from that corner of the room. We noticed that the dog, as he passed round the circle of cards, with his nose down and his eyes directed to the ground, never bounced on the right card as his eyes covered it, but turned back and picked it out. It was clear that he chose it by the smell, and not by that of sight. We recalled that, each time before the dog began his circuit, the master arranged and settled the cards, and we then found that he pressed the fleshy part of his thumb on the particular card the dog was to draw, which thumb he previously put into his waistcoat-pocket for an instant; and as he passed close to us, his waistcoat had an aniseed scent. After the performance, we remained until the room was clear, and then spoke to the master. He did not deny the discovery of his principle.

This clue enabled us some few years afterwards to explain the trick with cards, performed by a Java sparrow, exhibited along with other performing birds. The general feats were common enough, and were obviously the result of mere training: such as firing a small cannon, lying as if struck dead, drawing a little carriage—the bird putting its own head through the collar attached to the shafts, and another bird acting as coachman, etc.; but the card trick might have been taken to denote reason on the bird's part. A dirty pack of cards was handed to one of the company, who selected a card, and gave it back to the exhibitor, who shuffled the pack after replacing the card; he then put the pack upright in a kind of card-case, which so held them as to leave about half an inch above the brim. The Java sparrow hopped on the card pack, and presently began to peck at one of the cards, and finally drew out the identical one that had been drawn. The explanation became easy on examining the cards. At one end, each card had a thin layer of sweet-water paste; the selected card was taken by the exhibitor and placed in the pack; all the rest of the cards had the paste end downward, while this card alone was placed back in the pack with the opposite end upward. And the bird naturally pecked at that end.

Most people have seen an exhibition of a learned pig, whose star season in most populous cities generally exceeds, in period of time, that of the best of charlatans or conjurors, and whose performances were very similar to those of the learned dog: such as picking out cards, letters, figures, and numbers, answering questions, and apparently showing mental powers, which were merely the results of the animal faculties of smell and taste.

No doubt there is a degree of reasoning power in many animals; the anecdotes of dogs, elephants, horses, and monkeys, have long proved this; but the replying to questions, and the spelling of words, would imply something far beyond what instinct or training could effect, unless ingeniously brought about as above described.

The pony who is shown in a circus, answering questions by so many pawings of the leg or so many shakes of the head, merely obeys the recognised and consecutive signals of his master.—[*Charles Dickens' Magazine.*

The Brain in Sleep.—The principal evidence as to the state of the human brain in sleep is derived from the observation of a woman at Montpelier, a case well-known and often quoted. She had lost a portion of her skull cap, and the brain and its membranes were exposed. When she was in deep or sound sleep, the brain lay in the skull almost motionless; when she was dreaming, it became elevated; and when her dreams, which she released on waking, were vivid or interesting the brain was protruded through the cranial aperture. This condition has also been experimentally brought about and observed in animals, and the same result has been seen, namely, that in sleep the surface of the brain and its membranes became pale, the veins ceased to be distended, and only a few small vessels containing the arterial blood were discernible.

The Gentleman's Magazine.—It is said that an organic change will speedily be made in this, the oldest of English periodicals, for it was established by Edward Cave, as far back as the year 1731. The reports of proceedings of learned societies are to be discontinued, to make room for an historical novel.

Miss Helen Western, the actress, was the first to introduce the fashion, now so prevalent among ladies, of wearing a solitary long curl swung over the left shoulder.

Balloons are like vagrants. When up they have no visible means of support.

[For the Californian.]

BOOKS MATERIALLY CONSIDERED.

A THOROUGHLY good book, in whatever outward guise it may appear, is a welcome entertainment and a "continual feast" to the cultivated reader. It matters not if the volume be large or small, illy or neatly printed, well or clumsily bound, or not at all, so that the vigor and juiciness and flavor are there, it will be read and enjoyed. Yet the mere material qualities of books—the paper, and typography, and binding—are well worth consideration. A good book badly printed and bound is like a diamond in the rough—we know its value, but it does not please the eye; whereas such a book, printed on clear type on white, or delicately-tinted, paper, and neatly bound in modern style, is "a thing of beauty" to the outward sense, as well as "a joy forever" to the appreciative mind. Some persons have a fondness for hunting up the oldest editions of favorite old authors, under the hallucination that all their "mellowness and flavor" lies in the clumsy characters impressed with dingy ink upon tawny paper—paper not bronzed by time nor with "the umber of human contact," but simply such poor paper as our forefathers were able to obtain from their manufacturers two or three centuries ago. I used, in my younger days, to have a strange yearning for very old books, and never read or heard of one anywhere without breaking the Tenth Commandment. I have outgrown that passion, with other boyish follies, and now my bookish envy is only directed toward the possessors of such handsome volumes as are issued by the Riverside Press, Harper & Brothers, Ticknor & Fields, and other eminent publishers. I now regard very old books simply as curiosities, and not desirable on any other account when later editions are attainable. To scholars they may be occasionally valuable for comparison or reference; but to the general reader they have nothing to commend them. They are like an old, unslightly ruin, which you examine with curiosity and perhaps with some interest, but to attempt to read one of those ancient tomes would be like taking up a residence in the old ruin for an indefinite period, and endeavoring to find pleasure in gazing perpetually upon its hoary crumbling walls and ivy-grown turrets. As the novelty wore off it would become painful to the eye and, finally, irksome to the mind. For no one, I think, can find intellectual pleasure in a high degree, in anything which *materially* is wearying or repugnant to his senses.

[I may remark here, parenthetically, that this is true of manuscripts as well as of printed books. Many an *excellent* article or story, prepared for a magazine or a journal, has been rejected because its chirographic execution was so bad that the editor could not read it *enjoyably*; while many an inferior production has been accepted by the same infallible authority, because of the charm thrown around it by beautiful chirography. Yet this is a fact which many writers for the press ignore altogether.]

The size of a book, without reference to its contents, should depend upon the use for which it is designed. Dictionaries and other works of reference may be as large as you please—in their case size is no objection; and, indeed, they might come in handily in case your friend and yourself come to blows in your library over some knotty point of literature. But for ordinary reading let the book be of moderate size—a not over-thick octavo, printed in small pica Scotch face types, leaded, upon clear paper—not too white—with plenty of inner margin, and bound in any style you wish, only with a "bow back." Then you can hold it in your hand comfortably, at a convenient distance from your eyes, and read it with a sense of physical enjoyment that will often compensate for intellectual defects, or for that dryness which is inseparable from certain subjects. I abominate those ponderous tomes which one must hold on his knee or lay upon a table, and crouch over them in order to get the eye at a proper distance from the page, at the imminent risk of round shoulders and a contracted chest. Such unwieldly volumes were fashionable in the days of our ancestors, when it was the common ambition of authors and publishers to issue "goodly quartos," until the nuisance (for such it must have been to readers) became proverbial. A humorous poet (anonymous) three quarters of a century ago wrote:

> "A great book," some one says, "is a great evil;"
> Yet, when the book is half made up of margin,
> The evil is in that proportion lessened—
> Thanks to the London printers, who provide
> A comfortable breadth of vacant paper
> On which the mind may rest itself, fatigued
> With the bewilderimg simpleness that creepeth—
> Turbid and deep sometimes, and sometimes shallow—
> With even pace through the capacious page,
> Like a dark gutter through a field of snow.

Their wide margins and large types were redeeming features of the "great books" affected by our forefathers. The smaller volumes published during the last century are so closely printed and so dingy-looking that only the most indefatigable bookworm can have the patience to read them.

Works of fiction are usually closely printed in type graduated to the extent of the work, so as to bring it within a certain number of pages. The interest of the story is supposed to make up for all other defects. It is a rule generally applicable, however, that a book which is not worth printing neatly is not worth reading.

The pretty little blue-and gold editions of the poets, issued by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, are only suitable for pocket companions—for a man to carry with him on a journey, or for sentimental youths and maidens to take along on an afternoon walk amid rural scenes. They are well adapted to the suburbs of Oakland. If I were a young man, and had a sweetheart living in Oakland, I would have a complete set of the poets, 16mo. size, in blue and gold. I fancy they would be very effective in love-making under those live oaks.

The amount of embellishment put upon and within a book must depend upon the character of the work, and the purpose for which it is designed. Gift books require a great deal; indeed, many of them are worthless except for their pictures and costly binding and gilding. They are pretty fooleries, not intended to be read, but to lie upon a center-table and be admired. I have seen a copy of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy rendered tolerable by a profusion of handsome illustrations and a costly binding. The value of many works is greatly enhanced by appropriate illustrations; but they have a style of illustrating works of fiction which is execrable. It has been adopted by some of the new magazines at the East. The engraving is tolerably well executed, but the figures are as void of character or expression as those in the fashion plates. A great deal of embellishment is often bestowed upon "Family Bibles"—so called, probably, because none of the family ever looks into one of them except to see the pictures. In my young days we had at home an immense Bible — I do not remember its dimensions, but I have never seen another more than half as large. It was full of very fine steel engravings, and we youngsters (on Sundays, when we were not permitted to indulge in "secular amusements") used to beg for a sight of it. Once in a great while we were allowed to look through it; except on these rare occasions it was locked away in a closet underneath the book-case, carefully wrapped up in a linen cloth. Truly, in that case the "Word of the Lord" was precious in the sight of our family! This Bible had been brought from London, must have cost an immense price, and was, on the whole, about as useless a book as I ever saw. Besides its unwieldliness, it was entirely too costly to be used in the worship of God!

I observe that an effort is being made to re-introduce for the printing of books the coarse style of types that was used in the last century. That style has long been supplanted by new and beautiful styles of types, among which the "Scotch face" stands pre-eminent for clearness and delicacy of outline. It is to the obsolete style "as Hyperion to a satyr;" yet a designing type founder has the effrontery to declare that the latter is being restored to favor because of its "superior boldness and beauty!" Heaven preserve us! Some modifications of the capitals and small capitals look well enough on business cards; but for books it is utterly unsuitable. I sincerely pity the taste of that man who would prefer it to a bold, clear, modern type.

I learn from the papers that the London publishers have recently been discussing whether they should publish their books with the leaves cut or uncut. The question seems with them to be one of expense; as, besides the cost of cutting the leaves, the extra consumption of paper amounts to some fraction of a penny per volume where the books are intended to be trimmed. Some publishers expressed the belief that most readers preferred to cut the leaves of their own books!—a statement which Charles Dickens refuted in a brief letter, in which he showed the many advantages which must result from the proposed innovation (the rule in London having been to leave the books untrimmed). The result of the discussion has not transpired, but it is probable the London publishers will trim their books hereafter. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have issued some books in the slovenly fashion of the London publishers; but their example has not been followed to any extent by first-class publishers in this country.

I purpose to write a book myself. I have most of the material at hand; I have only to write it up and get a publisher who is willing to "take chances." It will be a very stupid affair; but I mean to see what handsome typography, profuse illustration and neat binding will accomplish. Two to one that I make it a success!

JOHN CLERK.

CALIFORNIAN AUTHORS.—In a private letter to the *Alta California*, "Mark Twain" says he has compiled a volume of his sketches for publication, but will get some literary friend to look over it before putting it in the hands of his publisher, Carleton. He also writes that Carleton has in press a volume of Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels," which will be issued shortly.

THE Olympic Club gave an Exhibition and Social Party last evening at their rooms, which was largely and fashionably attended.

HOMESTEADS.—350 Homestead Lots are to be sold at long credit, at Platt's Hall, by John Middleton & Son on Monday next. See advertisement.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday *Our American Cousin* was played at Maguire's Opera House. Harry Edwards, who is generally good, was dull and vapid in the character of "Lord Dundreary;" Miss Alice Kingsbury played the small part of "Mary Meredith" pretty well: "Asa Trenchard" was played badly by W. Barry. On Tuesday and Wednesday, a weak play entitled *The Harvest Home* was produced. On Thursday *Pauvrette* was given to a full house, and was well played! The "Pauvrette" of Miss Kingsbury was a very effective representation, evenly played throughout; Mrs. Judah gave one of her marked and powerful characterizations in the part of the "Duchess;" Mrs. Jackson's "Louise" was all the part required; Mr. McCullough as "Bernard" made a very excellent old soldier, and gave evidence of a very happy adaptibility in sustaining old men's parts. The "Maurice" of Mr. Edwards was a creditable though not particularly a marked representation. The whole play was well represented and well acted The Avalanche scene, where an avalanche of snow and ice falls and encloses "Pauvrette" in her mountain cottage, was very effectively presented. Last night *Fanchon* was produced. This afternoon *Pauvrette* will be played. The performance this evening will consist of *The Three Guardsmen*.

Signor Roberto Hellerophanto, an itinerant magician, has effected an engagement at the Opera House, and will shortly give a performance consisting of the "Goblin Drum," the "Mystery of Second Sight" and other wonders. It may be thought unfair to prejudice the public against any clever professional by stating facts which reflect on his moral character, but I must say that there are sad rumors afloat regarding this Signor Roberto Hellorphanto. It is currently reported that very few cities which he visits are favored with a second sight of him, and that he practices sleight of hand in private life in a manner which would cause him to get into trouble were it made public. A painful suspicion is rife that the disappearance of a certain young lady of this city is not entirely unconnected with the appearance in this city of this *soi disant* Signor Roberto Hellerophanto. It is to be hoped that this adventurer will, on his appearance at the Opera House, be made to give an account of himself. European adventurers with high-sounding titles must not be allowed to come to the virtuous city of San Francisco, and corrupt the simplicity of our republican citizens, by introducing the vices of the rotten and effete monarchies of the old world.

On Wednesday evening, March 20th, Miss Pauline Conger will make her first appearance on any stage, at Maguire's Opera House, in Sheridan Knowles' play of *The Wife, a Tale of Mantua*. This play will be produced with a strong caste; Miss Conger playing "Mariana," John McCullough "Julian St. Pierre," H. Edwards "Ferrardo Gonzaga," and Pierpont Thayer "Leonardo." Miss Pauline Conger has, during rehearsal, evinced considerable aptitude for the stage; she reads well, and her friends confidently anticipate that she will achieve a great success. The performance will conclude with *The Child of the Savanna*, in which Miss Alice Kingsbury will appear as "Telula."

On Sunday evening Dr. H. B Davison will lecture at the Opera House on the Commercial Wants, Productions, Soil Climate etc., of the Pacific coast of Mexico lying adjacent to the cities of Colima and Guadalajara.

At the Metropolitan Theatre Heller, the Conjuror, is still performing to good business.

George W. Grotjan, the *basso* of the Trinity Church Choir, and one of the original members of the "Twelve," died in this city on the 13th inst. He leaves a widow (formerly Miss Louisa O'Keeffe) but no children. Mr. Grotjan, though his voice was not often heard in secular music by the public, was much esteemed both as an artiste and a man, by a large circle of friends. This is the third member whom the "Twelve" have lost since the formation of their society: W. Sparrow *tenor*, and W. B. Gould *baritone*, passed away some time ago.

The Academy of Music is shortly to be opened with a variety company.

On Friday, March 22d, the Masonic Board of Relief will take a benefit, engaging both Maguire's Opera House and the Academy of Music for the occasion. At the Opera House Miss Kingsbury, who has volunteered, will appear in a varied programme. Signorina Elvira Brambilla, Mrs. Lizzie Parker Northrup, Misses Emma and Clelia Howson, M'lle Louisa Tourney, Signor Mancusi, Henri Herberte, Frank Howson Sr., Frank Howson, Jr., John Howson, W. Schraubstadter and Miss Amy Stone and H. F. Stone have also volunteered and will appear in a vandeville. The Masonic Board of Relief accomplishes an immense deal of good, and we trust that the public will see to it that its usefulness is not limited by a want of funds.

George Pauncefort's polyglot entertainment—*Othello* in English, French German and Danish—will be given at the American Theatre, shortly. Full particulars will be given in a few days. Nothing will be left undone to render this entertainment a great success.

TOUCHSTONE.

[For the Californian.]

CHURCH AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY PRENTICE.

WHEN old "Tinman Smith" first heard the sound of a bass viol in our village choir, he deliberately rose from his seat and left the sanctuary. It was to him an unrighteous and unholy sound. He deemed the devil had got into the choir. The old gentleman was conscientious in his belief He belonged to the class who thought that God was most acceptably worshipped with devout sternness—that he should only be praised with the natural voice—that any approach to luxury and comfort in the church edifice was a sin and an abomination.

It is often remarked that infidelity is on the increase. Straight-backed pews, cold churches, long sermons, inflicted on little boys compelled to attend church twice a day by their parents, with a dose of Sunday-School thrown in *ad interim*, have had a great tendency toward free thinking. These things killed in me the seeds of early piety as a late Spring frost kills sprouting grain. I was obliged, year after year, to endure the misery which appertains to a sleepy boy compelled to sit under the castigation of a two hour sermon, divided into fourteen heads, with my little legs pendant from the seat, two inches from the floor, nudged time and again in the ribs by a pious aunt to prevent falling asleep during the intervals which she could spare from a pretended attention to the discourse and the inspection of numerous bonnets. There were ragamuffin boys whom I passed on the street without pious parents. How I envied them as I heard them playing under the church windows! The "church going bell" has for me ever had a dreamy sound in consequence of association with these things.

It seems as if I endured an eternity of Sunday-School. I hated all my teachers. The seeds of an awful depravity were inherent in me. They came up, sprouted and blossomed early. But my teachers knew not that I hated them. I was a quiet, demure little boy and always learned my lessons perfectly. It was fear that made me so good. I dreaded their reproof for defection in the catechism. That was the lash held over me. Censure and blame were more than I could bear. So to avoid these I became a good little boy; but how, in the meantime, did I store away hate in my little bosom. My first preceptress deemed herself a good woman. Her voice was nasal and sharp, her nose long, her general expression a cross between melancholy and shrewishness. She belonged to that class spoken of by Mrs. Browning, who sigh whenever they thank God. Why are my recollections of her so disagreeable? She never whipped me. She could not, since whipping was not practised in Sunday School. Yet I always felt that she would had it been allowable. It seemed even then as if she felt and reasoned thus: "I believe in an eternal punishment. I want to earn my deliverance from this eternal punishment in part, at least, by teaching this Sabbath School class. It is troublesome and vexatious, not by any means a labor of love, but then it's got to be done to escape eternal misery." Heaven forgive me if I wrong the poor woman. We used to be restless in Sunday-School. We became tired and wanted to have a little fun. And when she took my arm to make me sit up straight and not twist about on that hard bench like an unhappy eel, there was a spitfire nervousness in the grasp. I could feel it all over my body like an electric shock.

Mrs. H. warned us in the most solemn manner against walking in the woods on a Summer Sunday; it was sinful. I disobeyed her precepts, yet at the same time these forbidden Sunday walks were robbed of half their pleasure. I always expected to experience some demonstration of Divine wrath. She gave me Sunday-School books whose dreadful stories of fatal accidents befalling sinful boys who played, swam, and skated on the Sabbath, added to the still more horrible woodcuts of prophets and angels with which they were adorned, confirmed me in an inherent disposition to melancholy. Mrs. H. used to have little side talks with the other female teachers after our lessons had been recited. We had nothing to do then but sit still and look over those cheerful Sabbath-School books. Mrs. H. and the teachers generally talked about some other woman whose conduct did not suit them. There seemed also to be ever a mull in ecclesiastical affairs. There were disagreements and squabbles, and bickerings, and contentions in the very heart of the church.

Ours was a Methodist congregation. I was impressed in my unprotected infancy in the Methodist service. We changed our ministers every two years. I never heard the reason of this satisfactorily accounted for, unless it was to make the preachers and their wives weary of life, and convince them that they had on this earth "no abiding place or continuing city," and to give the elders an opportunity to rule the church and dictate to the minister. He was but a temporary mouthpiece. There were two and sometimes three cliques in our congregation, each ruled by some prominent member. If the minister could suit each clique he might get along in comparative peace. But this was impossible. He might go on quietly for the first few months, but some source of dissatisfaction was sure to be detected by the male and female watchers on the tower of Zion. And all this furnished much spiritual food, wherewith our teachers refreshed themselves during their seasons of rest. Well, I used to hear much of this conversation, and wondered; I wondered because I had been taught by these very teachers sentences like this: "Let there be no envyings or strife or contention among you." It was a great puzzle to me then.

Finally, my youthful dignity rebelled at the idea of being forever in a woman's class. I wished to belong to a man's class. I importuned my parents until they put me in a man's class. Mrs. H. did not feel angelic at this change. It was not complimentary to her. She could see no good reason why so promising a scholar should be taken from under her charge while making such progress in his spiritual education. I fear that the Old Adam caused her to regard Mr. Thomas Packard, my next teacher, with unchristian feelings. Mr. Thomas Packard was a storekeeper, a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers. He could hear me recite a string of scriptural texts as well as any other man. But he seemed no more at home with reference to interpretations and explanations thereof, than Mrs. H. I heard differences of opinion regarding salvation. To my eager, and perhaps improper queries, Mr. Thomas Packard's replies were vague and unsatisfactory, or he told me that such things were above my youthful comprehension, and all I must do was to pray for a change of heart. He said it was very wicked to question the Divine will—that we were miserable worms of the dust, and that it was the height of presumption for us to use our poor human reason concerning the will and purposes of the Deity.

I discovered at last that I knew more than Mr. Packard did, and he sunk. I left Sunday-School forever. Mr Packard afterwards failed in business, became clerk of a steamboat and used to play cards and drink. His was the first great apostacy of which I became conscious. I looked with certainty for the intelligence of the explosion of that boat's boiler, as a judgment on Mr. Packard. Yet it never exploded. Passengers went in safety month after month, year after year, and the apostate Packard still handled cards and swallowed his toddy. It was even said that on one occasion, while a trifle merry, he playfully reminded a devout church-member of some of their old revival experiences.

The revivals, which occurred regularly every Winter, were gloomy and depressing seasons for me. All the other boys of my age were attracted to them. At first they went out of curiosity, or for the fun of the thing, to witness the conduct which, perhaps, may be termed uncommon, of those who had "experienced religion." Finally, many as usual became themselves converted. I was sometimes forced to go. The shouting, the ecstatic exclamation, the jumping up and down, the clapping of hands, the sobbing and groaning of those on the "anxious-seat," and the general whirl of religious fervor all conspired to shock and terrify me. I wanted to get out. I wanted the elders and brothers who besought me with inodorous breath to go up to the altar and be prayed for, simply to let me alone. I questioned not the doctrine, nor the certainty of an unending punishment for such a sinner as I felt myself to be, but I did not want such praying as that over me. Something within me was shocked and outraged during these manifestations of excitement. I tried to get religion by myself, and often at times did pray for this miraculous change of heart, but all to no purpose. I could never feel the first sympton of conversion. So I concluded that I must be one of those saved to be damned. And, let it be remembered, that I had at heart a great veneration, even amounting to awe, for religion. I could never go to the revival meetings and be amused as were many of my companions. It seemed to me a desecration, and yet I could not reconcile this sort of worship with my innate sense of religion.

The Millerite preaching gave me a terrible shock. I first heard it promulgated from the lips of a young man with an impediment in his speech. It seemed as if that sermon would never end. He proved conclusively from the writings of Daniel that the close of all things was very near, that the archangel's trump would shortly sound and the world to be burned up. How I wished to get out of that church. That the people could take this information so coolly, amazed me. My people ate dinner with as much relish as usual. I did not. Those dreadful predictions haunted me at school, and in the playground. I was actually afraid of the inside of our church for months afterward. I would have preferred a year of the old-fashioned, somniferous Old-School Presbyterian sermons, with fourteen heads and three subdivisions under each head, to one Millerite discourse.

EXTRA ROAR FROM "THE LION'S MOUTH."

Letters from the People.

TEACHERS' SALARIES.

Editor Californian:—The subject of teachers' salaries is becoming interesting. This remark has been made several times before. It is with difficulty that I can keep my pen out of any public discussion, not that I have any particular interest in the matter, yet I like to have a finger in the pie. Unquestionably female teachers should be paid something for their services. They ought not, for the credit of the city, to be allowed to starve. We cannot allow reports of us to go abroad to the effect that girls of various ages, ranging from sixteen to sixty, drop dead daily from inanition, while engaged in the performance of their duties. There must be a screw loose among those Grammar-masters. Power is an unaccustomed thing among schoolmasters; and if the Grammar-masters have power to reduce ladies' salaries, is it not evident they will do so? I have heard, on good authority, that it has been debated among them in secret council as to the length of time a female teacher can live on thirty dollars per month.

The Latin School should be thrown open to all. Why is it kept so exclusive? Why are not children of five or six years admitted to the privileges of this department?

Were it not for the Latin School, there might be more new schoolhouses. The question, however, is upon the adoption of a permanent schedule of salaries. By this schedule the Principal of the High School who now receives a salary of between two and three hundred dollars per month, would, the second year, get between three and four hundred dollars per month, the third year four or five hundred; and so on, till the sixth, when he would get considerable. The excess over what belongs to him must be cut from the meagre salaries of the lady-teachers; and by this scale of reduction, a female teacher who now receives sixty dollars per month as her maximum, would, the second year be cut down (making the two or three hundred dollars received the first year by the Principal of the High School the numerator and the lady's first year salary the denominator of a vulgar fraction), and then getting at the quotient by dividing this numerator by any denominator which comes handy, we get at the minimum to be received at the expiration of the fourth year by the lady-teachers, something like ten dollars per month, which is inconsiderable.

Still, if a reduction must be made, why should not the male teachers be reduced? I cannot see the propriety of reducing the females so near the verge of starvation, and not getting the male teachers anywhere near the verge. Let there be an equality in starvation. To sum the whole thing up, Mr. Editor, if this matter of education is to be such a bother to the public, let us abolish it altogether. I am a plain-spoken, hard-working man, and do not like to see the whole community thrown into a ferment every six months by a few schoolmasters.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Editor Californian:—The *Bulletin*, I perceive, still continues its insinuations, that the prosperity of the community is to be greatly enhanced by Chinese labor. Now I would like to know how they can get over this proposition: If you employ two Chinamen at fifty cents per day, will not the white man do double the amount of labor for one dollar that the Chinamen will do for fifty cents? At all events, the white man gets double the money, does'nt he? And, besides, of the dollar received for their labor by the two Chinamen, how much of it is invested in real estate, in machinery and in savings' banks? I venture to say, without fear of contradiction, not five cents. How much of the dollar received by the white man, goes into the bank? Without fear of contradiction, I venture again to say, not two cents. What a fallacy it is, then, for the *Bulletin* to attempt to prove that the Chinese are a benefit to us, because they are hired in the woolen mills.

ANOTHER PEOPLE.

Employment for All.

It is the easiest thing in the world to get employment at good wages in any capacity, in this city. The applicant has only to "loan his employer $5,000," and the thing's fixed.

BUILDING LOTS—On which advances can be obtained for building upon them—are to be sold at auction by Maurice Dore & Co., on Wednesday next. These lots are the property of the Germania Savings and Building Union, and they extend extra credits and the offer of advances to build with to the purchasers. Read the terms in their advertisement.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—One visit to the Anatomical Museum, Montgomery st., between California and Pine, will constitute more to a knowledge of the structure of the human frame than reading all the books from the great Esculapius and his disciples, down to those of the thousands of quacks who claim him for their guide. In addition to the Wonderful Collection of Anatomical Curiosities, are the heads of two murderess embalmed and sent to the Museum from Mexico, looking as natural as life.

HAGAN & HORGAN, practical marble workers, have established themselves in business on Market street, opposite the Lincoln School House. As Mr. Hagan was the builder of the Broderick Monument at Lone Mountain, and is particularly proficient in the execution of Monuments, Headstones, Mantels, and other finer descriptions of marble work. Hagan & Horgan's prices for work have been placed at reduced rates.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT, No. 623 Commercial street, is where all the good things in market are daily served up in a superior style of cooking. Though our local epicurians are pretty well aware of this fact, yet there may be some benighted good-livers not posted as regards the superior merits of "Martin's"—for such this notice is written.

BY PURCHASING of the "Housekeepers Protection and Relief Society," No 131 Kearny street, ladies can procure every description of housekeeping articles at greatly reduced rates. See card on sixteenth page.

BATHS FOR INVALIDS, with the physician's knowledge, acquired by twenty-five years' experience, are not only the best, but the cheapest. Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

SICKNESS is generally so easily cured, where the sick have sense enough to avoid medicine, that it is a mere pastime to Dr. Bourne to effect the cure. *

TYPHOID FEVER.—In all fevers the most successful results attend water cure practice, as improved by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple Post street. *

WATER CURE.—"Pioneer," and only one, in San Francisco, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. No nonsense and time wasted; but pleasant work and quick cures, the result of long experience. *

COLDS AND COUGHS CURED by Doctor Bourne's pleasant process. Same as your grandmother's old-fashioned "rum sweat," only "more so." No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

ELECTRICITY.—Four bits gives you the use of the powerful and splendid electro-magnetic battery of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VI.—A FIRST APPEAL.

HE was standing opposite to her, leaning against an angle of the wall, mingled fury and amazement in his face, but he did not interrupt her by a word or a sign.

"There is no power in me," she went on, "to tell you the strength of my conviction that this is the turning-point in our fate. Let us take the money we have, and go. Why should you stay in England, Stewart, more than in any other country? We have no ties but one another." She looked at him more sharply here, through all her earnestness. "Friendships and the obligations they bring are not for us. The world has no home bonds for us. Where money is to be made you can live, in such content as you can ever have; and where you are, I am as content as I can ever be."

"You are a cheerful counsellor," Routh broke out in uncontrollable passion. "Do you think I am mad, woman, when I have played so desperate a game, and am winning it so fast, that I should throw up my cards now? Let me hear no more of this. Come to your senses, if you can, and as soon as you can, for I will not stand this sort of thing, I can tell you. I will not leave this place an hour sooner than I intended to leave it. And as to leaving England, if the worst came to pass that could happen, I should hardly be driven to that extremity. What devil is in you, Harriet, to prompt you to exasperate me, when I looked to you for help?"

"What devil is in *you*," she answered him, rising as she spoke, "that is prompting you to your ruin? What devil, do I say? Words, mere words. What do I know or believe of God, or devil, or any ruling waylay, and torture and destroy? The devil of blindness is in you, the devil of wilfulness, the devil of falsehood and ingratitude; and a blacker devil still, I tell you. See that it does not rend you, as I read in the old book—forever closed for me."

Her breast was heaving violently, and her eyes were unnaturally bright, but there was not a ray of color in her face a d her voice was rapid and unfaltering in its utterance. Routh looked at her, and hated her. Hated her, and feared her, and uttered never a word.

"The madness that goes before destruction is coming fast upon you," she said; "I see it none the more clearly because that destruction must involve me too. Let it come: I am ready for it, as I have been for any evil for a long time now. You speak idle words to me when you reproach me, Stewart. I am above and beyond reproach from you. I am as wicked a woman, if the definition of good and evil be true, as ever lived upon this earth; but I have been, and am, to you what no good woman could be—and look to it, if you requite me ill. I don't threaten you in saying this—no threats can come from me, nor would any avail—but in your treachery to me, its own punishment will be hidden, ready to spring out upon and destroy you. Scorn my influence, slight my counsel, turn a deaf ear to the words that are inspired by love such as only a wretch like me, with no hope or faith at all in Heaven, and only this hope and faith on earth, can feel—and see the end."

He stepped forward and was going to speak, but she put out her hand and stopped him.

"Not now. Don't say anything to me, don't ask me anything now. Don't speak words that I must be doomed forever to remember—forever to long to forget. Have so much mercy on me, for the sake of the past and for the sake of the present. Ruin is impending over us; if you will, you may escape it; but there is only one way."

She had drawn near the door as she spoke the last words. In another instant she had left him.

Left him in a most unenviable state of bewilderment, rage, and confusion. The emotion which had overpowered him when he had made the discovery of yesterday was almost forgotten in the astonishment with which Harriet's words had filled him. An uneasy sense, which was not anything so wholesome as shame, was over him. What did she know of his late proceedings? Had she watched him? Had any of the gossiping tongues of the place carried the tidings of the beautiful American's openly paraded conquest? No: that could hardly be, for Harriet knew no one at Homburg but George, and George knew nothing about him. Was he not always either with his mother, or his uncle, or with Harriet herself? Besides, George would not say anything to Harriet that could hurt her. The fellow was a fool and soft-hearted, his quondam friend thought, with much satisfaction. He must set it right with Harriet, however; under any circumstances he must not quarrel with her; in this fresh complication particularly. It could only be a general notion that she had taken, and he must endeavor to remove it; for though he was horribly weary of her, though he hated her at that moment, and felt that he should very likely continue to hate her, even at that moment, and while resolved to disregard her advice, and utterly unmoved by her appeal, he knew he could not afford to lose her aid.

If the beautiful American could have seen the visions of probabilities or possibilities in which she was concerned, that floated through Stewart Routh's mind as he stood gazing out of the window when his wife had left him, she might, perhaps, have felt rather uneasy at the revelation. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge was not an adept at reading character, and sometimes, when a disagreeable impression that her new admirer was a man of stronger will and tougher material than she altogether liked to deal with crossed her mind, she would dismiss it with the reflection that such earnestness was very flattering and very exciting for a time, and the duration of that time was entirely within her choice and discretion.

Stewart Routh stood at the window thinking hurriedly and confusedly of these things. There was a strange fear over him, with all his assurance, with all the security which he affirmed over and over again to himself, and backed up with a resolution which he had determined from the first to conceal from Harriet.

"If my own safety positively demands it," he thought, "Jim's evidence about the note will be useful, and the payment to the landlady will be tolerably conclusive. Dallas told Harriet the initials were A. F. I wonder it never occurred to me at the time."

Presently he heard Harriet's step in the corridor. It paused for a moment at the sitting-room, then passed on, and she went out. She was closely veiled, and did not turn her head toward the window as she went by, Routh drew nearer and watched her, as she walked swiftly away. Then he caught sight of George Dallas approaching the house. He and Harriet met and shook hands, then George turned and walked beside her. They were soon out of sight.

"I don't think I shall see much more of Hombourg," George was saying. "My mother has taken an extraordinary longing to get back to Poynings. Dr. Merle says she must not be opposed in anything not really injurious. She is very anxious I should go with her, and Mr. Carruthers is very kind about it."

"You will go, George, of course."

"I don't quite know what to do, Mrs. Routh. I don't like to let my mother go without me, now that things are so well squared; I don't like to persuade her to put off her journey, and yet I feel I ought, if possible, to remain with my uncle until his truant son turns up."

"Has—has nothing been heard of him yet?"

"Not a word. I was awfully frightened about it, though I hid it from my uncle, until I met Mrs. P. Ireton, etc. But though she didn't say much, I could see by her manner it was all right. Bless you, *she* knows all about him, Mrs. Routh. I dare say he'll appear next week, and be very little obliged to us all for providing a family party for him here."

CHAPTER VII.—DURING THE LULL.

On the appointed day, at the appointed hour, Mr. Felton, accompanied by his nephew, called on Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, who received the two gentlemen with no remarkable cordiality. Coquetry was so inseparable from her nature and habits that she could not forbear from practicing a few of her fascinations upon the younger man, and she therefore relaxed considerably from the first formality of her demeanor after a while. But George Dallas was the least promising and encouraging of subjects for the peculiar practice of the beautiful widow, and he so resolutely aided his uncle in placing the conversation on a strictly business footing, and keeping it there, as to speedily convince the lady that he was entirely unworthy of her notice. She was not destitute of a certain good nature which rarely fails to accompany beauty, wealth, and freedom, and she settled the matter with herself by reflecting that the young man was probably in love with some pretty girl, to whom he wrote his verses, and considered it proper to be indifferent to the attractions of all female charmers beside. She did not resent his inaccessibility; she merely thought of it as an odd coincidence that Mr. Felton's nephew should be as little disposed to succumb to love as Mr. Felton himself, and felt inclined to terminate the interview as soon as possible. Consequently, she made her replies to Mr. Felton's questions shorter and colder as they succeeded one another, so that he felt some difficulty in putting that particular query on which George had laid restricted stress. He did not perceive how deep and serious his nephew's misgivings had become, and George grasped at every excuse that presented itself for deferring the awakening of fears which, once aroused, must become poignant and terrible. He had learned from Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge some of the facts which she had communicated to Routh: young Felton's intention of visiting Hombourg at about the period of the year which they had then reached, his departure from Paris, and the unbroken silence since maintained toward her as toward Mr. Felton himself.

The information she had to give was in itself so satisfactory, so tranquillizing that Mr. Felton, who had no reason to expect obedience from his son, felt all his fears—very dim and vague in comparison with those which had assailed George's mind—assuaged. It was only when his nephew had given him some very expressive looks, and he had seen the fine dark eyes of Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge directed unequivocally toward the allegorical time-piece which constituted one of the chief glories of the Schwarzchild mansion, that he said:

"My nephew has never seen his cousin, Mrs. Bembridge, and I have no likeness of him with me. I know you are a collector of photographs; perhaps you have one of Arthur?"

"I had one, Mr. Felton," replied Mrs. Bembridge, graciously, "and would have shown it to Mr. Dallas with pleasure yesterday, but unfortunately, I have lost it in some unaccountable way."

"Indeed," said Mr. Felton; "that is very unfortunate. Was it not in your book, then?"

"I wore it in a locket," said the lady, with a very slight accession to the rich color in her cheek—"a valuable gold locket too. I am going to have it cried."

"Allow me to have that done for you," said Mr. Felton. "If you will describe the locket, and can say where you were yesterday, and what time, I will take the necessary steps at once; these may not succeed, you know; we can but try."

So Mrs. Bembridge described the lost trinket accurately, and the visit came to a conclusion. As the two gentlemen were leaving the house, they met Mr. Carruthers, who accosted Mr. Felton with stately kindliness, and, entering at once into conversation with him, prevented the interchange of any comment upon the interview which had just taken place between the uncle and nephew. George left the elderly gentlemen together, and turned his steps towards Harriet's lodgings. In a few minutes he met her and joined her in her walk, as Routh had seen from the window.

He stood there, long after George and Harriet had passed out of sight, thinking, with sullen desperate rage, of all she had said. He felt like an animal in a trap. All his care and cunning, all his caution and success, had come to this.

It was strange, perhaps,—if the probability of the strangeness of anything in such a condition of mind as his can be defined,—that he seldom thought of the dead man. No curiosity about him had troubled the triumph of Routh's schemes. He had met so many men in the course of his life who were mere waifs and strays in the world of pleasure and swindling; who had no ties and no history; about whom nobody cared; for whom, on their disappearance from the haunts in which their presence had been familiar, nobody inquired, that one more such instance, however emphasized by his own sinister connection with him, made little impression on Stewart Routh. Looking back now in the light of this revelation, he could not discover that any intimation had ever been afforded to, or had ever been overlooked by him. The dead man had never dropped a hint by which his identity might have been discovered, nor had he, on the other hand, ever betrayed the slightest wish or purpose of concealment, which probably would have aroused Routh's curiosity, and set his investigative faculties to work. He had never speculated, even at times when all his callousness and cynicism did not avail to make him entirely oblivious of the past, on the possibility of his learning anything of the history of Philip Deane; he had been content to accept it, as well as its termination, as among the number of the wonderful mysteries of this wonderful life, and had, so far as in him lay, dismissed the matter from his mind. Nothing that had ever happened in his life before had given him such a shock as the discovery he had made yesterday.

The first effect on him has been seen; the second, ensuing on his conversation with his wife, was a blind and desperate rage, of a sort to which he had rarely yielded, and of whose danger he was dimly conscious, even at its height He was like a man walking on a rope at a giddy elevation, to whom the first faint symptoms of vertigo were making themselves felt, who was invaded by the death-bringing temptation to look down and around him. The solemn and emphatic warning of his wife had had its effect upon his intellect, though he had hardened his heart against it. It was wholly impossible that her invariable judgment, perception and reasonableness—the qualities to which he had owed so much in all their former life—could become immediately valueless to a man of Routh's keenness; he had not yet been turned into a fool by his sudden passion for the beautiful American; he still retained sufficient sense to wonder and scoff at himself for having been made its victim so readily; and he raged and rebelled against the conviction that Harriet was right, but raged and rebelled in vain.

In the whirl of his thoughts there was a fierce torture, which he strove unavailingly to subdue: the impossibility of evading the discovery which must soon be made; the additional crime by which alone he could hope to escape suspicion; a sudden unborn fear that Harriet would fail him in this need—a fear which simply signified despair—a harried, baffled, furious helplessness; and a tormenting, over-mastering passion for a woman who treated him with all the calculated cruelty of coquetry—these were the conflicting elements which strove in the man's dark bad heart, and rent it between them, as he

stood idly by the window where his wife had been accustomed to sit and undergo her own form of torture.

By degrees one fear got the mastery over the others, and Routh faced it boldly. It was the fear of Harriet. Suppose the worst came to the worst, he thought, and there was no other way of escape, would she suffer him to sacrifice George? *He* could do it: the desperate resource which he had never hinted to her was within his reach. They had talked over all possibilities in the beginning, and had agreed upon a plan and direction of flight in certain contingencies, but he had always entertained the idea of denouncing George, and now, by the aid of Jim Swain, he saw his way to doing so easily and successfully. Harriet had always been a difficulty, and now the obstacle assumed portentous proportions. He had no longer his old power over her. He knew that; she made him feel this in various ways; and now he had aroused her jealousy. He felt instinctively that such an awakening was full of terrible danger; of blind, undiscoverable peril. He did not indeed know by experience what Harriet's jealousy might be, but he knew what her love was, and the ungrateful villain trembled in his inmost soul as he remembered its strength, its fearlessness, its devotion, its passion, and its unscrupulousness, and thought of the possibility of all these being arrayed against him. Not one touch of pity for her, not one thought of the agony of such love betrayed and slighted; of her utter loneliness; of her complete abandonment of all her life to him, intruded upon the tumult of his angry mind. He could have cursed the love which had so served him, now that it threatened opposition to his schemes of passion and of crime. He did curse it, and her, deeply, bitterly, as one shade after another of fierce expression crossed his face.

There was truth in what she had said, apart from the maudlin sentiment from which not even the strongest-minded woman, he supposed, could wholly free herself,—there was truth, a stern, hard truth. He could indeed escape now, taking with him just enough money to enable them to live in decent comfort, or to make a fresh start in a distant land, where only the hard and honest industries throve and came to good. How he loathed the thought! How his soul sickened at the tame, miserable prospect! He would have loathed it always, even when Harriet and he were friends and lovers; and now, when he feared her, when he was tired of her, when he hated her, to contemplate such a life *now*, was worse—well, not worse than death, that is always the worst of all things to a bad man, but something too bad to be thought of. There was truth in what she had said, and the knowledge of what was in his own thoughts, the knowledge she did not share, made it all the more true.

Supposing he determined to denounce George, and supposing Harriet refused to aid him, what then? Then he must only set her at defiance. If such a wild impossibility as her betraying him could become real, it would be useless. She was his wife; she could not bear witness against him; in that lay his strength and security, even should the very worst, the most inconceivably unlikely of human events come to pass. And he would set her at defiance! He kept up no reticence with himself now. Within a few days a change had come upon him, which would have been terrible even to him, had he studied it. He hated her. He hated her, not only because he had fallen madly in love with another woman and was day by day becoming more enslaved by this new passion; not chiefly even because of this, but because she was a living link between him and the past. That this should have happened now! That she should have right and reason, common sense, and all the force of probability on her side, in urging him to fly, now,—now when he was prospering, when the success of a new speculation in which he had just engaged would, with almost absolute certainty, bring him fortune,—this exasperated him almost to the point of frenzy.

Then there arose before his tossed and tormented mind the vision of a blissful possibility. This other beautiful, fascinating woman, who had conquered him by a glance of her imperial eyes, who had beckoned him to her feet by a wave of her imperial hand,—could he not make her love him well enough to sacrifice herself for him also? Might he not escape from the toils which were closing around him into a new, a glorious liberty, into a life of wealth, and pleasure, and love? She had yielded so immediately to the first influence he had to exert over her; she had admitted him so readily to an intimacy to whose impropriety, according to the strict rules of society, she had unhesitatingly avowed herself aware and indifferent; she had evinced such undisguised pleasure in his society, and had accepted his unscrupulous homage so unscrupulously, that he had as much reason as a coarse-minded man need have desired for building up a fabric of the most presumptuous hope.

As these thoughts swept over him, Routh turned from the window, and began again to stride up and down the room. His dark face cleared up, the hot blood spread itself over his sallow cheek, and his deep-set eyes sparkled with a sinister light. The desperate expedient to which he had resorted on the previous day had gained him time, and time was everything in the game he designed to play. The discovery would not be made for some time by George Dallas. When it should be made, his triumph might be secured, he might be beyond reach of harm from such a cause, safe in an elysium, with no haunting danger to disturb. The others concerned might be left to their fate,—left to get out of any difficulty that might arise, as best they could. The time was short, but that would but inspire him with more courage and confidence; the daring of desperation was a mood which suited Stewart Routh well.

Hours told in such cases. The fire and earnestness with which he had spoken to the beautiful widow had evidently surprised and, he thought, touched her. If the demonstration had not been made in his own favor, but in that of another, no one would have more readily understood than Stewart Routh how much beauty of form and feature counts for in the interpretation of emotion, how little real meaning there may be in the beam of a dark bright eye, how little genuine emotion in the flush of a rose-tinted cheek. But it was his own case, and precisely because it was, Stewart Routh interpreted every sign which his captor had made according to his wishes rather than by the light of his experience. Indeed, he had little experience of a kind to avail him in the present instance; his experience had been of stronger, even more dangerous types of womanhood than that which Mrs. Bembridge represented, or of the infinitely meaner and lower. As he mused and brooded over the vision which had flashed upon him, not merely as a possibility to be entertained, as a hope to be cherished, but as something certain and definite to be done, his spirits, his courage, his audacity rose, and the dark cloud of dread and foreboding fell upon him. He had so long known himself for a villain, that there was not even a momentary recoil in his mind from the exceeding baseness of the proceeding which he contemplated.

"I can count upon a fortnight," he said to himself, while completing a careful toilet, "and by that time I shall either be away from all this with her, or I shall be obliged to put George Dallas in jeopardy. If I fail with *her*,—but I won't think of failure; I cannot fail." He left a message for Harriet, to the effect that he should not dine at home that day (but without any explanation of his further movements, and went out.

"I do not see the force of your reasons for objecting to my introducing you to my mother," said George Dallas to Harriet. Mrs. Carruthers had passed them in an open carriage during their walk, and George had urged Harriet to make his mother's acquaintance.

"Don't you?" she replied, with a smile in which weariness and sadness mingled. "I think you would, if you thought over them a little. They include the necessity for avoiding anything like an unpleasant or distressing impression of her mind, and you know, George," she said, anticipating and silencing deprecation by a gesture, "if she remembers your mention of me at all, she can remember it only to be distressed by it; and the almost equally important consideration of not incurring your stepfather's anger in any way."

"As for that, I assure you he is everything that is kind to me now," said George.

"I am happy to hear it; but do not, therefore, fall into an error which would come very easy to your sanguine and facile temperament. Be sure he is not changed in his nature, however modified he may be in his manners. Be quite sure he would object to your former associates just as strongly as ever; and remember he would be right in doing so. Will you take my advice once more, George? You have done it before—" she stopped, and something like a shudder passed over her; "let bygones be completely bygones. Never try to associate the life and the home that will be yours for the future with anything in the past,—least, O least of all, with us."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Routh?" George asked her, eagerly. "Do you mean that you want to give me up? I know Routh does—he has not spoken to me a dozen times of his own accord since he has been here—but you, do *you* want to get rid of me?"

She paused for a moment before she answered him. Should she say Yes, and be done with it? Should she let things drift on to the inevitable end, yielding to the lassitude of mind and body which was stealing over her? Should she gain another argument to use in a renewed appeal to her husband for the flight in which she saw the sole prospect of safety, by providing herself with the power of telling him a rupture had taken place between herself and Dallas, and her power of guiding him was gone? The temptation was strong, but caution, habitual to her, instinctive in her, restrained her. Not yet, she thought: this may be my next move. George repeated his question,—

"Do you mean that *you* want to get rid me?"

"No," she answered, "I do not, George. I was only led into overstating what I do want, that you should conform to your step-father's reasonable wishes. He has been generous to you, be you just towards him."

"I will," said George, warmly. "I wonder how far he will carry his newly-found good-will. I wonder—" he paused; the name of Clare Carruthers was on his lips; in another moment he would have spoken of her to Harriet. He would have told her of the self-reproach, mingled, however, with hope, which daily grew and throve in the congenial soil of his sanguine nature; he would have pierced Harriet's heart with a new sorrow, a fresh remorse, by telling her of another life, young, innocent, and beautiful, involved in the storm about to burst, whose threatenings were already sounding in the air. But it was not to be—the name of Clare Carruthers was never to be spoken by George to Harriet. Apparently she had not heard his last words; her attention had strayed; she was very weary.

"I must go home," she said, abruptly. "We are close to your mother's house. You had better go to her now; she has returned from her drive."

"Let me see you home," said George; "pray don't dismiss me in this way."

"No, no," she said, hurriedly; "let me have my own way, please. You will come to me to-morrow, and let me know your plans."

She stood still, and put out her hand so decidedly in the attitude of farewell, that he had no choice but to take leave of her. They parted on the shaded road, close to the garden gate of Mr. Carruthers' house. As Harriet walked away with her usual rapid step, George looked after her very sadly.

"She is fearfully changed," he said; "I never saw anything like it. Since I went to Amsterdam she might have lived twenty years and been less altered. Can it be that my uncle is right, that Routh ill-treats her? I wonder if there's any truth in what those fellows said last night about him and Mrs. P. Ireton? If there is, it's an infernal shame,—an infernal shame." And George Dallas opened the little gate in the wall, and walked up the garden with a moody countenance, on which, however, a smile showed itself as he lifted his hat gayly to his mother, who nodded to him from the window above. His spirits rose unaccountably. The positive information which Mrs. Bembridge had afforded Mr. Felton relative to his son's expected arrival had immensely relieved George's mind. He was satisfied with the progress of his novel; day by day his mother's health was improving. His prospects were bright. The distressing recollection of Deane, and the unhappy consequences of the tragedy, were becoming light and easy to him; sometimes he forgot all about it. If he could but win his step-father's confidence and regard sufficiently to induce him to pardon his clandestine acquaintance with Clare, he would be altogether happy. How serene and beautiful the weather was! He stood in the veranda, which extended into the garden, bareheaded, and inhaled the sweet air with keen pleasure. His impressionable nature readily threw off care and caught at enjoyment.

"It's such a glorious afternoon, mother," he said, as he entered Mrs. Carruthers' sitting room; "I am sure you must have enjoyed your drive."

"I did, very much," his mother replied. "The air seems rather closer, I think, since I came in. I fancy we shall have a storm."

"O no," said George, carelessly. Then he said: "Shall I read you my last chapter? I want to post it this evening. It's a funny chapter, mother. I bring in the queer old bookseller I told you about, who persisted in being his own banker."

"I remember, George. What are you looking at?" He had taken up a letter from the table beside her, and was scrutinizing the address closely. "Are you admiring the handwriting? That is a letter from Clare Carruthers."

"O," said George. And he laid down the letter, and went to fetch his manuscript. So it was she who had forwarded Mr. Felton's letters to him. Ellen must have asked her to do so—must, therefore, have talked of him,—have mentioned him in some way."

But had she done so in a manner to arouse any suspicion in Clare's mind of his identity? Did Clare remember him? Did she think of him? Would she forgive him when she should know all? These, and scores of cognite questions, did George Dallas put vainly to himself while he read to his mother a chapter of his novel, which certainly did not gain in effect by his abstraction. It pleased the listener, however, and she knew nothing of his preoccupation; and as he made the packet up for the post he came to a resolution that on the following day he would tell Harriet "all about it," and act on her advice.

With nightfall the wind arose, and the storm blew, and raged over the little white town, over the dark range of the Taunus, over the lighted gardens deserted by their usual frequenters, and, all unheeded, over the brilliant rooms where the play, and the dancing, and the music, and the harmless amusement and the harmful devilment went on just as usual. It blew over the house where Harriet lived, and raged against the windows of the room in which she sat in silence and darkness, except for the frequent glimmer which was thrown into the apartment from the street light, which shuddered and flickered in the rain and wind. Hour after hour she had sat there throughout the quiet evening during the lull, and when the darkness fell and the storm rose she laid her pale cheek against the window-pane and sat there still.

The shaded roads were deeply strewn with fallen leaves next day, and the sun-rays streamed far more freely through the branches, and glittered on pools of water in the hallows, and revealed much devastation among the flower-beds. Rain and wind had made a wide-spread excursion that night; had crossed the Channel, and rifled the gardens and the woods of Poynings, and swept away a heavy tribute from the grand avenue of beeches and the stately clump of sycamores which Clare Carruthers loved.

George had finished a drawing very carefully from the sketch which he had made of the avenue of beeches, and, thinking over his approaching communication to Harriet, he had taken the drawing from its place of concealment in his desk, and was looking at it, wondering whether the storm of the past night had done mischief at the Sycamores, when a servant knocked at the door of his room. He put the drawing out of sight, and bade the man come in. He handed George a note from Harriet, which he read with no small surprise.

It told him that Routh had been summoned to London, on important business, by a telegram,—"from that mysterious Flinders, no doubt," thought George, as he looked ruefully at the note,—and that they were on the point of starting from Homburg. "Seven o'clock" was written at top of the sheet. They were gone then; had been gone for hours. It was very provoking. How dreary the place looked after the storm! How chilly the air had become! How much he wished Arthur would "turn up," and that they might all get away!

To be Continued.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1867.

APPRECIATION AND FASHION.

THE allegation that the people of the United States have —as a people—but little appreciation of high art, so often made by foreign observers, is, we believe, very generally admitted to be true by cultivated Americans. Certainly, the best pictures, the best music, the best literature, the best architecture, are not most popular with the American public—but are they with any public? "Englishmen," says John Ruskin, "will not read a thoughtful book." This is doubtless true in the sense intended, but is it any better with Frenchmen, or Germans?—unless, indeed, we accept as literally veracious the statement that in Germany every one is reading Buchner's famous handbook of materialism. As to Americans, we think it must be admitted that they are not more given to reading "thoughtful books," or to relishing thoughtful writing of any kind, than Englishmen. So far as Californians are concerned—or at least that portion of them who reside in San Francisco—the monthly reports of the books taken out of the Mercantile Library Association tell a far from flattering story. Yet every now and then we find some book or picture of the highest merit, some actor or musician who is a true artist in a sense in which those seldom are who win favor with the general public, becoming suddenly and immensely popular. George Elliot's *Felix Holt*, notwithstanding certain defects, is a work of genuine art, and in many respects the finest work of fiction that has appeared for several years. There is nothing sensational about it, nothing meretricious, nothing melodramatic, and very little incident. In short, it was quite destitute of those elements that cause Miss Braddon's and Mrs. Wood's novels to be so widely read. And yet it had an immense sale, for a book of its high grade, and was read by everybody. How much genuine admiration and enjoyment of the excellencies of the work had to do with this result, and how much of is to be attributed to the influence of fashion, is quite an independent consideration.

The career of Ristori in the United States is a stronger case, suggesting the suspicion that accident, caprice, skillful management, often create a popular *furore* where there is no general popular appreciation. Admitting all that is claimed for her genius, it will scarcely be contended that the mere attraction of the performances themselves, carried on as they were in a foreign language, can account for the amazing success she has achieved. At the Brooklyn Academy, the amount of money taken at the doors on a single night exceeded, we are told, the highest that she ever received at any one appearance in any of the great European Capitals. Anyone who knows even a little of the forces and impulses that sway American society, will readily understand that curiosity and fashion had more to do with such a result, than intelligent admiration of the great actress.

The history of her subsequent triumphs at the West would seem to lend confirmation to this view. In Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and other places, her success was proportionally greater than it had been in New York, notwithstanding that the Metropolitan critics had predicted her failure in the "provincial cities." These facts are triumphantly cited by several of the Eastern papers, in proof of the "readiness of our people to appreciate everything that is really artistically good and "high-toned." The facts do, indeed, establish that our people will run after a world-wide celebrity, and that they will pay liberally to see and hear "what is artistically good and high-toned," whether they understand it or not. If, from the audiences that Ristori has drawn in the United States, all were to be deducted who went merely because she was the rage, because a contagious *furore* had been created, and because everybody who was anybody went, we very seriously doubt whether her visit would have proved a profitable one.

CHINESE AND ENGLISH PHRASE BOOK.—A neat little volume, bearing the above title, has been compiled by Benoni Lanctot and published by A. Roman & Co. of this city. It contains colloquial phrases enough for conversational and ordinary business purposes, with the names of the days of the week, month, etc., in English and Chinese, the pronunciation of the Chinese words being indicated by English characters. It will be a great convenience to merchants, employers, proprietors of poultry yards, members of anti-Coolie associations and others who have dealings with our Celestial residents.

LOCAL ARCHITECTURAL ITEMS.

THE new building for the Pacific Insurance Company is approaching completion. As the Company offered a premium to some half dozen of our Architects for a design, we had expected to see something creditable to the taste of the committee and to the skill of the successful competitor, but we are forced to the conclusion that, like most of such competitions, the decision was not governed by the merit of the design.

The building as it stands seems, in our judgment, to be ill-proportioned and ungainly; the main entrance, standing away and cutting off so much of the corner, makes the narrow front on California street very insignificant, and the tower carried above the roof makes this defect more marked, giving the building an air of being discontented with its site, and vainly striving to squirm itself up on to Montgomery street.

The front is overloaded with ornaments and cut up with pilasters, etc., to the utter destruction of all breadth of effect or beauty of proportion either in mass or in detail.

The cornice lacks projection, the modillions are broad and flat—the consols too bulky, the frieze bulging with what were *intended* for enrichments, giving the whole entablature a very *squat* look.

The dormer windows are likewise very heavy and "wooden," being much too wide for their height, and the keystones surmounting them are but little better than those on a Montgomery street building by the same architect.

Perhaps the plan and interior finish may make some amends for the defects of the exterior; if not, the company and their friends may perhaps find some consolation in looking from their windows at the New Exchange, which promises to be one of the finest buildings in our city, and of which we may speak further another day.

The Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's building is another instance of unfortunate selection of the design; with the exception of the doorway it presents no very marked feature, in its present state, and that is enough to spoil any front.

The location is a good one, and the amount expended ought to produce an elegant building. We can judge better, however when the structure is further advanced.

THE DANGER OF OWNING DIAMONDS.

IT seems that one of the enterprising Sunday papers published in the city of New York, has been at the trouble of obtaining what it claims to be a list of all the persons residing in that city who are the owners of diamonds, with a statement of their value, and has published such list and statement for the gratification of the curiosity of its enlightened readers. This list, which from the way in which its publication is commented upon by the New York Press, must be to some degree accurate, could of course only have been procured from the jewelers from whom the stones were purchased. The New York *Herald* anticipates the most alarming consequences from this breach of confidence with their customers, by the jewelers, and also takes it for granted that the fortunate possessors of the jewels will be pained rather than flattered by seeing their names in print and their wealth blazoned to the world. We suspect that the vast majority of the owners of diamonds in San Francisco would experience no indignation at a similar *expose*—unless indeed their fears of the tempting effect upon thieves and burglars were aroused thereby. The *Herald* says:

"These details are a positive incentive to burglary, and by supplying them they have exposed the families that deal with them to the danger of being robbed and assassinated. It is probable that as soon as the list reaches the other side it will bring upon us such an influx of expert cracksmen from European capitals as has never before been witnessed in the experience of our police. Their notions of republican simplicity have hitherto protected us from their inroads; but as soon as they get an inkling that New York is such a fruitful field for their operations we shall unquestionably become conscious of their presence."

We suspect that the writer scarcely does justice to the intelligence and general information of the "expert cracksmen of the European capitals," when he attributes to them this belief in the "republican simplicity" of life in New York. They are not so entirely cut off from all communication with the cis-Atlantic members of their fraternity as not to have heard of "Shoddy."

OUR FINANCIAL POLICY.

WE have received from the publishers, A. Roman & Co., a volume entitled "The Financial Economy of the United States Illustrated, and Some of the Causes which Retard the Progress of California Illustrated. By John Alexander Ferris, A. M." The book is dedicated to "The Friends of our Constitutional Currency—Gold and Silver Coin; to the Advocates of Justice and Right, wherever they may be found in the United States; to all who recognize the importance of moral principle in national legislation and jurisprudence, and all who desire the permanent prosperity of the American Republic in general, and of the Pacific States especially"—embracing, with perhaps the exception of the last clause, a tolerably extensive class.

We shall reserve any expression of opinion as to the merits of Mr. Ferris's treatise until we shall have given it a more careful examination than we have yet been able to do. Meantime, in order to enable our readers to form some idea of the scope of the book, and the range of topics discussed, we give the headings of a few of the chapters—or as the author prefers to designate them, "numbers:" "Amount of Currency Needed in the United States—Does California Need the National Banks?—The Legal Tender Act Examined—Resumption of Specie Payments—The Tariff of the United States—Its Effect upon the Value of Gold for Uses Abroad—Bank Circulation—Government Circulation—The Sales of Gold by the Secretary of the Treasury—Who Owns the Gold taken from the Government Lands?—The Duty of California in Relation to the Legal Tender Act—Paper Currency; the Testimony of Statesmen, Financiers, Economists, Philosophers, and Philanthropists, upon the subject of Paper Money."

The concluding chapter is devoted to a subject of the greatest interest to every inhabitant of the country this side of the Rocky Mountains—"The Pacific Railroad." Mr. Ferris is confident that the road may be finished by January, 1872—in less than five years.

This volume is strictly a California publication, being printed in this city by Towne & Bacon. It bears the imprint, "San Francisco: A. Roman & Co., 417 & 419 Montgomery st. New York: 17 Mercer st.," from which it would seem that the firm has established a branch house in the latter city.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.—Mr. D. Cameron, proprietor of the Neptune Iron Works, is building for the "Lake Chapala and Rio Grande Steam Navigation and Commercial Company" (recently organized for purposes of navigation and trade on Lake Chapala, Rio Grande, and other waters in the States of Michoacan, Jalisco, Colima and Agnas Calientes, Mexico), three stern wheel steamers of about 150 tons capacity each, and of the following dimensions: length, 75 feet; breath of beam, 16 feet; depth of hold, 5 feet. Their frames are being constructed of 3-inch angle iron, the sides of 3-16 plate iron, and the decks of wood. Each boat will be furnished with an engine of 75-horse power. After being set up the boats will be taken apart, transported with their engines to Lake Chapala, reconstructed in a substantial manner, and then, after successful trial trips, turned over to the Company. They will be used for carrying freight and passengers for a distance of about 100 miles, connecting with a railroad about 40 miles in length to Guadalajara. These are the first boats of the kind built upon this coast, although iron steamers navigated the San Joaquin in early days, and the little iron propeller Washington, of 45 tons, has been navigating Oregon waters for many years, and has made several successful trips on the upper coast. These boats draw but eight inches of water, light, and might be successfully employed in navigating the shallower streams of our own State. Mr. Cameron has had many years' experience in building iron boats on the Clyde, in Scotland, and those which he is now constructing are of excellent workmanship. At 11 o'clock, A. M., to-day, one of these boats, having been completed, will be taken apart preparatory to transhipment, in front of the Neptune Iron works, at the corner of Mission and Fremont streets.

THE PACIFC COAST BUSINESS DIRECTORY FOR 1867.—We are indebted to Henry G. Langley, compiler and publisher, for a copy of the above-named work, just issued in handsome style from the press of Towne & Bacon. It forms a large octavo volume of 800 pages, 568 of which are devoted to statistics, embracing "the name and postoffice address of each merchant, manufacturer, and professional residing in the States of California, Oregon and Nevada; the Territories of Washington, Idaho, Montana and Utah, and the Colony of British Columbia. Also, a Gazetteer of the counties, cities, and towns, and an exhibit of the resources of the Pacific Coast. Great expense and labor have been incurred in the preparation of this book, which, although it is not altogether free from errors and omissions—unavoidable, perhaps, in the first edition of a work of the kind—contains information of the highest importance not only to men of business, but to all who would acquaint themselves with the industry, resources, internal improvements and general prosperity of the Pacific States and Territories. It is well worth the price asked for it.

On our fourth and fifth pages will be found "Church and Sunday-School Recollections," an amusing sketch, by Prentice, and an essay entitled "Books Materially Considered," by John Clerk.

BETRAYED

I.

They strode above the blazing hills,
When all the day was glowing bright:
Merrily rippled a thousand rills—
Hastily followed the night.
Then stars were wise, and stars were pale,
But told no tale, but told no tale.

II.

The hissing stalks were dumb with frost,
The mists fell down upon the fields;
Two sorrowing souls to heaven were lost—
As ever when maiden yields.
Unholy graves with crosses twain,
Are what remain, are what remain.

San Francisco, Cal. CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

[*New York Weekly Review.*]

WILD SHOTS BY LONG-BOWMEN.

I CONFESS to a liking for that numerous and much nbused class of persons who are addicted to "drawing a long-how"—otherwise, telling unconscionable stories, whenever they can find a patient or credulous audience. They are generally amusing, and rarely do any harm except to their own reputations for truth—though they do occasionally damage the truth of history when they find any one silly enough to believe their absurd and impossible narratives. Without going hack of the present generation for instances, we may mention that Albert D. Richardson, *Tribune* correspondent with the Colfax party which visited this coast in 1865, has been sadly victimized by long-bowmen at different points on his route, and that his forthcoming work on the Western States and Territories will contain, among many hits of useful information and happy description, a number of fictitious and very absurd local legends. Colonel Nicholls, who contributed to the February number of *Harper's Magazine* the illustrated sketch of "Wild Bill," has caused the rupture of two-thirds of the waistbands and corsets in Springfield, Missouri, with immoderate laughter, and of the other third with excessive rage, on account of his ludicrous Munchausenism and libellous misrepresentations. But it is probahle that he was imposed upon by some graceless denizen of the insulted village. However, my business is not with already distinguished champions of the long-bow, but with some whose names are yet unknown to general fame, and whom, in consideration of much amusement they have afforded me, I propose to embalm in immortal print, to wit: in the CALIFORNIAN.

Several years ago I knew an old fellow named Captain Job Howler. I know not what right he had to the title, hut he always insisted upon it, and I am sure if he were alive and looking over my shoulder as I write he would do so now; so I add it. He was ahout seventy years old, short, slender and tough as hickory, with a thin, wrinkled face about the color of a superannuated California saddle, a nose like a hawk's hill, and a pair of hrilliant, small hlack eyes. He had been a sailor on Lake Erie, and knew more about ocean steamers and clipper ships than the men who invented them. Whercver Captain Howler could find a company of men and a vacant chair he would seat himself, cross his legs and twist them into a resemblance of Mercury's caduceus, place his elhow on his knee and his chiu in the palm of his hand, and with a grim smile of conscious wisdom listen to the conversation which might be going on until a gap occurred, when he would proceed to fill it. One day the subject of discussion wos a recent brilliant naval exploit.

"'Taint nuthin'," chimed in the Captain; "'taint nuthin' at all compar'd with the hattle of Lake Erie. Ye see I was thar with Commodore Perry. Jist afore we went inter action, Commodore Perry he looked 'raouud, nnd ses he, who's at the helm?' ses Perry, ses he. 'Capting Job Haowler,' ses I. 'All right,' ses Perry, ses he. 'The kentry's safe! Lay her on to that 'ere Britisher, Capting Haowler,' ses he. 'Aye, aye, sir,' ses I; and I jist tuck that 'ere ship nnd run her daown inter the trough of the sea, an' kep' her thar till we got clus up alongside of the Britisher, an' she never see us till we riz right up au' guv her a hroadside right atwixt wind an' water. She struck her colors mighty quick arter that, I tell yeou!"

"But, Captain Howler, how did you keep your ship in the trough of the sea? I didn't understand that," said a Douhting Thomas.

"No, I reckon yeou don't, but yeou will when yeou've follered the sea as long as I have. Wall, arter the fight was over, and we'd tuck the hull bilin' of the inemy, Commodore Perry he comes up to me an' ses he, 'Capting Haowler,' ses he, 'I'm praoud of yeou this day. I never see sich seamanship afore;' ses the Commodore, ses he. And then he giu orders to the steward to make a hull hogse't of milk punch to treat all hands in the fleet."

"Where did the milk come from?" again queried the doubter.

"Whar did it come from? Wall, we sent ashore arter some of it, hut we got the most on't ahoard. We had one of the gaul darndest keows for givin' milk on board that 'ere Niagara yeou ever see. We used to milk her three times a day, and she gin nigh onto forty quarts every milkin'. But the curousest thing ahout that 'ere keow was that she never had a calf; and her mother never had a calf, nuther—sort o' run in the hreed."

"Yon must have fed that cow pretty well," suggested Thomas.

"I reckon we did—gin her mostly hiled carrots and choppe d wheat, jest as much as she could eat on 'em. Fine country thar abaout Rochester—raise the gnul firedest crops of wheat! An uncle o' mine had a farm aout thar into Genesee county, and a patch o' wheat on't, nn' once when I was thar on a visit we tuck a lot of that 'ere wheat and measured it in a three-bushel bag, straw an' all, jest for curosity, yeou know; and then we thrashed it out an' run it threough the fan-mill, an' may I he gaul-darned if there wan't more clean wheat than we could squeeze inter that 'ere bag!"

"What d—d nonsense!" exclaimed the douhter, contemptuously; and then the whole company began to laugh uproariously.

The Captain slowly untwisted his legs and raised himself t a standing posture. "Look here, yeou, mister," snid he, shaking his shriveled fore finger at the offender, "if 't'wan't that I'm under twenty thousand dollars bonds not to strike a man with my fist, I'd gin yeou a gaul-darned good lickin'. But I hit a man wunst in Buffalo with my fist, an' it killed him dead on the spot, and some on 'em was for hangin' me, but finally, seein' as haow I had the hest eend of the quirril, they let me off by givin' them bonds never to strike another man as long as I lived. But my son Oliver will be to hum in a week or two, an' then we'll see if he'll let his old father be insulted by sich as yeou."

I helieve that Captain Job Howler finally departed this life without having given his bondsmen any trouble on account of his pugnacious propensities; though it was often very evident to the most superficial observer, that nothing restrained him from "pitching in and walloping" some great double jointed fellow, three times his size, hut those unfortunate bonds!

Another skillful long-bowman with whose acquaintance I was honored, was called "Snapping Andy," on account of a peculirr trick he had of "batting his eyes" incessantly. He was a tall, stout fellow, with a very long nose and a grave expression of countenance. He was a sailor hy education, a miner by occupation, a gambler hy profession, and a story-teller for diversion. Nothing gave him so much enjoyment as to spin ridiculous yarns for the edification of a crowd of "greenies," who would be induced by his serious face and earnest manner to accept his narratives for gospel truth.

One cold Winter night I was sitting by a bar-room fire in a northern mining town. Around the stove were half a dozen new arrivals from the Willamette Valley in Oregon, two or three miners, and "Snapping Andy," who was twirling his thumb and looking abstractedly at the stove. Presently the bar-keeper came around to stir up the fire.

"What hlasted stuff is that about you that smells so, John?" said Andy.

"That's Florida Water," said John. "Dou't you like it?"

"No, I don't like any of these new-fangled perfumes—don't none of them come up to Attar of Roses."

"What do you know about Attar of Roses?" demanded Johu, sneeringly.

"Me? I had a vial of the pure stuff once—got it down at Alexandria, in Egypt, when I was there in a man-of-war in '42. There was one o' them rich fellers came alongside one day, and steppin' out o' the hoat he slipped and fell overhoard, and I jumped in and pulled him out; and after he went ashore he sent me a lot of preseuts, and among 'em was that 'ere vial of Attar of Roses. If I could have got it to New York I'd have got two or three thousand dollars for it, but I lost it. D—d curious circumstance—did I ever tell you about that?"

"No," said John; "how was it?"

"Well, you see, the Viceroy sent aboard a pair of ostriches for a present to President Tylcr, and after we got to sea we used to let 'em run about the decks, because they seemed to pine away and get sick like when we kept them shut up. Well, them ostriches, you know, is a very queer hird—they won't eat no grain, nor meat, nor vegetables if they can only git iron, and glass and rocks—got powerful strong stomachs, them ostriches has. You've heard that about ostriches, haven't you?" said Andy, appealing to one of the Oregonians.

"Yes, I b'lieve I've heerd or read about it somewhars," replied the individual addressed.

"Well, them ostriches et up all the loose nails and scraps of iron they could find ahout the decks, and all the knives and forks aud spoons they could get hold of, and being purty tame they'd come up hehind the sailors and pick their sheath-knives out of their belts or their jack-knives out of their pockets, and swaller them. One day the carpenter left his chist open and they found it and et up a lot of his tools. Another time one of 'em picked the watch out of the First Lieutenant's pocket and swallered it, chain and all. Next thing, one day when I took this here vial of Attar of Roses out of my chist, jist to look at it and see if it was all right, you know, one o' them cussed ostriches come up and picked it out o' my hand and swallered it. You bet that feller had a sweet breath all the rest o' that voyage! Nohody da'st to do anything to tho danred critters, hecause they was a present from the Viceroy of Egypt to the President, don't you see? Well, after that, they got into the steward's room one day, and scoffed all the tumhlers and wine-glasses; and then they tackled the belayin' pins and the marlinspikes and didn't leave ne'er a one ahoard the ship. Up to that time they'd lived purty high; hut after they'd et up all the loose iron and glass and things they begun to lose flesh and git low-spirited. I was in hopes the hlasted things would die, hut they didn't. They used to go prospecting arouud, tryin' to draw the spikes out of the hatches and decks and the eye-bolts out of the sides, and sometimes they'd make a raise of one, and that seemed to keep 'em alive. Finally they got down into the gun-room and holted a lot of grape and canister shot and some four nnd six-pound balls, hut the gunner's mate looked out for them after that, and they didn't git in there no more. At last they took to the for'ard part of the ship purty much, and amused themselves pickin' ahout the chain cables; we s'posed they was eatin' off the rust and scales, and didn't pay no attention to them. They seemed to be pretty well contented with what they got off the cables and sich hroken crockery as was throwed ont to them occasionally. It was mighty lucky for us they didn't have no appetite for ropes and timher, or they'd a' ent us out o' ship! Well, we got to New York at last, and wheu we got off the Battery the Captain give orders to let go the right bower, and we let go, and blow me if that 'ere chain cable didn't all pay out and went slump down to the hottom after the anchor. So hefore we let go the other bower we examined the cable, and found that them infernal birds had et about five fathom and a-half right out of the middle of it—fact, true as I'm sittin' here! We set them ostriches ashore as quick as we could, and they was sent on to President Tyler at Washington, and the first thing they done was to eat up nn iron railin' in front of the White House. Then Tyler he sent them back to the Zoological gardens at New York, and there's men there that makes a livin' hy gatherin' up old irou and broken glass to feed 'em on, Did you ever see an ostrich, sir?" continued Andy, turning again to his friend from Oregon.

"No," replied the web foot, who had been sitting with mouth open, swallowing every word of the preposterous story; "hut I've seed picters of 'em, and read of 'em eatin' iron nnd glass and things."

"Well, you see, they swindled me out of a nice little stake; but I didn't loso near so much by them as I did by Adams & Company."

"How much did you lose by Adams & Company?"

"Nigh about a hundred thousand dollars. I'd made a lucky speculation, and left my money in their hands till I got ready to go home to the States; but they busted np and left me flat on my hack, and I had to go to work again."

"Adams & Company busted me up, too, confound 'em!" said one of the honest miners.

"Me too," said another.

"They only let me in for twenty thousand dollars," said John. "I don't mind a small sum like that. But what speculntion was that yon made so much money at, Andy?—faro, or poker?"

"Ne'er a one. It was in the Winter of '54. There'd been a purty heavy gale, and a vessel came in from the Sandwich Islands with the news that a hnrrycane had took the roofs off of the King's palace and all the public huildin's at Honolulu. Them buildin's had all heen roofed with clam shells, put on very close and neat—makes a very good roof, but it's a mischief of a long job to put it on—took 'em twenty years the first time. So when I heard about the accident I goes down to the wharf where there was a vessel jest come down from Puget Sound with a cargo of cedar shingles. I bought an interest in the cargo and persuaded the Captain to take them shingles over to the Islands, and as soon as the King heard they had arrived he came down with all his Ministers and body-guard to look at them, and he bought the whole lot and paid for them in gold. We cleared two huudred thousand dollars off them shingles,"

"I wish," said the Oregonian, "I could git such a chance as that to sell shingles. I don't git no more than five dollars a thousand for good yaller pine shingles—not more'n day wages."

"Where do you make shingles?" inquired Andy.

"On the Long Tom, about fifteen miles from Eugene," answered the Oregonian.

"Oh, yes, that's in Oregon. Was you ever on the Santiam?"

"Ya'as, I've hin thar to see a cousin of mine that lives thar nigh to Jefferson."

"Well," said Andy, "I staid there one winter with n friend o' mine. Great country for game, that—bear and deer, plenty, and we killed an oyster there once."

"An oyster?" said the Oregonian. "I didn't know there was oysters thar."

"Yes; the hoys heard it one night about dark, in the edge of a piece of timber, and we concluded to hunt it that night, because the cussed critter had nipped a calf and a couple of hogs, and we reckoned he had come after more. So we called in some of the neighbors, and took our guns nnd dogs, and started. It was so dark we had to take pitch-pine torches; but purty soon the dogs got on the critter's trail, and after chasin' about two miles they treed him. When we came up there he was lying out on a limb, gnashin' his teeth and howlin' terrible. We blazed awny at him and fetched him down, but he was only wounded a little, and when the dogs tracked him he chawed up a couple of them in mighty short order; but when we got loaded up again we soon put him out of miscry. That was the biggest oyster I ever saw—his shell measured four foot across, and he weighed five hundred pounds after be was was dressed."

"Did you eat him?" inquired the Oregonian.

"Eat him?—of course we did. We salted him down, and had oyster stews all that winter. Well, I guess I'll go across the street and see how that game's gettin' along. Good evenin' gentlemen." And Andy left.

"Look here, stranger," said the Oregonian, don't you think that 'are feller stretched it n little about the oyster? I never heerd of one that size afore."

"I think it is likely he is mistaken about the size of the animal," I replied. "But then there is a great difference in the size of oysters."

JOHN CLERE.

THE ART OF PHOTOSCULPTURE.

HOW STATUES ARE MADE IN ONE DAY BY MACHINERY.

ONE of the most novel, simple, ingenious and at the same time beautiful inventions which has ever been given to the world is the application of mechanics to the fine art, known as photosculpture. M. Willeme, a French artist, conceived the idea of bringing photography to the aid of sculpture, so that by an easy mechanical process busts, medallions and statues as perfect as a photograph can make them, can be produced in whatever size desired, from the smallest medallion cut upon a lady's finger ring or breastpin, to the colossal statue for a monument or park. The invention has proved a complete triumph, having been successfully practiced in Paris since 1863. The patent right for England has been sold to a company in London for a fabulous sum, and Mr. James McKaye of New York is just introducing it to the American public. The London *Court Journal* for January 6th says photosculpture is becoming the rage in Paris. People are no longer satisfied with *a carté de visite* for their albums. Before 1867 shall have come to an end people will be collecting sculpture galleries of their friends. "I must beg the favor of your statue for my collection" will be an ordinary request in polite society.

Already a number of large establishments for the manufacture of busts, statues and medallions have been opened in Paris, and others are in process of erection. One is now being built on the Champs de Mars, opposite the emperor's pavilion, in connection with the great exposition. This last photosculpture establishment is to be an immense concern, giving employment to some three hundred hands. It will be kept in operation night and day, for the accommodation of the large crowds of people attending the exposition, who will be anxious to get their busts or statuettes executed in Paris as a souvenir of 1867. During the night the building will be lighted by electric lights, and the process continued the same as by solar light.

In Paris the statue which you sit for in the morning is delivered at night perfectly finished. The same thing will soon be done in New York. Peter Cooper was turned out on Monday, Admiral Farragut on Tuesday, and to-day Horace Greeley is being immortalized in a statuette. There is but one machine in operation now, but fifty will soon be needed to meet the demands. Over fifteen thousand dollars' worth of work has already been ordered, and customers will be served in regular rotation.

Although the process of producing statuary by photography is a very simple one, it may be difficult to fully explain it upon paper. After much expense and trouble the rooms necessary for this peculiar business have been completed, and for about a week the art of photosculpture has been carried on in America; the first bust made being one of Schuyler Colfax, the Speaker of the House of Representatives. In a week or two at most we may expect to have statuettes, busts, and medallions of our own citizens placed before us, in addition to the admirable French and English specimens of this work which have been on exhibition for some time at the rooms of McKaye & Co.

The first room visited in the process of producing a piece of statuary after this new and novel method is called the rotunda. This is a circular room, twenty-six feet in diameter, at the top of the house, with a conical ceiling or roof, composed entirely of glass. In the exact center of the room is a circular dais or platform, four or five feet in diameter, which can be raised or lowered at pleasure; this is about six inches high, and is called the "register." The top of the platform is cut like a pie by black lines, crossing each other through the center, into twenty-four pieces, slices, or degrees; these degrees are registered or numbered upon the sides or circumference of the platform or register with large black figures, from one to twenty-four. Arranged around the room, equally distant from each other and the center of the room, are twenty-four cameras. These twenty-four cameras are all on a level with each other, and all produce the same sized picture. They are also of that height from the floor which corresponds nearly with the center of the person who is to be photographed. If the center of the body is above or below the focus of the camera the register can be adjusted so as to meet the case. The twenty-four cameras are stationary in the walls of the rotunda, and all open into a dark gallery which runs entirely round the rotunda. Twenty-four glass sensitive plates are prepared, and one is put into each camera; the covers of the whole twenty-four cameras are so arranged with cords and pulleys that they can be opened and shut with the simultaneousness of clock work. Everything now being in readiness, the man having assumed upon the register the position he wishes to occupy in the marble (think of being turned into stone!) the twenty-four cameras around the whole circumference of the rotunda fly open and in an instant close again. The man can now take up his hat and cane and walk home—he has performed his part of the work.

The artist has now twenty-four small sized photographs of the individual upon glass plates, each one of which shows a picture of the person from a different position, the angle being one twenty-fourth part of a circle. The whole two dozen pictures taken in combination give the complete circumference of the sitter, back, sides, and face, from the full face round to the full face again. Looking at the pictures in rotation, from one to twenty-four, is the same in fact as walking round the individual would be, and looking at him from twenty-four different stand points. Thus we have a complete picture of the entire person, with every fold in the dress from head to foot. Now it is easy to see that if a point of connection can be found by which all these twenty-four pictures can be brought into one, and transferred to clay, the result will be a likeness of the sitter as accurate as could be produced by the photograph. This is the very thing which has been accomplished by the invention of Mr. Willeme. Each picture as it is taken, as a matter of course, registers upon the glass plate the number of the degree, or angle, of the sitter which it represents: thus number one picture may be a directly full front view of the man, then number two will be one twenty-fourth of the way round, and accordingly represent a partial side view, while a fourth of the way round, or number six, would represent a full side view, and half way round, or number twelve, would give a direct back view.

The picture on the glass plate having been thrown upon a white sheet of paper in a magnified condition, it is a very easy matter for an artist to sketch all the outlines of it with a lead pencil. He draws the profile of the face, the outlines of all the features, every fold in the clothes, the buttons, shoulder-straps, etc. When he has completed his task there are twenty-four of these outline sketches, each one of which represents the individual from a different angle, the same as the original glass plates did. These sketches are half-life size, or thirty-six inches long; if the statue is to be half-life size, the pictures must be full life size, and so on in the same proportion.

Having got the twenty-four models from which the pantograph or molding machine is to cut the statue, we descend to the molding room. The artist heaps up a mass of clay around an iron rod, as high as the statuette is to be, and in diameter large enough to contain it. Number one sketch of the gentleman who is to be produced in plaster of Paris is fastened up on a plane surface at the right of the molding table. A large brass pantograph* is suspended in front of the molding table, one arm of which is made to pass over the flat surface of the outlines of the picture, while the other contains a sharp needle or a clay saw, as the case may be, which reaches to the clay. Whenever a movement is made by one arm of the pantograph over the picture a corresponding movement takes place with the needle or saw in the other arm, and the clay is cut away accordingly.

Number one gives a directly front view of the man; the profile of the sides of the head, face, neck, shoulders, arms, legs, etc. Now, if the arm of the pantograph is moved over these outlines the other arm will give the same outlines in the clay.

Turn the clay mass one quarter of the way round, and put up picture No. six, which represents a direct side view of the man in outline, giving the form of the forehead, nose, mouth, chest, etc., in front; the back of the head, back, etc., behind. If one arm of the pantograph is passed over these outlines, the other produces the same effect upon the clay, and thus the statuette begins to assume the form of the original. By the time the whole twenty-four pictures have been gone over in this manner, the result upon the clay is roundness and portraiture; and the features and form of the individual stand out in exact proportion, which it is impossible for the most skillful artist to obtain. The great difficulty of proportion, features, position, character, etc., which requires so many months and hard study after the old method, is all overcome by this simple process. It takes but a few hours to cut out the statue with the pantograph, it takes less time to draw the pictures, and but an instant to take the twenty-four original photographs on glass, two men being able to operate the rotunda.

So far, all the process is purely mechanical, and every thing is gained for art by M. Willeme's ingenious invention. After the pantograph has done its work, the bust or statue is submitted to the hands of an artist or sculptor, who carefully goes over the details. This work is nothing compared with what has been done, and it takes but a little time to dig out the corners of the eyes, separate the hair, put on the finger-nails, scrape the buttons on the coat, and make a slight wrinkle here and there. It is perfect fun for a sculptor to do such work as that, mere play by the side of that which has been done. These finishing touches complete the process, and the bust or statue is sent off to be cast, copies of which can be produced as fast as they are wanted.

The Union League club of this city having ordered statuettes of Grant and Farragut to be cut after the new process, yesterday the operation was witnessed at the rooms of Mr. McKaye, 882 and 887 Broadway. The outline sketches of Admiral Farragut having been drawn, the clay was heaped about the line of departure on the register, and the pantograph set at work. At first a rough outline of the statuette appeared, but as the clay revolved and new views of the admiral were put up the grand old sailor came out of the clay like sunshine struggling through a thick fog.

Large chunks of what is called "fat" fell off on every side, and the prominent features began to appear. First the head took form, the neck and broad shoulders came to view, the outlines of the arms, military coat and pants, even to the toes of the boots, came as if by magic from the clay. The cap which he holds in the right hand by his side, and the nose upon the face were the prominent points which developed first in the cutting process. Soon the sharp points of the pantograph began to seperate the arms from the side of the body, to mark out the shoulderstraps and the fingers upon the hand. In this way, amid intense interest, the hero of many a naval conflict was cut in the clay, which will be immediately cast in plaster of Paris, and from that turned to marble. The operation was as practical as the building of the ship, the forging of the anchor, or the casting of the cannon—it only needed a Longfellow to put the deed into a song. To-day the philosopher of the *Tribune* is on the register, and the pantograph is petrifying his features. It requires but a few hours to do the operation, and if fifty or one hundred pantographs were up and in running order the public could get statuettes or busts as fast as they desired.

The great value of this method of cutting designs from photographs in clay consists in its wonderful application to practical, or if they may be so termed, business purposes. All New York knows that Mr. Hunt has furnished some elaborate designs for the gateways of Central Park. In those designs many statues of men, and colossal groups of men and horses appear, and as an objection to them it has been urged that they were too costly and extravagant for the people to pay for. A colossal figure of Ward's Indian Hunter would grace one of the gateways, but even this, if it should be produced after the old method, would cost too much, and the prospect now is that the park will be without gateways for many years to come, and when we do have them they are as likely to consist of stone posts with a stiff statue or two as anything.

But the invention of Mr. Willeme has put the most costly and elegant designs within our reach, at a moderate price compared with our present estimates. The pantograph can cut out colossal statues as well as small ones; it can be driven by steam—and is now so driven in Paris—as well as by hand. A horse, or any animal, can be produced as well as a man, and of any size or position required. All the designer or architect has to do, is to select his figures, and dress and group them according to his ideas, upon the register of the rotunda—in a second the form is caught, and this is all the pantograph requires. As the business increases, a larger rotunda will be built, and in connection with it a foundery established where castings can be made in bronze or iron.—*New York Evening Gazette.*

*Perhaps the reader does not know what a pantograph is, since the name is so high sounding, being composed of two Greek words, meaning art and description. It is not a new invention, but has been long in use—the only novelty in this case is in its application. Webster calls it an instrument for copying, reducing, or enlarging maps, plans, or figures. Heretofore it has been used by school-boys for drawing upon plain surfaces. The invention of Mr. Willeme consists in combining the twenty-four pictures, more or less, in such a manner as to produce with the pantograph a statue.

ABOUT SEWING-MACHINES.—Mrs. Caroline L. Pearson, 52 Court street, Brooklyn, a lady who has had twelve years' practical acquaintance with the leading Sewing Machines asserts, that the Grover & Baker Machine is the best, and gives the following reasons:

Q—Among your acquaintance who have used the Grover & Baker and also other machines, state whether or not the Grover & Baker is, in all cases known to you, preferred for family use.

A—I suppose I have compared my experience with over five hundred ladies, and I never, except in one instance, found that they preferred other machines to the Grover & Baker, when they have tried both machines.

Q—What are the reasons of this preference? Please state them fully and at large.

A—The principal reason, or one of the main reasons, is for the elasticity and durability of the stitches, the regularity and beauty of the stitch on all fabrics alike. There are some machines which sew very nicely on certain kinds of work that do not sew well on others. I have never found the fabric yet that the Grover & Baker Machines will not sew in the most beautiful manner. I think it does not take more than half the time to adapt or adjust the Grover & Baker Machine to different kinds of work and fabrics than it does on any other machine. I think the stitch is invaluable to families, in furnishing a cheap and rapid mode of beautiful ornamentation.

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

MISS EVANS, the English authoress of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Felix Holt, the Radical," and other works of fiction characterized by extreme liberal sentiments, has arrived in New York City, and is a guest in the family of her first publisher, Mr. J. C. Derby, in West Forty-eighth street. Miss Evans is engaged on a new work that will soon be given to the public, and is so far advanced with the story that the publication may be expected in the Spring.

S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermitteut fevers.
They purify the hreath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsin und Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the hest Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled hottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded my self very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unhearahle. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liuiment will do. It is iuvalnable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, hruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or heast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine nnless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, hearing the signature of G. W. Westhrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, he "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least noney. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instaut death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo hits we can save the *bites* und hills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed hy E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to nse Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beanty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

A POINT ON WHICH ALL PHYSICIANS AGREE.

Out of ten thonsand regnlar physicians you cannot fiud one who will not say that STIMULANTS und INVIGORANTS are absolntely necessary in medical practice. And yet, in bygone years, humane practitioners have besitated to administer them, because the fiendish iugenuity of wretches who make merchandise of human infirmities had so pollnted and deteriorated them, that the remedy was deemed as dangerous as the disease. This perplexity is happily done away with. Physicians know, hecause the first anulytical chemists of the age have demonstrated the fact that

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS!

Are absolntely and entirely free from all pernicious elements. Hence they have been introduced into the United States Army, and are accepted, whereon the testimony of the wise, the intelligent, and the philanthropic is rated at its just valne, as the best protective against and cure for all diseases arising from impurity in the air or other nnhealthy climate influences, that has ever been tested by experience. In cases of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, we state without qualification or reservation, that the Bitters are as nearly infallible as anything prepared by human skill can he. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR superior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much hetter pictures look here than at home. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street gallerics. *

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durahle Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagous from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other estahlishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is hut the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every availahle means that promised relief, hut without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not hy defamation of others, to estahlish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must he gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no donht the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself nnder his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

D. J. OLIVER,

101, 103 and 105 Front Street, 110 Pine St.

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PERFECT SPECTACLES exactly suited to the Eyes will enable the wearer to pursue the most minnte employment, either by day or artificial light, without creating that sense of weakness or fatigue to the organ generally complained of by those using ill-suited or common Spectacles.

PRICE of Perfect Glasses, $2 50, and upward. Sent pre-paid to any post office on the Coast. Applicants by mail will receive a circular containg directions, etc.

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Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
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With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
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Their office is at 536
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At Less than Gold Cost,

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WE ARE NOW CLOSing out our last year's stock of FURNITURE etc., at UNPARALLELED LOW RATES.

It comprisos the LARGEST AND FINEST assortmeut in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.

Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to buying elsewhere.

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PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED, EXCLUsively for the treatment of all diseases of the EYES, and for the past seventeen years Principal of the La Fayette (Ind.) Eye Infirmary.

P. W. FONDA, M. D.,
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Northeast corner of Montgomery and California streets, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co.

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PARTIES IN WANT OF COARSE FRESH MEAT, AND COARSE CORNED MEAT, in quantities large and small can he supplied at low figures, on application to

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☞All orders delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT STYLES OF

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OUR STYLES OF GENTLEMEN'S DRESS AND BUSINESS HATS, manufactured of the hest material and hy the most skillful mechanics, excel any in fineness, taste, and durahility ever introduced on this coast. We are receiving hy each steamer all the LATEST NOVELTIES from New York, London, and Paris. Call and see them.

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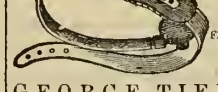
AT

AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!



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Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

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Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

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N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

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REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

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HOAGLAND & NEWSOM,

ARCHITECTS,

Southwest corner Sacramento and Kearny streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Removal!!

JOHN F. SNOW.

COLORING, CLEANING AND RESTORING OF FEAthers, Kid Gloves, Silks, Woolens, Furs, etc., has removed to the new building of the "MECHANICS' INSTITUTE," opposite the old stand, 25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

☞'RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA' for sale as usual.

ADVICE TO GREEN SKATERS.

1. Never try to skate in two directions at once. This feat has often been attempted by beginners, but never successfully. It always ends in sorrow.

2. Eat a few apples for refreshments, sake while skating, and be sure and tbrow the cores on the ice for fast skaters to break their shins over. Fast skaters are your natural enemies, and should not be allowed to enjoy themselves peaceably.

2. Sit down occasionally, no matter where, right in tbe way of the rest of the party if you want to. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down whenever he has an inclination to do so.

4. Wben you meet a particularly handsome lady, try to skate on botb sides of her at once. This is very pretty, and sure to create a sensation. If the lady's big brother is in sight it is well to omit this.

5. Skate over all the small boys at once. Knock 'em down. It makes great fun, and they like it.

6. If you skate into a hole in the ice, take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.

7. If your skates are too slippery, buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs until you find a pair that is not slippery. Tbis will be fun for the dealers.

8. In sitting down, do it gradually. Don't be too sudden; you may break the ice.

9. When you fall headlong, examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up. That will make everybody think you fell because your skate was loose. Beginners always do, you know.

10. Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak until you get warmed up, then throw it off, and let the wiud cool you. This will insure you a fine cold that will last you a long time.

11. After you get so you can skate tolerably well, skate yourself sick immediately. Don't be reasonable about it; skate three or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand up. Do this every day, and it will be sure to make you sick at last; and then you may die, and that will be such an excellent thing; it will be such a good example for the rest of the young people.

A Siamese Colossus.—The Bangkok *Recorder* describes a visit to one of the wats or Bhuddist cloisters of the city, which covers ten acres of land, contains two temples, and has an image which far exceeds the Colossus of Rhodes in size. He is reclining on the right side, with his head resting on the rigbt hand. He is one hundred and thirty feet long, about twenty-eight feet around the belt, and the length of the little toe on the right foot is three feet four inches. The natives say his bowels are full of large water jars. The labor of constructing and gilding this image must have been immense, and have taken years to accomplish.

The tendency of people to carry qnotations too far was illustrated in a prayer-meeting the other day, by a brotber exclaiming in an agony of piety. "O, Lord, have mercy upon us miserable sinners, of which I am the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

The Dutchman that had a rush of blood to his head, and turned himself beels up to make it rush back again, has since died of strabismus in his spinal contortions.

The man who minds his own business was in the city last week, but left immediately, he felt so lonesome.

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

Also,

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, &c., &c.,

NO. 411 SANSOME STREET,

Between Commercial and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

THE GREAT

New England Remedy!

Dr. J. W. POLAND'S

White-Pine Compound!

IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

401 and 403 Battery Street, cor. Clay, San Francisco.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

MASONIC TEMPLE,

Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!

Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years (15th (1866) in San Francisco,) enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

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STEAM ENGINE WORKS

Beale Street, near Mission, San Francisco.

STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.

HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,

Portable Engines of all sizes,

Donkey Pumps, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The attention of the parties engaged in shipping or inland navigation is called to the

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP

of Mr LOCHHEAD, who has been in the business in San Francisco for the last fourteen years and enjoys the reputation of having built ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN STEAM ENGINES.

Screw Propellers of all kinds, and Steam Boat Machinery generally, made to order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in every particular.

WILSON & EVANS,

No. 513 Clay street,

Importers and Dealers in

FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

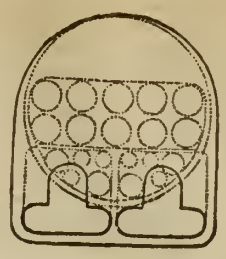
SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

WILSON & EVANS.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



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HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER WORKS.

KITTREDGE & LEAVITT,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fire Proof Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc,

Corner Fremont and Market street, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of Second Hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. C. Bussey, of Jackson, Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this Safe. It is done by Mathematical Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works,

THIS LOCK PUT ON SAFES NOW IN USE

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

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Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; with out excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

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Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Stell. Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell. Craana & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st.
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steiamana, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts. 206 Front, cor. Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market

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New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 75 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
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W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co, 685 Market near Third.

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Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
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Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
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THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine:
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "*Nine!*" *

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine:
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "*Nine!*"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine:
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "*Nine!*"

"Husband, of course?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine:
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "*Nine!*"

"The d—l you have?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine:
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "*Nine!*"

Now what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering "*Nine?*"
"*Ich kan nicht English!*" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

*Nein (no) pronounced *nine* in the German.

About twenty years ago, when Franklin Pierce and the present Senator Clark stood at the head of the Hillsborough bar, in New Hampshire, there was upon the docket a celebrated suit called the "Horse Case," which, from its long continuance before the Courts, became familiar, by name at least, to nearly every one in the county. The action was one brought by Smith and Jones, livery-stable keepers, of Manchester, against one White, to recover the value of a pair of horses alleged to have been killed by the defendant while conveying an insane man from Manchester to the asylum at Concord. There was plenty of proof that the horses died soon after their arrival there; but the defendant took the ground that they died of disease, and not from being overheated, and that a sufficient time had been allowed to travel that distance with ease. Then it became necessary to show the jury the time of starting and the time of arrival at Concord. Plaintiffs brought to the witness-stand many citizens from Manchester and Concord; and, among the latter, a tall, bony, slab sided, lanky, sleepy-looking fellow, who officiated as hostler at the stable. I think it was Mr. Clark who conducted the cross-examination of this witness, and I give you the substance of the concluding portion:

"What time, Sir, did I understand you to say it was when the horses were driven up to the stable?"

"Just as I was goin' to dinner."

"What time was it when you went to dinner that day—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What time was it when you went to dinner the day before—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What time did you go to dinner the day before *that*—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And what time did you go to dinner a week previous—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Now, Sir, will you be kind enough to tell the jury what time you went to dinner three months before the last date—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"That is all, Sir," said the counsel, with a gleam of satisfaction on his face and a glance at the jury, as much as to say, "That man has settled his testimony, gentlemen." And so we all thought till, just as he was leaving the stand, he turned to his questioner with a curious comical expression on his face, and drawled out, "*That 'ere clock was out o' kilter, and hadn't been goin' for six months.*" There was a general roar in the gallery in which I sat. Mr. Clark sat down, and I noticed that the Judge had to use his handkerchief.—*Harper's Magazine.*

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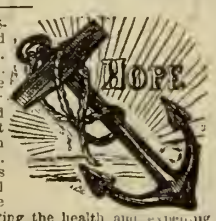

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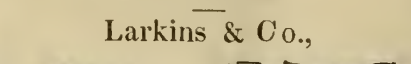

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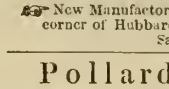

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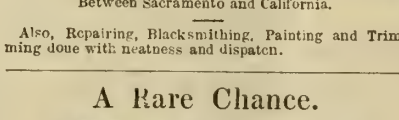

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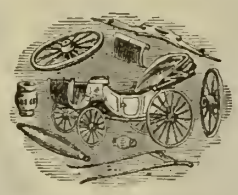

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Great flakes of snow the air did fill, clothing in white both dale and hill; livery men rubbed their hands in glee, the fall of the "beautiful snow" to see. They know that their customers never mutter atany price for a horse and cutter, (so they make their bread and butter), and snow brings gains beyond their dreams, for the use of four and six horse teams. Young Stebbins saw the snow a falling, and that very day he went out a calling, on his Dulcina, Susie Brown—there isn't a prettier girl in town—and asked at once without delaying, if she would go with him out sleighing. Susie smiled and looked quite happy, turning inquiringly to her pappy, who had no objection to letting the pride of his house go out on a little sleigh ride. He remembered, no doubt, the days of his youth, when Susie's mother was younger in truth; and a pleasure it was by night or day, to glide o'er the road in a one-horse sleigh.

The shades of night were falling fast, when along the Millcreek road there passed a horse and sleigh with two young folks covered with robes and shawls and cloaks. A maiden, with blooming cheeks and fair, the snow flakes shining in her hair, like pearls at night out on a "tare.", Tune up your harp, my gentle muse-e the maiden fair was Stebbins' Susie, and the festive youth who held the "ribbons," was no one else but Susie's Stebbins!

Away they glide, this joyous load, passing all others on the road; the steed himself enjoyed the fun, sometimes trotting and then on a run; to beat his pace no horse was able, although he came from a livery stable. Almost as quick as I tell it to you the Mill Creek House appeared in view, and then they stopped their foaming steed, not, as Stebbins said, "to feed," but on the sly—the wicked thing, to get a hot gin-sling. Poor Susie in the parlor thinking of the happy hours the snow was linking, little dreamed that Steb. was drinking.

One sling in, he wanted another, "just for company," he said, "for its brother," and he slung in slings of gin and sich till he felt himself immensely rich, and wanted to bet a pile of "tin" no one could beat him driving in. "Bring forth the horse!" The horse was brought, the pair got in, and quick as thought away, away and on they dash, Stebbins laying on the lash, torrents less rapid and less rash, and Susie crying she'd left her sash! But Stebbins, having stuffed his skin with red-hot slings of Holland gin, swore he didn't care a pin; no one should beat him into town, if she'd left everything 'cept her gown.

Flying swift by the Millcreek stream, a snow bank—then a sudden scream—the sleigh tipped over—out they shot, over the fence into a vacant lot. The horse kept on at a smashing pace, and never slackened in the race till he met his owner face to face.

There is a moral to our tale that should be heeded by every male. Don't drink slings 'till you are slung into a lot from out your "pung;" and when you are out on a little whirl, desiring simply to sleigh your girl, be careful, sir—don't think us rude—that in *sleighing* her, you don't get *slew'd.—Cincinnati Weekly Times.*

BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,

DOWNY PULU, CURLED HAIR, MOSS, AND WOOL MATTRESSES.

—ALSO—

The sole right to manufacture FULLER'S PATENT SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESSES, admitted by everybody to be the BEST, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.

A full assortment of FURNITURE, SHEETING, BLANKETS, etc., at extremely low prices, for cash.

JACOB SCHREIBER,

Nos. 121 and 123 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine, San Francisco.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

DR. HAYDEN,

Dentist,

653 Clay street, between Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

RUDOLPH STEINBACH, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L REED, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOSEPH L. REED, CAROLINE L. REED, CHRISTIAN L. LIEN, PETER S. McNIEL, SARAH J McNIEL, EDWARD STRODE, NEWELL WINANTS, JOHN C. FRY, JAMES RYAN, S. CLINTON HASTINGS, Administrator of the Estate of Austin E. Smith, deceased, WILLIAM SMITH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to compel the defendants to set forth the nature of their several claims in and to the lands and premises described in the complaint, and that adverse claims of said defendants may be determined by a decree of this Court, that it be declared and adjudged that the defendants, or either of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said lands or premises, and that they be forever debarred from asserting any claim thereto adverse to plaintiff, and that he is the owner thereof in fee, and for such other and further relief as to equity shall seem meet.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM LOEWY, Clerk

[SEAL.] By W. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.

Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. d22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California and Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court diasolving the honds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one half of the common property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to and be delivered to this plaintiff; and that the care, custody and education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, be awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendant may, by order of this Court, be restrained and enjoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant be ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general belief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply ro the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]

PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUdicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovenamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and be put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk, By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j193m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]

J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS THOMAS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Thomas, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed: that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid: and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Thomas Thomas, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the twenty-sixth day of MARCH, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Thomas Thomas deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-sixth day of March, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a news paper printed and published in the said City and County

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 21st, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 21st day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[Seal and stamp.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

J. F. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. 123 5t.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the estate of MINA HOFFMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Isaac D. Barnard, Executor of the last will and testament of Mina Hoffman, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees of the will of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Mina Hoffman, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of March, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock, P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees of the last will and testament of the said deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before the said Tuesday the 19th day of March, A. D. 1867, in the THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 11th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, }

I Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Petitioner.

February 16th, 1867. fe16 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CAROLINE HUEBNER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of CAROLINE HUEBNER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co, No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 28th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator, and the Admiuistrator of the estate of Caroline Huebner, deceased. mh2-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS KEENAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, northwest corner of Sacramento and Sansome streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, Msrch 2d, A. D. 1867.

mh2-5t THOMAS BREEZE,

Administrator of Estate of Thomas Keenan, deceased.

WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Administrator.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE H. HOSSEFROSS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by R. H. Sinton and H. M. Whitmore, the Executors of the last will of George H. Hosselross, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate and also all the personal property of the estate of George H. Hossefross, deceased, to pay the debts due by the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the eighteenth day of March A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary; and also the personal property of deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated February 12th, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, } ss.
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. }

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of February A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. Winans & Belknap Attys. for Petitioners.

fe16-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 28th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of James Edwin Reas, deceased. mh2-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. — ESTATE OF JOHN THOMAS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated February 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of John Thomas, deceased.

J. F. FINN, Atty for Administrator. fe16-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOSE A. FELIZ, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JOSE A. FELIZ, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of Haight & Pierson, No. 510 Jackson street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, February 19, 1867.

ROBERT HAIGHT, Administrator of the Estate of Jese A. Feliz, dec'd. mh9 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MICHAEL HINES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Michael Hines, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated March 5th, A. D. 1867.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Administrator of the Estate of Michael Hines, deceased. mh9-5t

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

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CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR MARCH.

March 19—CONSTITUTION, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Maury.

March 30—GOLDEN AGE, Captain James T. Watkins, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt Furber.

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Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

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For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

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Carrying out all the details of trade—buying and selling goods, depositing in and checking from the Bank, making and negotiating notes, drafts, bills of exchange, etc., recording the transactions and keeping the books in a regular and scientific manner. From this he advances to other capacities, until he finally takes his position in the

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There is no vacation, and students can enter upon any business day during the year. The public are invited to call and examine the various Departments. Sessions day and evening. For circulars and further information, address

JAMES VINSONHALER, President.

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T. MAGUIRE.....SOLE PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
CHAS. TIBBETTS,.....BUSINESS MANAGER
C. L. GRAVES,.....STAGE MANAGER
W. STEVENSON,.....TREASURER

First Appearance (on any Stage) of
MISS PAULINE CONGER,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 20, 1867.

ALICE KINGSBURY AS "TELULA."

Will be presented Sheridan Knowles' Great Play of
THE WIFE—A TALE OF MANTUA.

MARIANA.....MISS CONGER
Julian St. Pierre.....John McCullough
Ferrardo Gonzaga.....H. Edwards
Leonardo (for this occasion).....Pierpont Thayer

To conclude with 2 Acts of the Great Melodrame,
THE CHILD OF THE SAVANNA.

TELULA.....MISS KINGSBURY
Don Alphonso.....J. McCullough

The rest of the cast embracing the entire strength of the Company.

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THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
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THIS AFTERNOON, MARCH 16TH,
KINGSBURY MATINEE!—
PAUVRETTE.

THIS EVENING, MARCH 16TH,
Miss Kingsbury will appear in the Drama of
THE THREE GUARDSMEN.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette	50	Upper Circle	25

☞No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

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EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.

Will shortly be presented to the public of San Francisco, Poly glot Representation of Shakespeare's Grand Tragedy of
OTHELLO!
In English,
In French,
In German,
In Danish,
By the following Artists in the principal Roles: Mr. George Pennefort, Mons. Bonnet, Herr Boger, P. Thayer, Belle Divine, Fraulein Meyer.

☞ Full particulars and time will be announced in Programmes and in the daily papers.

DR. BENTON

WILL CONTINUE HIS SERIES OF LECTURES upon the subject of PSYCHOLOGY, MAGNETISM and its kindred sciences, at CONGRESS HALL, Bush street, on FRIDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, 22d and 23d inst., at 7 1-2 o'clock. The lectures will be illustrated by a variety of very amusing and astonishing experiments upon persons in the audience, showing also that the Electrical or Magnetic Currents, properly directed, are the best and safest method of curing disease. TICKETS FOR GENTS, 50 CENTS; Ladies and Children, Free.

On FRIDAY AFTERNOON Dr. Benton will give a FREE LECTURE, for LADIES ONLY, at 3 o'clock, at Congress Hall.

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Art Gallery, Museum,
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WEDNESDAY.....MARCH 20, 1867
At 12 o'clock, M.,

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MARCH
LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

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Berlin and Sans Souci, by Mrs L. Muhlbach
Ancient and Modern Greece, by C. C. Felton, 2 vols.
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Charles Wesley seen in his finer and less familiar Poems.
Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.
Life of Jesus, by Edmund Kirke.
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For Ever and Ever, a Novel, by Florence Marryat.
Youmen's Observations on the Scientific Study of Human Nature.
Schaff's History of the Christian Church.
Froude's History of England, vols. 7 and 8.
The Adventures of a Griffin on a Voyage of Discovery, written by himself.
History of Scotland, by Rev. James Mackenzie.
Fairy Tales, by Prof. Henry Morley.
My Father's Garden, by Thomas Miller.
Manual of Freemasonry, by Richard Carlile.
Mysteries of Freemasonry, by John Fellows, A. M.
The Rob Roy on the Baltic, a Canoe cruise.
Records of Five Years, by Grace Greenwood.
The Financial Ecooomy of the United States Illustrated, by John A. Ferris, A. M.
Historical Memoirs of Friends, by William Hodgsou.
En Avant, Messieurs! Being a Tutor's Counsel to his Pupils, by Rev. G. H. D. Mathiae, M. A.
Beechenbrook, a Rhyme of the War, by Margaret J. Preston.
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Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry, edited by Lady Theresa Lewis.
Journal of Maurice de Guerin.
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The Slide Valve, by N. P. Burgh.
New Guide to the Sheet Iron and Boiler Plate Roller.
Poems, by Mrs. Frances Dana Gage.
Morning by Morning; or, Daily Readings, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
Lange's Commentary on Acts.
Joseph II and his Court, by L. Muhlbach.
Brought to Light—a Tale of England and America.
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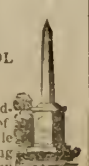

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of NAYLOR C. DAVIS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John H Madison, Administrator of the Estate of Naylor C. Davis, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs at law of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Naylor C. Davis, deceased, appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 15th day of April, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs at law of the said Naylor C. Davis, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 11th, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of March, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM LOEWY, Clerk.
m16 5t By WM. LEDLIE, Deputy Clerk.
CHAS WITTRAM, Esq., Attorney for Administrator.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELLEN NERAC, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brunnagim, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Ellen Nerac, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed, that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the devisee named in the Will of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate to the party entitled thereto:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Ellen Nerac, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the devisee of the said Ellen Nerac, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said sixteenth day of April A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 14th, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco,

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 14th day of March, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and stamp.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JECHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. J. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner m16 5t

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Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

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TO ALL SUFFERING HUMANITY

WHO
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For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivaled.

Price Fifty Cents and One Dollar per bottle.

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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 18. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 23, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Mining Experiences in California, by Prentice; A Hygienic Humbug, by John Clerk; The McCrackens Abroad; A Lofty Revenge; LION'S MOUTH: Betrayed into Matrimony; The Insane Correspondent of the *Bulletin*; The Power of the Press; The Red Bandanna. Literary Gleanings; Dramatic Affairs, etc. POETRY: Dreaming, by John Clerk, Love's Seasons, by T L. Johns; John Center, by James Linen. SELECTED: The Story of Rufus Helstone; A Parenthesis or two; Souvenirs of the Sanctum; Men's Vanity; Billiards, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

The Red Bandanna.

Who, now, owns a red bandanna handkerchief? Aye, more—who *will* own one? Some one, a few days since, dropped such an article on the stairs leading to the CALIFORNIAN Office. It was picked up and brought in. Its ownership was vainly sought. No one would claim it.

It was unanimously rejected by the compositors. The foreman admitted such articles to have been fashionable twenty-five years ago, but at present no sympathy existed between him and red handannas. Said one to the senior editor, "You've lost your handkerchief," pointing to the unclaimed bandanna. "My handkerchief!" and a cloud o'erspread the brow of the chieftain; "that my handkerchief! I carry a red bandanna?" and he scuffled indignantly out of the disorderly sanctum.

Enter Mr. B. "Mr. B., we've found your handkerchief." Such were the words which fell on Mr. B's. ears. Mr. B. took time to collect his thoughts. He was not fully certain he had lost such an article. Sometimes he might carry one, and then again he might not. It was not best under any circumstances to treat lightly the announcement that he had lost a pocket handkerchief, because in these times handkerchiefs are handkerchiefs. He was about instituting a search in his pockets when his eyes fell upon the red bandanna. Then his brow became cloudy. His face, more expressive than words, said: "Do these people imagine me capable of using a red bandanna handkerchief? Have I no greater reputation than this for taste in dress?" He sat down and endenvored to converse in his usual vein, but to no purpose. The red bandanna had cast a shadow on him. People thought him capable of carrying the red bandanna.

It was proffered to the Dramatic man Had he lost a handkerchief? T——m is a man of the world, quick to think and slow to act where vital interests are concerned. If some one had lost a nice linen handkerchief it might be that he stood ready to claim it. But when the fatal bandanna was thrust before his eyes, not all his habitual self-command could restrain him from a slight recoil. The red bandanna with all its accompanying disagreeable associations, entered into his soul. His face assumed its most intense expression of disgust, which would have rendered doubly nauseous a dose of rhubarb.

Red bandannas are worn about the necks of dusty herdsmen in the interior; they used to be a conspicuous feature in the gay faudango and form a part of the boliday trappings of Mrs. and Miss Foo Chee. And so the red bandanna still lies upon the office desk unclaimed. It has been offered time and again, and still no owner comes. There must be a stigma attached to its ownership. It is contemned by fashion. Poor bandanna!

An Absurd Question.

Our agricultural contemporary publishes on its first page an article headed with the ridiculous interrogatory—"Shall our girls live, or die?" They shall live, certainly. We can't afford to let them die; for, in such an event, what would become of the human race? What would the boys do if the girls should all die? What would become of all the picnics, and the games of forfeits, Copenhagen, courtiug, kissing, *et cetera*? The jewelers and dry goods dealers would be forced to shut up shop; the vendors of tilting-hoops and accompanying fixings would be ruined; store-clothes and immaculate linen would speedily become unfashionable, men would run wild and the world lapse into barbarism. We cannot possibly get along without the girls. So long as they *are* girls—and even after they have become matronly women, with grave household cares and duties—let them linger in this vale of tears to brighten it. Our girls have no notion of dying, if rounded forms, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes have any significance. Stick to your cabbages and turnips, Mr. *Farmer*, leave the girls to us, and we'll warrant them to live, and enjoy it.

Lottie Lorimer on The Vanity of Men.

We have received the following letter from a young lady, who made a most unwarrantable attack on the male sex. Men have a right to criticise the weakness of women. Women should exalt man to the station of a god—consider him perfect in every particular. We are deeply shocked at the following

LETTER FROM LOTTIE LORIMER.

Dear Lion: Will you please roar a little for me? I'm a woman, but I don't think that an honest masculine lion ought to think any the worse of me on *that* account. I want justice. I want you to give a good *loud*, earnest roar against the men who are continually talking of female vanity as if vanity were a foible especially feminine. We are continually chaffed (that's a word my big brother uses, and though I know it's thought wrong to talk slang by some straight-laced people, I think some slang words *very* expressive and I *will* use them whatever people may say) about our fondness for looking at our faces in mirrors. If we have pretty faces, why should we not look at them? But that is not what I was going to say. I want to know if men are not quite as fond of looking at their faces in mirrors as the ladies are. Isn't there a great big splendid mirror in nearly every cigar store in the city? Havn't I seen *dozens* of men, when their cigars *weren't* out, and they knew it, walk into a cigar store, *pretend* to light their cigars, and then turn around to the mirror and twirl their moustaches? OH! I've no patience with these hyprocrites, who pretend that they never care about looking in a mirror; that if it were not for women all the mirrors in existence might be smashed, and that women look at their faces more than men! Why, I ask, are *those mirrors* placed in the cigar stores? *Don't* men like to look at their faces? Oh, no. Tell me please; roar a good loud roar, and oblige

LOTTIE LORIMER.

We were grieved when we read this letter. We are sorry that Lottie Lorimer, who is, we are sure, a very nice young lady, in spite of her prejudices, should have arrived at such a false conclusion from the fact that mirrors may be seen in cigar stores. These mirrors are not hung up in cigar stores for the purpose of encouraging the growth of the feminine vice of vanity in the masculine sex. No! Every respectable cigar store has a mirror for the purpose of assisting its customers to light their cigars properly. Lottie Lorimer may laugh at this statement, but it is nevertheless a fact. If a cigar is not properly lighted it may run down on one side, and give discomfort instead of pleasure to the smoker. If a man will take the pains to look steadfastly at the reflection in the mirror of the outer end of his cigar, and will apply with due care and deliberation the fire to that end, his cigar will smoke well from the beginning to the end. We can assure Lottie Lorimer that for this reason alone are mirrors placed in cigar stores.

The Insane Correspondent of the "Bulletin."

"Moffat Weir," the Sacramento correspondent of the *Bulletin*, who, as we have stated before, we have good reason to suppose is Professor Gilliard, the unfortunate negro who became insane and was *reported* to have been sent to the Stockton Lunatic Asylum, is getting worse. In his letter dated March 18th, he, after remarking that Mrs. Laura Cuppy, who gave a series of popular lectures on Spiritualism and other subjects at Maguire's Opera House in this city, has been drawing large audiences at Turn Verein Hall, says:

"Mrs. Cuppy, in spite of Shakespeare's unconditional assertion to the contrary, has induced a very large number of travelers to return for a brief period from that bourne from which no traveler e'er returns, and likewise to give some tabular statistics concerning the climate, geography, staple products and inhabitants of the bourne."

He then gives a sample of the manifestations elicited by the agency of Mrs. Laura Cuppy:

"For instance, the shade of Wilson Flint having been invoked and busily engaged in pounding out answers into the material world, with a very awkward table, to numerous foolish questions, some irreverent fellow sent up the inquiry, 'Have you, Flint, yet struck fire?'"

He then continues:

"On emerging from one of the entertainments I passed a young man respectably dressed but with a sinister expression in his countenance, who must have been the asker of the malign question, for while others were expressing respectful wonder at the manifestations, he said, with a cruel sneer, that if she had lived a century or so agone Mrs. Cuppy would have been burned for saucery, but that now sensible persons knew that she was merely cracked—a brace of such execrable puns as very clearly manifested the badness of his heart."

Now as Mrs. Cuppy confines herself entirely to delivering lectures, is not a medium, through which communications are given by raps, never has practised with awkward tables or educated tables, nor asked the spirits either foolish or sensible questions in public, the sooner Professor Gilliard, *alias* "Moffat Weir," the Sacramento correspondent of the *Bulletin*, is *really* sent to the Stockton Lunatic Asylum, the better it will be for the readers of that journal. He is not only a maniac, but a deliberately untruthful maniac. He did not go to one of Mrs. Cuppy's "entertainments," did not pass a young man "with a sinister expression of countenance," and no young man except Professor Gilliard, otherwise "Moffat Weir," made silly puns about Mrs. Cuppy, whose lectures simply display the fruits of a cultivated mind, extensive reading and patient thought. We are troubled about the *Bulletin* at present. It is not as respectable as it was some months ago, and is getting very silly. Is the editor out of town?

Betrayed into Matrimony.

Our rich and estimable fellow citizen, Michael Reese, is in sore distress. Mrs. Caroline P. Clark has sued him for breach of promise of marriage, and *may* prove the giving of the promise and the breach thereof. If there were in the United States a law such as was introduced in the English Parliament in 1770 it is possible that Michael Reese might completely turn the tables on the widow. The act to which we allude provides as follows:

"All women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether they shall be maids or widows, that shall from and after this act impose upon and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's male subjects by paints, scents, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heel shoes, or bolstered hips, they shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

We do not know whether or not the widowed plaintiff wears false hair in the form of a water-fall, we do not know whether or not Mrs. Caroline P. Clark bolsters her hips; but it is possible that Michael Reese could, by bribing her female acquaintances, or otherwise, find out. If it be proven that this Caroline P. Clark has deliberately attempted to "betray into matrimony" the young, handsome and confiding Michael Reese, by paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heel shoes or bolstered hips, or, indeed, by false calves, patent palpitators or any such devices, we do beseech the jury to bring in a verdict against her; and if the Judge would on this occasion strain the law a little, and order the aforesaid designing widow to be arrested for witchcraft, we should be pleased. But if, on the other hand, Michael Reese is indeed as is alleged a Don Juan, a betrayer and deceiver of widows; if Michael Reese did promise to marry Caroline P. Clark, did entangle her affections by bestowing on her costly gifts of partly-worn-out-pantaloons, masses of rich gingerbread (far more wholesome than sponge cake) and photographic likenesses of himself; if Michael Reese did this, and still refuses to marry Caroline P. Clark, then let the jury bring in a verdict compensating the black-eyed widow for the injury which Michael Reese has inflicted on her.

The Power of The Press.

The influence for either good or evil which a first-class journal may exert is incalculable. It is with feelings of gratitude to the Providence which ordained that the *Times* should be started in this city, that we observe that this first-class journal has discovered that it has already accomplished some good. In Wednesday's issue it says:

"A few days since, we commented upon the impropriety of sentencing criminals without any regard being had to their previous good or bad character, and endeavored to demonstrate the injustice of such a course, both to those who had offended against the laws repeatedly, and to those who were first offenders. We then stated it as our opinion that the Judges of criminal courts were in duty bound to examine into the antecedents of convicted prisoners, previously to sentencing them, and to take their record into consideration in deciding upon the punishment to be inflicted."

The *Times* stated its opinion. It continues:

"It is at all times gratifying to find that suggestions put forward by the press for the good of the community are received and acted upon in a proper spirit by the officials, in whose power it lies to remedy the evil to which their attention has been drawn; for the press unfortunately but too often receive credit only for some sinister intention, or the furtherance of selfish objects"

In consequence of the *Times* having stated its opinion, the principal criminal Courts in this city and county—so it says—"have adopted the practice of consulting the police record of criminals before sentencing them." If we were not blessed with a *Times* the Judges would inflict the same sentence on the old jail bird as on the neophyte in crime; the man who once in six months became inebriated would receive the same punishment as the habitual drunkard. Let us all subscribe for the *Times*, which made the astounding discovery that an old offender against the law should be punished with more severity than a beginner in crime—the *Times*, which invented the system of "graduated punishment"—the *Times*, which first suggested to the Judges the propriety of searching the Police records before sentencing a prisoner. This reform has been accomplished in "a few days!" Truly the Power of the Press is great!

Too Much Appetite.

There is a class of people in this city who go sometimes many days without a "square meal." How they support life is a mystery. Judging from an anecdote related to us by a friend, they seek that variety of food best calculated to satisfy an appetite and keep it satisfied. One of the "Great Impecunious" helped himself to a cracker from the counter over which are dispensed oysters in a saloon not far from the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets. On the cracker he poured some tomato ketchup. "That's good to raise an appetite," said the oyster man. Impecunious had almost taken a bite, but on hearing this he stopped. "Good to raise an appetite?" he remarked, inquiringly. "Yes, of course it is," was the reply. "Then I'll none of it," said Impecunious. "I haven't sat down to a table for a fortnight I want no more appetite than what I've got. Anything that raises more appetite I must avoid to escape starvation." And he dropped the appetizing morsel and fled.

New Version of an Old Proverb.

'Tis the last morsel that fills the Lion's maw!

THE STORY OF RUFUS HELSTONE.

TROUBLES, calamities, judgments of God—ay, sir, they seem terrible when they come one after another on a man's head; but, to my thinking, the most terrible thing of all that can happen to a bad man is that the Almighty should forget him, and let him alone. Sit down, sir, and let me tell you what happened in this very house, and round about it, when I was a lad, and what has happened since; all winding from one clue into one piece.

As far back as my memory serves me, the Lodge Farm was tenanted by a family of the name of Helstone, and it is of my master, Rufus Helstone, that I am going to speak as a man God let alone. The Lodge has been gutted by fire since his time, but it was then kept in good repair, and looked outside much as it must have looked in old days, when ladies on a journey, whom the monks might not entertain in the abbey, rode up to its door and claimed a night's lodging and hospitality. There is enough of the ancient walls left to suggest what it was originally, but only just enough; and inside all the fine old stonework and woodwork are gone. But the shafts of the oriel window stood the fire, and that was reglazed, and there it is—a grand window, sir, and most beautiful for seeing the moonlight on the water. It was and is the dormitory for the farm-servants.

I must ask you to go back with me to one night at the end of the last century, when there was everywhere upsetting, overturning, and war in the world, and we were fighting the French at sea. It was harvest-time, and the moon was nearly at full. The oriel window let in the light broad as day, but a more wakeful light. I can sleep in the sun, but the moon shining on my face is like a bad dream to me even now. I had my straw mattress in the darkest corner, but a very little stir would rouse me on these clear nights. At the time I am speaking of, there were only two of the farm-servants housed at the Lodge besides myself, the shepherd and waggoner—young men, and I but a lad to do odd jobs about the place, and help everybody.

Yes, sir, I was a sailor since. I have been round the world, and have seen fifty years of adventures. But for an event to which I shall presently come, here I might have dug and delved all my life at the earth, never raising my eyes above it. I thank God that He has given me a wider view of His world.

Shaw, the shepherd, was a solitary sort of man. I hardly remember the sound of his voice. He always whistled to his dog, and liked the dumb beast's company better than any Christian's. Waggoner was a rough, good-natured fellow, not readier with kicks and curses than most of his kind. He hardly belongs to my tale. Moonlight or storm were all the same to him. He slept and snored to drown the roaring of the wind in the big chimney on the loudest night. But shepherd was a restless mortal. He knew the stars, and had a deal of queer out-of-the-way knowledge that was not good for him. Not a bird could cry but it was an omen, not a leaf could fall but it was a sign. He knew all the ways of the forest, and all the wild stories people told of what had been done in it since the days when the Norman kings who conquered England made hunting-grounds of their corn-fields and habitations south and north, and were tracked and taken by strange deaths, they or their sons, as they pursued the game over cold hearth-stones. When Shaw did talk, it was of such things as these; and he would always dwell on the dark end of his legends with a fierce enjoying pleasure. He could neither read nor write, but he had a wonderful memory and noticing power; and, if he had got the chance. I suppose he might have been made a scholar. But he did not get the chance.

A favorite notion of his was that somewhere in the abbey there was a hidden treasure. What monastic ruin has not its tradition of rich coffined relics and secret hoards of gold? Ours has, of course. Shaw spent his Sunday afternoons there instead of in church, and it was a joke against him that he spent them questing for gold—a joke he sullenly resented as no joke, being convinced in his mind that a treasure there was, and that sooner or later he should find it. And the strangest thing of all is, sir, that he *did* find it. I *know* he found it, though *I* never handled it, nor even saw the glitter of the coin He found it, and it was his destruction.

That night of which I have spoken was the time, and I was the witness. He had lain down in his place, and had fallen asleep while I was still walking. He tossed, he groaned, he sat up; I think I can see him now, his white face that never tanned, his black hair and eyes, in the ghostly brightness of the moonlit room. He scared me wider awake than ever; but presently he dropped into another uneasy sleep, from which he started a second time. The same thing was repeated; but at the third time he got up and dressed himself with stealthy haste, saying over and over, with a low chuckling glee that sounded awful in the hush, "I see where it is! I see where it is! I see where it is!"

I lay very still, very still, holding my breath till he went out, when I put on my clothes and crept after him. He had left the door ajar, and I saw him just disappearing under the trees, with a pick over his shoulder. I said to myself that he would kill me if he discovered me following him. But I followed, slipping from tree to tree and from shadow to shadow. More than once I thought I saw another man besides himself; but when I looked earnestly to make the figure out, there was none. Shaw never glanced behind him—indeed, he was, no doubt, so possessed by his object that he did not think of pursuit and detection. He came to the abbey, and went straight to a certain spot in the ruins (which I will show you, sir, if you please), where the moonlight was very strong. Without delay he tore the long grass away at the foot of the wall (there is no ivy on that part), and slowly, with his pick, levered out a stone. Then he knelt down. I did not dare to go near enough to see what it was he took from behind it and clutched to his breast with suppressed laughter; but something he did take out, and take away, forgetting the pick that had dropped in the grass. Fast he set off towards the cliffs. Where could he be going, I wondered. He went down and down the rift, and, when he had got nearly to the bottom, he stopped all on a sudden. I supposed that he had just remembered the pick. He did not, however, return for it, but began to scrape away the dead leaves and soil with his hands under a clump of hollies, and there he concealed his treasure, carefully covering it up and drawing the boughs to the earth to hide that it had been disturbed. It was likely to be safe enough; few people went or came that way.

Then, sure that he would not remove it again that night, I crept, and crawled, and ran to get back to my bed, and had barely time to cast off my clothes and hide myself breathless in my gloomy corner when he returned. The rest of the night I slept, and I hope so did he, though he was up before me, and when I looked into the tool-shed there was the pick in its usual place, so that he must have fetched it from the ruins the very first thing.

All that morning there was about Shaw an air of suppressed exultation, which Master Helstone, when he saw him, remarked with a sneer, "You'll be finding that pot o' gold soon, Shaw," said he. "You have a look of good luck about you to-day."

"That's more than I can say for you, master," was shepherd's reply.

I had no chance of getting to the abbey, much as I wanted to view the place where Shaw had prised the stone out of the wall. I was clearing the flower-borders in the garden until dusk, and as I was putting by my tools he came and took away the spade. What I began at once to anticipate happened that night. Shaw got up when the Lodge was all quiet, and stole out again, I following him as before. For ever so long he went up and down the orchard, seeking a good place to hide his treasure. Where three of the biggest crab-trees stand in a triangle, their roots writhed in and out of the earth, he dug a hole, neither wide nor deep: for I looked at it well while he was gone to the rift to bring his treasure. When he returned with it he sat down and nursed it, hugged it, wept over it, seemed hardly able to put it out of his sight. I got back safe, and after about half an hour he came back too.

Now I had shepherd's secret I did not like it; it became the terror of my life. He gave up his Sunday afternoon visits to the rains, and sat either in the orchard itself or in the kitchen which looked upon it. I had opportunities enough now of going to the ruins, but I never ventured. He had taken on to be suspicious. From being a silent man, he became a mute; but the stealthy watchfulness of his eyes was everywhere, especially on me. I hardly dared sleep of nights lest he should do me a mischief, and when they grew long with the coming on of winter, I began to cast about in my mind how I would run away from the farm and go to sea. But I kept my plan very close for fear Shaw should forestall me with his hand or his knife at my throat.

Running away, however, was not so easy; and at last I told Master Helstone, one morning when we were afield together, that I wanted to leave the Lodge, and I told him why. I never knew till then that master was a bad man.

"Shsh!" hissed he, as he gathered my meaning, and glanced over his shoulder either way, as if the birds of the air might carry the matter to Shaw.

As I looked at him I wished heartily I had kept my own counsel, for now I saw that I had two enemies to dread instead of one, and that Master Helstone was the more dangerous. For the rest of that day he never let me out of his sight. He was plotting what he would do. Early the next morning he sent Shaw off to Southampton with some sheep for the butcher, and me he ordered into the garden to work under the mistress's eye. He disappeared for a few hours, but about noon he came and told me to go down to the rift and gather an armful of holly to deck the Lodge for Christmas, which was close at hand. This was, indeed, unless my memory fails me, Christmas-Eve.

The finest hollies and the richest in red berries grow near the bottom, and I had cut a big bundle and pocketed my knife again, when I was suddenly pounced on by two kidnappers of the press-gang, which was always on the prowl in the great war time. "In the King's name," said they; but I knew it was Helstone's doing, though I held my tongue, except to tell them I'd as lief serve his Majesty as my master. The men laughed, and one of them answered that there was then no love lost between us, for my master had given them a golden guinea apiece to rid him of me.

My adventures at sea have no place in this history, so I must ask you, sir, to skip over the three years' cruise that made a sailor of me, and land with me on the Hard of Portsmouth. I had shore-going leave of three weeks while the *War-Horse* took in her stores for another cruise, and as the weather was fine and hay-harvest in progress, I walked over to Southampton to look up old friends The first I dropt on was waggoner coming into the town with a load of grass, and he told me a deal that was news. The master he said, was flourishing like a green bay-tree. He had added the High Farm to Lodge Farm, and was growing mighty rich and prosperous, and bringing up his sons like young squires. He said a queer thing had happened on the same day I went away—the shepherd had run stark mad. By bit and bit, from one and another, I got the whole story, but I got it from Helstone himself chiefly. I was not afraid of the face of any man now, and I went openly to see my old master, and ask him how he did; taking heed you may be sure, not to betray that I knew the good turn he had done me three years and a half before.

I thought he was a little uneasy at first sight of me, but that went off, and he began to inquire if I recollected a cock-and bull story I had told him of a treasure that Shaw, the shepherd, had found in the ruins, and buried in the orchard. "Oh yes," I said, "I recollect it; and was there no treasure there?" "No," he replied, "nothing at all. Shepherd's pranks of hiding and seeking had ended in dangerous insanity; and though his ravings were all of gold, no gold had ever been discovered in any of his haunts." I believed only as much of this as I pleased; but I kept my countenance, and asked what had become of Shaw after. Master raised his voice, and staring me full in the eyes, as if he defied my thoughts, said he had died in the madhouse at Southampton. "The best thing God could send him, if he was mad, was death," I said.

When I came home from my second cruise, which was not for nearly seven years, Helstone was still in his place, and richer, and higher, and mightier than ever. All things had gone well with him, and all men spoke well of him. I remember one woman in the village who had barely enough to keep body and soul together, pointing out to me how the Lord had blest *him;* how he had laid farm to farm, and house to house; how he had been forced to pull down his barns and build bigger, to store his fine harvests; but when I came to inquire if he was a merciful man and a charitable man to the poor, she said, "Oh no, there was not a harder man in the forest; but see how the Lord prospered him." I answered nothing, but I thought in my heart that the Lord was only letting him alone. It was easy for hard and greedy men to get rich in those bad times.

In my next cruise, which was only a short one, we had a fight with the French off the coast of Spain, and I got the wound that disabled me for service aboard ship. But I was not disabled altogether for a life of adventure; and when I was out of hospital, I made an engagement with a party of scientific gentleman to go on an expedition to Australia. Peace had been made, the old king was dead, and Bonaparte was dead and buried in his sea-island prison before I came back. Ay, sir, what a story that of Bonaparte's will be in the ages to come! Rufus Helstone was a Bonaparte in a small way—a strong man without scruples. When I was at Southampton again in the year 1824, he was still alive, a hale and hearty man, with an easy satisfied air; the world had gone so very well with him, that he may have come to think his prosperity the best proof of his deserts. Well, sir, well, we know whether that is so or not; man looks on the outward appearance, but God looks at the heart.

I was away in America for another six years, and when I came home again Helstone's place knew him no more. He had dropt and died one day, without a word, at his own gate, while he was driving a bargain with a cattle-dealer from Portsmouth. His sons buried him with much pomp and vanity; but no sooner had the grave closed over his head, than the luck that had followed him all his life turned against them. They were fine young men, good natured, better hearts than their father; fair scholars too, and gentlemen in their looks and ways. You could not say—nobody could say—where the troubles came from that came on them, but troubles dogged them like a fate, or a providence, as you choose to consider it.

The first thing was, the brothers quarrelled over the division of the property; they lived in the same parish, and they never spoke. The elder, John, who had the Lodge Farm, married a lady from London, and kept her a carriage. She was a handsome and lively madam, but her pride could not brook the shock it sustained when her first child was born deformed, and not deformed only, but, as it soon appeared, a half-wit. She never had another to live, and she fell into low melancholy ways. I suppose she had not much comfort of her life. Her husband was wasteful; he took to drinking, and his temper was soured with the constant vexations and failures he met in his business. If it was a bad year for the crops for other people, it was worst of all for him; every ear of corn he cut sprouted in the stack, or rotted on the ground. If there wa

disease amongst sheep, amongst cattle, it was of his flocks, his herds, that not a hoof escaped. Then came the firing of the Lodge, the farm-buildings, the stack-yard—no uncommon crime in those troublous times when reform in parliament did not bring immediate plenty into the cupboard of the half-starving laborers. It was the act of an incendiary, no doubt; but for ever so long, though rewards were offered by the county and the government, the constable could get no inkling of who did it. John Helstone was ruined, and his wife died of the fright, and, during the misery of it, the brothers were made friends. James Helstone gave John and his poor lad a home, and they had lived together reconciled for nearly six months, when, on the information of John's former house-servant, James was charged with the arson. He was tried at the Winchester assizes, found guilty. and condemned to death. And he was hanged for it, sir; and they brought his body home in a cart from the jail, and buried it on the north side of the church, where unbaptized children are buried. The Lord had mercy on his soul, and he died a penitent man; but would you not say, sir, that the sins of the father were being visited on the children when, when I tell you that the general belief, and my belief, is that James Helstone's life was falsely sworn away by the very man who committed the crime? He is walking the earth yet, and, to judge by his countenance, god is not leaving *him* alone. John Helstone lived a few years longer, a broken, miserable man, but, from what I have heard, he had peace at his death. As for the poor half-wit, his son, he is glad to do a hand's turn wherever he can to earn a mouthful of meat; but he can read Latin and Greek, sir, enough to give you the name of a book. He was sent to a good master to be made the best of, while his father could pay for it.

These are facts, sir, that all the world of hereabouts knows; but over the facts I need not tell you that people have woven now a tissue of romantic stories. One is, that Rufus Helstone sold himself to the devil to have good luck in this world, and that the devil supplied him with strange money to make him rich. Now, I see a vein of truth in this, sir. I have been shown several ancient coins in and around the parish, coins both gold and silver, that Helstone paid away for rent, and stock, and wages, and which folks have kept for curiosity.

One of the finest is a rose noble of Henry VIII, which the parson has—he took it in tithe. Now this devil's money, you may be sure, sir, was the shepherd's treasure. That is my reading of the legend. What is yours, sir, if it is not the same?—*All the Year Round.*

SOUVENIRS OF THE SANCTUM.

BY A. E. LANCASTER.

UPON looking into the dictionary for the meaning of the word sanctum, I perceive that it comes from the Latin *sancire*, to consecrate, and that the meaning attached to it is: "A sacred place; hence, a retreat for privacy; as an editor's sanctum." The quietness with which the illustration, "as an editor's sanctum," is introduced. would incline the lexicographical wayfarer to suspect Noah Webster of a modest joke at the expense of the editorial crew. The truth is that no place is less private than an editor's private room. People of all grades—constant readers and old subscribers—appear to think that the apartment where leading articles are written, and the proofs are corrected, is just as much a public institution as the newspaper itself. Fools and angels rush in together pell-mell, and neither are afraid to tread.

An editor's work is like a woman's work, for it is never done. The greatest trial of the editorial martyr is not the amount of work transacted, but the amount of jabber and annoyance he has to bear the brunt of from bores unnumbered. A few instances will suffice to illustrate this. Suppose the managing editor to be left alone for a half hour or so in the latter part of the evening. The local reporters are at the Central Station, or have all gone home with the exception of the solitary *detenu* who lingers on in the vain dread of a murder or suicide at the eleventh hour, which generally means two o'clock in the morning. The news editors have dropped off in search of tired nature's sweet restorer—ale and oysters; the theatrical writer has folded up his lorgnette and wended his way home triumphant in the conviction of having utterly crushed and broken in spirit the tragic debutante who made so utter a failure. So the managing editor, feeling somewhat faint—particularly at the prospect of a fresh pile of uncorrected proofs—steps out for a moment to purchase a cup of aromatic coffee and a triangle of the appetitive apple-pie. On his return to his own apartment—the "sanctum"—a stranger is sitting at the desk, a man with his hat on and wearing a bearskin coat. Stranger looks up and bestows upon the editor an encouraging nod, as though to bid him make himself at home, and not to be utterly borne down and discontented. In the shaggy stranger's hands is a telegraphic dispatch—strictly private, of course, or there would be no fun in the stranger's reading it. This is soon disposed of, and the stranger's hand commences to rummage at its own sweet will among the manuscripts on the editor's table. It comes across a letter on a personal and private subject, addressed to the editor by a relative. But the fact of the letter lying open on a table in an editorial rooms, renders it, of course, the property of any member of the public who may have the condescension to pick it up after having had the curiosity to intrude where he has no business and isn't wanted. At this point, if the managing editor's nerves have not become utterly wrecked by the shocks incident to a long-continued course of bores, the following conversation probably occurs:

M. E.—You have no business with that paper, I believe, sir. It is altogether private.

Bore 1.—Oh, yes! didn't see till I'd picked it up. Any further news from Baltimore?

M. E.—Nothing of any importance, sir.

Bore 1.—Do you manage this paper?

M. E.—Yes, sir.

Bore 1.—Why, you're rather young for that. How old are you?

M. E.—(sternly). Indeed, I don't know, sir.

If this answer be given in the proper manner it is generally quite enough to demolish even so impudent a creature as Bore 1.

Or perhaps the following scene takes place:

A very meek and quiet and industrious little editor, who, as Josh Billings says of the mosquito, is a cheerful little creature, singing as he toils, suddenly has his contemplative chin jerked from the hollow of his hand, where he has been reposing it, by the sudden concussion with the table of the newspaper file, which, upon looking up, he discovers has been thrown there by an excited-looking indvidual with red whiskers, a naval cap, and a complexion almost as solferino-colored as the silk that lines his cloak. The bare and hirsute hand of this apparition is palpitating up and down with amazing velocity, and its dirty-nailed fore-finger is beating the devil's tattoo on a little semi-editorial article in the middle of the open page.

"Look-a-here!" exclaims the apparition in a voice husky with rage, and beating the tattoo thrice to every sentence, "Look-a-here! Who wrote this? Let me see him! Let me see the man that wrote this! Let me have the pleasure of calling him a liar! Let me have the opportunity of putting my fist in his jaw! Look-a-here, sir! Look-a-here!"

The weak little man having had long experience of newspaper life, and not being unused to such scenes, looks quietly on, and is at length made to understand that Captain Regal's name has somehow or other been printed Captain Wriggle—probably by one of those unfortunate "the-printers-made-us-say," by which the editors who make blunders cast the blame on the typos—and Captain Regal, having more whisky in him than wit, chooses to imagine that an affront is intended. That an assault and battery is not then and there perpetrated by the enraged Captain Regal is due to the coolness, courage and experience of the meek little man who makes the important correction with a stroke of the pen, and sends the heroic bravado away as meek as a lamb and as pleased as Punch.

Bloody and disastrous as this affair might have proved, it is no worse than the dangers to which the lonely editor is exposed from the unhallowed incursions of incensed stage managers.

"Do you call *that* a criticism," screams Manager Pinchbeck. "It's abuse, sir; unwarranted abuse; and I'll not have it, sir. Do you want to turn people away from my theatre? I'd have you to know, sir, that my company's the best in the city. It can't be beat, nowhere. I want my advertisement stopped. I am not going to advertise in one column to be abused in the next."

Manager Pinchbeck has none of that reverence for the "sanctum" with which he would invest others with respect to the green-room. And it is an interesting fact that theatrical managers and amusement agents, and, in a less degree, actors, who would not think of giving a newspaper man the freedom of "Behind the Scenes," make no scruple of ignoring the admonition of "No loud talking permitted," conspicuously printed in the placards that direct to the editorial rooms.

One of the most frequent of all bores is the man who wants to look through your exchanges or over the files. He usually drops in toward the middle of the night, as though had been lying in wait for that convenient season, in some dark entry opening out of the landing, and requests to look at the *Hifalutin Harbinger*—an exchange which every news-clipper very greatly prizes because of the political squibs with which it teems. The bore in question has no respect for news or newspapers, but goes bungling through your exchanges with the same composure with which an M. D. probes a wound and feels for a ball. The *Hifalutin Harbinger* being found at last, he surreptitiously pockets it, and makes a bolt for the door, when he is informed that the newspaper is needed for clipping purposes. The bore usually affects surprise, protests that he had no idea that the newspaper was needed, and finally offers to pay for the privilege of carrying it off. After the patience of the news-clipper—who has been nervously gyrating his scissors upon the pivot of his thumb, as though debating the question of throwing them at the bore's head—has been severely tried, the bore is at length made to understand that the *Hifalutin Harbinger* can on no account be suffered to leave the room, but that the bore is welcome to copy from it whatever he chooses at the office.

One of the most profound and accomplished bores I ever met with, was a lady with liquid blue eyes and the softest voice in the world. How the news editors and the local reporters and the typos and the proof-readers, among whom she alternated, kept themselves from falling victims to St. Anthony's fire, or St. Vitus' dance, or similar nervous afflictions, can be explained only on that principle of compensation which overrules society and always neutralizes the bitter with a touch of the sweet. The hobby of this woman was female dress, and she had at one period of her life written an essay, entitled the "Beauties of Bloomer," which it became the frantic object of her life to see in print. Upon profound reflection, I am convinced she must have been a widow, for there is only one character I can call to mind in all history who deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with her, and that is to be found in the case of the importunate widow and the unjust judge. Her plan was to leave the article, totally regardless of the assurance of the party in whose charge she left it that rejected communications were in no case returned, and looking with lofty scorn upon the warning to that effect printed on the first page of the journal. At the interval of a week after it had been thrust into some dusty pigeon-hole, just long enough to become completely forgotten, she would commence the carefully-concerted plan of attack, and open the ball by inquiring for that "little article" on the "Beauties of Bloomer," which had been left for examination a few days ago. If the party with whom she had left it was not in, she invariably said she would wait, to the dismay and consternation of the assembled staff. This waiting usually meant an audible soliloquy, on the female's part, in which remarks not in the highest sense complimentary were made upon newspaper proprietors, editors, reporters, correspondents, printers, foremen, proof-readers, devils and cashiers. To spice this agreeable diversion, the authoress of the "Beauties of Bloomer," would then begin an elaborate inspection of the entire apartment, opening drawers and prying into private papers and memoranda, poking among pigeon-holes, looking over the shoulders of editors, catching at ideas, jerking newspaper files about, and scissoring out choice articles about Eugenie and the latest Parisian follies, propounding questions to every one in the room, and especially to the highly wrought and miserable man who was trying to get up some sensation heads to the last despatch, and finally concluding with a visit to the composing-room, where she looked over the forms, upset the type, followed the foreman around for corrected proofs of her "little article," and quoted to the bewildered proof-reader the most bitterly sarcastic portions from the "Beauties of Bloomer."

The natural sister to this lady is the large-eyed sylph who wrote the celebrated serial of "The Pampered Poodle, a Tale of Blood;" signs herself Emerette Ennuyee, and brings poetry, three times a week, of the cheerful nature of "The Heart's Grave," "The Soul's Sepulchre," "The Mildewed Life." A very lovable and interesting creature is the large-eyed sylph. Her favorite hour for making raids is ten o'clock in the morning, when no one is about except the private policeman, or the day editor, of whom she is not afraid even in his flannel shirt and slack suspenders. Looking at "life and its issues" in that distant Boorioboola-Gha way in which large-eyed sylphs are wont, the nice and paltry question of coat or no coat, vest or no vest, is swallowed up in the broad and general view she takes of humanity. Still, the large-eyed sylph is a first-class bore, for she does not write even decent rhymes, and she thinks all her geese are swans.

Any editor of a morning newspaper in a large city, with sufficient time and sufficient memory, might make up a very readable book out of his reminiscences of bores. In addition to those we have merely indicated and touched upon, is the man who is going to start a little newspaper on his own account, for circulation, and who wants the use of your exchanges after you are done with them—the man who imagines that reserved seats at the theatre can be had in any number for the asking, and who cannot enjoy a play unless he goes as a deadhead; the man who is forever inquiring after a miserable piece of rhyming trash that was written on both sides, and forthwith precipitated into the waste-box; the man who wants an editorial notice about the favorable situation of his country hotel; the man who totes his patent to the sanctum, and always says he can wait; the party that comes in at two o'clock in the morning "pretty full," with a bandaged head and a black eye; and a party of roughs who announce their intention of giving a monosyllable commencing with *h* to the editor. These and a hundred others have their seasons, on which we have no space longer to dwell. And when we think of an editor's room these lines have a new significance:

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's *roar*,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Bore!"

—*Philadelphia Press.*

PHILADELPHIA is building $1,000,000 worth of schoolhouses.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF POE.

A FEW weeks ago we published some reminiscences of Poe by Mrs. Weiss, a Virginian lady, which tended to place his character in a more favorable light than that in which it has heretofore been generally viewed. Since that time another woman, whose name and writings are familiar to the magazine readers of thirty years ago, has made a further contribution toward the magnanimous work of rescuing the dead poet's name from unmerited opprobrium. Mrs. Oakes Smith throws discredit upon several of the most shameful stories current about Poe, which have gained general belief because they rest upon the authority of his "friends" and "biographers," by whom they were first published to the world. But these female champions, though their reminiscences, if accepted as entirely reliable and unbiassed, remove a load of obloquy from the memory of the author of "The Raven," are very far indeed from portraying him as a man calculated to inspire either confidence or affection. The old story of his ingratitude to Mr. Allan, his adopted father, is familiar to every reader of the biographical sketches by Griswold and Willis, both of whom, for some reason, seem to have aimed at painting Poe in the darkest colors. Mrs. Smith gives quite a new version of the matter. After narrating the circumstances of the death of Poe's parents, by which the boy was thrown upon the world without any natural guardian or protector, she says:

"A merchant of Richmond, Virginia by the name of Allan, adopted little Edgar as his own child. He was a spirited, handsome boy, precocious in intellect and of arrogant, self-willed temper. Here was, certainly, fine material upon which to work—the germs of the scholar or the hero. But nature is stronger than education. I do not believe the blood of father or mother was of the best quality to produce the most reliable results. The excitements and exhaustions of the profession are not favorable to the best maternity—the tawdry accessories of the stage are not the most desirable associations for the growing mind and heart of a young child, who has everything to learn.

"Mr. Allan was childless and wealthy, and, it would seem, injudiciously indulgent to the boy, yielding quite too much to his arrogance, and far too lenient to his outbreaks of temper. But it must be borne in mind that the young Edgar was living in a state of society in which spirit was ranked as the test of manliness, where coercion was reserved, like the whip, for the slave only, and where the assertion that "he who ruleth himself is greater than he who taketh a city," is a musty, old fogy view, unbecoming a gentleman.

"At length Mr. Allan, tired of the caprices and outrages of the boy-genius, and having married a second time and now become a father, turns him out of doors without a cent in the world; and so this child of genius, reared in luxury, after having been born in the hot-bed of excitement, with his keen, precocious intellect and sensitive nerves, is a houseless beggar.

Mr. Allan died, as rich men can, peacefully in his bed; and men praise him as the "patron" of Edgar Poe. To my eyes he committed a grievous wrong. When he had once assumed the responsibility of this boy, it was his duty to carry it through, and to see how the world went with him. After he had denuded him by his indulgence, it was the height of cruelty for him to cast him, defenceless as he was, upon the hard bosses of the world.

"It must be borne in mind that he was but a boy of sixteen, and if this youth had become such a monster, he had been ripened under the very eye of his guardian. Where was the fault?

"At the time when he was associated in Richmond with the excellent and simple-hearted Dr. White, as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, he was but nineteen. Thus, three years after having been turned adrift in the world by his guardian, he is of sound mind enough and respectable enough in appearance to be taken into the family of Dr. White as assistant editor.

"Even then he had written much, not only in prose but verse also—had written great quantities of the latter before his guardian abandoned him."

Of the poet's alleged dissipation and debauchery, Mrs. Smith says:

"He could not have sunk himself very low, for his looks and manner bore not the shadow of a trace of any irregularity.

"If he did make the mistakes imputed to him, I can only say that Edgar Poe was right royally organized, when he could rise so above every vestige of disorder, as the lion shakes the dew from his mane."

The position occupied by Poe in New York society, upon his removal to that city, is thus indicated:

"It must have been in 1842 that Poe first came to reside permanently in New York. He was at once admitted into its literary circles, where his superior address and remarkable conversational powers at once attracted attention. Then there was more prestige attached to literature than at present exists. The field is now so over-filled, and the persons of marked ability so comparatively few, that the desire for companionship with literary persons is much less.

"At that time, at the houses of Rev. Dr. Dewey, Miss Anna C. Lynch, Mr. James Lawson, and others of scarcely less celebrity, might be found some of the finest spirits of any age, whose brilliancy entitled them to all the homage they received. It was in these circles that I first met Edgar Poe. He had criticised myself and some others, who could well survive it, very severely, but not entirely ungenerously, and I harbored no malice against him. His wife was at this time much an invalid, and rarely went out, but he was fond of naming her, and dwelling upon her loveliness of character. His manners at these reunions were refined and pleasing, and his scope of conversation that of the gentleman and the scholar. What ever may have been his previous career, there was nothing in his look or manner to indicate the debauchee."

The following is not an exaggerated estimate of Poe's critical powers, as will readily be admitted by all who are familiar with the specimens of subtle literary analysis published by him in *Graham's Magazine* while he was editing it:

"His critiques were read with avidity, not that he convinced the judgment, but because people felt their ability and their courage: he took the public idols so by the beard and knocked them right and left, till people saw they were no gods at all, but miserable shams. Sometimes he found the genuine, and attempted the same process with a cool hardihood; but he is a pigmy in giant's armor who does not come out magnified by the blows of an assailant. These critiques of Edgar Poe were live productions; he did not play with his pen, but wielded it. Right or wrong, all was real at the time. He was terribly in earnest. He was carried away as by an avalanche of words and emotions. Men and women with their books under their arms marched in grand procession before him, and he discovered the rich goods of one, the thefts of another, the divine art, the heavenly beauty, the profound meanings of some, while others were totally enigmatical and unrevealed to him.

"He was himself in the highest degree original and unique, hence he could not abide either twaddle or plagiarism. Some of his strictures upon these grounds will long be remembered; and, by and by, when the accounts of certain authors are made, it will be seen that he was more than three-quarters right. We need now, in this day of mawkish adulation, a critic with a trenchant pen like that of Edgar Poe's. We need an eagle to swoop down upon the noisy brood of geese and crows and jackdaws, to set their feathers fluttering. It was a sad day that took Edgar Poe out of the world of letters, just at the time when his powers were ripening, his judgment maturing, and I believe, and I speak not unadvisedly, his deeper and better intimations assuming shape and urgency. Though late, that part of his character was rapidly developing."

Mrs Smith thus furnishes what is probably the true explanation of the excesses and the dissipation generally attributed to the poet:

"In person, Poe was of medium height, slender and refined in organization. Nature designed this man little lower than an angel, for his exquisite machinery rebelled at any and every violation of the laws of his creation. He should have respected these laws. Delicate, almost, as a fine woman, he had no aptitude for the life of the debauchee, and those who willfully and recklessly led this man into the habits of dissipation, knowing his infirmity, were guilty of a crime. It is not enough to say that people must take care of themselves; there are myriads of persons incapable of this, and therefore it is the duty of the strong to help the weak. I have been told that it was an amusement in some quarters for persons to present Poe with wine for no purpose but to watch its effect upon his sensitive nerves. This was nothing less than devilish, for it took little to move him from his proprieties."

The austerely virtuous gentlemen who write the "literary notices" for our dailies, and who within a few months past have "improved" the opportunity afforded by the occasion of mentioning a new edition of Poe's works, by delivering moral lectures for the benefit of the readers of the *Alta* and the *Times*, and descanting upon the depravity and worthlessness of this unfortunately constituted man of genius, will perhaps gain a new idea of the man, from the following—unless indeed they are too firmly rooted in the Pharisaic faith that there can be nothing worthy admiration in human character, except that "goodness" that consists of abstinence from vice rather than prowess in virtue, and regards a decent conformity to the laws of external morality as the one thing desirable in human life:

"Mr. Poe was spiritual, abstract, intellectual; he had a manly sense of independence which rendered patronage of any kind repugnant to him. I do not think he ever found any very appropriate sphere in this life; genial moments, green oases in the dreary waste he certainly found, for he, in one phase of character, had an almost childish desire for companionship. I have often thought how happily such a man as Poe, and some others, might have been, placed in an atmosphere of taste and appreciation, in some little court—like that of Bavaria, for instance, which so fostered the genius of Goethe and Schiller; but in our country the life of genius is a perpetual struggle.

"Mr. Poe, near the close of his life, lived in a little bandbox of a house at Fordham, and there his wife died. The Brothers of the Jesuits' College, in that place, contrary to their wont, gave him free access to their groves and gardens, and there he unquestionably passed the happiest years of his life. His simple manners and studious habits endeared him to the good Brothers, who often saw him at midnight as they passed to their vigils, moving silently under the lofty trees, too absorbed in meditation to notice their presence.

"I have more than once sat spell bound under the Shaksperean illusion of Edwin Booth as 'Hamlet,' and always in the grave scene I thought of Poe. The same deep thoughtfulness—the profound expression of sadness—the weird silence and gloom which harmonize so wonderfully with the character of the shadowy Dane, served to reproduce the image of Edgar Poe."

The *American Cyclopedia*, adopting the statements of poor Poe's "friends," asserts that he "died in consequence of a drunken debauch" in his native city. Mrs. Smith declares that is not true. She says:

"At the instigation of a woman, who considered herself injured by him, he was cruelly beaten, blow upon blow, by a ruffian who knew no better mode of avenging supposed injuries. It is well known that a brain fever followed; his friends hurried him away, and he reached his native city only to breathe his last."

Dr. BENTON's series of Lectures, at Congress Hall, on Magnetism and Psychology are both interesting and amusing, and will be continued on this evening, and on the evenings of Friday and Saturday next.

A HYGIENIC HUMBUG.

It is frequently asserted, by self-styled "Journals of Health" and writers of "sanitary" articles for the newspapers, that the health of Americans, and especially of American women, is declining; that the race, though mentally improving, is physically deteriorating to an alarming extent; that natives of the soil are less robust and vigorous than adopted citizens, and that the latter are chiefly entitled to the credit of increasing the population of the country, not only by immigration but by obeying the Divine command to the earliest progenitors of the human race, to "increase, multiply and replenish the earth." It happens that these statements, while possessing a semblance of truth, are devoid of the substance. They are based upon very carelessly collated and sometimes distorted statistics, and not unfrequently upon the consummate ignorance of writers, who undertake to treat learnedly of subjects upon which four out of five American women of average intelligence and education could (if modesty would permit) instruct them: or concerning which they might learn something from the advertisements that, without any inconvenient regard for decency, occupy a large space in many of the first-class "family" papers at the East, as well as in California. We have had tracts, and phamplets, and essays, and statistics innumerable thrust at us to show that in the Eastern States the number of births from native-born parents is alarmingly on the decrease, while foreign-born parents increase the population with commendable regularity and perseverance. Dr. Nathan Allen of Lowell, Massachusetts, is the latest sensation-monger upon this subject. In a recent letter to the New York *Observer* he shows that, in an inland town of Massachusetts which has been inhabited for six generations, the first generation had an average of 9½ children to each family, the second, third and fourth, a fraction over 7, the fifth 4⅞ and the sixth and last only 2¾. After dwelling pathetically upon the mournful physical degeneracy of modern married people, Dr. Allen proceeds:

"In one small town, settled in 1655, may be found recorded the history of twenty six families having 10 children each, twenty families having 11 each, thirteen families having 13 each, five families having 14 each, one family having 15 and one having 21. There were ninety families having one thousand and forty three children. And nearly *all* the children born in those early times grew to adult age, whereas *now* only about one-half reach adult age."

There are some things that have probably never occurred to Dr. Allen, with all his medical knowledge and profound statistical information. One is, that extraordinary fecundity in the human species is a peculiar condition of proletarianism and ignorance. There is a well-worn adage which says: "A fool for luck and a poor man for children." The latter portion of it, at least, is of very general application. Wherever poverty and a semi-barbarous mode of living are combined—whether it is in the wretched purlieus of populous cities, or on the outer verge of civilization, among the oppressed peasantry of Europe, the ill-paid operatives and laborers of manufacturing and commercial communities, or the down-trodden negroes of the Southern States, the number of births is *appallingly great;* and the more wretched and hopeless the poverty the greater the fecundity, as a general rule. As people acquire wisdom, with wealth and its refinements, they learn that parental honor and happiness do not consist so much in the number; as the character of their children; therefore they moderate their desire for offspring, and endeavor rather to rear a few well than many indifferently. The people who in 1655 settled the small town in Massachusetts to which Dr. Allen alludes, doubtless shared the sentiment which has been common to warriors, invaders and pioneers in all ages—that the chief end of man is to subdue and populate new countries, and the chief end of woman to breed soldiers; whence has been derived the silly notion that it is more honorable for a woman to be the mother of boys than of girls. Yet those ancient villagers, notwithstanding the exceedingly limited range of their ideas and aspirations, performed a very useful part in peopling a country which needed men and women more than anything else. At this day it is simply impossible for parents of ordinary means, in a State so thickly populated as Masachusetts, or even in California, to raise ten children decently, to say nothing of twenty-one.

Again: In new countries, where the rapid increase of population is desirable, Nature tolerates, and even favors, extraordinary fecundity. This is observable not only in the human species but in the brute creation. But she will not tolerate over population. She constantly employs wars, pestilences, epidemics and disasters to prune the rank overgrowth of humanity. It may have been observed that the victims of these remedial agents are usually selected from among the most prolific class—those who lack the knowledge or the means to live properly, in a physical sense. But for this wise provision (the sentiment may sound harshly, but the experience of ages has demonstrated its correctness) the world would long since have been overrun with a miserable race of beings, hardly a remove above brutes—so numerous and so densely crowded that the exercise of all their faculties would have been required to procure food enough for their sustenance

Dr. J. C Jackson, of the Danville (New York) Hygeian College, in a lecture based upon Dr. Allen's statistics, said :

"God made man to live to old age. To die when he is ripe. Untimely deaths of human beings are as deplorable as is the untimely fall of the fruit one grows."

The sentiment is pretty plausible and taking, but it will not stand the test of common arithmetic. I do not profess to understand God's purpose in creating man, or His wise intentions regarding the duration of human existence ; but this much I do know, that if all men and women had died only of old age, and each generation, from Adam to the present, had increased only five fold—a moderate computation, Dr. Allen would think—the earth could not have contained the human race at this time.

But to return to the relative merits of native-born and adopted citizens for the purpose of population. Let us take the statistics upon which Dr. Allen depends for the soundness of his position. A writer in the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* thus turns the doctor's own weapon against him :

"Dr. Allen says that in 1865 the births in Boston were as follows : Foreign, 3,575 ; American, 1,641 ; Unknown, 60. The deaths the same year were as follows : Foreign, 1,308 ; American, 3,143. Here, he says, the whole number of births exceeded the whole number of deaths by 734 ; *but the deaths of Americans exceed the births by* 1,520. But in order to be counted by Dr. Allen as a foreign decedent it is necessary that the deceased person should have been born abroad ; when counted as a foreigner in the list of births, he only exacts that the child's parents, or one of them, should have been born abroad. But now let the computation of births and deaths alike be made with reference to parentage : Children of American mothers, 1,650 ; of foreign, 3,587 ; of unknown, 38 ; total, 4,541. Deccdents of American parentage 1,245 ; of foreign, 2,868 : of unknown, 428 ; total, 4,541. The results of the correct calculation may be summed up as follows : American parentage—births, 1'650 ; deaths, 1'245 ; gain, 405. Foreign parentage—births, 3,587 ; deaths, 2,868 ; gain, 719. Unknown parentage—births, 38 ; deaths, 428 ; loss, 390. So, instead of a loss of 1,502 to the native American population, there really is a gain of 405—relatively a greater gain than that to the foreign born population."

So it seems, if the figures are correct, that of children born in Boston of American parents 24 per cent. survive to 20 per cent. of children born of foreign parents—a difference of 4 per cent. in favor of the vigor of the native stock.

Yet again, there is a fact which, important as is its bearing upon one of the most vital questions concerning our social and political economy, learned writers, who predicate the assumption that American women are physically degenerating upon their paucity of offspring, are either unacquainted with or have studiously ignored. It is that a very large proportion of our countrywomen, learning from their preceptresses in fashion, the French ladies, do not want and *will not have* a numerous progeny. I am aware, now, that I am treading upon delicate ground and must proceed cautiously, lest I shock the moral sensibilities of those "prurient prudes" against whom Charles Reade lately leveled the sharp arrows of his satire. I have not forgotten what a storm of fastidious horror and prudish indignation "Gail Hamilton" brought about her ears when, in one of her racy, common-sensible articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, she boldly discussed the duties and relations of maternity, and declared that it was a grievous wrong for a woman to bear a larger number of children than she was able to care for and educate properly, and to degrade herself to a mere breeder of human animals, to the neglect of her duty to her family, society and herself. Yet this theory was not original with Gail Hamilton. It had for many years been accepted by a large number of American women, and practiced by them in ways harmless or hurtful, according to the degree of knowledge they possessed. And so it frequently happens that a woman's childlessness is attributed to her ill-health, when precisely the reverse is true—her ill-health is due to her self-enforced childlessness.

The discussion of the further details of this subject belongs strictly to the province of the medical journals ; and I am surprised that no respectable periodical of that class has hitherto ventured upon it. Yet here is the whole secret of the alleged "physical degeneracy of American women." Constitutionally I believe they are as vigorous and prolific as the women of any other nativity ; and if they leave to their foreign born sisters a disproportionate share in the population of the country, it is from choice rather than from disability. Whether they do wisely and well, or the reverse, I shall not at present attempt to discuss ; I simply state what I know to be true ; but I think the feeling that prompts a woman to prefer bringing up two or three children properly, to *dragging up* a dozen or a score in a reckless, hap hazard, semi civilized way, is entitled to some consideration—perhaps respect—provided that, in carrying out her idea, she violate no law, Divine, human, or natural.

As a proof that American women in the manufacturing districts of the Eastern States (where Dr. Allen gathered the bulk of his statistics) can be quite the reverse of sterile when they choose, I quote from the New York *Nation* :

"We have heard of its being said by a well-known politician of Massachusetts, who should know the manufacturing population very well, that the operatives *systematically increase their families*, in order that their children going into the mills may add to the family income. In the West, a farmer's boys are a part of his capital, and large families are considered a blessing," etc.

Thus it appears, on respectable authority, that American women of the industrial classes can be as prolific on occasion as either English, German or Irish women ; and I have no doubt that our countrywomen generally would be found, were a scientific investigation of the subject possible, to possess physiological capabilities inferior to none. In personal beauty, strength, vigor and endurance they are not surpassed in the world.

If this article shall be the means of preserving any considerable number of our incomparable American young ladies from the "hygienic" inflictions which charlatans in physic and smatterers in physiology are preparing for them in view of their entirely supposititious degeneracy, the author will experience a gratification second only to that which he will derive from the receipt of his expected pecuniary *douceur* from the proprietors of this excellent journal. JOHN CLERK.

[For the Californian.]

JOHN CENTER.

HE was taught in the Hielan's his ain mither tongue,
And philibegs graced his teugh hurdies when young ;
When a callant he played on the bagpipes fu' weel,
And wad carry to market a pack or a creel.

John's a pure blooded Celt, and is nae human cur,
And will stick to a frien' firm and fast as a burr ;
When louns heartless wad crush or laws siccar oppress,
A kind lug he aye lends to the tale o' distress.

Altho' no unco buirdly, he's wiry in frame,
And for labor wad pit swankie birkies to shame ;
Ever free frae a' pride, save the pride o' a man
That will do for himsel' aye the best that he can.

Let poortith stare at him wi' a purse that is toom,
And just gie him a desert he'll sune mak' it bloom ;
What cares he tho' his gear may amount na' to much,
Since maist ilka thing turns into gowd at his touch ?

He's aye busy at wark, and as sure's ye're alive,
Like the queen-bee he'll banish the drones frae his hive ;
He can flourish whaur ithers wad perish and rot,
But for bairn-getting John nicht as weel be a stot!

Wi' an eye that is keen and a head that is soun',
Ye can scarce fin' his match a' the hale kintra roun' ;
He is blest wi' strong sense, and the pawkie odd brick
Cares as little for priests as he does for auld Nick.

He still feehts wi' the Courts and he feehts wi' the laws,
And he shows how the land deeds are covered wi' flaws ;
But nae matter how cloudy John's claims may appear,
He can read thro' the darkness his ain title clear.

The great chieftain o' squatters is law-read and wise,
And frae marshes o' mud he's made beauty arise ;
Were the place only fit for puir mortals to dwell,
He wad strongly dispute the Deil's title to Hell!

Like the cock on the middin that craws unco crouse,
Sae auld-farrant and couthie he rules his ain house ;
Owre the nappy wi' frien's he is dead-sweer to part,
And a bonnie bit lass can dance aff wi' his heart.

As time dims the bricht ee and seams deep the brent brow,
So the winter o' auld age will whiten the pow ;
Wi' a conscience that's clear and an air o' content.
O may ilk ane look back at a lifetime weel spent.

San Francisco, March, 1867. JAMES LINEN.

SAN FRANCISCO OLYMPIC CLUB.—The second Exhibition and Social Party of this flourishing gymnastic association, for 1867, was given at the Club Rooms on Friday evening, March 15th, to a crowded audience, including over two hundred ladies, and nearly one hundred and fifty gentlemen, besides members of the Club, of whom about two hundred were present. The limited accommodations at the disposal of the Club made it impossible to seat all the audience ; and we heard frequent expressions of a desire that the next exhibition might be given in some theatre, or public hall, where the public generally might have an opportunity to witness the graceful and daring feats of these amateur gymnasts. We have not space to dilate upon the respective merits of the twelve different acts composing the programme under notice, but may mention, as given (we believe) for the first time on this continent by white men, the great Japanese ladder feat, very successfully performed by George H. Strong and Master John Tappeiner, and the Japanese pole, done by W. S. Lawton, with all the ease and agility of the original, and with a complete and laughable imitation of the Japanese costume and manner. Among other acts deserving special notice were the double sommersaults by H. J. Ladd and F. W. Hutchinson ; the Niagara Leap (a brilliant and hazardous performance) by L. P. Ward and G. S. Brown ; the Giant Swing by H. B. Russ ; the Horizontal Bar Perche by G. S. Brown and C A. Bennet ; and the familiar but always welcome Zampillaerostation, gracefully done, with the double sommersaults, by H. B. Russ and L. P. Ward. After the performance, the apparatus and mattresses were cleared away, and dancing commenced, to the fine music of Ballenburg's band, which had also furnished an inspiriting accompaniment to the gymnastic feats. We believe it was generally conceded that the Olympic Club fairly surpassed themselves on this occasion, and that their Hall had never been the scene of an exhibition so brilliantly and thoroughly successful.

THE "glass of fashion and the mould of form" are seen in Lamott's hats, as well as under them daily in Montgomery street. Lamott leads the fashion. *

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday the capital comedy entitled *A Bird in Hand is worth Two in the Bush* was produced at Maguire's Opera House to a good audience. The play is a very clever one, and was well played throughout. Miss Alice Kingsbury played "Ellen Prodigal" very prettily, and John McCullough as "Theodore Prodigal," played the part in a quiet, gentlemanly manner and very effectively ; Mrs. Harry Jackson as "Mme. Reginald," the vulgar wife of Reginald Prodigal, acted extremely well and caused much laughter. In either tragedy or genteel comedy, Mrs. Harry Jackson is quite at home, and never fails to make a hit when cast in a character in either of these lines of dramatic business. Harry Edwards as "Roderick Praisworthy," who for the purpose of testing the character of his two nephews, pretends to die and will his property to the elder one, was very clever, as he is indeed in every character which he has played on the San Francisco boards (except that of Lord Dundreary, which he accepted as a mortification at the commencement of Lent,) and gained much applause. Harry Jackson, who has to play parts unsuited to him, found one which afforded him an opportunity to display his talent on this occasion, and played "Capias Shark," the lawyer, with great skill. The entertainment concluded with a magical performance *a la* Heller, by Harry Jackson. Many of Heller's best feats were done as perfectly as they are by the great conjurer himself. The card tricks, the "Goblin Drum," the "Mystery of Second Sight" and others were very cleverly performed, thus proving the truth of Heller's statement that "these feats are all easy enough if you only know how to do them." Jackson knows how to do them and does them easily. The performance of the automaton dancers is certainly more amusing than that of Heller's "Wood Minstrels." The same bill was given on Tuesday.

On Wednesday Miss Pauline Conger made her first appearance on any stage, in the character of "Marianna" in Sheridan Knowles" play of *The Wife, a Tale of Mantua*. She exhibited much self possession, and occasionally displayed dramatic power. For a first attempt Miss Pauline Conger's impersonation of "Marianna" was creditable ; but we cannot say that her style of reading is good. She would now and then read with feeling, but she was generally cold and monotonous.

On Thursday *Fanchon* was produced, and was repeated on Friday for the benefit of the Masonic Board of Relief. It will be produced this afternoon and in the evening, when Miss Alice Kingsbury will make her last appearance, and take her farewell benefit.

Miss Kate Denin will make her appearance in *The Fast Family*, a translation of the famous French comedy by Benjamin Webster, Jr., son of Webster, the London theatrical manager, and President of the Dramatic Authors' Association of Loudon. The reputation of the play and the ability and experience of its translator, both warrant us in bespeaking for it a favorable reputation.

On Thursday next Harry Edwards, who is acknowledged by all who have witnessed his performances to be one of the very best actors who has ever appeared on this stage, will take his first benefit in California. *Julius Ceasar* will be produced on this occasion.

George Pauncefort's polyglot entertainment—*Othello* in English, French, German and Danish—will be given at the American Theatre on Monday night with the following cast : "Othello," in English, Mr. Pauncefert ; "Iago," in French, Mr. Bonnet ; "Cassio," in German and Danish, Herr Roger ; "Roderigo," in English, Mr. Pierpont Thayer ; "Desdemona," in English, Mrs. Pauncefort ; "Emilia," in German, Fraulein Meyer. The play has undergone a most careful rehearsal, and from its novelty of production must draw a large attendance.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, Heller continues to draw good audiences to witness his conjuring tricks. TOUCHSTONE.

DR. JORDAN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—The benefits arising from the information and instruction which any man, either in or on the outside of the medical profession, may obtain by visiting this institution, and studying the usually veiled secrets of the human anatomy by the aid of the hundreds of models on exhibition there, is incalculable. The privilege of visiting similar institutions has until within late years, been restricted to the medical world ; but now, modern science has thrown open their portals to the world in general, so that all may acquire the secrets of the "house we live in."

THE BIG LITTLE ONE.—On Saturday last the big little *Dramatic Chronicle*, which seems to have more pluck in attacking error than any one of the larger papers of this city, eularged the borders of its phylacteries. Whatever appears in the *Chronicle* is read with interest, and the theater-going public have learned that its criticisms on dramatic matters are fearless, reliable, and unprejudiced.

MAURICE DORE & CO'S credit sale of Homestead Lots lying just West of the old Mission Church, fronting on Market, Centre and adjacent streets, will take place at their spacious sales room on Wednesday next, at 12 o'clock M. This is most desirable property for investment, being level land of good soil and good grade, and lying within two blocks of the Howard street railroad. See description of property and terms of sale in advertisement on 16th page.

DRY GOODS FROM AUCTION.—Meagher Taaffe & Co. advertise in our columns, to-day, an extensive list of black silks, and other articles of dry goods (enough to stock two or three ordinary dry-goods stores) recently purchased at the large auction sales of H. M. Newhall & Co., which they are selling at prices lower than ever before offered in this city.

MRS. WINSHIP'S millinery establishment, it will be seen by advertisement in to-day's paper, has been removed to 23 Post street, Mechanic's Institute Building. Mrs. Winship advertises that particular attention will be paid to making of all kinds of lace work and head dresses, and the doing up of laces, etc.

THE GREATEST CURES OF DISEASES EVER RECORDED are made by intelligent Water Cure Physicians. Among them none is more distinguished for devotion to his art and thorough experimental knowledge, than Dr. Bourne, of San Francisco, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

BATHS FOR THE SICK, with the physician's knowledge, the result of twenty-five years' experience, are the best and cheapest, and by far the most pleasant mode of "doctoring." No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, Dr. Bourne. *

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SEVERING OF THE HAIR.

THE storm which had swept unheeded over the heads bent over the gaming-tables at the Kursaal that wild autumn night, was hardly wilder and fiercer than the tempest in Stewart Routh's soul, as he, making one of the number of the gamblers, played with a quite unaccustomed recklessness, and won with surprising sequence. This was earlier in the night, when the powers of the air were only marshaling their forces, and the elemental war had not extended beyond the skirmishing stage. Many times he looked impatiently round, even while the ball was rolling, as if expecting to see some one, who still did not appear; then he would turn again to the green board, again stake and win, and resume his watch. At length a touch on his elbow caused him to look round in a contrary direction, where he saw a man standing, who immediately handed him a note and went away. Then Routh smiled, swept up the money which lay before him, and left the room. The battle had fairly begun as he stepped out from the shelter of the portico, and, buttoning his coat tightly across his chest, and pulling his hat down to his eyebrows, set himself, with bent head, against the storm. His way led him past his own lodgings, and as he took it on the opposite side of the street, he saw, indistinctly, Harriet's figure, as she sat close beside the window, her head against the panes. Something dreary and forsaken in the aspect of the window, with its flimsy curtains wide apart, the indistinct form close against the glass, no light within the room, made Routh shiver impatiently as he looked at it; and just then the light in the street flickered and swerved violently under the influence of a sudden blast, which drove a sharp cascade of rain rattling against the window.

"Moping there in the dark," said Routh, with an oath, "and, making things a hundred times worse, with her cursed whining and temper."

The Schwarzchild mansion was near, and he was soon removed as far from all associations with discomfort and dreariness as brilliant light, a blazing fire of odorous wood burning in a room too large to be overheated by it, luxurious surroundings, and pleasant expectation could remove him from such discordant realities. Presently Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge made her appearance. The room was a long one, and she entered by a door which faced the chimney where he was standing. Much as he had admired her, irresistibly as her beauty had captivated him with its ordinary charm of recklessness and lustre, with its rare, far-between moments of softness and grace, he had never really understood until now how beautiful she was. For there was a mingling of both moods upon her as she came towards him, her amber silk dress, with the accustomed drapery of superb black silk lace falling round her, and sweeping the ground in folds such as surely no other mere gown, made by mundane milliner, had ever accomplished. Rich purple amethysts were on her neck and on her wrists, and gleamed on the comb which held the coils of her hair Wax-lights in profusion shed their softened light upon her, upon the cream and rose tints of her brow and cheeks, upon the scarlet of her lips, upon the marvelous darkness of her eyes; and the capricious blaze from the burning logs shot quivering streaks of light among the folds of her dress, glancing over the jewels she wore, and playing redly on the hand which she held out, while yet some steps divided her from Routh, gazing at her in absorbed, almost amazed admiration.

"How tired and pale you look," she said, as he took the proffered hand, and she allowed him to hold it. The words were slowly spoken, in the tone of solicitude for him, which is one of the most potent weapons in a beautiful woman's armory. "Sit there," she went on, drawing her hand gently from his hold and indicating a seat, while she settled herself into the recesses of a huge German sofa. "How could you imagine I would go to the Kursaal to-night? Just listen!" She held her hand up; a cloud of filmy lace fell back from the beautiful round white arm. Then she dropped the hand slowly, and waited for him to speak. He spoke with strange difficulty; the spell of the power of her beauty was upon him. This was not what he had intended. He had meant to conquer, not to be conquered,—to sway, not to be ruled.

"I thought," he said in a low tone, "you would have come, because—I—I did not know you would allow me the happiness of coming here."

"Did you not? I think you don't understand me yet. I wish to see you, you know, and I did not wish to go out this evening. It is quite simple, is it not?"

"It is indeed, for such a woman as you."

She laughed. "Is not that rather an awkward speech,—rather an equivocal compliment? How *posed* you look!" She laughed again. Routh felt unspeakably embarrassed; he had a sense of being at a disadvantage, which was unpleasant. She saw it, and said,—

"What a temper you have! You'd be rather hard to please, I fancy, if one were in any sense bound to try."

"Don't jest with me," said Routh, suddenly and sternly, and he rolled his chair deliberately near her as he spoke. "You did not allow me, you did not invite me to come here to-night; you did not do this, which seems so 'simple' to you, because you are as much braver than every other woman, as you are more beautiful,"—he looked into her dark eyes, and their lids did not droop,—"only to jest with me, only to trifle with me, as you trifle with others. You are a wonderfully puzzling woman, I acknowledge; no woman ever so puzzled me before.

"Each time I see you, there is something different, something new in your manner, and each time it is as though I had to begin all over again; as if I had not told you that I love you, as if you had not listened and confessed that you know it. Why have you sent for me? You dismissed me yesterday with something which you tried to make look and sound like anger,—ineffectually, for you were not angry. And I was prepared for the same line of tactics to day. Well, you send for me. I am here. You come to me a thousand times more beautiful,"—he dropped his voice to a whisper, and she grew pale under the fixed fire of his eyes,—"infinitely more beautiful than I have ever seen you; and in your eyes and in your smile there is what I have never seen in them; and yet you meet me with mere jesting words. Now, this you do not mean; what is it that you *do* mean?"

He rose, and leaned against the mantel-piece, looking down upon her bent head, with the light shining on the jewels in her hair. She did not speak.

"What is it that you *do* mean?" he repeated. She had laid one arm along the cushioned side of the sofa, the side near him. He clasped it, above the wrist, impressively, not caressingly, and at the touch the words he had spoken to her before, "Would you not be afraid of a man who loved you with all the passion of his heart?" recurred to her, and she felt that so this man loved her and she was afraid of him.

"I dare say many others have loved you, and told you so," he continued, "and I don't ask you how you received their professions. I know the world too well, and what it brings to men and women, for any such folly. That is of the past. The present is ours. I ask you why you have brought me here? A woman who resents such words as those I have spoken to you before now, does not give a man a chance of repeating them. You have not sent for me to tell me that you are insulted and outraged, to talk the cant of a hypocritical society to me. I should not love you, beautiful as you are, if you were such a fool." He saw that his audacity was not without its charm for her; her head was raised now, and her dark eyes, looking up, met his looking down, as she listened, with parted lips and deep-drawn breath.

"Be sure of this," he said, "no man has ever loved you as I love you, or been willing to stake so much upon your love." The sinister truth that lurked in these words lent the sinister expression to his face again for a moment which she had sometimes seen in it. "How much I stake upon it you will never know. So be it. I am ready, I am willing. You see I am giving you time. I am not hurrying you into rash speech. I dare say you were not at all prepared for this when you and I met, and you took the initiative in what you intended to be an ordinary watering-place flirtation,—while you were waiting for Arthur Felton, perhaps?" he said savagely, for, as he went on, the savage nature of the man was rising within him, and for all that his grasp was on her soft, white arm, and his gaze was searching the depths of her dark eyes, he was speaking rather to himself than to her; rather to the unchained devil within than to the beautiful fatality before him.

"It is possible you had some such notion," he said. "I don't ask you to acknowledge it, for if so, you have abandoned it." He stooped lower, his eyes looked closer into hers. She shrank back and covered her face with her disengaged hand. "Yes," he went on, in a gentler tone, "I know you soon discovered that I am not made for make-believes; and now,—now that you have sent for me, and I am here, what is it that you mean? You *cannot* make me the pastime of an hour; you *cannot* shake off the hold which such love as mine lays upon your life,—would still lay upon it were you a feebler woman than you are. What then? Are you going to take the wine of life, or are you going to content yourself with the vapid draughts you have hitherto drank? You must tell me, and tell me to-night, what it is you mean; for a crisis in my life has come, and I must know, without faltering or delay, how it is to be dealt with."

He lifted his hand from her arm, and, standing directly before her, bade her look up and speak to him. She did not move. Then he sat down on a velvet footstool before her sofa, and drew her hands away from before her face. There were signs of agitation on it, and he read them, not quite correctly, perhaps, but to his own satisfaction.

"Listen to me," he said, in the gentlest tones within the compass of his voice. "I have a right—have I not?—to ask you, to know what is your meaning towards me? What did you bring me here for? Remember the words I have spoken to you, not once only, or twice; remember the story I told you on the balcony yonder; remember the tone you have occasionally adopted in all your levity, and then do not attempt to deny my right to speak as I am speaking, and to demand your answer."

"You—you found me alone here—in my own house—and—"

"Absurd!" he cried. "You are talking nonsense, and you know it. Did you not intend me to understand that I should find you alone? Did your note, your summons (I tore it up, but you remember the words as well as I do), mean anything else? Do you not know this is all folly? There is no need to play with *me*. I am a sure prize, or victim, which you please; you know that well enough, and I must know which you *do* please, for this is, as I said before, a crisis for me. Which is it?" he said, and he held her hands more tightly, and looked at her with a pale face. "Which is it? Mere coquetry—a dangerous game with a man like me, I warn you—a game you won't find it possible to play? or—or the deep, deep love of a lifetime—the devotion which will never swerve or falter—the passion which will blot out from your knowledge or your fears everything beyond itself."

Weak, imaginative, without principle, easily ruled by strength, though a despot to weakness, the woman he addressed listened to him like one in a dream. Not until afterwards did a sense of being tricked and trapped come to her. Had her demeanor towards Routh really implied all this? Had she yielded to the rapacity for admiration, to the thirst for conquest, which had always dominated in her nature, once too often, and far too completely? This was precisely what she had done, and she had fallen into the hands of a stronger being than herself. In a blind, vague, groping kind of way she felt this, and felt that she could not help or deliver herself, and felt it was something like fear, even while her imagination and her vanity were intoxicated by the mingling of defiance and pleading in his words, in his tones, and in his looks.

"You and I," he went on, "would say to others, would say to each other in some of our moods, or would have said when first we met, that no such thing as this all-sufficing love exists, but each of us knows well that it does, and may, and *shall* be ours! This is what *I* mean. Again I ask you, what is *your* meaning in all this?"

"I don't know," she replied, releasing her hands, and rising. He allowed her to pass him, and to walk to the fireplace. She stood there, her radiant figure glittering in the lustre of the fire and the wax-lights. She stood there, her head bent, her hands before her, the fingers interlaced. After a minute Routh followed her and stood before her.

"Then you will not answer me,—you will not tell me what your meaning was in sending for me to-night?" There was tenderness in his tone now, and the slight inflection of a sense of injury which rarely fails with a woman.

"Yes," she said, looking up full at him, "I will tell you. I wanted to let you know that I think of going away!"

"Going away!" cried Routh, in unbounded amazement; "going away! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," recovering herself, and resuming her usual tone and manner as soon as he released her from the spell of his earnestness and passion,—"I am going away. I don't treat you quite so badly as you try to make out, you see, or I should not tell you about it, or consult you, or anything, but just go,—go right away, you know, and make an end of it."

Routh's stern face flushed, and then darkened with a look which Harriet had learned to know, but which Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had never seen. She did not see it now, and continued:

"I sent for you to tell you this. I don't like the place. It's too small, and yet every one comes here, and I'm talked of. Ah, you sneer! Well, I know. I remember all I have said about that, but it is one thing to be talked of in London or Paris, and quite another to be the object of the daily curiosity and the malice—"

"You mean the envy, don't you?" said Routh.

"No, I don't, I mean the malice: well, the envy, or the malice, or only the observation, if you like, of always the same people, whom I meet in always the same places. That is a part of my reason, but only a part. I don't like Mr. Felton; I don't like Mr. Dallas; less than any people in the world I choose to have them spy and overlook me; and—and—I don't want to be here when that man comes."

Routh stood before her quite silent.

"You know—you remember," she said with a smile, "Arthur Felton. By the by, you need not make faces about my wearing his photograph any more, for I've lost it,—lost it before I got home yesterday. In fact, I fancy he is in some trouble, perhaps in some disgrace; and I have no fancy for being here when he arrives, to have him quarreling with me if I avoid him, and his father regarding me with horror if I don't; so—" and here she knelt on the white rug and stretched out her hands toward the fire, which shone reflected in her upraised eyes—"so I am going to—" She paused, tantalizing him.

"To —?" he repeated after her, almost in a whisper.

"To London," she said; and laughed, and looked at him, and rose. "Now, sit down, and let us talk it over, and be reasonable."

Still quite silent, Routh obeyed her. His manner, his look was changed. He was thoughtful; but an air of relief had come upon him, as if help had reached him from an unforeseen quarter.

There was no light in the window as Routh passed by it returning to his lodgings. But there was a lamp in the hall, at which he lighted a candle and went into the sitting-room.

Harriet was still sitting by the window; she did not raise or turn her head, and Routh thought she was sleeping. He went up close to her, and then she languidly opened her eyes and rose.

"Have you fallen asleep here in the dark, Harriet?" said Routh, "and without a fire! How imprudent and unnecessary."

"I am not cold," she said; but she shivered slightly as she spoke. Routh took up a shawl which lay upon a chair and wrapped it around her. She looked at him, quietly but sharply.

"Don't be afraid; I am all right to-night, Harry," he said. I've won a lot of money at the tables, and I've been thinking over what we were saying this morning—" He paused a moment, and then went on with some constraint in his voice: "I think you are right so far, that the sooner we get away from this the better. I will consider the rest of the matter when we get to London."

Harriet looked at him still, closely and sharply, but she said nothing.

"You are too tired to talk about anything to-night, Harry, I see," said Routh, with good-humor which did not sit on him very naturally, "so we will not talk. But would it be possible for you to be ready to start in the morning?"

"Yes," said Harriet, quietly, and without showing the least surprise by voice or countenance, "I will have everything ready."

Homburg von der Hohe was graced for only a few days longer by the beautiful American. Her pony-carriage and the gray ponies, the French groom, the luxurious wrappings, the splendid vision of satin, and lace, and jewels, all disappeared, and the Schwarzschild mansion was for a while desolate, until again occupied by the numerous progeny of a rich and rusty Queen's counsel.

It was understood that Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had returned to Paris. "Every season is the right season for Paris with those Americans," said a contemptuous Briton, who secretly held himself aggricved by the abrupt departure of the handsome widow, who had never appeared more than conscious of his existence, certainly not interested in the fact; "it draws them like a lodestone."

"She has evidently heard nothing of Arthur," said Mr. Felton to his nephew, "or she would have sent us word." He spoke timidly, and looked at George with anxious eyes. George looked undisguisedly serious and troubled.

"I wish your letters had arrived, uncle," he replied. "I begin to fear we shall not see Arthur here; and—and to be sorry that so much time has been lost."

A week later, George Dallas wrote to Harriet Routh from Paris, as follows:

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS, October —

My dear Mrs. Routh.—I am here with my uncle. My mother and Mr. Carruthers are traveling more slowly. We are all to meet in London. Meantime, a circumstance has occurred which may prove of great, and must be of some importance to Mr. Felton and to myself. I am compelled to ask your assistance, which I know you will give me with all your accustomed readiness and kindness. Accompanied by my uncle, I went this morning to a jeweller's shop in the Rue de la Paix to order the bracelet you know of to be re-made for my mother. I had not previously undone the packet containing the gold band and the turquoises, which you sealed up and kept in your desk for me, since the day you gave it to me at Homburg. The things were wrapped up in letter-paper, you will remember. I opened the packet on the counter of the jeweller's shop, shook the turquoises into a box he handed me for the purpose, and was holding up the gold band for him to examine, when my uncle, who was looking at the paper I had laid down, suddenly called to me, and pointing to some writing on it—mere memoranda, apparently, of articles to be purchased (I enclose a correct copy)—exclaimed, "This is Arthur's writing!" I saw at once that it was his writing, and determined to apply to you in the first place for information on the matter. It is now clear that my cousin has passed under another name than his own, and that Routh and perhaps you have known him. There is a date, too, upon the paper, —10th of April of this year. You took the paper out of the lower division of your desk. You may be able to tell us all that we have so long been anxious to know, at once. Pray answer this without delay. I think it best not to write to Routh, because my uncle and he are almost strangers, and also, dear Mrs. Routh, because it comes naturally to me to address myself to you. How strange that all this time you and Routh should have known Arthur, and I, living in intimacy with you both, should have been in a manner seeking him! You will, no doubt, be able to tell us everything without an hour's delay; but, in any case, we shall be in London in a week, and shall have Arthur's portrait to show you. I am sure this letter is very ill expressed, but I am still bewildered at the strangeness of the occurrence. Write at once. My room is No. 80.

Always yours affectionately,
GEORGE DALLAS.

P. S. The jeweller of the Rue de la Paix is a jewel among his tribe. He undertakes to replace the diamonds, and, as far as I can judge—to be sure, it's only a little way—with stones just as fine as those I sold at A—— for a third less than the money his Hebrew Dutch confrere gave me. I had a mind to tell him the value of the original diamonds, but I didn't,—the honestest of jewellers is only human, and it might tempt him to raise the price and not the value. But I think he recognized a master-mind in my uncle.

To be Continued.

TWENTY-FIVE.

I see the surf on Sandy Hook;
I see the bay below me spread:
And here I lie, with pipe and book,
And the blue sky overhead.

A quarter of a century
Has passed, and still I live to say
(Ah, little joy it gives to me!)
"I'm twenty-five to-day."

It is not very long to live;
At twenty-five we're scarcely men;
And yet, a trifle I would give
If 'twere threescore and ten.

A dozen threads among my hair
Have changed from chestnut-brown to snow;
But if they paled from weight of care,
It had been long ago.

About my eyes and on my brow
A few faint wrinkles I can trace;
Time sets his signet even now
Upon my form and face.

And yet I look both young and fresh:
I am not worn, nor pale, nor thin;
Care's scars are light upon the flesh,
But deep on that within.

Ah, yes! as seasons onward roll
My outward form seems still to thrive;
But, looking back, I fear my soul
Is more than twenty-five. —GEORGE ARNOLD.

THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.—In consequence of the connection of the Amazon with its tributaries and their great extent, the opening of that river will produce considerable effect on the commerce, not merely of Brazil, but also on that of the republics of Ecuador, New Granada, Peru, etc. The opening of the river to commerce will be almost as advantageous to the world as if our government opened the navigation of the Mississippi. The object of the Brazilian authorities is to increase the population of the Valley, as it is at present but 250,000. When speaking of "the Valley" of the Amazon, we must not imagine two great slopes between which the river flows. It is one extensive even plain. Its slope from the Tabantiga to the Atlantic does not exceed two hundred and forty feet. The slope in one mile is but ten feet. Owing to the prevalence of the trade winds and the presence of such a great quantity of water, the climate is not excessively hot and is not exposed to such sudden changes as are witnessed here. The usual temperature is 84°; it seldom reaches 90°. The temperature on the banks of the river is generally 78°. The streams flowing from the forest are colder. The Professor then described many of the smaller tributaries, and entered into a lengthened account of the vegetation on their banks.—*Professor Agassiz's last Lecture.*

PARIS FASHIONS.—A recent letter from Paris says: "The most characteristic features of the present fashions certainly are the diminished size of the crinolines—if worn at all—and the slimness given to the appearance around the hips. The dresses are made excessively gored, quite tight in front, and gradually swelling out at the lower part, till forming a sharp-pointed train. These are intended for evening toilettes, and the fashion is more and more gaining ground of wearing, for out-of-door wear, short skirts, over a petticoat either similar to the upper one, or forming a contrast. In the latter case the body answers to the petticoat, the casaque, made *en sac*, being the same as the petticoat. Cotton velvets, called velveteens, are frequently made in this way, and are much worn. Black is more fashionable than ever, and when trimmed with colors and a profusion of jet, is now thought dressy enough for evening wear."

A MAN BURNED TO DEATH BY INTERNAL FIRE.—A well authenticated case of spontaneous combustion occurred in Columbus, forty miles south of Indianapolis, Indiana, Feb. 16th, 1867. Andrew Nolte, a German, very intemperate in his habits, was found dead in his shop, his lips entirely burned away, leaving a ghastly hole, his tongue charred to a crisp. His nose was also burned, as if by fire coming out of his nostrils, and his clothes were still burning when found. No other part of his body save the air passages was burned. Physicians who examined the body pronounce it a clear case of spontaneous combustion. It is supposed that the fire was communicated by attempting to light a cigar.

THOSE T'S.—Two terribly tired travelers toiled through tangled thickets, thickly thorned, towards the Taliturn turnpike, telling touching tales, theoretically told, to those that thought themselves thoroughly theoretical tacticians. Therefore, the throng that threw themselves thickening thitherward thought them Thespians. Thraso-like, they thundered thrasonically their thriftless threnodies. Thirsty, they tippled together. Their tractability told them tolerably tolerant. Their tortuosity, too, transfigured the Taliturnians timorously. The tokay that they took, trying the tavern table, told terribly—tinting, tinging, troubling their thoughts—till their tintinnabulary tones tortured the tired townsmen; they thereupon thrashed the tipsy tironian tyros through the town. Two trashy trappers, tugging two terrible tridactyle tigers, took three triennial tulips to the theological teachers there, telling them that theorems theoretically treated tended towards tiring the too thoughtful theologians; that therefore theology thetically tinctured thoroughly throttled the thin thesis that theophany throws theurgy to the thoughtless. Their tedious trifling teased the teachers terribly, though their theories taxed their theosophy throughout, therefore the turnkey took the two to the trap. The tonsor trimmed them tastefully. Their testimony taken tachigraphically tabooed them, till their taciturnity turned to the tallest talking. The tagrag thronged the taphouse talking theatrically. The tavern thronged, the town tattlers told tautological tales, ten times tensible, tense, terse, thickly tinged, titillating, tissued to tickle the thoughtless. The theatre took—"The Tempter's Toils" threw the theatre-tending town to transcendentalism. Thus the Taliturn turnpike tale terminates. Toll the tocsin! tell the treason! theological Taliturn taken theatrically! Tacitly taking the tale that the T's tell, thoroughly tried, Tottotethius turns triumphautly to the telic T.

SLEIGH-DRIVING.—Sleigh-driving is the one grand, unalloyed pleasure to be enjoyed in Russia. There is nothing to compare with a long, furious sweep in a good Russian sleigh, over hard, crisp, clean snow, wrapped in good furs. A great bear-skin is hanging over the back of the sleigh, and its apron, another bear-skin, covering your legs, while your feet, encased in fur galoches, rest on a doubled-up black Siberian curly sheep-skin; on your head is a fur cap, as tall and straight and round as a very large English hat without the rim, and your hands are buried four inches deep among the sable sleeves of your coat. As you lie easily back, thus comforted, under a clear, frosty, bright sky, the horses in graceful, silver-mounted harness, toss their heads, the bells tinkle merrily. The driver, in high wolf-skin cap and sheep-skin coat, over which he has drawn a handsome blue caftan, trimmed below the arms with silver-plated round buttons as large as little eggs, and with a large parti-colored sash bound around his waist, is a fellow all excitement, of one mind with the three wild horses, who tear on at whirling speed, dashing the crisp snow in showers from their hoofs, at times for a moment half blinding you with the finest, cleanest and whitest powder in the world. With these appliances, and as you see and feel them all, you know the luxury of sleigh-driving. I am not speaking of a drive through the streets of St. Petersburg, but a drive of thirty or forty miles over untrodden virgin snow through the forest, when trees are clothed in a dense fantastic foliage of hoar-frost, festooned with ten millions of stalactites, and when the pure, bracing air, as you rush through it, sends the blood tingling through your veins.—*Russian Life.*

A DOG'S MEMORY.—Professor Agassiz allows a liberal margin for believing that animals may reason, and the history of the dog shows many instances where a quality far subtler than instinct governs his actions. We have just heard of one to add to the number. Carlo, a dog of the pure St. Bernard breed, was stolen from a neighboring city some two or three years since, when about two years old, and was mourned almost as much as if it were a child that had been lost. Last week the family were much surprised to have Carlo rush in, very excited, with every exhibition of delight, wagging his tail in a furious manner, and saluting every one with a bark and a caudal flourish. Once domiciled he remained, nor denoted by any action his desire to return to the home he had left, wherever it might be. He was perfectly familiar at once with the scene and its details, as though he had never been away, and took his place at once as a returned member of the family. He has also visited his old friends around the neighborhood, and inquires, so far as looks go, for their health and happiness.

MATCHED.—A burglar was lately convicted in Brooklyn on the circumstantial evidence of an internal revenue stamp. The culprit had left the cover of a match-box on the premises, and he had in his pocket, at the time of arrest, the box itself, attached to which was the torn fragment of a revenue stamp. On placing the cover on the box the broken edge of the stamp fitted exactly; and on this proof the prisoner goes to the penitentiary for ten years.

THE London papers make a great fuss over five inches of snow. They had twenty-five feet at Meadow Lake, in this State, on the 10th of March.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

White & Bauer, *News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for* The Californian *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at reasonable rates.

J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1867.

THE McCRACKENS ABROAD.

IT is not a pleasant reflection for an American, that the complaints of such a vulgar, twaddling busybody as Mr. McCracken should have sufficient influence with our government to produce that unique diplomatic episode, the Seward-Motley correspondence. That the slightest attention should have been paid by an American Secretary of State to such a farrago of ignorance, conceit, and malice as McCracken's epistle containing the original charges against Mr. Motley, is a national disgrace. Upon the very face of the production, it was the emanation of personal spite. It required no unusual amount of perspicacity to divine at a glance the motives in which it originated, and even to form a tolerably accurate theory in regard to the nature of the grievances which the writer had suffered at the hands of the Minister. Mr. Seward, with his experience and knowledge of the position in which an American minister is placed at a foreign Court, could scarcely have failed to guess that the complainant was one of those coarse, purse-proud individuals who, because they have money enough for foreign travel, imagine themselves entitled to that consideration which mere wealth generally secures in this country, but which mere wealth cannot secure in European society, and that Mr. Motley had failed to bestow upon him all those attentions which he conceived his due. Pique was palpably at the bottom of the matter; and that the pique originated in some fancied slight or neglect—possibly in some refusal to afford McCracken more social countenance and social facilities than he had any right to expect—was, if not a natural, by no means a strained inference. Mr. Seward must often in the course of his residence abroad have come into contact with that class of his countrymen who expect their Minister to "take them round after dinner to see the king in a sociable way," and who regard any attempt to explain the difference that exists between the usages and etiquette of the White House and those of the Tuileries, as an indication of a bias in favor of "an effete and bloated aristocracy." He must have understood the class to which the writer belonged; and we fear that in paying any attention to his communication he was guilty of a deliberate act of demagoguism.

"Tens of thousands," says the New York *Nation*, in an article on the embarassments of American ministers abroad, "now cross the Atlantic every Spring, of whom three-eighths belong to a class which in no other country in the world possesses the means of making the 'grand tour,' or ever think of it. Of late years a very large proportion of the very wealthiest have been persons who have made fortunes rapidly, and to say the least are not attractive in mind or manners. They swarm now in every European capital, and having plenty of diamonds and shawls, and couriers and maids, they see no reason why the European salons should not be open to them. They are nearly always determined at all events to go to court, and to make the minister take them, and the unfortunate man in most cases dare not refuse." But merely being presented at court is not enough for many of them. They also want invitations to "the parties" at the "Tooleries" or the "Palace." Any disappointment in these unreasonable expectations is sure to be visited upon the head of the luckless diplomatist, in the shape of letters to the newspapers (if not to the Secretary of State) denouncing him as a flunkey and a snob.

It is barely possible, however, and we wish for Mr. Seward's sake that it could be made to appear as an established fact, that he acted in this matter in deference to the wishes of the President, and in opposition to his own. It is very easy to understand how Mr. Johnson should sympathize with McCracken's grievances, and feel honestly indignant at Mr. Motley's alleged infidelity to "our institutions," and his undemocratic respect for the usages and etiquette of aristocratic Courts.

The silly slanders against Mr. Bright, so industriously circulated by the less scrupulous portion of the Tory press, and which obtained some credit even in the United States, have been pretty thoroughly exposed by the correspondence between Mr. Garth and the Great Reformer, and by the demonstration of his work-people at Rochdale, twelve hundred of whom presented him with an address filled with expressions of respect, and denying with warmth the reports referred to. In his reply to the address, Mr. Bright said: "If it were true that we were the oppressors of those who live near us, and to whom we pay wages, *you* were the the oppressed....and if *we* were devoid of conscience, *you* were proved to be devoid of independence."

A LOFTY REVENGE.

WE observe that several of the Eastern journals are absurdly indignant over a very curious contribution to mathematical science, in the shape of a "New Algebra," by General D. H. Hill, of the late Confederate army. In this unique work, the chivalrous ex-warrior has hit upon one of the oddest devices for "getting even" with the victorious Yankees and soothing the mortification of defeat, that ever presented itself to the masculine mind; indeed, there is something so essentially feminine, both in the general conception and in the spirit and style in which it is carried out, that we are quite unable to resist the conviction that the idea was originally suggested to the gallant soldier, by some fair Secessionist, of the class whose patriotic zeal was so intense and so sensitive, that the mere sight of the blue uniform operated as an immediate provocative of expectoration. That the "Northern Abolitionists" would after the close of the war be vigorously berated both in prose and rhyme, by the less virile portion of their antagonists, was a thing to be expected by any one who has been brought to understand that the beldame element in human nature is pretty widely diffused, and is not exclusively the characteristic of the weaker sex. The "Bill Arps" and "Brick Pomeroys," and the whole tribe of the bright and shining lights of Confederate literature who have evinced so much energy and fertility of objurgatory eloquence in viturpeating the enemy whom they took care to keep out of the way of until the fighting was over—all these might have been predicted by any person of ordinary sagacity and knowledge of human nature; but that mathematical science could be pressed into the service, and a textbook of Algebra be made a vehicle for inculcating in the minds of the rising generation of the South the sacred duty of cherishing an undying hate and contempt for the Yankee nation—this is an idea the originality of which savors of indubitable genius. To this patriotic task, General Hill has devoted his intellectual energies. Having been debarred by the force of untoward circumstances from longer serving his country in the tented field, he laid aside the sword for the pen, and retiring to his study elaborated the whimsical work which seems strangely enough to have provoked the ire of certain very thin-skinned Northern journalists. We cannot resist the temptation to give a few amusing extracts:

Milk sells at Boston at *a* cents per quart. A milkman mixed a certain quantity of water with *b* quarts of milk, and sold the mixture at *c* cents per quart, without losing by the sale. What is the quantity of water added?

A Yankee mixed a certain quantity of wooden nutmegs, which cost him 1-4 cent apiece, with a quantity of real nutmegs, worth 4 cents apiece, and sells the whole for $43, and gains $3 75 by the fraud. How many wooden nutmegs were there?

At the "Woman's Rights Convention," held at Syracuse, N. Y., composed of 120 delegates, the old maids, childless wives, and bedlamites, were to each other as five, seven and three. How many of each class?

A gentleman in Richmond expressed a willingness to liberate his slave, valued at $1,000, upon the receipt of that sum from charitable persons. He received contributions from twenty-four persons; and of those there were 14 19 fewer from the North than from the South, and the average donation from the former was 4 5 smaller than that of the latter. What was the entire amount given by each? Answer—$50 by the North, $950 by the South.

The field of battle at Buena Vista is six and a half miles from Saltillo. Two Indiana soldiers (volunteers) ran away from the field of battle at the same time; one ran half a mile per hour faster than the other, and reached Saltillo five minutes 54 6-11 seconds sooner than the other. Required the respective rate of travel?

These specimens are amply sufficient to establish the author's claims to rank with the brightest "particular stars" of Confederate literature. "Bill Arp" can no longer be fairly considered "the greatest living Southern satirist," as his enthusiastic admirers delight to phrase it. In justice to the fair author, her name should not be withheld from her countrymen. The editor—for our theory is that the General is only the editor, though the modesty of genius has prevented the lady from placing herself in the foreground—should be too magnanimous to appropriate laurels that do not fairly belong to him.

The Napa *Register* is indignant with the *Bulletin* for its editorial allusion to the country papers as "the yelpers of the interior," a phrase which is certainly scarcely in keeping with the tone of dignified reserve that has generally characterized the *Bulletin*, at least the last year or two. The *Register* then proceeds to assert the usefulness and influence of the country press with much spirit, and concludes with the declaration that "the interior" intends to make the next Governor, and and that said next Governor will more than probably be Mr. Bidwell. So far as we can gather from our California exchanges, the disposition to press Mr. Bidwell's claims in a spirit not altogether free from provincial jealousy of San Francisco, is very general. So far as capacity is concerned either of the three gentleman named from this city in connection with the office is Mr. Bidwell's equal; while in respect of long, able, and fearless service in the ranks of the Union party, and of early identification with liberal and progressive ideas at a time when the profession of them was neither profitable nor popular, one at least of the three has claims far stronger than can be advanced for Mr. Bidwell.

[For the Californian.]

DREAMING.

Bright and wurm is the sunshine;
Soft is the air and balmy;
Scarcely a ripple ruffles the waters
That ebb in the placid bay.
The holy rest of the Sabbath
And its blissful quiet calm me,
As I lie alone on the beach, all idly
Musing the hours away.

Off in the harbor yonder
There lies a barque at anchor;
From the Indian seas she has brought a freightage
Of gums and spices rare;
Though her hull is worn and battered
And her sails from jib to spanker
Storm-rent and tattered, around her are scattered
Sweet odors upon the air.

And the perfumed zephyrs lull me
Into a trancéd vision
Of far away islands, clustered like jewels
That beauty's breast adorn;
Of never fading verdure,
And emerald vales Elysian,
Vine-festooned arbors and sweet flowers blushing
With the glorious tints of morn.

Of white bloomed orange gardens,
With parterres of red roses;
Of tangled thickets breathing the fragrance
Of cinnamon and spice;
Of nutmeg-trees and palm-trees,
Acacias and mimosas,
And groves where nestle bright golden pheasants
And birds of paradise.

Of a fair round valley inland,
Through which a streamlet dancing
Merrily murmurs a musical measure,
Till lost in a fairy lake,
On whose clear breast a sunbeam,
Entrancéd and entrancing,
Lies like a lover on a maiden's bosom,
Dreaming, and fearing to wake!

In that sequestered valley
So fair and calm and peaceful,
Willingly would I dwell forever
With only my loved ones near.
Oh, that were an existence
Supremely blest and blissful,
Where the restless world with its noise and tumults
Might never assail my ear!

But lo! my dream is ended,
For down from the bleak coast highlands
Angrily sweeps the wild sou'-wester,
Furious with storm and rain.
Vanished are all my visions
Of the beautiful far spice islands;
And I wearily wend my way to the city—
Back to my toil and pain.

San Francisco, March 17, 1867. John Clerk.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

A YEAR ago I loved her,
Then Love was in its Spring;
The buds were coyly op'ning,
Fearing cold blasts withering.

Next Love was in its Summer,
And the rich, warm flowers
Grew luxuriously and wanton,
O'er the once cool leafy bowers.

Soon Love was in its Autumn,
And its luscious fruits I ate;
With their juices I was drunken,
Yet not wearied until late.

Then Love was in its Winter,
And the horrid ice and snow
Buried Love—I thought, forever—
But I have not found it so.

Love was dead, but Love still liveth,
Another Spring has come;
Love arisen now appeareth,
Seeking in my heart a home.

Weep not for Love's past seasons—
When the old Love seems to die,
Frozen dead by chilly Winter,
Then bethink thee, Spring is nigh.

Ever dying, ever living,
Like the blossom, bud and tree,
Love has seasons, and oh, joyful!
'Tis Love's Summer now with me!

—Tremenheere Lanyon Johns.

Cobb & Sinton's Great Real Estate Sale.—On Tuesday next, March 26th, Messrs. Cobb & Sinton, Auctioneers, will sell at Platt' Hall eight hundred magnificent building lots, covering the finest part of the city, and embracing the well-known "Hudson Garden and Orchard Tract." The Bay-View Shell Road leads directly through the property, and the Potrero and Bay-View Horse Railroad, which will be completed by the 1st of July next, will connect these tracts, within a convenient distance, with the heart of the city. The title is impregnable, and those who wish to purchase homesteads will never have a better opportunity. The terms are—All sums over $600 one-fourth cash; one-fourth in one year; one-fourth in two years, and one-fourth in three years; all sums under $600 one-half cash, balance in one year: deferred payments secured by mortgage on the premises, and bearing interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, payable quarterly.

[For the Californian.]

MINING EXPERIENCES IN CALIFORNIA.

BY PRENTICE.

ONE of the most uninviting spots to the human eye is a bar—not a bar over which whisky is retailed by the the glass, but a bar on some auriferous stream, a bar covered with boulders and mud. In such a place did I first commence digging for gold in the great State of California. I struck the mines with fifteen dollars and twenty-five cents in my pocket; I left them some ten years afterward with nearly the same amount; the only difference being that the first named sum really belonged to me, while the last was borrowed. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The man who assisted me pecuniarily to get out of those places is now one of the Lord's creditors.

Not long in the mines did I waste in idleness. One day I beheld two men endeavoring to turn over a big boulder on Stony Bar. Stony Bar is on the Tuolumne River. The place may be known to but few at present, for years have elapsed since white men worked it. Like thousands of other bars in this State its dirt, stones and boulders have been turned over and over again, first by the Caucasian, and last by the Mongolian, in search of the precious metal. When I beheld those two men striving with the big stone, to use the parlance of the country, I "pitched in" and helped them turn it over. Then I inquired if they could take a partner. They hardly knew whether they wanted one or not, but finally concluded to take me in "just for luck." That was my first mining interest. I knew nothing of the business—couldn't use a long handled shovel properly, couldn't "rock the cradle," but I could pack buckets of dirt. That was all. The company was very poor. Our rocker, shovels, picks and other implements were borrowed; so were our blankets. Our provision was charged at a neighboring store, and it remains charged even unto this day. Of one partner there remains a faint recollection that he was not a white man. All else is veiled in obscurity and darkness. The other was a faded, elderly, melancholy individual in dungaree pants, a bursted straw hat with protruding hair and a faded bandanna handkerchief tied about his neck, very much tarnished owing to the frequency with which he blew and wiped and then wiped and blew his nose; for he had a perpetual cold, also three dogs and an old rifle. He was a forty-niner and had of course made and lost a dozen fortunes in the country. He borrowed a pair of the store-keeper's blankets, for it was melancholy to see such a man with such a cold sleeping uncovered by a fire at night; and he finally went off with them in a melancholy manner, without a word of thanks, apology or offer of pecuniary remuneration to the charitable store keeper. So endeth the first lesson.

Next I *creviced* with a Nova Scotian. Crevicing consists in digging out the auriferous earth from cracks and holes in the rocks along the river bank. Crowbars, picks, long handled spoons, crooked pieces of iron hoop, scrapers, brushes and pans, are all necessary in crevicing. Sometimes it requires half a day to get a single pan of dirt, but that may yield several dollars. It was a fine business in 'forty-nine and 'fifty, when nuggets were pried out with butcher knives, but the first comers speedily lapped up this golden crerm. In fifty-seven I discovered that crevicing involved labor in all sorts of uncomfortable positions, such as crawling into a horizontal hole and fishing out dirt from the further extremity with the spoon, the further end of the crevice being just out of reach, and always supposed to hold the richest pay. You lay on your back and scraped dirt in your face. You squatted for hours dragging infinitesimal doses of soil with a crooked iron, or lay down with your backboue to the hot sun ou a hot rock and baked while the right hand was digging up fistfulls of dirt. There is no end to the positions required in crevicing. My Nova Scotian and myself lived in a brush shanty. A level spot the size of a common table could nowhere be found. The only uniformity in the rugged precipitous ledge was its being all inclined at or near an angle of forty-five degrees. We lived in a perpetual slant. We slept on a slant, and were obliged to "chock" our feet at night with large stones to avoid sliding into the river. We subsisted on potatoes, bread and pork. Our potatoes often rolled into the river, and in fact almost everything that would roll or slide had a tendency to move in that direction. Thus for three weeks we lived in a sitting posture, for comfortable standing ground there was noue. Then came one night the first Fall rain. That was indeed a night of exposure and patient resiguation to the fury of the elements, for we were not even able to walk to keep the chilled blood in circulation. That wound up crevicing.

There I enjoyed the experience of being a partner with three other men in a bank or placer claim It was a claim of great expectations and small results; always promising a strike, and as regularly averaging from two and a half to four dollars per day. It was a claim calculated to develop a vast amount of patience in the science of waiting—waiting for water—a matter, by the way, in which every miner must have had more or less experience. A wire suspension flume conveyed to us water from the main ditch over the river. This flume was in a chronic state of break-down, whenever the ditch was not dry. By the way, we waited nearly a year for the construction of the flume, sustaining life and developing the country in the mean time by grubbing out from one to two dollars per day with pans and rockers. For six months after getting water our reservoir had a trick of breaking away at night. As a rule it was one day's work on the claim and two on the reservoir. Such labor was unsatisfactory in its results, yet it had to be done.

There was also no end of labor expended in the construction of tail races, setting sluices, getting ready to wash dirt. Betwixt all these delays we did not average more than half the time in the actual work of extracting gold from the dirt. And this is the history of three-fourths of California mining.

In the search for gold the labor unproductive of any profit has been sufficient to lay a railroad track from this to the Atlantic coast; and had the weary hours passed in unprofitable waiting been employed in its construction, the double track might also have beeu completed.

My three partners were Irishmen. The Irish are brave, patriotic and impulsive. The Irish mind when cultivated is brilliant, possessing many attractive qualities. I had to deal with three Irish minds in the husk. There is no doubt but that fifty or a hundred years of education and contact with intellectual society would have made model men of my three partners. But Fate had placed me at the wrong end of the hundred years, in so far as related to any pleasure to be derived from their company. Rich mines of mental wealth might have been hidden in their brains, but such treasure was at that time buried in unfathomable depths.

These three partners with one accord lifted up their voices and grumbled at me, because the claim did not meet their anticipations. I had unfortunately been too sanguine regarding its value; and they had been partly induced to invest their money and time owing to my representations. All that I had said I believed at the time. Such a spot had prospected three cents to the pan and a spot at the further end of the claim two cents, and in the bottom of a shaft sunk in the middle I had taken a bit "prospect" from the ledge, and it was quite natural to suppose that all the ground would yield in the same proportion. But it did not. Therein lay the grand trouble. It ought to have yielded handsomely. I used all my powers of reasoning to no purpose in endeavoring to convince the three partners of the injustice practiced ou us by that mineral ground after it had held out such flattering prospects. Yet they became more sulky and surly. "They hadn't seen no such prospects as some folks talked about; there had been a heap of blowing about that claim; they wanted to sell out and go to Cariboo." They made matters so disagreeable for me at last that I wished them in Cariboo, cold as it is said to be, and I hadn't then sufficient charity to have interposed to prevent them from going to any hotter place.

This experience taught me never to be sanguine in recommending any sort of business. No man has since that period been advised by me to invest in anything, let it promise what it may. You may produce mountains of shining gold, yet I would say, "Use your own judgment, my friend. Here are the facts and the probabilities so far as human reason can foresee. Thus and so would I do were I in your place, but don't rest on me entirely. I've been rested on to my grief."

The infection of selling out having seized my partners they sold. They sold to me. I bought one share for one hundred, one for one hundred and fifty, and the last for two hundred dollars. These shares were bargained for privately and separately with each partuer—hence the inequality in the price. The transaction over, the scale of prices demanded and given to each became known. Of course the hundred dollar man was not quite so well satisfied as the man who had received one hundred and fifty dollars; neither was he who had received one hundred and fifty so joyful in heart as he who had pocketed two hundred. The first two enjoyed a farewell grumble with me for having sold themselves out so cheaply, and then departed. The other partner was comparatively satisfied. He had received more money than his fellow beings.

I have noticed that a great amount of worldly pleasure is derived from this source. The immortal part of man finds a great deal of occupation in scheming and contriving how he may get a cent a pound more for his wheat, sugar and cotton than somebody else.

Sole proprietor of the claim, I was very well satisfied. I was divorced from three incumbrances, and head over heels in debt, since I had borrowed money from numerous poor but good-hearted miners, that this grand purchase might be accomplished. I next worked with Chinamen "on shares." Still the claim persisted in not paying. The Mongolians left in disgust. Calamities thickened. My boots wore out entirely. I went without boots. There was au unmerciful trader near by who had stores of boots, but none could I get of him without first handing over two-thirds more than their real value in dust or coin. And shortly afterward, while looking out for the interest of the country in the capacity of delegate from my precinct to the county convention, in a pair of borrowed boots, I was eaten out of house and home by the cows. This may sound strange to the inhabitauts of large towns and cities, but it is literally true. Years ago houses covered with cotton drilling were very common in the mines. I lived in such a house. Cows love cotton drilling, or rather they love to chew it, perhaps for the sake of the salt it contains. At all events, while I was a delegate to our country convention, elected to that dignity by reason of being the only person in our precinct who could read and write, the cows ate up my house. I returned and found my hearth desolate. More—they ate up all my flour and potatoes. They chewed into rags my blankets and the scanty stock of garments left behind. Nor was this all. Adding insult to injury, they had committed indignities in every direction.

The heavens at this period seemed of brass, owing to complication of financial difficulties enhanced by vaccine ravages. The store of the milk of human kinduess in one breast—for cows—was entirely exhausted.

About this time I suffered the pangs of an experience in the hog business. A small drove—in fact, to come down to the naked truth, a moderate litter—of pigs, including their maternal relative, were offered for sale at a very low figure. Revelling already in the dignity of being sole owner of a tract of mineral land, I coveted also that of a stock raiser. A train of half developed ideas shot through my brain which might be thus expressed: Hogs—climate favorable to increase—cost nothing to keep—increasc like compound interest. So I borrowed more money and bought the family. For a few days they were the pride of my heart, and in imagination I saw the valleys and plains covered with forthcoming hogs and pigs. In my engrossing desire for the accumulation of wealth I cured nothing for the ravages to be wrought by my thousands of hogs on our valley, so beautiful in the springtime, carpeted with green and chequered with wild flowers. I cared nothing if the few springs and tiny rivulets, so rare in the hot hills of California and so welcome to the traveler, were converted into pools and streams of filth for hogs and pigs to wallow in. I was justly punished for my selfishness. As soon as the maternal hog became acquainted with the neighborhood she organized her progeny into a guerilla band, and commenced one continued series of forays on the dwellers round about. They lived well for a time; better, indeed, than the miners, for they broke into the cloth-covered houses and feasted on the flour and beans. Irate men came to me at noon, saying that my swine had devoured their dinners left in the morning on the fire to cook—had dragged and eaten half baked bread from Dutch ovens. I apologized in vain. Our small community was in a porcine ferment. They threatened to shoot. I suppose they shot, for the herd gradually diminished in numbers. At a sort of impromptu mass meeting held at my house, I contended that my hogs had a natural right to roam the plains in search of sustenance. The sentiment of the community was, however, adverse.

It is quite useless to reasou with men upon abstract questions of right and wroug, where such questions endanger the security of their bread and butter—especially where burglarious hogs enter into the discussion.

Then my swine pestered me by day and disturbed my rest by night with their squealing. They slept in a pile close to the house. There was ever a constant struggle the livelong night. The little pigs on the outside of the pile wished to secure a central position. The nights were cool and frosty, and the inside was warmer than the outside. Finding that the hog business agreed with me neither mentally or physically, I sold out after a two months' fearful experience. So ended my struggles for wealth with the hog considered as a quadruped. It could not be well left out in my mining experience, so closely is it interwoven in that lamentable history.

I have mined in the river also. I worked four months one Summer with four men, endeavoring to divert the Tuolumne from its natural course, that we might get all the treasure supposed to be locked up in its bed. The occupation was not a very diverting one, nor did the Tuolumne seem much diverted by our labors. There was a constant strife between us and the river, and finally the river conquered. I know that claim must have been possessed by a devil. When the "head dam" was not leaking the "foot wall" was, and when these two were stopped the "side walls" commenced similar operations. The largest leaks always started just as we were about to quit work and get our suppers. Then ensued a grand conflict and two or three hours of sand packing and sand dumping into the insatiable maw of the Tuolumne. River claims require to be kept free from water by constant pumping, the motive power being generally furnished by undershot water wheels. Our claim was thus equipped, but the devil who presided over its destinies filled the pumps with sand once in twenty four hours, generally at midnight. Then he sent sticks and logs down the river to break the floats of the wheel. A sudden rise filled us up with water just as were ready to take out "pay dirt." Two weeks were occupied in getting *in statu quo* again. The ground had been partly worked the previous season. It was said that a rich bank had been left. We found no such bank. It must have been moved down stream by the Fall freshet. What dirt we were able to get at was wheeled out on the river side. It was our intention to get out as much as possible before the rains set in, and then wash it out at leisure. And finally the rains descended and the winds blew, the river come down and also came up even higher than the piles of "pay dirt," and washed them entirely away. If I recollect rightly, something like eight dollars was realized from the claim. All this time debts for board and clothes and boots had been accumulating.

I mention boots again because they are a fearful and expensive necessity in the mines. Clothing can in a great measure be dispensed with; for a pair of dungaree pants and a gray woolen shirt will last a man a year; or, if poverty precludes the purchase of these articles, you may array yourself in a gunny bag, or even go as you came into the world, excepting boots. One must have boots. And here it is proper that a voice should be raised in condemnatiou of the feeble things in the shape of boots palmed off by designing speculators upon the being once known as the "honest miner." They are mere delusions, ofttimes with no more leather in their soles than honesty in the hearts of the manufacturers. It is time that shoemakers here and elsewhere were disabused of the idea that the sole mission of California miner is to wear out their worthless boots.

The river claim terminated disastrously. Indeed, it commenced with a bad omen, for on the first day one of our boys was bitten in the hand by a rattlesnake while turning over a boulder. To save his life we made him druuk on bad whisky, which came near killing him, for he was not a steady drunkard and his insides could not accommodate themselves at once to an inferior article.

The snake died. And at the last washing away of everything everybody took to whisky to cure the bite of disappointed hopes. But such was the custom on the river ten years ago.

Some day I will tell you something about my operations in quartz.

A PARENTHESIS OR TWO.

"LOVE me, love my dog." A wise adage, I dare say. I don't at all mind their loving me, but I have the strongest objection to their loving my dog—when, as in this instance, my dog is represented by my wife. I am an old bachelor just returned from my honeymoon, and I should be intensely happy under such circumstances, were it not that the men who, until now, have contented themselves with loving me (and it is bare justice to them to mention that they never made their affection for me unpleasantly conspicuous), have now taken to loving my wife. I can never go out without the conviction that, on my return, I shall probably find that Tom, Dick, or Harry, of my bachelor days, has just dropped in to see his old friend, and that, finding me from home (T., D., and H. cannot be taught to remember my club nights), the obliging visitor has remained to enjoy a gossip with my pretty wife.

And the worst of it is, she *likes* it! She laughs and pouts, and declares she is never sure of having a minute to herself; but she doesn't care to have a minute to herself, or she could have it, and would have it. Is "Not at home" so hard to say? (She has already caused it to be said to some of my relations; I know that.)

But she *is* such a little humbug (I suppose all women are to a certain extent). I believe coquetry to be innate with her. In her infancy she had her baby lovers, one of whom she would always contrive to render so sulkily miserable for an afternoon, that the unfortunate little aspirant for her favors would be put in the corner for "Temper" by his nurse, while the fair cause of the fault and punishment would play with the brother of the wretched victim before his eyes, lavishing on his rival her sweetest smiles, and behaving altogether with the grace of an angel. And as she grew up, my stars, how she grew in grace, grew in beauty, and grew in coquetry! At fifteen she was the most finished little flirt, the most heartless little humbug, I ever saw. (Is heartless too strong an expression? No. I verily believe she had no such thing as a heart during our courtship. She could have had none, or she could never have witnessed my sufferings with such consummate indifference. It was not so much that I suffered because I could never find out whether she really loved me or not, as that I suffered because I could never feel sure that she did not love half a dozen others as well. Hateful and heartless! Then why did I marry her? *I* don't know. Don't ask *me*.)

But she has the prettiest and most loving ways that ever beguiled a man into matrimony; she has the sweetest smile, the most enchanting laugh, the most caressing voice that ever drove man to distraction. (But these charms should be reserved exclusively for me, and they are not.) Her face (I love it) is as bright and sunny when raised towards Jack as when raised towards me. And yet Jack didn't marry her. (I suspect Jack regrets that he didn't; or why does he drop in so very often now?)

I put it to any one. Can it be a pleasant thing for me, when I come home tired and—well, suppose I say cross—to find my wife sitting back in a low chair, warming her feet by the fire (she has uncommonly pretty feet), with her hair done up with cherry colored ribbons (she knows she looks best in cherry-colored ribbons, for Jack is always telling her so), her lips parted and her blue eyes eager with suspense, looking full up at Jack as he reads to her? True, when I come in she beams at me, and makes room for my chair by her side, and the book is allowed to close, and the conversation (I always think conversation with three so stupid!) becomes general, till Jack finds out (what I am convinced he would never have discovered if I hadn't come in) that it is getting late, and takes his departure. The instant he is gone, up springs my wife, wheels my easy-chair round to the fire, warms my slippers, scorching her pretty face sadly the while, rings for tea (I dare say she and Jack have had tea), and then, drawing a stool close to my side, clasps her hands before me, in the old winning attitude that first took my heart by storm years and years ago, when my darling was but a child (a child, and what is she now?), and says, "And now, dear, that that stupid bore is gone, tell me what you have been doing all day." (Now what, I ask, is any one to say to such a charming little humbug?)

I had meant to talk very gravely to her about her conduct towards my so-called friends (particularly Jack,) and I had even concocted a sentence beginning with, "You must really think seriously, my dear——" but it is of no use, when things come to this pass. I can't look at her and scold her (and she takes very good care I shan't scold her without looking at her), so the subject drops, as all subjects do drop when she is by, and I luxuriate in my easy-chair and warm slippers, and, gazing on my pretty wife as she flits about the room like a household fairy as she is, feel that I am blest among men. (But this state of things is not calculated to last. The next evening finds Jack in his old place, his abominable face undeniably good-looking as ever.)

He is fresh, open, and good-tempered is Jack (why in the name of fate shouldn't he be good-tempered when talking to my wife?), and his honest eyes (these fellows always have honest eyes) express unqualified admiration of *my* wife. Mine! (Let me say it again, it does me good; *my* wife, Jack; a dozen times over, mine.) While she on her part has to-night discarded the cherry-colored ribbons, and has come out all over blue ribbons (I wish Jack wouldn't alter his taste in ribbons so often, it makes our bills high), and is altogether most bewitching.

What am I to do? I can't prevent her looking lovely (and I wouldn't if I could). I can't stop the supplies. I can't snip away those distracting ribbons. Sooner than resort to such measures, let all the Jacks ever heard or thought of, drink my wines, read my paper (I wish Jack *would* read the papers more when he comes; he knows nothing of politics), or sing themselves hoarse to my wife's sweet accompaniment! (Still if I *could* think of any half measure that would prevent Jack from giving us more than, say five evenings a week of his valuable time, I should feel it a relief.

I have an idea! (I dare say my wife does not think me capable of it, but I have.) Jack likes pretty women (I have a tolerably good proof of this every day of my life); suppose I introduce him to one. I know one who is, *strictly* speaking (though I have never found any one who thought so), far more beautiful than my wife. I will take Jack there, this very night, and see if she can't act as a corrective to the blue and red ribbons. I mention it to Jack. He doesn't see it, of course (I never expected he would); but he consents to go with me, and he goes. She *doesn't* act as a corrective to the blue and red ribbons (of course she doesn't; he's much too far gone for that). Jack says she's not "*his* style" (*his* style is probably at the moment flirting furiously with Dick of my bachelor days), and the evening is a failure.

We both come away in a bad humor (not an uncommon occurrence in my case, by-the-by), and bear with us invitations to an approaching ball; to which, of course, she will wish to go. She does wish to go; she says it will be "delightful." When the night arrives, she appears in complete ball room attiré, like a——("Vision of light," Jack very kindly remarks.)

Talk of her beauty (though it's really worth talking of) in her every-day ordinary dress (if any dress ever looked ordinary on her), what is it then to what it is now! Well! She looks very lovely in her feathery whiteness, and I am very proud of her, and should be quite willing to go to this or any other ball and see her enjoy herself as much as she could, poor child! (were it not that, down stairs, waiting for us, is—Jack). Jack! In the most dandified "get up," with the most irreproachable tie, and in his hand the most exquisite bouquet of white camelias. (They are not for me, but perhaps the next best thing to a present for oneself should be a present for one's wife.) I say nothing (chiefly because I have nothing to say), and we set off. My wife says, "*should* I mind going outside, because her dress *does* take up so much room?" I don't mind, and I go outside.

They (Jack and my wife) are dancing their seventh round dance. I feel that to-night either Jack or I will go mad (and that it won't be Jack). I make a last effort. I tell my wife that I feel unwell, and hint that I should like to return home. She is goodness itself. She is so sorry! The heat of crowded ball-rooms is the worst thing possible for a headache. I must go home at once; I need not feel the least uneasy about her. Jack will see her home. (Will he? Not if I know it.) I sit on. There they go again, gallop the eighth. (I wish people would take to dancing alone—hornpipes, for instance—I could then be content to sit and look on for any length of time. How young she looks, how unutterably fair, with her blue eyes shining, and her soft hair pushed from her flushed cheek!)

The evening comes to an end at last, and I take my little wife home (and listen to her innocent laughter and girlish glee, with a thankful heart, for my darling is as open and as pure as the day). Still I must take some measures (for Jack's sake).

Poor Jack! I think about it all the rest of the night, and I hit upon a little plan to show Jack that my little wife's pretty ways and carressing manners are natural to her, and inseparable from her, and are bestowed on others as freely as on him.

I coax Dick (that is, I mention it to Dick, who jumps at the idea) to come and spend an evening with us. He arrives about ten minutes before Jack's usual hour for appearing, and I put him and my wife down at the piano (which means that I do nothing of the kind, but that they establish themselves at that instrument, and I don't interfere). Jack arrives. Jack evinces astonishment, bewilderment, discomfiture. Sitting back on the music stool, accompanying without a book, for her blue eyes are raised above the level of the music-desk, is my wife, while over her leans Dick, singing with the greatest expression the burden of Balfe's popular song: "Then you'll remember me." Jack is sulkiness itself all night, and provokingly proof against all my little wife's attempts to flatter him into a more social state of mind. He takes his leave early, and confides to me at parting that he thinks he shall go abroad; "for after all, old fellow," he says, "there is nothing to be done in England." I agree with him, and hint that I would like to know in what part of the world he thinks there *is* anything to be done, when he replies, still sulkily busy with his great-coat, "It's all one; I don't suppose there's anything to be done anywhere." I retort, "Well, good-bye, old chum, if you really mean it. I suppose when you come back you'll be bringing your wife with you—some foreign beauty, to startle the natives." Jack catches hold of my arm, and in the tone of one who delivers a new idea, says, "But what is beauty?" (rather good that, from Jack), "and besides—all women are humbugs."

So Jack goes off (and I cannot but feel glad at Jack's departure). Absence will be very good for Jack, I know. Whereas, for me!—How happy I am as I resume the thread of my honeymoon, and feel that there is none now but myself to admire (I conveniently ignore Dick) the sweet face of my pretty wife!—*All the Year Round.*

MEN'S VANITY.

WITH regard to this very subject of vanity, men's notions about themselves, and women's views on the same point, are, according to our experience, considerably at variance. Women probably, we may almost say certainly, when their sex is accused of vanity, will acknowledge "the soft impeachment." They have heard it asserted very often; and it may be that every woman in her heart knows that there is something with regard to which she cherishes a little vanity. But men, if charged with being vain, will roundly deny it. This does not, however, diminish in women the conviction that the vanity exists, notwithstanding all disclaimers.

Take the vanity of dress. That women should be careful to dress as well as others is often given as an instance of their vanity. Are there no men to whom the length or width of a coat, the placing of the buttons, the set of a shirt-front, the width and shape of a collar, the fashion of a neck-tie, are objects of unceasing anxiety? The time which women spend in arraying themselves has often been made matter of reproach. But it is within our knowledge that men will spend more than an hour in dressing for a dinner-party. If a woman spends much time in getting herself up we have at least a work of art as the result of the painstaking; but a man after it all is but a creature in no wise distinguishable from all the others of the sex at any social gathering, and the vanity is more unpardonable, seeing that the result is so ineffective.

Closely connected with this is the vanity of personal appearance. No woman consults their glass with more anxiety than do many men. Wrinkles and gray hairs are grievous to them; and the restorative arts of the beautifiers are devoted exclusively to the service of the fair sex. Do not men grieve when they begin to lose their good figure? Do they not subject themselves to tortures in the matter of boots? Are all those beards and moustaches cultivated and kept in order without thought; and is there no exultation when these appendages are abundant, and of the desired color and texture? What pains must be taken that the line which divides men's "back hair" may be straight! Double glasses and pairs of brushes, contortions of body and much agony of mind, must all be brought into requisition before the desired effect is accomplished.

Then there is the vanity of influence over the other sex. When a woman possesses influence over men she is always conscious of it, and uses it or not, as she likes, without making much fuss. If she does not possess it, however, she does not go about under the delusion that she has the power if she only chose to exert it. But with men the case is totally different. As "lords of the creation" they feel they ought to have influence; and we never met with a man, however mean and insignificant, who was not firmly impressed with the notion that, if he so willed it, all the women of his acquaintance would be "at his feet." Of course men do not go about saying it in so many words. They would only get ridiculed for their pains, if the notion found vent in outward expression. But the idea is there, and women are aware of it, and they perhaps laugh a little at the notion, and the vanity of it.

There is also the vanity of opinion—perhaps we ought to say infallibility of opinion. Occasionally women dogmatize; but they are in most cases ready to admit that there are subjects about which they do not know everything. But, when men utter an opinion, they seem to consider it final: and that any one who disagrees with them is either a knave or a fool. They may not say so, but it is evident they think it.

We need hardly draw attention to the vanity of sex in which men indulge. That they are men, and therefore superior, is a fact which they not only feel but are so constantly bringing up that one begins half to suspect, that a thing which needs such perpetual reiteration is not, after all, so sure a ground for self-laudation as it appears to be.

AMONG the wonders at the Paris Exhibition will be an ambulatory Chinese restaurant, made of bamboo, and borne on the shoulders of a Celestial. It is an institution complete in itself, and is to be seen everywhere in China where workmen are congregated. It serves a hot cutlet or a fried fish for a few farthings.

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THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR superior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries. *

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MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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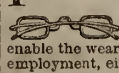

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COLORING, CLEANING AND RESTORING OF FEAthers, Kid Gloves, Silks, Woolens, Furs, etc., has removed to the new building of the "MECHANICS' INSTITUTE," opposite the old stand, 25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

☞'RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA' for sale as usual.

BILLIARDS *CUE* RIOUSLY CONSIDERED.

BY HARRY POMEROY.

"Would you like to play a game?" you ask of some party in the hall.

"Well—I don't know--yes—I'll play *one* game. I don't play much of a game though—never did.

"I'm all out of practice—nothing but a 'scrub' player at best.

"However, I'll try yon one. I don't think I've played a game for three months."

This response you'll get nine times out of ten, and nine times out of ten you'll get beat, and you may play a very fair game too. It is one of the idiosyncrasies of players to rate themselves low in your estimation. One gets the conceit taken out of him in this way. Playing with four different parties one evening, who all to a man reiterated the above, as nearly as possible, I was beaten by the lot. They all laid over me heavy.

They all allowed I played the best game, but somehow or other, they beat me. They were lucky, they said. It was flattering to my skill, but rather flattening to my wallet, and not very agreeable to my feelings. I noticed they kept playing pretty regularly after that night, probably to get into practice again.

Billiards is a handy game to have in the house, and is countenanced by the first families of fashion.

Some of America's young shoots know more about the billiard table than they do about the multiplication table.

It is popular with the fair sex, more so than foot ball, and many of them play a fair game. They like it on account of the "matches" frequently made, and the "kisses" they often meet with. It's a spicy game with them, as they always play with the "mace."

It is popular with misers, as there are many chances to "play safe into the pockets." Gold miners like it also, on account of the "pockets."

There is a deal of "angle" to the game, and those fond of fishing patronize it.

There are many jokes cracked while playing this game, but one can always see the "points."

Artists like it, as there are many chances to "draw;" likewise detectives, as they can "spot" and "follow."

It isn't a rough and tumble game. It is rather a voluptuous game than otherwise, rolling over the "beds" and striking against "cushions."

Builders like it on account of being so near "slate and marble beds;" so do likewise tombstone manufacturers.

It isn't popular with sportsmen, as no "foul shot" is counted.

Those fond of the society of the fair sex like it, as many "misses" are met with.

Bankers like it on one account, as they can "discount" freely; when heavy runs are made on them, it is rather disheartening.

It isn't a popular game with the author of "Griffith Gaunt," as he don't admire "Round Table" shots.

The four ball game is not popular with Jews—the "three ball" game is their forte.

It is popular with hotel keepers, on account of the *inn*ings.

Billiard players and men sentenced to be hung feel somewhat different about coming to the end of the "string."

The former like it, and the latter don't.

To those who are troubled with any *cue*taneons affliction, it affords frequent opportunities to "scratch."

Children don't have to go out of the house which contains a billiard table, to play on the "green."

It is not popular with Fenians, as there is a deal of "English" connected with it.

Take it all in all, it is a *cue*rious game.

I like it myself better than any other game outside of woodcock, canvass backs, or draw poker.

There are several in this country who have reached a high degree of perfection in it.

Phelan has always had an intense *feelin'* for the game.

The brothers Dion are death on billiards, so to speak. They live, and probably will *die on* billiards.

Deery has cost many of them *dear* y.

Some play the game rashly, and exhibit much excitement. Others are *Eaton* their way along steadily, and *May* become top sawyers in a *Little* while if they continue to *Foster* the game.

Kavanagh don't like to *cave I know* to any of them.

There are others that ought *Tobin* mentioned, but they don't come to me.

Most of the players seen in the saloons don't play as good a game as the above mentioned, owing no doubt to their being "out of practice," and "not having played for three months."—*Boston Sunday Times.*

THE GREAT

New England Remedy!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

White-Pine Compound!

IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery Street, cor. Clay, San Francisco

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1866.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

MASONIC TEMPLE,

Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!

Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

WILSON & EVANS,

No. 513 Clay street,
Importers and Dealers in

FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Ponches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

WILSON & EVANS.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

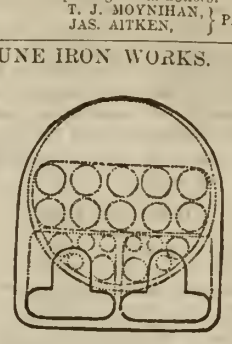
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, JAS. AITKEN, } Proprietors.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



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MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER WORKS.

KITTREDGE & LEAVITT,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fire Proof Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.,

Corner Fremont and Market street, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of Second Hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Also, manufacture to order the California Burglar and Fire-Proof Safe, with the Burglar's Lock invented by Mr. W. C. Bussey, of Jackson, Amador county, Cal. No Key required to open this State. It is done by Mathematica Calculation. Call and examine for yourselves, at our Works,

THIS LOCK PUT ON SAFES NOW IN USE

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL, JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

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Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight, without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

GEO. T. CASEBOLT & CO.,

Importers of

Hardwood Lumber,

ALL KINDS OF

Carriage and Wagon Materials, Coach Trimming and Hardware.

315 PINE STREET,
cor. Sansome, San Francisco.

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SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Simon, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st.
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 524 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 429 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 656 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gostave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kobler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOODAND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Graly, 860 Howard street.

Skating Extraordinary.—The Cedar Hill Skating Park was crowded with the *elite* and beauty of the city, she cause of the gathering being the skating match for the championship of the city, announced to take place at four o'clock. At the time appointed the contestants for the championship entered their names. They were ten in number. At four o'clock exactly the trial of skill began, and each one of the youths went through his performances with great skill and remarkable dexterity. One of them wrote the alphabet on the ice with his skates almost as fast as a person could recite it. Another wrote a verse from the Bible; a third drew a likeness of Butler; a fourth marked out "the path of prosperity;" a fifth drew a picture of a dog leading a blind man; but the sixth one capped the climax. He drew a glistening promissory note for $10, and marked out the place for the revenue stamp to be stuck on it; he then wrote out an affidavit that he was entitled to the premium, and whirling quickly dropped on his base on the ice on the affidavit, but rose to his feet at once, leaving on the meltable document a stamp as near like a notary public stamp as could be. After these exploits the judges put their heads together and awarded the premium to F. Lamoot. Certificates were awarded to Henry Price, L. C. Robinson and J. G. Speed. —*Louisville Courier.*

The Value of Silence.—Deep and powerful souls adjust everything in silence, and make no noise with their doings and with themselves, They go their way like the works of nature. In deep silence the sun ascends the heaven; silently sinks the night down upon the earth. What prepares itself in greater stillness than the reawakening of nature, and what is mare glorious than the Spring?

The Passaic Falls, the *Press* says, present a magnificent appearance. The great crevasse is nearly filled with frozen ice and snow, which clings to the rocks in solid masses, presenting the appearance of a river frozen in falling over a rock.

An exchange tells us of an editor who went soldiering, and was chosen a captain. One day at parade, instead of giving the orders, "Front face, three paces forward," he exclaimed: "Cash, two dollars and a half, in advance."

Medical.—"Young Man's Friend and Protector," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should luform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the Acruary, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will he furnished with Prospectus.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE
AND
TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE,
MECHANICS' INSTITUUE BUILDING,
Post Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

This institution is designed to prepare Boys and Men
FOR BUSINESS PURSUITS,
And to impart a thorough
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.
It is conducted upon thorough business principles. The student, upon entering the college,
IS FURNISHED WITH A CAPITAL IN CASH and MERCHANDISE,
rents a place of business, opens an account with the bank, insures his goods in the insurance office of the College, and enters upon the arena of business. He
COMMENCES SPECULATION,
Carrying out all the details of trade—buying and selling goods, depositing in and checking from the Bank, making and negotiating notes, drafts, bills of exchange, etc., recording the transactions and keeping the books in a regular and scientific manner. From this he advances to other capacities, until he finally takes his position in the
PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE BANK,
A regularly established institution, complete in all its appointments, and having a circulation of
ONE MILLION IN COLLEGE CURRENCY.
This course saves from four to six weeks time in copying useless manuscripts.

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The large and increasing demand for good Telegraph Operators has induced us to organize a separate department for thorough instructions in this branch, and we are enabled now to present advantages in this line equal to any that can be afforded on the continent. Several instruments are in operation, and others will be added as the occasion requires. So great is the demand for Operators, that no young man, well qualified, need want a situation. A skillful and accomplished Operator has charge of the departments, and will devote his special attention to the advancement of the students under his charge.

There is no vacation, and students can enter upon any business day during the year. The public are invited to call and examine the various Departments. Sessions day and evening. For circulars and further information, address

JAMES VINSONHALER, President.

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FIRST PREMIUM 1857 1858 1864 1865
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GREAT TRIUMPH!
STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

Splendid Presents
TO SEND ABROAD.
STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS
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California Scenery!
A SERIES OF OVER
ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!
ILLUSTRATING
The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NATURE,
And Published by
LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
317 & 319 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
N. B.—CATALOGUES containing a complete LIST OF VIEWS, sent to any part of the world, FREE of POSTAGE.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE,
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

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Machinist,
Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Asphaltum Roofing.
PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of
Asphaltum Work,
Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco.

WILLIAM BRODIE,
California Foundry,
FREMONT STREET, NEAR MARKET,
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LIGHT AND HEAVY CASTINGS
Of every description, made to order.
Special attention paid to all kinds of HOUSE WORK, PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL.

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FINE CLOTHING,
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Gents' Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO.

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NOW IS THE TIME
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.
Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

AT THE REGULAR
RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES
C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.
WHOLESALE PRICES.
☞We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

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Headley's Great Work!
The only book issued on our NAVY during the Rebellion. Agents find no competition.
FARRAGUT AND OUR NAVAL COMMANDERS,
Comprising Popular Biographies of our Naval Heroes, by Hon. J. T Headley, the distinguished Author and Historian—complete in one large volume—handsomely illustrated in steel. The best paying Agency of the day.
In connection with this work our Agents can take orders for five of Headley's Standard Works, Call or send once for Circulars and Terms.
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BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
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STEAM ENGINE WORKS
Beale Street, near Mission, San Francisco.
STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.
HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,
Portable Engines of all sizes,
Donkey Pumps, Etc., Etc., Etc.
The attention of the parties engaged in shipping or inland navigation is called to the
SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP
of Mr. LOCHHEAD, who has been in the business in San Francisco for the last fourteen years and enjoys the reputation of having built ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN STEAM ENGINES.
Screw Propellers of all kinds, and Steam Boat Machinery generally, made to order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in every particular.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE,
No. 223 Bush Street,
Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.
☞HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.
Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
W. DUNBAR, Proprietor.

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Beer and Wine Saloon,
Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
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A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - Proprietor
ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

L. G. SCHORD,
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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fine
Wines, Liquors and Segars,
NO. 534 MERCHANT ST.,
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Good Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Families and Clubs supplied on Short Notice.

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LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets, San Francisco.

ASTREDO EXCHANGE,
No. 635 Washington Street,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House,
FINE IMPORTED WINES, LIQUORS
Native Wines and Bitters, English Ale and Porter.
Hot Lunch Served from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.
A. ASTREDO, - - - PROPRIETOR

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
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Car *States Mail via Nicaragua!*
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TAYLOR,
AN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,
HARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
M *MARCH 25th, 1867.*
Connecti with the magnificent Steamship
SANTIAGO,
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.
The AMERICA will sail on April 15th.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets
Up stairs, San Francisco.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.
IS A CONCENTRATED extract of the choice root, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effectual antidote for diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. Such a remedy is surely wanted by those who suffer from strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove, as this has, of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found in the following complaints:
Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, etc.
Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this Sarsaparilla, and the patient is left in comparative health.
Female diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are often soon cured by this Extract of Sarsaparilla.
Do not discard this in valuable medicine, because you have been imposed upon by something pretending to be Sarsaparilla, while it was not. When you have need Ayer's—then, and not till then, will you know the virtues of Sarsaparilla. For minute particulars of the diseases it cures, we refer you to Ayer's American Almanac, which the agent below named will furnish gratis to all for it.
Ayer's Cathartic Pills, for [illegible], Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Disordered Stomach, Pain, or Morbid Humors, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Dysentery, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, and
They are sugar coated, so that they may take them pleasantly, and they are the best cathartic in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.
Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco, and all Dealers

NIGHT AND MORNING.

A NEW VERSION—NOT BULWER'S.

It is really shameful, dearest,
You shonld scold me for last night,
When my accents were the clearest,
And my tie was neat and right.
For my liquor with dilution
Of mnch water, I had ta'en,
And the "U. S. Constitution"
I could utter very plain.

I am jolly, too, this morning,
And not "chippy" in the least,
Thoughts of "pick-me-nps" I'm scorning,
And my breakfast was a feast.
You forgive me?—tell your daughter
Then to bring, if it be handy,
Just a single soda-water—
And a tiny spot of brandy!

THE VICISSITUDES OF A FOX HUNT.

The London *Court Journal* has the following account of a wonderful fox hunt in Yorkshire: "Frost and snow have sent the Nimrods of Yorkshire into forced inaction, and there seems at present no immediate prospect of a resumption of sport. The last run with the Sinnington, the day preceding the break in the weather, was of a very remarkable nature, being exciting and lndicrous, by tnrns, for upward of ten hours, the back lanes and yards of Kirby Moorside being hunted long after dark. The meet was at Tylas Bridge, and a fine hunting morning secured a large field. Kirkdale Wood and Cauldron Mill Whin were drawn blank; but there was 'music' on Skiplan Plain, and a fine fox broke cover and rattled away by Rawton Tower to Balm Hagg earths, where none were open, so he turned to the left for Brobkil Whin, and then by the river side to a by-earth. The field were quickly extemporized into 'navvies,' and pick and shovel became the order of the day. Reynard had earthed so effectively that it was 3:30 P. M. when he was reached, a trench by this time having been cut nine feet deep and ten yards long. The master, Mr. Kendall, drew him out and turned him at liberty, giving him a fair start. Off he went on a most extraordinary career, leading the field a rattler for Sleightholme Dale, where he turned for the open, and forward to Tadmoor, thence to Hagg Wood, and back to Skiplan earths, but found no shelter. The scent being good and the hounds in full cry, Reynard was forced into the river at Couldron Mill, which he swam for two hundred yards down, thus baffling the pursuers for a time. By this time the field had thinned, as night came on, but Parker and a few choice spirits remained, determined not to give in. The hounds were soon on the line again, and Reynard rattled away to Robin Hood's Hole, and then to Kirby Moorside town, where he entered some farm premises, and from a wagon mounted the roof of a barn, from which he coolly surveyed the host of men, hounds and curs by which he was quickly surrounded. Reynard refnsed to be captured, and at a bonnd clearing the rnck, he took across numerous gardens, and eventually sheltered beneath the dress of a young woman in an out-house. This caused some commotion, and Reynard being dislodged, made his way to the Market-place, from whence he was for a time lost. Supposing the day's sport ended, Parker and a few of the remaining hunters repaired to the King's Head, where, on riding into the yard, Reynard was encountered. In the dark the chase recommenced, again through gardens and back yards. At last Reynard songht refuge in the Parsonage grounds, surrounded by walls 10 feet high, the level being below the high ground outside. Now knowing this, Parker jumped over and turned a somersault before reaching *terra firma*, but, though stunned, was on his legs again and after the game. A sensation of a different kind just then happened. A member of the hunt who had been out all day ventured on a leap in the dark, and landed in a water butt. Excitement was only increased by accidents, and Reynard took them afresh over walls and gardens into the streets again, and was eventually lost. Next morning, however, it was found that he had earthed in a hole of the roof of a thatched cottage, where he remained during the night, and, being disloged at daylight, afforded another run on a small scale."

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Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

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HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.
PRICE 50 CENTS.
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
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Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA
YELLOW DOCK
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IODIDE OF POTASS.
THE
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Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."
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BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
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The sole right to manufacture FULLER'S PATENT SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESSES, admitted by everybody to be the BEST, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.
A full assortment of FURNITURE, SHEETING, BLANKETS, etc., at extremely low prices, for cash.
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P. LISENFELD,
Has removed from 612 Battery street to 537 Sacramento street, a few doors below Montgomery,
Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements. Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description. All goods sold are warranted.

SAUL & McARRON,
Carriage Manufactory,
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Near Second Street, San Francisco.
Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work. A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

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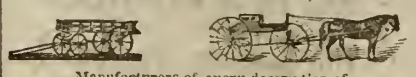

Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.
CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

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Dealers in and Manufacturers of
LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
37 and 39 Webb street,
Between Sacramento and California.
Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

A Rare Chance.

THE UNDERSIGNED, INTENDING TO RETIRE from business, desires to call the attention of the public to a LARGE STOCK OF CARRIAGE MATERIAL at his store, No. 606 MARKET STREET, and No. 7 SUTTER STREET, which he will SELL AT COST. Until said goods are disposed of, he will BUILD TO ORDER, at his factory, corner of FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, all kinds of
WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c.,
A good assortment of which can always be found on hand and at a less price than can be had at any other place in the city. Will keep about 50 workmen employed to complete all unfinished work and contracts, in order to close business by the first day of July next. Has on hand and for sale, Six First-class Concord style 9-Passenger STAGE WAGONS, and a good assortment of LUMBER or FARM WAGONS, EXPRESS WAGONS, CARTS, &c.
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DR. V. POPPER,
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Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

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Hulls, Cargoes, Treasure, Commissions, Profits and other Subjects of Marine Insurance, to and from all Ports in the World, including Inland Risks.
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GREATLY REDUCED RATES!
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Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000
Insurance effected against both
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AT THE LOWEST RATES.
Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.
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Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
Capital Stock, - - - $300,000
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.
THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
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Takes all kinds of Photographs in the very best style of the Art. Would especially invite attention to the superiority of the "Cabinet Photograph," or new size, taken this establishment.

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CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR MARCH.

March 30—GOLDEN AGE, Captain James T. Watkins, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt Furher.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on April 3d, for Hongkong via Kanagawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

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CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

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Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

TO ALL SUFFERING HUMANITY
WHO
VALUE HEALTH AND CHERISH LIFE.

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For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.

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HARDWARE,
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And all the innumerables required by Housekeepers.

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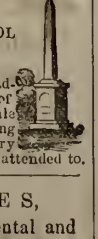
Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.



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" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to CHARLES BARRETT, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served witbin this county; or if served out of this county, hut in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment hy default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the sum of $30,000, being the one-half of the common property of the parties, be adjudged to belong to and be delivered to tois plaintiff; and that the care, custody and education of the children of the said parties, viz: Cornelius William and Arthur Joseph, he awarded to the plaintiff; and that pending this suit, the defendant may, hy order of this Court, he restrained and enjoined from selling, or in any manner disposing of the common property referred to in the complaint—that is to say, $60,000; and that defendant he ordered to pay plaintiff $250 per month for the support of herself and children, and the further sum of $1,000 as attorneys' fees for the prosecution of this action, and for general helief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer tho said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply ro the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judical District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25tu day of Septenher, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
PIXLEY & SMITH, Attorneys for Plaintiff. d29 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDIcial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Actiou brought in tho District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint bled thereiu, within teu days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment hy default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said actiou is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimouy heretofore and now existing between the plaiutiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaiut, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of Januarv, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 28th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of James Edwin Reas, deceased. mh2 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOSE A. FELIZ, deceased.—Notice is horeby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JOSE A. FELIZ, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of Haight & Pierson, No. 510 Jackson street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, February 19, 1867.

ROBERT HAIGHT, Administrator of the Estate of Jose A. Feliz, dec'd. mh9 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MICHAEL HINES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Michael Hines, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated March 5th, A. D. 1867.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Administrator of the Estate of Michael Hines, deceased. mh9 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of NAYLOR C. DAVIS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John H. Madison, Administrator of the Estate of Naylor C. Davis, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in the Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to he divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Naylor C. Davis, deceased, appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 15th day of April, A. D 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs at law of the said Naylor C. Davis, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 11th, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to he a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of March, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
m16 5t By WM. LEDLIE, Deputy Clerk.
CHAS WITTRAM, Esq., Attorney for Administrator.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, hut in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs ot suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to app ar and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELLEN NERAC, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Ellen Nerac, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the devisee named in the Will of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate to the party entitled thereto:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Ellen Nerac, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the devisee of the said Ellen Nerac, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said sixteenth day of April A D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 14th, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK
Of the City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 14th day of March, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[Seal and stamp.] By A. J JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. J. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. m16 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CAROLINE HUEBNER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of CAROLINE HUEBNER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 28th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Caroline Huehner, deceased. mh2-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS KEENAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, northwest corner of Sacramento and Sansome streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, March 2d, A. D. 1867.

mh2-5t THOMAS BREEZE,
Administrator of Estate of Thomas Keenan, deceased.
WINANS & BELENAP, Attorneys for Administrator.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS THOMAS, deceased.

Order to show csuse why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Thomas, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons intercsted in the estate of the said Thomas Thomas, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the twenty-sixtb day of MARCH, A. n. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Thomas Thomas deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-sixth day of March, A. n. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated Februsry 21st, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK
Of the City and County of San Francisco, } ss

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of Sau Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 21st day of February, A. n. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[Seal and stamp.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. F. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. 123 5t.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California in and for the city and county of Sau Francisco.

CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, hut in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff he permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUdicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.

Actiou brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovenamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, hut in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to he $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers, incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and he put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j193m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE C. PETERSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of George C Petersen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated February 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of George C. Petesen, deceased. mh2-4t

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CHAS. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

LAST NIGHT OF THE WITCHING ELFIN STAR,
ALICE KINGSBURY!
—SUPPORTED BY—
Mrs. Sophie Edwin, Mrs. H. Jackson,
Mr. J. McCullough, Mr. H. Edwards,
And a Full Corps Dramatique!

THIS AFTERNOON, MARCH 23D,
KINGSBURY MATINEE!—
FANCHON.

THIS EVENING, MARCH 23D,
Benefit and Last Appearance of Miss Kingsbury
FANCHON.

MONDAY EVENING,
Reappearance of
MISS KATE DENIN.
First Representation in California of Benjamin Webster's Comedy in four Acts—
THE FAST FAMILY.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette	50	Upper Circle	25

☞No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.

ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 25TH,
Will be presented the Polyglot Performance of
OTHELLO!
In English,
In French,
In German,
In Danish,
By the following Artists in the principal Roles: Mr. George Pauncefort, Mons. Bonnet, Herr Roger, P. Thayer, Belle Divine, Fraulein Meyer.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THURSDAY MARCH 28TH,
BENEFIT OF
HENRY EDWARDS.
Shakspeare's Grand Tradegy of
JULIUS CÆSAR!
Presented with a perfect force and cast.

DR. BENTON

WILL LECTURE AT CONGRESS HALL THIS evening, March 23d, and will continue his series of lectures upon the subject of PSYCHOLOGY, MAGNETISM and its kindred sciences, at CONGRESS HALL, Bush street, on FRIDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, 29th and 30th inst., at 7 1-2 o'clock. The lectures will be illustrated by a variety of very amusing and astonishing experiments upon persons in the audience, showing also that the Electrical or Magnetic Currents, properly directed, are the best and safest method of curing disease. TICKETS FOR GENTS, 50 CENTS; Ladies and Children, Free.

On FRIDAY AFTERNOON Dr. Benton will give a FREE LECTURE, for LADIES ONLY, at 3 o'clock, at Congress Hall.

☞N. B.—Office for treatment, over Congress Hall.
mb23 1t

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery, Museum,
CONSERVATORIES, AND ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,
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OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.

A Museum of Natural History containing over four hundred specimens of Zoology has just been opened.

NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.

Admission to all parts of the Gardens and Museum 25 cents. Children under 12 years of age, half price.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars.

☞Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS

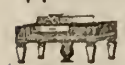
NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

WALTER S. PIERCE,



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☞PIANOS TO RENT.☜

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Piano Manufactory
Is the most complete on the Pacific Coast, having every appliance of machinery for Making or REPAIRING Pianos to be found in the largest Eastern Factories.
Old Pianos converted into new, by putting in new interior mechanism complete.

800 HOMESTEAD LOTS

COBB & SINTON'S
THIRD SPECIAL
Grand Credit Sale
..OF..
800 MAGNIFICENT
BUILDING LOTS
ON THE HUDSON GARDEN AND ORCHARD TRACT,
25 by 110 Feet Each,
TITLE, UNITED STATES PATENT,
Will take place on
Tuesday, March 26th, 1867,
AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON,
....AT....
PLATT'S HALL!

Call and procure maps of H. S. WILLIAMS & CO., 638 Clay street, or of

COBB & SINTON,
Auctioneers,
407 CALIFORNIA STREET.

MAURICE DORE & CO.,

REAL ESTATE, STOCK AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS.
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W. A. QUARLES, Auctioneer.

WEDNESDAY.

WEDNESDAY.....MARCH 27, 1867
At 12 o'clock, M., at Salesroom,
POSITIVE AND PEREMPTORY
CREDIT SALE
....OF....
That Beautiful & Desirably Located Tract,
WEST OF THE OLD MISSION CHURCH BUILDINGS,
KNOWN AS
HOLT'S RANCH!
....COMPRISING....
MISSION BLOCKS,
Nos. 102, 103, 117, and 121, and portions of Nos. 104. 118 and 122,
Fronting on Market, Centre, or 16th, Sparks, or 15th, Tracy, or 14th, Sanchez, Noe and Castro streets;
IN LARGE SUBDIVISIONS.
TERMS—One third Cash; one-third in 1 year; one-third in 2 years;
At One Per Cent. Per Month Interest.

☞The sale of this choice property will afford an unusual opportunity for men of moderate means to acquire homesteads in a centrally located and accessible portion of the city at a reasonable price, and on easy terms. The Howard street cars pass within two blocks, and the Market street cars within four blocks of the property. Market street is graded, macadamized and sidewalked to within four blocks of Sanchez street, and will, in a short time, be open to this street.

The land is level, and on a good grade.

Lithographed Maps of the property now ready for distribution at our office.

TITLE UNQUESTIONABLE.
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Fashionable Milliner.
NO. 24 POST STREET,
Between Kearny and Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.
Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.
☞Goods received by every steamer, from New York and Paris.

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PIANOS
OF
CHICKERING & SON
Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agent's.
Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.
KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

A. ROMAN & CO.'S
MARCH
LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

The Chinese Classics, by James Legge, D. D., 4 vols.
Chinese and English Phrase Book, by Benoni Lanctot.
The China Pilot.
The Gulf of Siam Pilot.
The Open Polar Sea, by Dr. I. I. Hayes.
Berlin and Sans Souci, by Mrs. L. Muhlbach.
Ancient and Modern Greece, by C. C. Felton, 2 vols.
The Claverings, a Novel, by Anthony Trollope.
Charles Wesley seen in his Finer and less Familiar Poems.
Mrs. Candle's Curtain Lectures.
Life of Jesus, by Edmund Kirke.
Two Marriages—Tauchnitz edition, paper.
For Ever and Ever, a Novel, by Florence Marryat.
Youman's Observations on the Scientific Study of Human Nature.
Schaff's History of the Christian Church.
Froude's History of England, vols. 7 and 8.
The Adventures of a Griffin on a Voyage of Discovery, written by himself.
History of Scotland, by Rev. James Mackenzie.
Fairy Tales, by Prof. Henry Morley.
My Father's Garden, by Thomas Miller.
Manual of Freemasonry, by Richard Carlile.
Mysteries of Freemasonry, by John Fellows, A. M.
The Rob Roy on the Baltic, a Canoe cruise.
Records of Five Years, by Grace Greenwood.
The Financial Economy of the United States Illustrated, by John A. Ferris, A. M.
Historical Memoirs of Friends, by William Hodgson.
En Avant, Messieurs! Being a Tutor's Counsel to his Pupils, by Rev. G. H. D. Mathias, M. A.
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Half Hours with the Best Letter-Writers, by Charles Knight.
Cyclopedia of Freemasonry, edited by Robert Macoy.
Braithwaite's Retrospect for January, 1867.
The Slide Valve, by N. P. Burgh.
New Guide to the Sheet Iron and Boiler Plate Roller.
Poems, by Mrs. Frances Dana Gage.
Morning by Morning; or, Daily Readings, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
Lange's Commentary on Acts.
Joseph II and his Court, by L. Muhlbach.
Brought to Light—a Tale of England and America.
Tribune Almanac and Political Register for 1867.
Recollections of Henry W. Allen, by Sarah A. Dorsey.
Shimeall's Political Economy of Prophecy.
Sunday Magazine for 1866. Sold only by subscription.
Good Words for 1866. Sold only by subscription.
Paris Social—a Hand Book.
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Samuel Hill, Agent,
111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

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Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

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FROM
AUCTION!
MAGEE, TAFFE & CO.,
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HAVE JUST RECEIVED FROM THE GREAT AUCTION SALE OF H. M. NEWHALL & CO., THE FOLLOWING LARGE LINES OF SUPERIOR FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS, ALL OF WHICH ARE WARRANTED SOUND AND OF SUPERIOR QUALITY, AND WILL BE OFFERED ON

MONDAY, MARCH 18TH,

AT PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE SOLD AT IN THIS CITY.

SILKS.

50 pieces Black Silks, from $1 to $1 50 per yard.
75 pieces Bischoff's Black Silks, from $1 50 to $3 per yard.
90 pieces Bonnet's superior Black Silks, from $2 to $4 50 per yard.
40 pieces Bonnet's Extra Black Silks, from $3 to $8 per yard.
500 pieces Plain, Brocade and Plaid Silks, in all colors and designs.

DRESS GOODS.

200 pieces super. Scotch Ginghams.
300 pieces super. French Ginghams.
500 pieces Empress Cloth, in new designs.
200 pieces plain Challys, in new designs.
300 pieces Black Alpacas.
200 pieces Colored Alpacas.
2000 pieces super. Barnesly and Scotch Towels.
500 dozen super English Hose and Half Hose.
100 dozen super. Linen Shirts, at $2 75, $3, $3 50 and $4.
200 dozen super. Cotton Shirts.
Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings, Flannels, Quilts, Blankets, Linen Sheetings, Table Cloths, Napkins, etc. etc.

9 MONTGOMERY STREET, LICK HOUSE.

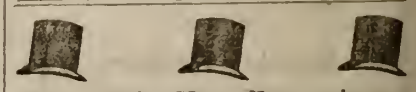
WHOLESALE HOUSE,
NO. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE STREET.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:
In the matter of the estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Benjamin Courtis, Administrator of the estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the claims against the estate, and the expenses of administration;
It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the twenty-second day of April A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary;
And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated March 22d, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.
Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 22d day of March, A. D. 1867
[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]
WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JACOBS, Deputy Clerk.
F. A. Fahens, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
mar23 4t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of J. C. BEIDEMAN, deceased.
Pursuant to an order of the Judge of said Court, made this day, notice is hereby given that Monday, the 22d day of April, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, being a day of a regular term of said Court to-wit: of the April Term, A. D. 1867, at the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been appointed for hearing the petition, this day filed, of Bernard Kennedy, praying for a decree authorizing and directing John W. Brumagim, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate left unadministered of J. C. Beideman, deceased, to convey to the said petitioner certain real estate situated in said city and county, and particularly described in said petition, upon the payment to said Administrator of the balance of the purchase money of said real estate; at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said petition by filing their objections in writing.
Dated March 22d, 1867.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JACOBS, Deputy Clerk.
Messrs. Drake & Hent, Attys. for Petitioner.
mar23-5t



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IS THE PLACE TO GET A FASHIONABLE
HAT OR CAP,
AND AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. LESS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THIS CITY.

Do not fail to have one of
LAMOTT'S HATS!
CORNER PINE AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street, . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 19
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 30, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Trouble at My New Lodgings, by John Clerk; Street Car Recreation, by Prentice; The Ignorance of Our Legislature; Poetry and the Press. LION'S MOUTH: A Bar-room Oracle on the Cubernatorial Question; A Bad Spell; Sharpening the Sword of Justice. Literary Gossip and Gleanings; Dramatic Affairs; Paragraphs, etc. SELECTED: A Mysterious Lodger; An Interesting Event; Portrait of Queen Elizabeth; Black Sheep; Runaway Horses; Poetry, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

A Bar-room Oracle on the Gubernatorial Question.

MR. EDITOR: Did you ever hear one of those curious specimens of humanity known as "Saloon Oracles," hold forth on war, diplomacy, or politics, to an admiring audience? If not, it would have been worth your while, and worth something more, to have been present at the Faust Cellar last night, at about half past eleven o'clock, while a certain "statesman" was enlightening an admiring crowd by discoursing on the interesting topic of "Who's to be the next Governor?" The stutesman drops into the Faust every night about the time the Sacramento hout urrives in order, as he declares, "to read the *Union*." He certainly doesn't drop in to drink, for he never does that—unless asked to. During the war-times he used to explain to his audiences all the military manœuvers going on, point out the strategic blunders of the generals on either side, show how the thing "*ought* to have been managed, by G—," etc. Last evening, his opinion on the Gubernatoriul question being asked by a farmer-looking man who had just treated, the Statesman held forth in something like this style: "Who's to be next Governor, is it? Supposin' I knew all about it, and I haven't said I did—but supposin' I knew. Them that's acquainted with me'll tell you I'm one of the kind that don't tell all they know. I'm not a great man, an' never pretended to be; *but I'm one of the kind that makes 'em.* I know how they're made here in California, and I've helped make a heap of 'em that wasn't *born* great by a good many chalks. Yes, I don't mind if I do (this in response to an invitation to "take something" from a young man ambitious of the honor of drinking with the maker of great men); a little hot Santa Croix, George; its sharp enough to-night for something warm. I helped make Governor —— and Governor —— too; und neither of *them* was ever cut out hy Nater for great men. I had a finger in making a certain United States Senator, and a precious lot *he's* turned out! Gentlemen, I'll own up to being ashamed of *that* job. Well, it served me right. I deserved the treatment I got. Threw off on me after the work was done! No exact promise, you know; nothing in black and white; no witness to the understanding; that of course wouldn't do; hut it *was* understood that I was to have the Consulship to—well, never mind where. But who's to be next Governor, is it? That's the question, hey? Well, now, the country says it's to be Bidwell, and *I* say it'll he Bidwell, unless we put up a particularly neat combinatiou. Them interior polititians make a big noise; and all their little one-horse organs are cackling like a whole baruyard of setting hens driven off their nests; but the country politicians don't know how to put up anything. I've got a combination in my head that'll lay out Bidwell as cold as a door-nail—or as a coffin-nail, for that matter—a combination that'll give Pixley or Gorham the nominution *sure.* I'm not a great man, *but I know how they're made.* And I know what's the best material to make 'em of, and what's more I know what they're made *for.* We make 'em to *use 'em*, and that's the reason why we take such devilish poor raw material to work up. We don't want a smart man, or a man that's set in his way, or a man that's too devilish honest and particular. We want a man that's *manageable*, a man that'll do about what he's bid. I can put up u combination that'll nominate Pixley or Gorham; but what good'll *that* do me? They're too smart and too obstinate to be managed. (Well, I don't mind if I do; my voice is gettin' husky with all this talking. A drop of hot Santa Croix—and you needn't make it quite so strong of Spring Valley as the last.) Gentlemen, the material I want to operate on, when I go to work to make a great man, isn't flint, nor yet cast iron—its *dough*, gentlemen, or pretty soft clay at the worst. We don't want to take up men of "positive qualities," as the papers call 'em. We want men of "negative qualities." You can hold 'em better in hund, and they'll make better running. They're popular, and pleasant, and amiuble, and all that. They've never trod on nobody's toes, nor upset nobody's apple cart, nor made unpopular speeches that the newspapers can rake up ag'inst 'em. They're too good-natured and anxious to please every one for that. Now, Bidwell's a man of first-rate negative qualities, but I suspect he's notional and too d—d particular to prove a valuable investment for the time an' talent of them that'd make a great man out of him. Who's to be next Governor, is it? Well, it just depends upon the combinations, that's the whole story. A neat combination can do *anything*, and I've got a partic'larly neat one, and if there's any authorized an' confidenshill friend of Pixley's, or Gorham's or Fay's around, or for that matter, of Bidwell's either, *I* don't care if they hear what I say; and what's more, I don't care if their *principals* hears it. Them's my views on the subject, gentlemen, ut your service. (Thank you; don't mind if I do. Hot Santa Croix, George; its good for the throat, and I'm a little hoarse.)"

There, Mr. Editor, that's not phonographic, but it's deuced close to it. I only wish the "candidates" could have heard it as delivered, for no description can give an idea of the "statesman's," impressive style of elocution.

Yours truly,
CAPTAIN WRACGE.

Sharpening the Sword of Justice.

Justice in San Francisco is apt to search out and punish with equal severity one species of offeuse ut u time. The gamblers have felt the pressure of the law, and the sword of justice is bared against them with stern effect. The day before yesterday the police suddenly awoke to the fact that the utterance of profane and obscene language in the public streets was an offense against the law. Five men and boys were arrested on that day for committing this abominable misdemeanor which has hitherto been allowed to pass unpunished. One of the purties urrested, who had been in the habit for many years of using profance and obscene language even while in conversation with police officers, inveighed against Chief Crowley in the words of "Clandio" in *Measure for Measure*:

—"But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armor hung by the wall
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name."

Chief Crowley will earn a good name for himself if he reforms this crying public evil, and perhaps he would do well to commence by reading u homily on the vice of profane swearing to the members of the Police Force.

A Bad Spell.

We admire the new Mechanics' Institute greatly; we think that the arrangement of the rooms is admirable. The library, reading-room and chess-room are all that could be desired; they show great mechanical skill. The center-piece in the chess-room also displays mechanical skill; it consists of a pedestal formed of plaster, surmounted by four female figures. Under the first of these figures is the word "Unity;" nuder the next "Fraternity;" the next "Liberty," and then comes "Egality." We cannot say that we are acquainted with this last named female; Liberty, Fraternity and Unity we know, but who is "Egality?" Now it is all very well to adorn the Institute with plaster-of puris statuary, but not to place on that statuary hard words past finding out. The manufacturer of this center-piece is L. Bacon, as we gather from the inscription, "L. Bacon fecit," on the hase. *Fecit* is good Latin, Mr. Bacon, but "Egality" is neither English, French nor any other language. Why did you not inscribe "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite, Unite," on your very pretty piece of work; or, better still, use nothing but English, and instead of making an attempt at *egalite* inscribe on that pedestal "Equality?" The directors of the Mechanics' Institute hud better see that a little plaster is applied to this eye-sore, and employ some one to chisel "Equality" in place of "Egality."

"Poor Tray!"

In the recent proceedings of the Board of Supervisors we fiud the following:

"An order was passed amendatory of the Pound Ordinance, relative to muzzling dogs, and providing that all dogs not led by a cord, or string, or chain, shall be deemed running at large."

It only remains to pass an order for the extraction of the teeth of all dogs muzzled, unmuzzled, tied or untied. Then we may rest in peace. What can be the cause of this canine stringency? Who among the Supervisors is threatened with hydrophobia? Or who is intriguing for a speculation in dog chains? When every man shall lead his dog by a cord or string, what a stumbling and tripping on our sidewalks over these same cords and strings there will be!

P's and Q's.

Beriah Brown, in an article announcing the close of the first year of the Daily Oregon *Herald*, objurgates thuswise on the conduct of "Democratic futhers who, in their desire to have their sons understand both sides and judge for themselves have *placed* in their hands to operate upon their *plastic* minds the most *pestiferous publications*, forgetttng to accompany the *poison* with the only proper antidote." If Beriah has monopolized nearly all the P's in this article, the intelligent reader will observe thut he has at the same timo given the *cues* to the Democratic fathers in question. That's so like Beriah! He has always been a stickler for an equal division of the political P's and Q's.

Necessity for the Removal of Hitching Posts.

We suggest that the time has nearly arrived for hitching posts to be deemed a nuisance. No one makes use of them, und the police have long since stopped the seizure of unhitched horses. If the Board of Supervisors can spare a litte time from the consideration and study of dogs, let them pass an order for the removal of these posts, or else have them illuminated at night with gas. They are dangerous—much more so than unhitched horses. A friend from the country writes us as follows:

"I have not yet quite recovered from a contusion of the abdomen, caused by running against a bent iron hitching post in your city. I was quite sober at the time."

The movuble posts which let into the side walk are also the cause of many grievous wounds. A lady showed us her toe not long since, which was almost entirely demolished hy forcible contact with the iron projecting a few inches above the curbstone.

Other advantages may be derived from the removal of these obtrusive posts.

In the course of six or eight months, when the existing popular offense of loose dogs has been entirely worn out, a few well-planned runaways through Montgomery street, attended hy the judicious killing of an interesting child or an aged and estimable citizen, will call for the revival of the hitching posts. The police will then have two fresh sources of arrest, viz: posts not erected in conformity to municipal order, and unhitched horses. Their removal may give some parties a profitable contract. So will their subsequent replucemeut. The matter is worthy of serious consideration.

The Insane Correspondent of the "Bulletin."

We rather fancy that Professor Gilliard, the insane colored lecturer who, we have good reason to suppose, has been writing Sacramento letters to the *Bulletin* over the signature of "Moffat Weir," has at length reached the city of Stockton, and may perhaps by this time be an inmate in the Lunatic Asylum. We notice that he was this week announced to lecture in Stockton. It may be that the letters which the *Bulletin* has published as Sacramento correspondence were really written by the unfortunate Professor Gilliard ("Moffat Weir"), while he was confined within the walls of the Lunatic Asylum—the ignorance of events happening in Sacramento displayed in them favors this supposition. We trust that, now the Professor has been released from restraint, and has resumed his lectures, his mind will be diverted from the idea of continuing to be Sacramento Correspondent" of the *Bulletin*.

Startling.

"A mathematical genius informs us that if the earth were a common ball, shot at the sun from its present distance, with the velocity it now travels with, and the moment of explosion telegraphed to the sun, they would get the telegram in about five minutes, and see the earth coming in about eight minutes, and would have nearly two months to prepare for the blow, which they would receive about fifteen years before they heard the original explosion."—*Dennyson's Astronomy Without Mathematics.*

This is a useful truth for children. It should be hammered into the head of every youth in our glorious country. When the earth is thus shot at the sun, this will become most valuable information.

Reason for Closing the Evening Schools.

In a recent discussion by the Board of Education it was proposed to close the evening schools after April 1st. One member thought "no young man who was kept at hard labor all day is in a condition to study in the evening, and it would be wrong to extend to them any such facility." It is possible the young man may be the best judge in this matter. This argument in favor of closing the evening schools certainly has the charm of novelty. It manifests a praiseworthy and parental solicitude for the "young man's" sunitary welfare.

School-House Stolen.

The increasing interest taken by the people in various portions of the State is evinced by the fact that a school house, in the south end of Calaveras county, was lately stolen—in fact, carried off bodily Education is the great safeguard of American liberty. Our children must he educated, even though we ure obliged to steal school-houses and kidnap schoolmarms. We shall next hear of the stealing of churches, und the forcible abductiou of ministers.

Perjurer Acquitted Per Jury.

That there was perjury committed by one or more of the witnesses in the Clark-Reese breach of promise case cannot he denied. However, it is certain that whatever advances the plaintiff made to Michael, the advances which he made to her ($250 12½) were very modest for a millionaire.

Pardoned Out.

Gov. Blasdel of Nevada has pardoned out the man who stole the service plate from an Episcopul church some years since. It was ascertained that the offense came within the jurisdiction of an ecclesiastical, und not a civil Court. The man has promised to join the church.

A Nice Point in the Clark-Reese Case.

It having been reported that there were several Jews among the jury in the Clark-Reese case, Nobbs observed that though Michael Reese, a Jew, had a right to a trial by jury, he did not think it right that his case should be decided by the Jewry.

A MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

THOUGH we could hardly hope to meet with a model lodger again, like the Rev. Mr. Adolphus, who had been with us ever since we began house-keeping, it was certainly desirable—so Annie and I concluded—to have a lodger of some kind; for my salary at that time, as junior clerk in the respectable banking firm of Lawes & Fielding, was more prospective than real. It being decided, therefore, that a second lodger was a necessary evil, a card notifying that apartments for a single gentleman were to be let within took its place in our window; but week after week passed away without a single applicant for our very genteel and commodious rooms.

The hot days of June were drawing to a close when, on reaching home one evening from the office, I saw by the sparkle in my wife's eye that she had something particular to tell me, and I was scarcely seated before the news burst out.

"Tom, dear, we have got a lodger at last!"

"Did you say a lodger?" I cried, starting up. "What is the individual's name?"

"Mr. James Twoshoes."

"A very ancient and honorable name, well known in nursery history. Describe him."

"There's not much about him to describe. He's like any other commonplace gentleman who is drawing on toward middle age, with little in his appearance to distinguish him from any one else. He is about five-and-forty years old, as near as I can judge. Short black hair, with just a tinge of gray in it; no beard or whiskers; dressed in a new glossy suit of black clothes. He has a habit of carrying his head forward a little, and partly on one side, which gives him the appearance of being continually listening for something which he is expecting every moment to hear."

"A description worthy of a passport. When does he arrive?"

"About noon to-morrow. He sleeps at one of the hotels to-night. But I forgot to say that he will only be a temporary lodger. He has engaged the rooms by the week, as his stay in Markhallow will only be a short one. He may want the rooms for one month, two months, or three months, he said—just as the fancy takes him, and dependent on how soon he grows tired of our little town.

"Ah, well! I suppose a temporary lodger is better than none. What references did he give?"

"References!" exclaimed Annie, in blank dismay. "Upon my word, I was so taken up with the idea of letting the rooms that I forgot all about references."

"Through which forgetfulness," I said, severely, "you introduce into the house a person of whom we know absolutely nothing."

"Oh! he's thoroughly respectable, my dear; you may tell that at once from his appearance!"

Punctual to appointment, Mr. Twoshoes arrived at noon the following day; and I may here say that my wife's description of him was so close and faithful, that I can find nothing to add to it. A portmanteau and a writing-case formed the whole of our new lodger's baggage.

"Mr. Starling, I suppose?" he said, with a pleasant smile, and a hearty shake of the hand. "I hope we shall suit one another; at least, I am sure it will not be my fault if we don't. Fine place this of yours," he went on, after we had introduced him into his rooms. "I am quite in love with it already."

He sat down as he said this, and laughed in a hearty way that it did one good to listen to. Who could ask such a man for references? From that moment I gave up the idea as an absurdity.

"Your good lady," he went on, "has, I presume, told you that I am here only for a short time. My stay may be limited to three weeks, or it may extend over three months. For my part, I'm a fellow who always makes a point of giving way to my whims. So long as a place takes my fancy, there I stick, as fast as a barnacle—till some fine morning a whim pops into my brain, and then, hey, presto! I'm off by the first train—Rather an uncomfortable, vagabond sort of existence, you probably think. So it is. I grant it. But what can a fellow do whose whims are the master of him? Give way to them, of course; and that's just what I do. Well, well," he went on, "I've seen many a more lively and populous place than this that hasn't pleased me half so well. I'll take a cutlet for dinner, if you please; and any little pastry you may have on hand."

I saw nothing more of Mr. Twoshoes that day, for when I reached home in the evening he was seated up-stairs in his own room, as my wife told me, smoking an immense meerschaum. To say that my wife and I were prepossessed in favor of our new lodger, is merely to state the bare fact of the case. We were delighted with him, and felt sure that he would bear comparison whith even such a model individual as the Rev. Mr. Adolphus.

At the end of a week Annie and I were unable to make out the profession of Mr. Twoshoes, though we considered the question in all its bearings, and gave due weight in our deliberations to the various vague hints thrown out at different times by our lodger. We concluded at last, in lack of all direct evidence, that whatever he might formerly have been, he could now be nothing more nor less than a gentleman living on his private means.

From the first day Mr. Twoshoes had bargained for the use of a latch-key, with free permission to come in and go out at whatever hours of the day and night he might think proper; and he was not long before he made frequent use of the privilege we had so readily conceded him. Not unfrequently he would leave the house at dusk, and not return till two or three o'clock next morning; at other times he would set off early in the morning and remain out the whole of the day.

"When one of my whims lays hold of me," he laughingly observed to my wife on one occasion, "and whispers to me that I had better take a ramble, then I must obey, and call Shank's mare into immediate requisition, whatever hour of the day or night it may be."

I confess, however, that it gave me a "turn," as my wife would say, when, on reaching home one evening just after dusk, I encountered Mr. Twoshoes on the steps, he was in the act of closing the door behind him, habited from head to foot in the garb of a groom.

I could hardly believe in the reality of what I saw; but there he stood, benignantly smiling down upon me from the height of the steps, not disconcerted in the least, but calmly puffing away from the little black pipe between his lips. On his head he wore a Glengarry bonnet; round his neck a blue and white scarf, fastened with a horseshoe pin; a waistcoat low down on the hips; a short cutaway coat, breeches and gaiters; decidedly "horsey."

All these particulars I could make out by the light of the opposite lamp. He remarked that one of his whims had overtaken him, bade me a cheerful good night, and walked off at a leisurely pace down the street.

It was three o'clock next morning before Mr. Twoshoes returned, and having let himself quietly in, stole upstairs to his bedroom so gently that he would hardly have disturbed a mouse.

But worse was to follow. Mr. Twoshoes had been with us about a month when I was one day sent to R——, a neighboring town about thirteen miles away, on business for the firm. I had finished my business at R——, and was setting out late in the afternoon on my return, when it began to rain heavily, for which reason I determined to take the shortest road home, through a wide tract of barren moorland, dreary and desolate in the extreme, with not more than half a dozen houses on it in a distance of as many miles.

I had got half way across the moor on my return, when my horse, which was but a poor innkeeper's hack, betrayed such unmistakable signs of distress, that I pulled up at a roadside inn, the only one within a distance of several miles, in order to have my horse fed before continuing my journey. While the hostler was busy outside, I entered the little taproom to obtain some refreshment for myself.

On one side of the room sat two or three individuals in the dress of laboring men, while opposite to them, and quite alone, sat a man on whom the whole of my attention was immediately concentrated. It not Mr. Twoshoes himself it was his living presentment! I started back in amazement, as though I had seen a ghost, when my eyes first fell on him; and the next moment was about to accost him familiarly, but some inward feeling made me hesitate just as the words were forming on my lips. The stranger, if stranger he were, gave me one long, steady glance, and then resumed his perusal of a ragged county newspaper.

Was I right or wrong in imagining that a faint gleam of surprise shot for a moment out of his eyes, to be immediately quenched in that dull, unrecognizing stare?

As far as dress went he certainly bore no resemblance to Mr. Twoshoes, for he was habited in a suit of blue cloth with gilt buttons, after the fashion of a mate or captain in the merchant service. He sat in silence during the whole time I was there, neither speaking to nor being addressed by any of the company. To make his likeness to the genuine Mr. Twoshoes still more startling, he had the very same slight stoop forward with his head and shoulders, and the same intent look about his eyes—as though he were listening to some imaginary conversation—which I knew so well.

In about ten minutes the hostler announced that my horse was ready. As I quitted the room I cast another long, inquisitive glance at the sea-faring man, sitting so silent and grim; but he never looked up again, and I left him still intent over his newspaper.

When I reached home I found that Mr. Twoshoes was out, and had been for several hours. At whatever hour he might return, I determined to be on the watch for him, and judge from his dress whether it was really he whom I had seen in the roadside inn.

I put out all the lights and stationed myself in a bedroom up-stairs; and after waiting there three more hours, my patience was rewarded by seeing Mr. Twoshoes come down the street. Thanks to a friendly lamp opposite, I had no difficulty in seeing how he was dressed. It was still raining a little, and the first I perceived was that he carried an umbrella; but when he put it down on nearing the door, all I could make out was that he wore his ordinary black hat and a waterproof cape that reached nearly to his heels. He let himself in with his latch-key, and stole up-stairs to bed in his usual stealthy manner.

These mysterious and suspicious proceedings on the part of our lodger naturally became a source of much disquiet to both Annie and myself; indeed, my wife began to get quite nervous on the point, and to imagine all kinds of terible and unlikely things as the results of our harboring such an unaccountable personage in our house. Mr. Twoshoes was, however, as I said before, such a model lodger in every other respect, so kind and considerate in every way, such a punctual and liberal paymaster, that, debate the question as we would, we could by no means make up our minds to part with him. So we decided at last to keep our apprehensions and suspicions to ourselves, and mention them neither to Mr. Twoshoes nor to any prying neighbor, and to put down everything in our lodger's ways of life for which we could not find a natural solution to the score of eccentricity—a term of very wide application, indeed.

Mr. Twoshoes had been with us about five weeks, when Annie's brother, Mr. Dick Dereham, came down from London to spend his holidays with us, for the sake of the fishing for which the neighborhood is celebrated. He was in those days a tall, raw-boned young fellow, with a most excellent opinion of his own acuteness and general abilities, dashed with that slight superciliousness of tone and manner which, especially toward homely country-folk, is such a common characteristic of the middle-class cockney. He had not been three hours in the house before he had wormed out of Annie everything that we knew, surmised and imagined concerning Mr. Twoshoes.

Here was a promising pie ready for an acute young cockney to poke his finger into! No fishing to be done until it was disposed of to his satisfaction. Really the country was not such a dull place after all! He met me that afternoon at the bank door, and, linking his arm in mine, unburdened his mind as we walked home together.

"Nan has been opening her mind to me this afternoon about your lodger, Mr. Twoshoes," he began.

"Indeed," said I, drily; "you were immensely interested, no doubt."

"Oh! you may jest about it if you like, but the question is a serious one. There's something bad about that fellow, you may depend upon it; and if I were you I'd either report him privately to the police, or else give him a week's notice, and so get rid of him altogether."

"Thank you," I replied; "but as I have no particular fault to find with Mr. Twoshoes, I don't feel quite inclined to adopt either of your suggestions."

"But consider, my dear fellow; it's really not safe to have a man like that in your house—who dresses one day as a groom, another day as a merchant seaman, and the next as a curate or private gentleman. It arises from no mere eccentricity, you may depend on it. There's some villainy afloat, and it will be well if you are not implicated in it when the *exposé* comes—and come it must, some of these fine days."

"Now, see you here, my pert young cockney," I replied; "You always were a tolerable hand at discovering mare's-nests, but please don't try to find any in my house. Whatever may be the little eccentricities of Mr. Twoshoes, they are no business of yours or mine. That he is a very worthy gentleman, and thoroughly honest and upright, I am fully convinced. My advice to you, therefore, is to go back and look after the little fishes and let my estimable lodger alone."

Dick was terribly huffed by my plain speaking, and did not fail to complain to my wife about it; but what annoyed me more was to find that he had contrived to affect her to some extent with his own absurd fears, so that when we went to bed that night she would insist on having the bed room door locked, a precaution she had never cared to exercise before, saying, in her circumlocutory way:

"There's no knowing what may happen with such mysterious people in the house."

A day or two after my conversation with Dick, pressing business required my absence in service of the firm for a few days. Having received my instructions, I hurried home, sent for my aunt Barbara to come and stay with Annie during my absence, and then lingered a moment to give a parting injunction to my wife and Dick respecting Mr. Twoshoes. I would not go till I had received an assurance from both of them that matters should go on as usual during my absence—that Mr. Twoshoes should be allowed to come and go as he might think proper, without notice or comment.

My visit was prolonged to a fortnight; and during the time I was away Markhallow races took place, the great festival of the year at our little town. The last race was over, and Dick had just turned his face homeward, and lighted a cigar to beguile the dusty way, when he was accosted by a fashionably-dressed individual, who politely requested the favor of a light.

Having obtained what he wanted, it was only natural, as they both happened to be going the same way, that the stranger should enter into conversation with Dick respecting the events of the day.

Dick was charmed at once with his new acquaintance, who seemed to be thoroughly at home on all matters connected with the turf, and proved by a single sporting equation how

instead of losing his little bet of eight half-crowns, Dick might just as easily have won as many pounds. In ten minutes they were on the footing of old friends; mutually pleased with each other, and each doing his best to impress the other with the extent and variety of his information and the brilliancy of his remarks--a friendly rivalry in which Dick, self-conceited as he was, could not help feeling himself considerably distanced by his affable friend.

When they had reached the town, nothing would suit Captain Julius--for by that name the stranger had introduced himself--but that they must call in at the first hotel and have a bottle of champagne together. One bottle necessitated another; and by the time the second was half empty, Dick had grown very talkative, indeed; and ranging, with a loose and glowing tongue, from one topic to another, found himself at last, almost to his own surprise, for he could not remember by what pleasant but devious path he had reached that point, dilating to his fashionable friend on the whims, eccentricities and unaccountable vagaries of that mysterious Mr. Twoshoes.

Captain Julius seemed mightily interested in the subject, and cross-questioned Dick upon it in a smiling, affable way, and reverted to it again and again whenever Dick felt inclined to wander off into some other mazy streamlet of talk, till there was really nothing more to be learnt.

Having finished their wine, they left the hotel, and strolled arm in arm through the streets, now lighted up and thronged with a busy crowd, till they reached the house of Dick's brother-in law; and then, after a hearty shake of the hand, and an arrangement that Dick should call on the captain at his hotel at eleven the next morning, they separated.

Dick, who was still in a somewhat elevated mood, lingered at the door for a few minutes to finish his cigar. While thus standing he heard the Minster clock strike ten, and put his hand to his pocket to draw out his watch. But there was no watch left for him to find—his pocket had been neatly and dexterously picked of his gold repeater, value twenty-five guineas.

Quite sober by this time, and in a very queer humor, Master Dick walked down to the police-station to give notice of his loss. How Captain Julius would laugh at him in the morning for being such a greenhorn as to allow his pocket to be picked! If he could only induce the captain to go fishing with him, he would let him see that with a rod and line he knew a thing or two—that in matters piscatorial he was not altogether a novice! But when he reached the hotel on the following morning the captain had flown, leaving a message that he had been telegraphed for, and obliged to depart by the six A. M. train; but that he hoped to revisit Markhallow in the course of a few weeks, and would not then fail to hunt up his friend Mr. Dereham.

Dick returned home in a pensive mood, and spent a melancholy day in the manufacture of artificial flies.

The evening found Dick enjoying his cigar as usual on the step outside the door. Mr. Twoshoes was from home on some mysterious errand; my wife and her aunt were drinking tea at a neighbor's in the next street; the servant was supposed to be gone to see her mother, but was in reality taking a pleasant ramble among the lanes with her "young man," so that Dick had the whole establishment to himself.

The shadows were creeping up the street, and Dick was thinking about turning in, when his attention was drawn to the peculiar movements of a stranger on the other side of the way. Dick had noticed him, a minute or two before, staring very earnestly at the house; had then seen him move slowly down the street; then slowly return in a sidling, purposeless sort of way; and now, for the second time, he had planted himself directly opposite the house, and seemed uo be taking a silent mental photograph of it.

While Dick was still looking at him, and wondering what he could possibly be about, the stranger, in a cautious manuer, beckoned him to approach; and on his repeating the movement, Dick quitted the steps and lounged across the street, by no means pleased at receiving so undignified a summons.

The stranger was a burly, whiskerless man, with shifty, quick-glancing eyes, and a mouth that seemed purposely formed for the imbibition of strong waters; his voice being a *basso profundo*, with a slight chronic wheeze in the lower notes.

"Your name is Richard Dereham, is it not?" he said, seizing Dick by a button as soon as the latter got within arm's-length.

"I have reason to believe that it is," answered Dick, "but would not like to take long odds on the point."

"None of your chaff, young gentleman, if you please. All I want is a few straightforward answers from you. Attend. Is there not living in the same house with you an individual who goes by the name of Mr. James Twoshoes?"

Dick rubbed his nose; he began to feel interested.

"I cannot answer any of your questions," he said, "till I know what your object is in making them; and something more about you."

"If you must know, you must," said the other. "My name is Jibble; I am, in fact, Inspector Jibble, of the Metropolitan Detective Force, and I am not asking these questions without purpose in view."

"Now I can answer you," said Dick. "Mr James Twoshoes does live in the house opposite."

"Good. Have you noticed anything out of the common, anything eccentric or mysterious in the conduct or habits of this Mr. Twoshoes?"

"I have," replied Dick, eagerly. And without further questioning he told all that he knew, suspected and surmised respecting the unhappy Twoshoes.

"Quite coincides with the information I have received from headquarters," remarked the inspector, patronizingly, when Dick had finished. "One or two more questions, and I have done. Is Mr. Twoshoes in his rooms at the present time?"

"He is not. He will probably not be home for several hours; in fact, there's no one in the house at present—and that reminds me that I have left the front door open."

"No one in the house at present, eh?" said the inspector, musingly, as he balanced himself on his heels, and jingled the loose cash in his pocket. "Now, Mr. Dereham, I'll be frank with you. I have in my pocket at the present moment a warrant for the apprehension of Mr. Twoshoes. You may well start. He is one of the cleverest and most thorough-paced rogues going. I have been on his track for a long time, but he is such a slippery customer that I have hitherto had nothing tangible to go upon. I have never been able to take him in the act. But I have got something certain to work on at last, and I should have taken him this morning had I not received a telegram from headquarters requesting me to wait till to-morrow. This little delay will probably enable us to secure the whole gang of forgers with which he is connected, and of which he is the chief. They are all to meet at a certain place at noon to-morrow. At present Twoshoes is out—a fact, by the way, of which I was perfectly aware before I came to see you; and what I now want is to make an investigation of his rooms before he returns, for I have reason to believe that among his papers there is a list of names of which I am exceedingly desirous of having a private view before going on my little expedition to-morrow. Will you, therefore, my good Mr. Dereham, just wait outside the door for a few minutes, while I proceed up-stairs and do my duty? and should Mr. T. arrive in the meantime, you must contrive to detain him for a minute or two, till I have time to get out of the way. I must really compliment you, my young friend, on your powers of discrimination in this matter. You were not deceived by the specious pretenses of this clever rogue!"

They walked across the road together, and Dick stationed himself outside the door, while Jibble went about his little perquisition up-stairs.

He was not away more than five minutes, and Dick was still on the watch when he came down.

"Just as I expected," he said. "Most valuable information. Must say good-by for the present. Shall be happy to take a glass of wine with you when this little affair is over. In the meanwhile, silence--secresy!" and, with an affable wave of the hand, the burly inspector lumbered rapidly down the street, and was quickly lost to view.

In a happy frame of mind, and perfectly satisfied that he had just rendered an important service to society, Dick lighted another cigar, and still maintained his post of observation outside the door. His thoughts had gone wandering off by degrees towards a certain young lady, and he felt himself getting quite sentimental, a most unusual frame of mind for him, when, much to his surprise, he saw the cheery figure of Mr. Twoshoes bearing down on him from the other side of the way.

"How innocent he looks—the cunning old fox!" murmured Dick to himself. "He little thinks how neatly the trap is baited for him. I durst wager five yellow boys that he won't look quite so cheerful to-morrow night at this time."

Mr. Twoshoes was evidently in a hurry, for, without pausing, he bade Dick a pleasant good night, and then passed rapidly up stairs to his own room, where Dick heard him the next minute striking a light.

"Mr. Richard Dereham," called Mr. Twoshoes, gently, over the balusters, a minute or two afterward, "will you oblige me by stepping up-stairs?"

Wondering greatly, Dick complied, though not without some hesitation. Mr. Twoshoes was slowly rubbing his chin with one hand as Dick entered the room. His eyebrows were contracted, and there was a perplexed look on his face, such as Dick had never noticed before.

"Are you aware, Mr. Dereham, that during my absence this afternoon my room has been rifled of various articles belonging to me—among other things, of a set of gold studs, a silver lever watch and a portemonnaie containing two five-pound notes?"

"Rifled!" gasped Dick. "Really I was not aware of it!"

"I don't suppose you were. But are you aware whether any one, not an inmate of the house, has had access, either directly or indirectly, to this room while I have been out?"

"As far as my knowledge goes, there has only been one person here beyond the ordinary inmates of the house."

"And who may that one person have been?"

"Inspector Jibble, of the London police."

"Inspector Jibble! And what might be the fellow's business in my room?"

"Why, to tell the truth, he said he had got a warrant out for your apprehension, and came up to search the room for some document or other which he wanted."

Mr. Twoshoes gave a long, low whistle.

"And where were you, Mr Dereham, during the time this person was in my room?"

He looked very grim as he asked this question, and Dick quaked in his shoes as he replied:

"Outside the door—keeping watch, in fact."

"Just so—to prevent his being disturbed. Neat, by Jove! uncommon neat! Perhaps it will be as well to see how you yourself have fared, Mr. Dereham. Oblige me by taking the light, and leading the way into your own room."

Dick complied in fear and trembling; and on looking round his room, found that a ring and a breastpin had vanished—the only available property there.

"Then you have contrived to save your watch?" said Mr. Twoshoes.

In sorrow and humiliation Dick related the story of his meeting with Captain Julius, and how he had taken more wine than was good for him, and had had his pocket picked as he came home through the crowd.

"And served you right, too!" was the comment of Mr. Twoshoes. "Here comes Mrs. Starling. It will be as well to inquire whether she has lost anything."

Search was made down stairs, which resulted in the discovery that our two silver spoons and forks had been taken; as also—sorrow of sorrows!—the silver teapot, my rich uncle's wedding gift.

"A tolerably clean sweep," remarked Mr. Twoshoes, when the search was ended; "and—I say it again—an uncommon neat stroke of business. As for you, sir," turning to the disconcerted Dick, "like the man in the play, you may ask your friends to write you down an ass. You have been most transparently duped, and if you had been the sole sufferer it would only have taught you a useful lesson. Your particular friend, Captain Julius, was without doubt a member of the swell mob; he it was who took your watch; and the impudent rascal who came here to-night was probably instructed by him, and will hand over to him a fair share of the plunder."

"I see it all now! What a fool I have been!" groaned poor Dick. "But you, sir," turning on Mr. Twoshoes—"had it not been for your mysterious goings-on—had you only acted like any other reasonable man—this would never have happened."

"So long as my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Starling, are satisfied with their lodger, I do not recognize your right to interfere in my concerns. As, however, my business in this neighborhood will be over in a few days, I will at once give Mrs. Starling that explanation which, under the circumstances, she has a right to expect, and which you, Mr. Dereham, are at liberty to listen to, if you think well to do so. Know, therefore, all persons whom it may concern that I, James Twoshoes (though whether that is my real name or not does not in the least matter), am a member of the Metropolitan Detective Force—not a sham officer like your friend Jibble, Mr. Dereham; that I came down here to hunt out a certain nest of forgers, whose handiwork we had traced to this part of the country, without being exactly able to lay our fingers on the rogues themselves; that, as a natural consequence, a certain amount of secresy and mystery was essential to my plan, which plan, I am happy to say, has proved completely successful. And now, Mr Dereham, you and I had better step down to the police station and furnish the details of the robbery. Perhaps we may succeed in tracing the rascals. Anyhow, we have been charmingly sold."

Mr. Twoshoes had quite recovered his good humor by breakfast time next morning, and could afford to laugh as heartily as any one at his mishap; but Dick was nowhere to be found. He had, in fact, risen with the lark, and set out for London by the train; and from that day to this we have never seen his face in Markhallow.

Of Captain Julius and his confederate, it is only necessary to say that they were captured some three months later, in consequence of a second robbery, in which they again acted as partners, and that they finally met with the reward which their peculiar talents merited so well.

THE sons of men of genius are said to be dull as a rule, and the daughters to inherit the ability of their sires. Curiously enough, two great novelists seem destined to transmit their literary succession in the female line. Miss Thackeray's writings prove that she is endowed with her father's genius, as well as with a womanly power peculiarly her own. Miss Dickens is said to be the author of the story, *Aunt Margaret's Troubles*, which has recently appeared; and if such is the case, the young authoress may be congratulated on having made an extremely successful *debut*, and one worthy in every way of her father's reputation.

A GAY duke in Paris, recently deceased, was noted as the possessor of twenty-seven hundred waistcoats.

THE mean level of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is now found to be the same.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

ARCTIC VOYAGING.

ONE of the most interestiug of recent narratives of travel or discovery is Dr. Hayes's *Open Polar Sea*, containing the record of the events of au expedition to the Arctic Seas, conducted by the author. Dr. Hayes was Surgeon of the expedition commanded by Dr. Kane, and while acting in that capacity he formed certain theories in regard to the "open sea" at the North Pole, and the best mode of reaching it, which he was anxious to verify. The highest point reached by Dr. Kane with his vessels was Van Renssalaer Harbor, latitnde seventy-eight degrees thirty-seven seconds, on the *eastern* side of Smith's Sound. Dr. Hayes was of opiuion that a more favorable position could be attained on the *western* side, for definitely solving the problem of an Open Polar Sea. As long ago as April, 1858, he commenced systematically bringing the subject before the leading scientific associations of the country. Through their aid, and that furnished by public-spirited citizens of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, he succeeded after two years' "agitation" in obtaining the means of purchasing a small schooner of one hundred and thirty-three tons burden, in which, with a party nnmbering fourteen persons, all told, he set out on his venturous expedition on the 6th of July, 1860.

The delay in the appearance of the narrative, which has but just been published, was caused by the fact that after the author's return he was engaged in the public service until after the conclusion of the war, as chief of an army hospital with from three to five thousaud inmates.

The book is written in an agreeable style, the narrative being clear and simple, and the descriptions graphic, and sometimes quite beautiful. We give a few extracts:

THE BEAUTY OF THE ICEBERGS.

"It would be difficult to imagine a sceue more solemnly impressive than that which was disclosed to us by the sudden change in the clouded atmosphere. From my diary I copy the following brief description of it:

"'MIDNIGHT.—I have just come below, lost in the wondrous beauty of the night. The sea is smooth as glass; not a ripple breaks its dead surface, not a breath of air stirring. The sun hangs close upon the northern horizon; the fog has broken up into light clouds; the icebergs lie thick nbout us; the dark headlnnds stand boldly out against the sky; and the clouds aud sea and bergs and monntains are bathed in an atmosphere of crimson and gold nnd purple most singularly beautiful.'

"In all my former experience in this region of startling novelties I had never seen anything to equal what I wituessed that night. The air was warm almost as a Summer's night at home, and yet there were the icebergs and the bleak mountains, with which the fancy, in this land of green hills aud waving forests, can associate nothing but cold repulsiveness. The sky was bright and solt and strangely inspiriug as the sky of Italy. The bergs had wholly lost their chilly aspect, and, glittering in the blaze of the brilliant heavens, seemed, in the distance, like masses of burnished metal or solid flame. Nearer at hand they were huge blocks of Parian marble, inlaid with mnmmoth gems of pearl and opal. One in particular exhibited the perfectiou of the grand. Its form was not unlike that of the Coliseum, and it lay so far away that half its height was buried beneath the line of blood-red waters. The sun, slowly rolling along the horizon, passed behind it, and it seemed as if the old Roman ruin had suddeuly taken fire.

"Nothing indeed but the pencil of the artist could depict the wonderful richness of this sparkling fragment of Nature. Church, in his great picture of "The Icebergs," has grandly exhibited a scene not unlike thut which I would in vain describe.

"In the shadows of the bergs the water was a rich green, and nothing could be more soft and tender than the gradations of color made by the sea shoaling on the sloping tongue of a berg close beside us. The tint increased in intensity where the ice overhung the water, and a deep cavern near by exhibited the solid color of the malachite mingled with the transparency of the emerald; while, in strange contrast, a broad streak of cobalt blue ran diagonally through its body.

"The bewitching character of the scene was heightened by a thousand little cascades which leaped into the sea from these floating masses—the water being discharged from lakes of melted snow and ice which reposed in quietude far up in the valleys separating the high icy hills of their upper surface. From other bergs large pieces were now und then detached—plunging down into the water with deafening roise, while the slow moving swell of the ocean resounded through their broken archways.

"I had been watching this scene for hours, lost in reverie and forgetfulness, when I was brought suddenly to my senses by the master's mate, who came to report, 'Ice close aboard, sir.' We were drifting slowly upon a berg about the height of our topmasts The boats were quickly lowered to pull us off, and, the schooner once more in safety. I went to bed.

"I awoke after a few hours, shivering with the cold. The 'bull's eye' above my head was open, and u chilly log was pouring in npon me. Hurrying on deck, I found the whole scene changed. A dense gray mist had settled over the waters and icebergs aud mountaius, blending them all in chaotic gloom."

THE GREENLAND "KAYAK."

"The *kayak* of the Greenlauder is the frailest specimen of marine architecture that ever carried human freight. It is eighteen feet long and as many inches wide at its middle, and tapers, with an upward curving line, to a point at either end. The skeleton of the boat is made of light wood; the covering is of tanned seal skiu, sewed together by the native women with sinew threud, and with a strength and dexterity quite astonishing. Not a drop of water finds its way through their seams, and the skin itself is perfectly water-proof. The boat is about nine inches deep, and the top is covered like the bottom. There is no opening into it except a round hole in the centre, which admits the hunter as far as his hips. This hole is surrounded with a wooden rim, over which the kayaker laces the lower edge of his water-tight jacket, and thus fastens himself in and keeps the water out. He propels himself with a single oar about six feet long, which terminates in a blade or paddle at either end. This instrument of locomotion is grasped in the centre, and is dipped in the water alternately to right nnd left. The bont is graceful as a dnck and light as a feather. It has no ballast and no keel, nnd it rides almost on the surface of the water. It is therefore necessarily top-heavy. Long practice is required to manage it, and no tight-rope dancer ever needed more steady nerve and skill of balnnce than this same savage kayaker. Yet, in this frail craft, he does not hesitate to ride seas which would swamp an ordinary boat, or to break through surf which may sweep completely over him. But he is used to hard battles, nnd, in spite of every fortune, he keeps himself upright."

Wonderfully and magnificently beautiful as the bergs are, their beauty can only be contemplated with pleasure, at a safe distance. Their immediate neighborhood is full of strange perils. Great masses, as big as Montgomery Block, often break off from the top or sides and fall thnndering into the sea. Other masses are detached from the portion that is under water, thus changiug the center of gravity, and sometimes causing the entire berg to roll over. The following vivid description, will give the reader an idea of some of the peculiar perils of Arctic voyaging:

THE SCHOONER IN DANGER.

"Giviug too little heed to the currents, we were eagerly watching the indications of the wind which appeared at the south, and hoping for a breeze, when it was discovered that the tide had changed, and was stealthily setting us upon a nest of bergs which lay to the leeward. One of them was of that description known among the crew by the significant title of 'Touch me not,' and presented that jagged, honey-combed appearance indicative of great age. They ure unpleasant neighbors. The least disturbance of their equilibrium may cause the whole mass to crumble to pieces, and woe be unto the unlucky vessel that is caught in the dissolution.

"In such a trap it seemed, however, that we stood a fair chance of being ensnared. The current was carryiug us along at an uncomfortably rapid rate A boat was lowered as quickly as possible, to run out a line to a berg which lay grounded about a hundred yards from us. While this was being done, we grazed the side of a berg which rose a hundred feet above our topmasts, theu slipped past another of smaller dimensions. By pushing against them with our ice-poles we changed somewhat the course of the schooner; but when we thought that we were steering clear of the mass which we so much dreaded, an eddy changed the direction of onr drift, and carried us almost broadside upon it.

"The schooner struck on the starboard quarter, and the shock, slight though it was, diseugaged some fragments of ice that were large enough to have crushed the vessel had they struck her, and also many little lumps which rattled about; us; but fortunately no person was hit. The quarter-deck was quickly cleared, and all hands, crowding forward, anxiously watched the boat. The berg now began to revolve, nnd wns settling slowly over us; the little lumps fell thicker and faster upon the after-deck, and the forecastle was the only place where there was the least chance of safety.

"At length the berg itself saved us from destrnction. An immense mass broke off from that part which was beneath the surface of the sea, and this, a dozen times larger than the schooner, came rushiug up within a few yards of us, sending a vast volnme of foam and water flying from its sides. This rupture arrested the revolution, and the berg began to settle in the opposite direction. And uow came another danger. A long tongue was protruding immediately underneath the schooner; already the keel was slipping and grinding upon it, and it seemed probable that we should be knocked up into the air like a foot-ball, or ut least capsized. The side of our enemy soon leaned from us, and we were in no danger from the worse than hailstone showers which had driven us forward; so we sprang to the ice-poles, aud exerted our strength in endeavoring to push the vessel off. There were uo idle hands. Danger respects not the dignity of the quarter-deck.

"After we had fatigued ourselves at this hurd labor without any useful result, the berg came again to our relief. A loud report startled us; another and another followed in quick succession, until the noise grew deafening, and the whole air seemed a reservoir of frightful sound. The opposite side of the berg had split off, peice after piece, tumbling a vast volume of ice into the sea, and sending the berg revolving back upon us. This time the movement was quicker; fragments began again to fall; and, ulready sufficiently sturtled by the alarming dissolution which had taken place, we were in momentary expectation of seeing the whole side nearest to us break loose aud crash bodily upon the schooner, in which event she would inevitably be carried dowu beneath it; as hopelessly doomed as a shepherd's hut beneath an Alpine avalanche.

"By this time Dodge, who had charge of the boat, had succeeded in planting nu ice-anchor aud attachiug his rope, and greeted us with the welcome signal, '*Haul in.*' We pulled for our lives, long uud steadily. Secouds seemed miuutes, and minutes hours. At length we began to move off. Slowly and steadily sank the berg behind us, carrying away the main-boom, and grazing hard against the quarter. But we were safe. Twenty yards away, and the disruption occurred which we had all so much dreaded. The side nearest to us now split off, and came plungiug wildly down into the sea, sending over us u shower of spray, raising a swell which set us rocking to and fro as if in a gale of wiud, and left us grinding in the *débris* of the crumbling ruin.

"At last we sueceeded in extricating ourselves, and were far enough away to look back calmly upon the object of our terror. It was still rocking and rolling like a thing of life. At each revolutiou fresh masses were disengaged; and, as its sides came up in long sweeps, great cascades tumbled and leaped from them hissing into the foaming sea. After several hours it settled down into quietude, a mere fragment of its former greatness, while the pieces that were brokeu from it floated qnietly away with the tide.

"Whether it was the waves created by the dissolution which I have just described, or the suu's warm rays, or both combined, I cannot pretend to say, but the day was filled with one prolonged series of reports of crumbling icebergs. Scarcely had we been moored in safety when a very large one about two miles distant from us, resembling in its general appearance the British House of Parliament, began to go to pieces. First a lofty tower came plunging into the water, starting from their inhospitable perch an immense flock of gulls, that went screaming up into the air; over went another; then a whole side settled squarely down; then the wreck capsized, and at length after five hours of rolling nnd crashing, there remained of this splendid mass of congelation not a fragment that rose fifty feet above the water. Another, which nppeared to be a mile in length and upwards of a hundred feet in height, split in two with a quick, sharp, and at length rumbling report, which could hardly have been exceeded by a thousand pieces of artillery simultaneously dicharged, and the two fragments kept wallowing in the sea for hours before they came to rest. Eveu the berg to which we were moored chimed in with the infernal concert, and discharged a corner larger than St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is only, however, during Midsummer, that the peril from the breaking up of the ice is very great. July and August are the worst months, and some of the phenomena which are then of common occurrence are extremely curious. Dr. Hayes declares that he has frequently seen fragments shot off from the sunny side of a berg with great force in a nearly horizontal line, and with an explosion like that of a quarryman's blast. At one time the Doctor undertook to count the bergs in sight, but after getting us high as five hundred, which included only a portion of the larger ones, he gave up in despair. In the vicinity of the bergs, the sea is in calm weather so wonderfully transparent that the ice under water can be traced downward to an apparently interminable extent. But the bergs are by no means the only, nor even the chief danger that the daring adventurer has to encounter in the Polar seas. The risks incurred from "floes" and "the pack" are still greater. Except the earthquake and the volcano, Doctor Hayes declares there is not in nature an exhibition of tremendous power at all comparable to what may be witnessed in the Arctic ice-fields.

We do not remember any other book of Arctic voyages in which the local coloriug and "sentiment" of the regiou is so effectively caught, or which leaves upon the mind so vivid an impressiou of the weird beauty of the Arctic landscape. For the results of the expedition we refer the reader to the volnme itself, expecting him to be duly grateful to us for calling his uttentiou to so delighful a narrative. It can be had at Bancroft's.

ALBERT FOLSOM'S WAGON MANUFACTORY—Number 531 California street, just above the present *Alta* office, is one of the oldest established in San Francisco. Mr. Folsom's proficiency and superior workmanship in his line of business can be testified to by thousands who have practically tested it during the last ten years, which is the best of all recommendations. For years past he has been awarded the repairs of the City Fire Department, work requiring a combination of strength and lightness—a class of work in which he is acknowledged to excel.

MAURICE DORE & CO'S NEXT REAL ESTATE SALE.—It is seldom that such valuable property is offered at auction as that which is to be sold by this firm at their salesroom on Wednesday next. One entire block lying at the junction of Market street and Van Ness Avenue, the two great prospective thoroughfares of the city, will be sold in 32 snbdivisions. Read their advertisement.

WAGON AND CARRIAGE STOCK AND MATERIALS.—We call attention to the advertisement of Meeker, James & Co., on our 16th page. This house has been for years established in its present locality; and all manufacturers of "running-gear," wheelwrights, etc., can find within its spacious walls every article required by their craft at the lowest figures

THE BEST CALIFORNIA WINES are "Hoadley's famed Sonoma wines," to be obtained only at the depot of Hoadley & Co., 533 Merchant street, opposite the office of THE CALIFORNIAN.

BACK AGAIN.—Dr. Blake, dentist, has removed to 645 Clay street, just below Kearny, within a few doors of his former old locality on the corner of Clay and Kearny streets.

DR. BENTON will give his last lecture on Psychology and the kindred sciences, at Congress Hall to night. The pressure of the doctors professional duties necessitates their suspension for a few weeks.

THE LADIES' WATER CURE—in fact the ONLY Water Cure in San Francisco, the Pioneer—Dr. BOURNE, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Cures speedy, pleasant, certain, where all other means have failed, and WITHOUT medicines, bleeding, blistering, excoriating or plastering. The experience of a quarter of a century, and FIFTEENTH year in San Francisco. *

GREAT SUCCESS has attended the practice of the eminent Water-Cure Physician, Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, during his long residence in San Francisco. Fifteenth year. His style of treatment is entirely different from that of the hydropathic colleges, and far superior. *

BATHS FOR THE SICK, with the physician's knowledge and experience, acquired during a practice of more than twenty-five years, (fifteen in San Francisco,) are the best and in the end decidedly the cheapest. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

WATER CURE.—Pioneer and only Water Cure in San Francisco, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street—fifteenth year. Removed twice only in more than twelve years. *

ELECTRICITY.—The use of Dr. Bourne's powerful and superb battery may be had at a charge of only four bits—10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

THE SICK ARE CURED without medicines better than with them, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

AN ODE TO SPRING.

I won't begin, "Hail, jocund Spring"—
"Hail's" only fit for winter—
But—Sunny Spring, thy flowers fling,
With varied colors tiut a
Land, which too soon dried up and browned
By scorching sun of Summer,
Will with its withered look astound
The eyes of each new comer.

Spring is the gay time of the year;
Nature in full new suit is
Now gaily clad; the fields now wear
A thousand varied beauties.
Men take a hint from Nature's dress
And in resplendent raiment
They welcome Spring with joyfulness,
Nor grudge their tailor payment.

As Nature decks the grassy fields
With gay and varied beauties,
So WARD to Nature's laws still yields,
Nor shirks his Spring-tide duties.
His costly show of scarfs and ties,
All suited to the season,
Delight each man of fashion's eyes,
And WARD'S a man of reason.

The price of everything, they say,
Be it shirt or paper collar,—
He has reduced, and in this way
Beats all his rivals hollow.
WARD'S shirts—new fashion for the Spring—
All men of taste admire;
And low prices must custom bring
And satisfy each buyer.

EUCHRE.

BY HARRY POMEROY.

Euchre is a popular game, very much so, and is played in the family circle—at home, not at the theatre—and in many other places, including the "cottage by the sea," in "marble halls," at clubs, on steamboats (very much), in railroad cars to a great extent, and in very many other places, not including churches, singing schools, the Legislature while in session, or Normal schools.

But it is nevertheless played about everywhere, and by about everybody.

It is a popular game with the fair sex. More so than base ball, much more. They like euchre. They frequently order it up, but seldom play it alone. Some of them will go in on small hands, too, though I have seen those whom my gloves would "fit to a T," and I wear number 7.

There is a great difference in players. Some are good natured and jolly, taking a "euchre" as gaily as they would a "strait;" some are very reserved, silent, and watchful; some are continually in a fuss, fret and fidget, if the game goes against them; while some rear, tear and swear if they get beat or euchred.

And these latter are generally the ones who like to "make up a game." Why they ever play, when they are always so confounde dly uncomfortable, is more than I could ever make out.

Some play quick and decided; some never seem to know what card to play, and play the wrong one finally, after making a feint of playing every card in their hand; some play thoughtlessly, hap hazard like, and then exclaim, "there! I declare, I didn't mean to play that card. I meant to have played the 10 of clubs." It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and people of all sorts of dispositions to play euchre.

What is life but a euchre game? With many it is "set back" euchre, or "cut throat," as some call it—and truly. We are all playing euchre, some holding "lone hands," and others without a trump. It's a hard game with the latter—the prospect, bad.

There are a good many of us playing "lone hands" in the little side games of life, and we often get euchred on them—don't we? The grand games are played between governments, and the stakes are apt to be high.

A "quarter a corner" is nowhere.

Max., he took a hand at the game, where the stake was Mexico. Nap., his partner, "assisted," but they have got euchred bad. Uncle Sam claimed a "hand in," and "held over them."

Prussia played a "lone hand" against Austria, made her four points and won the game. Bismarck dealt the cards. Nap. was interested in the game, and tried to get in for a deal, but Bis. was too much for him, and wouldn't let him have a "hand in." The Fenians have got euchred badly—on Stephens. He played a "lone hand" on them, and went through with it.

We are all playing euchre in this world of ours, from high to low—from L. Napoleon down to State Constables, the latter often getting euchred on a "lone hand." We are all trying to euchre one another in all the relations of life, and some do get euchred badly on relations. I was once euchred to the tune of a ten by a cousin-in-law. One party or the other frequently get euchred in the game of matrimony. Sometimes both, in which case they generally change partners if they wish another "rub."

The world is a euchre table, and we mere players. This is coming down to a finer point than did Shakespeare on the "stage" business. The devil euchred Eve badly—holding a "lone hand" against her Eve, in turn, euchred Adam, and the game has been going on ever since.

Such is Euchre—such is Life.—*Boston Sunday Times.*

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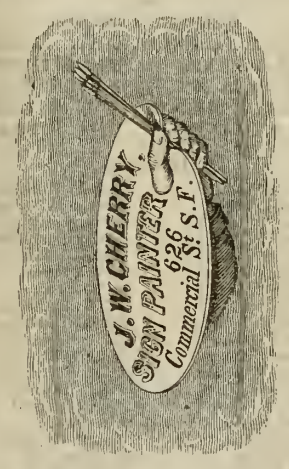

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RUNAWAY HORSES.

BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

It is as natural for some horses to run away as it is for a Kentucky girl when she wants to get married, and it isn't always the result of native viciousness in the one case, any more than it is in the other. Fact is, horses like to run—they were built for it—and when there is nothing particnlar to scare them into it, they will often get np a scare on their own hook, just for the fun of the thing. They have various ways of running away. Some run away on a run, some on a gallop and some on a trot. When they run on a walk it is geuerally on the *sidewalk*. Some run away under the saddle, some in harness, and some *run away* to nothing hut a mere shadow.

Some will only rnn for money; others will only run for home. Running away is a hahit nsually acquired when the horse is yonng, although we have known horses whose early days were free from such viciousness take it np in their old age, when they are very liable to "run it in the ground." So we have seen men who were models of propriety in youth and middle age, pnt on a frisky way with gray hairs, drop sedateness and sohriety, and take to "rnnning all night."

A runaway is very exciting, particnlarly to the individual who is being run away with. There is an exhilirating sense of heing jerked ahont without touching anything in particular; a sense of seeing men scatter hefore yon to get out of the way; a sense of hearing them yell "whoa!" hehind you as you dash on; a sense of stopping suddenly—and then yon haven't got any more sense.

The expedients that have heen resorted to for hreaking a horse of this hahit are numerous. Whipping has heen tried with only partial snccess. He has heen hitched hy the side of another horse, and run away with the other horse. Anchors have been rigged to the wagon to he cast out when the horse started to run, stopping almost everything except the horse.

A man whom we once knew claimed that kindness was all that was required to cure any horse of rnnning, no matter how long it had run. "Only prove to your horse that you have confidence in him," said he, "and the native generosity of his disposition will overcome all desire to run away."

Some of his neighhors, being incredulous ahont it, hrought him a horse that wonld run away three hundred and sixty-five times and six hours in one year, if he had an opportnnity. They wanted him to try his system on him, which he accordingly did. He hitched him to a buggy, conversing pleasantly upon every day topics, meanwhile, and then to show the quadruped what confidence he had in him, got in to drive without any reins.

"Here, gentlemen," said he, "I am ahout to give you an illustration of the effects which kindness and a display of confidence will have npon the horse. Once convince him that you are his friend, and that you confide in him, and he will respond with the gratitude of a child. You will perceive that at a word from me he will do as I require."

Then in mild, soothing tones, that fairly overflowed with kindness to animals, he begged the privilege of seeing him move. And he did. The horse gave a bound, struck into a rnn, and was out of sight in a minute. Nothing has since been seen of the horse or his trainer.

We never yet knew a horse that had the hahit of rnnning away secnrely fastened upon him—and once will fasten it securely enough—to ever be satisfactorily cured except by death. Men who have doubted this, and given the horse a second trial, have had the trial go against them with costs.—*Cincinnati Times.*

THE latest triumph of photography is a plan in which pictures of sunken ships are secured much to the benefit of wreckers.

AN ice-hoat on the Hudson recently run nine miles in ten minutes.

GENESEE county, New York, has had two earthquake shocks.

SPURGEON is ahout to erect an orphan asylum.

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[For the Californian.]

STREET CAR RECREATION.

BY PRENTICE.

THE only occupation presented to a person on getting into a street car is to sit and stare at or be stared at. It is generally dull work. The other day to while away the time on such a trip, I made imaginary histories and conjectures concerning my fellow passengers, as one by one they dropped in and dropped out.

Enter first a twelve year old boy carrying a baby. Imagination starts. Poor boy! He has to carry that baby a great deal. I know he does. His attitude adapts itself to the shape and daily increasing weight of the infant, and the expression of his face indicates that the baby has worn itself into his mind, as it were. The two are Siamese twins of unequal age. He must be an orphan, adopted by some practical people for the purpose of going on errands and carrying the baby. Life with him thus far has been food, clothes, sleep, scolding and carrying baby. He likes good things to eat, but I feel that the people with whom he lives are made uncomfortable by his positive and active appetite. Not that they begrudge him what he consumes, exactly, but they dislike to see all his faculties absorbed when he eats pie. They have forgotten how pie tasted at the age of twelve years. He will live with those people a few years longer. That baby will become more and more a plague and a torment to him. There will be private quarrels between him and the infant. He will have the best of the contest out of the house and "get in," as the professionals say, many a sly pinch and cuff in revenge for protracted martyrdom; but the baby will win at home. Finally he will leave these people, only to suffer a change of masters until he becomes old enough to master some one himself. He looks forward to this time with hopeful but vague anticipation, the delight of which is in no small measure increased by the knowledge that he will be served daily at table with a piece of pie as big as anybody's else. Yet when that time comes of how little importance will pie and cake be to him in comparison with some other then unattainable object. Poor boy! poor baby! Sad objects for contemplation. Blow your nose, poor boy—there is much need of it; and apply the necessary instrument to the infant's nasal protuberance, also.

There is a neatly dressed young man in one corner. Black hair, black moustache, ruddy complexion. He is going to see some young woman. He and she think they love each other. They will be married and trudge along in the vast and never-ending procession of Jacks and Jills who live in bired tenements, eat, drink, have children born unto them, and never so much as wonder why and wherefore they were created. He would do much for that young woman now. But two or three years after the magistrate has told them to love each other, he will do about as he pleases, for matrimony is not courtship, and husband and wife are not generally lovers. Had the magistrate not tied the knot so fast he might be a little more careful and not give himself so much tether when in some of his various moods—for he has moods. All men have them. Young woman, you need not lay the flattering unction, the balm of a thousand flowers to your soul that your Charles has no ugly in him. All men have some ugly in them, just as all soil contains worthless weeds. It will come to the surface some time or other. It is only to be eradicated by patient and persistent rooting up. Your Charles knows not how much ugly there is in him. As he sits there now, dreaming of his anticipated *tete a-tete* with you, he deems himself one of the mildest, best natured creatures in existence. How heavenly we can be when all goes right! How bland we become when our earthly form is outside of a good dinner! How genial are we in the sunshine of our wedding day!

Here is a middle aged man, whiskers slightly tinged with gray, black, bushy eye-brows. He carries a bundle. He is going home to his family. He looks to me like a devil at home. No exclamation of rapturous delight is heard when the door opens for him. I hear a growl—a human growl—because dinner is not ready, or little Sam has left some children's trash, sticks, stones, broken pottery, and the like, on the front gravelled walk. Well, he has a right to grumble, hasn't he? Don't he provide for the family? Are you not willing to allow him a little recreation after returning home fatigued with the cares and perplexities of business? Let the children keep still. Let the cat run with a scared expression out of the back door as he makes an ineffectual kick at her. Let the meek and submissive wife keep silent until this lord of creation, secretly ashamed of his own tantrums, chooses to unbend himself. He is a man, one of the lords who control creation—or imagine they do—all the same so long as they know no better.

The car stops. A man in a new and cheap gray suit, particolored cravat and new felt hat enters. He is from the interior. Car riding is new to him. He imagines it new to all aboard. He is not bound anywhere in particular; just where the car takes him. I would like to enjoy it as he does. That man's partners are to-day piping away at some great bank of dirt up country. Even now shovels long-handled, picks, crowbars, hose and long strings of sluices are pictured in his brain. He is going home on the next steamer, and is trying to enjoy himself the few days previous to his departure.

A miss of sixteen, arrayed in the legitimate uniform of a young lady. Her stiff and ample skirts quite overshadow our friend from the country as she sits beside him. He is awed and abashed. She knows she is "dressed up." That's about all she does know, just at present. There is a difference between being dressed and "dressed up." A large proportion of our women on the street are "dressed up," and look as if they had run a-muck through a dry-goods establishment, coming out with whatever clung to them, without regard to suitableness or color. What business have you to criticise women's dress? Is not that their own especial department? No. Men are what they dress for. As one of the units constituting mankind I am one of the parties dressed for; perhaps it might be said dressed at. I have caught glimpses of a plain calico gown belted neatly round the waist, just the narrowest edge of a linen collar, bright eyes, red cheeks, hair untortured, which would reduce all these tilting frills to nothingness.

A youth from the city college. Two books. Two years more and his education will be finished. So he thinks. So he is taught to believe. Finished? Whose education is finished? Show me the bounds to space and you may begin to speak of educations finished. How little after all do we know.

"Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar——"

"Fare, sir." So remarked the conductor. There is, indeed, but one tumble from the sublime to the ridiculous. I deliver my ticket, and ask that conductor, mentally, if he is aware that he has an immortal soul, and, if knowing that he possesses such an article, how can he drag me thus down from the seventh Heaven of reflection to demand a paltry car ticket?

The youth has a copy of Virgil. His parents never read Virgil—never droned year after year through *bonus, bona, bonum*—and they regard their son's travels through these unknown regions of language with admiration and awe. And he has discovered that he knows more than his parents, and perhaps even now regards his father as the "old man," a sort of necessary evil, being the medium through whom pocket money is procured.

There are many Lears in society.

Wisdom, learning——Who are learned? Thales was one of the wise men of Greece, and he deemed that all warmth was derived from humidity, and that the sun and stars derived their aliment from the sea. But Anaximenes was another wise man who, differing from Thales, contended that air must be the substitute for water as the source of all things. And Pythagoras and Socrates——Ah! We are at North Beach. Let us go and see the lively monkeys, the morose bears, and the garrulous parrots.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

AT Maguire's Opera House *The Fast Family*, an adaptation of Victor Sardou's play, *La Famille Benoiton*, was played on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Miss Kate Denin made her reappearance on Monday in the character of "Clotilde" in this play. The head of the "fast family"—"Monsieur Benoiton" (admirably played by Henry Edwards)—is immersed in business cares and allows the members of his family to amuse themselves as best pleases them. The daughters dress like the members of the *demi-monde*, talk slang and go to places of amusement without a *chaperone*. The oldest son plunges into dissipation, and glories in getting into disgraceful scrapes, and the youngest, a boy of twelve years of age—tuitioned in "business points" by his father—speculates in postage stamps, organizes a juvenile Board of Brokers, bulls and bears it with the aid of his father's money and experience, smokes, gets drunk and otherwise behaves "as a man." "Blanche," eldest daughter (Mrs. Sophie Edwin,) married to "M. Didier," forms the acquaintance of "M. le Vicomte de Champrose" (J. Wilson) at a gambling table and on his appearance in Paris circumstances lead "M. Didier" to suspect him of undue affection for his wife. After much trouble "Blanche Didier" is cleared from suspicion through the kind offices of "Clotilde," who has set herself to work to reform this "fast family." The character of "M. Didier" affords Mr. McCullough an opportunity of displaying his talent for quiet, and intense acting, and he made many good points. Mrs. Judah as "Adolphine," an old maid, and a poor relation of the family, was extremely good. Harry Jackson filled the part of "Prudent Formichel," a very commercial young gentleman suitor for the hand of "Camille Benoiton," with admirable skill. Miss A. Deaves, the little girl who played "Fanfan Benoiton," the youngest of the family, was nightly the recipient of immense applause for her capital rendition of the part. The Miss Corcorans, who are rapidly improving in their profession, played the roles of "Rose" and "Camille Benoiton" very well. The first act of this play is decidedly slow, and does not evince much artistic skill on the part of its translator: the last two acts are good and the interest is well sustained throughout. On Thursday evening *Julius Cæsar* was produced on the occasion of the benefit of Henry Edwards. I am sorry to say that the house was not half as well filled as it ought to have been, taking into consideration the merit of Mr. Edwards and the fact that some time has elapsed since *Julius Cæsar* was last produced at the Opera House. Everyone who has seen Mr. Edwards on the stage admires him; there is no difference of opinion as to his talent; all say he is one of the best actors we have ever had on the San Francisco stage. Everyone "hoped Mr. Edwards would have a good benefit;" but, alas! everyone did not attend. The audience present—and it was a good one though there were many seats vacant—enjoyed the performance thoroughly. "Marc Antony's" oration over the body of "Cæsar" has seldom if ever been so effectively delivered on the San Francisco stage, and the loud applause of the audience on its conclusion attested their thorough appreciation. Mr. Edwards's characterization of "Marc Antony" was a talented effort throughout. John McCullough made many good points in the part of "Brutus," but his anxiety to avoid ranting led him to the other extreme, and he was frequently too tame. He delivered many impassioned speeches in a cold, uncongenial manner, which was scarcely a characteristic of Shakspeare's "Brutus." He was not always happy in his reading—surely,

"I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman."

should be read—

"I'd rather be a *dog*, and bay the moon." etc.

Mr. McCullough places all the emphasis on "bay" as if to "*bay* the moon" were a most disreputable occupation for a dog to be engaged in. Harry Thompson read the part of "Cassius" very well indeed; Miss Kate Denin made an admirable "Portia;" Mrs. Sophie Edwin played "Calphurnia" with much feeling, and Mrs. Harry Jackson won much applause for her capital acting in the part of "Lucius." Last night *Griffith Gaunt* was reproduced. This afternoon the comedy of *The Fast Family* will be played, and in the evening the new play entitled *The Curse of Our Country* will be produced. This is an original local drama written by a gentleman of this city. The Chinese question affords material for the plot. On Monday, Miss Olivia Rand will make her first appearance on any stage in the play of *The Rustic Prima Donna*, in the course of which she will sing a number of operatic gems. Miss Rand is young and attractive, and her friends prophesy for her a most successful debut. The great spectacular play of *Cendrillon* is in active preparation, and 100 young ladies are wanted immediately, to assist in its production. This play will, I believe, be produced with all the grand effects of the *Black Crook*.

On Monday evening the experiment of a polyglot performance of *Othello* was tried at the American Theatre, under the direction of George Pauncefort. It proved a failure both pecuniarily (a very small audience was present) and in an artistic sense. Mr. Pauncefort's "Othello" was by no means worthy of his reputation. Bonnet must study Shakspeare before he again attempts to play "Iago" in French. We doubt whether there are many Frenchmen living who could acceptably present this character on the stage. Mrs. Pauncefort's "Desdemona" and Fraulein Meyer's "Emilia"—in German—were both creditible recitations. We are sorry that Mr. Pauncefort's experiment failed to meet with success, but we are inclined to think that after all the novelty of a "polyglot performance" was not what caused the public of New York to flock to hear Shakspeare in German and English. Edwin Booth, Madame Scbiller and Bogumil Dawison are artistes of great merit; perhaps it was the fact that they could, in a performance in two languages, appear on the same occasion together on the stage, that caused the success of the English-German performances.

Madame Jaffa's first concert took place at Platt's Music Hall on Thursday evening. A pretty fair audience was present. Madame Jaffa's playing is characterized by considerable power, much brilliancy of execution and delicacy of touch. The compositions of Beethoven and Liszt try the capabilities of any artist severely, and though Madame Jaffa and Mr. Buch performed Beethoven's "Kreutza Sanato" very creditably, the former displays her talent to far more advantage in lighter compositions, such as Schuloff's "Carnival de Venise" and Wallace's "Cracovienne," both of which she executed extremely well. Miss Emma Howson sang "Wild Rocky Desert" from *William Tell*, in a manner which delighted her hearers and gained a unanimous encore. Miss Clelia Howson sang "Oh! Whisper what thou feelest" beautifully. She was rewarded with much applause, and was also encored.

On Wednesday Miss Pauline Conger, who recently made such a successful *debut* as "Mariana," in the play of *The Wife*, will essay another of Sheridan Knowles's creations, that of "Julia," in *The Hunchback*. Miss Conger has proven her possession of good acting qualifications and self-command on her *debut*, and will doubtless present a most satisfactory "Julia." Mr. Pierpont Thayer will personate "Sir Thomas Clifford" on this occasion.

On Thursday evening M'lle Rosa Celeste will be the recipient of a testimonial tendered by the profession. A grand concert will take place at Platt's Hall. M'lle Rosa Celeste will make her first ascension since the accident which she met with some five months ago and other entertainments will be presented. The following celebrated artistes have kindly volunteered their services: Signora Bianchi, Madame Marzetti, Miss Emma Howson, Miss Clelia Howson, M'lle Louisa Tourney, Mrs. Georgiana Leach, Miss Ella Kemp, Miss Rosa Siegrist, Signor Biancbi, Siguor Mancusi, S. W. Leach, Signor Roncovieri, Frank Howson, John Howson, Charles Schultz, M. W. Willis, Gustave A. Scott, Prof. Siegrist and son, and the Martinetti Trupe. Such an array of talent will doubtless draw one of the largest audiences ever assembled within the walls of Platt's Hall.

At the Metropolitan, Heller still continues the attraction.

There has been no lack of amusement in San Francisco during the week. On Thursday evening the students of the Pacific Business College gave a social reunion at their rooms in the Mechanics' Institute on Post street. All who were invited enjoyed a most pleasant evening. There was no lack of handsome young ladies for partners, and the dance was kept up with much spirit until morning. TOUCHSTONE.

SASH, DOORS, AND BLINDS.—The manufacture of these articles has become, of late years, one of the most important branches of the industry of our city, and one that gives steady employment to hundreds of mechanics. One of the largest and most complete of our sash and door manufactories is that of Messrs. Miller & Haley, at the Empire Steam Mills, No. 29 Fremont street, which alone gives employment, in all its various requirements, to nearly one hundred men. Supplied as it is, with all the improved and labor saving modern machinery, the work turned out from their factory is not only enormous for the force employed, but is noted for its strength, completeness and finish. Messrs. Miller & Haley, who have furnished by contract many of our most prominent buildings with sash, doors and blinds—and most satisfactorily to the contracting parties—have recently been awarded the contracts for supplying the above named articles for the Trinity Church, the Fireman's Fund, and the Mercantile Library Association's buildings, all now in course of construction.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IX.—MOVING ON.

UNCONSCIOUS of the deep inquietude of her brother and of her son, happy in a reunion which she had never dared to hope for, still sufficiently weakened by her illness to be preserved from any mental investigation of "how things had come about," acquiescent and tranquil, Mrs. Carruthers was rapidly getting well. The indelible alteration which her beauty had sustained—for it was beauty still—the beauty of a decade later than when George had seen his mother through the ball-room window at Poynings—had touched her morally as well as physically; and a great calm had come upon her with the silver streaks in her rich dark hair, and the fading of the color in her cheek.

The relation between George's mother and her husband had undergone an entire change. Mr. Carruthers had been excessively alarmed when he first realized the nature of his wife's illness. He had never come in contact with anything of the kind, and novelty of any description had a tendency to alarm and disconcert Mr. Carruthers of Poynings. But he was not in the least likely to leave any manifest duty undone, and he had devoted himself, with all the intelligence he possessed (which was not much), and all the heart (which was a great deal more than he, or anybody else, suspected), to the care, attention, and "humoring" which the patient required. From the first, Mrs. Carruthers had been able to recognize this without trying to account for it, and she unconsciously adopted the best possible method of dealing with a disposition like that of her husband. She evinced the most absolute dependence on him, and almost fretful eagerness for his presence, an entire forgetfulness of the former supposed immutable law which had decreed that the convenience and pleasure of Mr. Carruthers of Poynings were to take precedence, as a matter of course, of all other sublunary things.

All was changed now. Mr. Carruthers was no longer the first. His hours, his habits, his occupations, had to give way to the exigencies of a misfortune which struck him on the most sensitive point, and which invested him with a responsility not to be trifled with or shared. It was characteristic of him that he became excessively proud of his care of his wife. The pomposity and importance with which he had been wont to "transact his public business" was now transferred to his superintendance of his patient; and the surveillance and fussiness which had made life rather a burdensome possession to the household and retainers of Poynings impressed themselves upon the physicians and attendants promoted to the honor of serving Mrs. Carruthers. As they were, in the nature of things, only temporary inflictions, and were, besides, accompanied by remarkably liberal remuneration, the sufferers supported them uncomplainingly.

It was also characteristic of Mr. Carruthers that, having made up his mind to receive George Dallas well, he had received him very well, and speedily became convinced that the young man's reformation was genuine, and would be lasting. Also, he had not the least suspicion how largely he was influenced in this direction by Mark Felton's estimate of the young man—an estimate not due to ignorance either, for George had hidden nothing in his past career from his uncle, except his acquaintance with Clare Carruthers, and the strange coincidence which connected him with the mysterious murder of the 17th of April. Mr. Carruthers, like all men, who are both weak and obstinate, was largely influenced by the opinions of others, provided they were not forced upon him or too plainly suggested to him, but that he was currently supposed to partake or even to originate them. He had not said much to his wife about her son; he had not referred to the past at all.

It was in his honorable, if narrow, nature to tell her frankly that he had recognized his errors, that he knew now that all his generosity, all the other gifts he had given her, had not availed, and could not have availed, while George's society had been denied; but the consigne was, "Mrs. Carruthers must not be agitated," and the great rule of Mr. Carruthers' life at present was, that the consigne was not to be violated. Hence nothing had been said upon the subject, and after the subsidence of her first agitation, Mrs Carruthers had appeared to take George's presence very quietly, as she took all other things.

The alteration which had taken place in his wife had tended to allay that unacknowledged ill which had troubled Mr. Carruthers' peace, and exacerbated his temper. The old feeling of jealousy died completely out. The pale, delicate, fragile woman, whose mind held by the past now with so very faint a grasp, whose peaceful thoughts were of the present, whose quiet hopes were of the future, had nothing in common with the beautiful young girl whom another than he had wooed and won. As she was now, as alone she wished to be, he was first and chief in her life, and there was not a little exaction or temporary fretfulness, a single little symptom of illness and dependence, which had not in it infinitely more reassuring evidence for Mr. Carruthers than all the observance of his wishes, and submission to his domestic laws, which had formerly made it plainer to Mr. Carruthers of Poynings that his wife feared than that she loved him.

He was not the least jealous of George. He liked him. He was clever, Mr. Carruthers knew; and he rather disapproved of clever people in the abstract. He had heard, and had no reason to doubt—certainly none afforded by his stepson's previous career—that literary people were a bad lot. He supposed, innocent Mr. Carruthers, that, to be literary, people must be clever. The inference was indisputable. But George did not bore him with his cleverness. He never talked about the *Piccadilly* or the *Mercury*, reserving his confidences on these points for his mother and uncle. The family party paired off a good deal. Mr. Carruthers and his wife, Mark Felton and his nephew. And then Mr. Carruthers had an opportunity of becoming convinced that the doubts he had allowed to trouble him had all been groundless, and to learn by experience that, happy in her son's society, truly grateful to him for the kindness with which he watched George, she was happier still in his company.

To a person of quicker perception than Mr. Carruthers, the fact that the invalid never spoke of her faithful old servant would have had much significance. It would have implied that she had more entirely lost her memory than other features and circumstances of her condition indicated, or that she had regained sufficient mental firmness and self-control to avoid anything leading directly or indirectly to the origin and source of a state of mental weakness, of which she was distressingly conscious. But Mr. Carruthers lacked quickness and experience, and he did not notice this. He had pondered, in his stately way, over Dr. Merle's words, and he had become convinced that he must have been right. There had been a "shock." But of what nature? How, when, had it occurred? Clearly, these questions could not now, probably could not ever be, referred to Mrs. Carruthers. Who could tell him? Clare? Had anything occurred while he had been absent during the days immediately preceding his wife's illness? He set himself now, seriously, to the task of recalling the circumstances of his return.

He had been met by Clare, who told him Mrs. Carruthers was not quite well. He had gone with her to his wife's room. She was lying in her bed. He remembered that she looked pale and ill. She was in her dressing-gown, but otherwise dressed. Then, she had not been so ill that morning as to have been unable to leave her bed. If anything had occurred, it must have taken place after she had risen as usual. Besides, she had not been seriously ill until a day or two later,—stay, until how many days? It was on the morning after Mr. Dalrymple's visit that he had been summoned to his wife's room; he and Clare were at breakfast together. Yes, to be sure, he remembered it all distinctly. Was the "shock" to be referred to that morning, then? Had it only come in aid of previously threatening indisposition? These points Mr. Carruthers could not solve. He would question Clare on his return, and find out what she knew, or if she knew anything. In the mean time, he would not mention the matter at all, not even to his wife's brother or her son. Mr. Carruthers of Poynings had the "defects of his qualities," and the qualities of his defects, so that his pride, leading to arrogance in one direction, involved much delicacy in another; and this sorrow, this fear, this source of his wife's suffering, whatever it might be, was a sacred thing for him, so far as its concealment from all hitherto unacquainted with it was concerned. Clare might help him to find it out, and then, if the evil was one within his power to remedy, it should be remedied; but, in the mean time, it should not be made the subject of discussion or speculation. Her brother could not possibly throw any light on the cause of his wife's trouble; he was on the other side of the Atlantic when the blow, let it have come from whatever unknown quarter, had struck her. Her son! Where had he been? And asking himself this question, Mr. Carruthers began to feel rather uncomfortably hot about the ears, and went creaking up the stairs to his wife's sitting-room, in order to divert his thoughts as soon as possible. He saw things by a clearer light now, and the recollection of his former conduct to George troubled him.

He found his step-son and Mark Felton in Mrs. Carruthers' room. The day was chilly and gloomy, and eminently suggestive of the advantages possessed by an English country mansion over the most commodious and expensive of foreign lodging-houses. George had just placed a shawl round his mother's shoulders, and was improving the fastenings of the windows, which were in their normal condition in foreign parts.

"Mark Felton has been talking about Poynings," said Mrs. Carruthers, turning to her husband with a smile, "and says he never saw a place he admired more, though he had only a passing glimpse of it."

Mr. Carruthers was pleased, though of course it was only natural that Mr. Felton should never have seen any place more to be admired by persons of well-regulated taste than Poynings.

"Of course," he said, with modest admission, "if you come to talk about the Dukeries, and that kind of thing, there's nothing to be said for Poynings. But *it is* a nice place, and I am very fond of it, and so is Laura."

He was rather alarmed, when he had said this, to observe his wife's eyes full of tears. Tears indicated recollection, and of a painful kind, he thought, being but little acquainted with the intricate symptoms of feminine human nature, which recollection must be avoided, or turned aside, in a pleasurable direction.

Now George's cleverness was a direction of the required kind, and Mr. Carruthers proceeded to remark that George must make drawings for his mother of all the favorite points of view at Poynings.

"There's the terrace, George," he said, "and the 'Tangle,' where your mother loves to spend the summer afternoons, and there's the beech-wood, from the hill beyond the garden, and the long avenue. There are several spots you will like, George, and,—and," said Mr. Carruthers, magnanimously, and blushing all over his not much withered face, like a woman, "I'm only sorry you are to make acquaintance with them so late in the day."

He put out his hand, with true British awkwardness, as he spoke, and the young man took it respectfully, and with an atoning pang of shame and self-reproach. But for his mother's presence, and the imperative necessity of self-restraint imposed by the consideration of her health and the danger of agitation to her, George would inevitably have told his step-father the truth. He felt all the accumulated meanness of an implied falsehood most deeply and bitterly, and might have been capable of forgetting even his mother, but for a timely warning conveyed to him by the compressed lips and frowning brows of his uncle. As for his mother, neither he nor Mr. Felton could judge for the effect produced upon her by the words of her husband. She had turned away her head as he began to speak.

"I was just going to tell Laura what I thought of doing, if you and she approve," Mr. Felton hastened to say. "You see, I am getting more and more anxious about Arthur, and I don't think he will turn up here. I thought if George and I were to go on to Paris and make some inquiries there—I know pretty well where he went to there, and what he did. We need not make more than a few days' delay, and then go on to London, and join you and Laura there. What do you say?"

"I think it would do nicely," said Mr. Carruthers. "You and George would hardly like our rate of traveling under any circumstances." It would have afforded any individual endowed with good humor and a sense of the ludicrous great amusement to observe the pleasure and importance with which Mr. Carruthers implied the seriousness of his charge, and the immense signification of a journey undertaken by Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings. "We shall stay some time in town," he continued, "for additional medical advice; and then, I hope, we shall all go down to Poynings together."

"I have secured rooms for George and myself in Piccadilly," said Mark Felton, in a skillfully off-hand manner. "It would never do for two jolly young bachelors like him and me to invade Sir Thomas Boldero's house. Even"—and here Mr. Felton's countenance clouded over, and he continued, absently—"even if Arthur did not join us; but I hope he will,—I hope he will."

Mr. Carruthers was singularly unfortunate in any attempt to combine politeness with insincerity. He had a distinct conviction that his wife's nephew was a "good-for-nothing," of a different and more despicable order of good-for-nothingness to that which he had imputed to his step-son in his worst days; and though he would have been unfeignedly pleased had Mr. Felton's inquietude been set at rest by the receipt of a letter from his son, he was candidly of opinion that the longer that young gentleman abstained from joining the family party, the more peaceful and happy that family party would continue to be.

However, he endeavored to rise to the occasion, and said he hoped "Mr. Arthur" would accompany his father to Poynings, with not so very bad a grace, considering.

The diversion had enabled George to recover himself, and he now drew a chair over beside his mother's, and began to discuss the times and distances of their respective journeys, and other cognate topics of conversation. Mr. Carruthers liked everything in the planning and settling line, and it was quite a spectacle to behold him over the incomprehensible pages of Bradshaw, emphasizing his helplessness with his gold spectacles.

"I suppose ten days will see us all in London," he said to Mr. Felton, "if you leave this with George to-morrow, and we leave on Monday. I have written to my niece. Sir Thomas and Lady Boldero never come to town at this season, so I have asked Clare to come up and see that the house is all com-

fortable for Laura. Clare can stay at her cousin's till we arrive."

"Her cousin's?" asked Mark Felton; and George blessed him for the question, for he did not know who was meant, and had never yet brought himself to make an inquiry in which Clare Carruthers was concerned, even by implication.

"Mrs. Stanhope, Sir Thomas' daughter," said Mr. Carruthers; "she was married just after we left Poynings."

"The young lady of whom Captain Marsh made such appropriate mention," thought George.

"I have no town-house," continued Mr. Carruthers, with more of the old pompous manner than Mr. Felton had yet remarked in him. "Laura prefers Poynings, so do I; and as my niece came down only this spring, and has been detained in the country by several causes, we have not thought it necessary to have one."

"I should think you would find a town-house a decided nuisance," said Mr. Felton, frankly; "and if Mrs. Carruthers has Sir Thomas Boldero's and Mrs. Stanhope's to go to, I don't see that she wants anything more."

"You forget," said Mr. Carruthers, in a quiet tone, which, nevertheless, conveyed to Mr. Felton's quick apprehension that he had made a grave mistake, and implied to perfection the loftiness of rebuke,—"you forget that Miss Carruthers is the heiress of Poynings!"

"Ah, to be sure, so I do," said Mark Felton, heartily, "and I beg her pardon and yours; but at least I shall never forget that she is the most charming girl I ever saw in my life." And then, as if a secret inspiration led him to put the question which George longed to hear and dared not ask, he said,—

"When is Miss Carruthers to arrive in Loudon?"

"Only three or four days before we shall get there, I fancy. My love," turning abruptly to Mrs. Carruthers, as a happy idea struck him, by which her additional comfort might be secured, "what would you think of my desiring Clare to bring Brookes up with her? Should you like to have her with you when you are in town?"

Mrs. Carruthers turned a face full of distress upon her husband in reply to his kind question. It was deeply flushed for a moment, then it grew deadly pale; her eyes rolled toward George with an expression of doubt, of searching, of misty anguish, which filled him with alarm, and she put out her hands with a gesture of avoidance.

"O, no, no," she said, "I cannot see her yet—I am not able—I don't know—there's something, there's something."

It might have struck Mr. Carruthers and Mark Felton too, had they not been too much alarmed to think of anything but Mrs. Carruthers' emotion, that when they both approached her eagerly, George did not attempt to do so. He rose, indeed, but it was to push back his chair and get out of their way. Mr. Carruthers asked her tenderly what was the matter, but she replied only by laying her head upon his breast in a passion of tears.

In the evening, when Dr. Merle had seen Mrs. Carruthers, and said a great deal about absolute quiet, but had not interdicted the purposed return to England, when it had been decided that there was to be no leave-taking between her and her brother and son, who were to commence their journey on the morrow, Mr. Carruthers, sitting by his wife's bed, where she then lay quietly asleep, arrived at the conclusion that the old nurse was connected with the "shock." The idea gave him acute pain. It must have been, then, something which had some reference to his wife's past life, something in which he and the present had no share. Very old, and worn, and troubled Mr. Carruthers looked as the darkness came on and filled the room, and once more the night wind arose, and whistled and shrieked over Taunus. He began to wish ardently, earnestly, to get home. It was very strange to look at his wife, always before his eyes, and know she had a terrible secret grief, which had thus powerfully affected her, and not to dare to question her about it. This fresh confirmation of the fact, this new manifestation of her sufferings, after so peaceful an interval, had in it something awful to the mind of Mr. Carruthers.

The brother and the son, in their different ways, were equally disturbed by the occurrence,—Mark Felton in his ignorance and conjecture, George in the painful fullness of his knowledge and his self-reproach.

And as Mark Felton's look had alone arrested George's impulsive desire to reveal his knowledge of Poynings to Mr. Carruthers, so the remembrance of all Routh and Harriet had said to him of the difficulty, the embarrassment, the probable danger of an acknowledgment, alone arrested his desire to inform his uncle of the dreadful error which had caused his mother's illness.

Mark Felton and George Dallas left Homburg for Paris on the following day. They had separated for the night earlier than usual, and George had employed himself for some hours in writing a long and confidential letter to his friend Cunningham. It was addressed to that gentleman at *The Mercury* office, and it contained full details of every particular which he had been able to learn connected with his missing cousin. The purpose of the letter was an urgent request that Cunningham would at once communicate with the police on this matter, and it concluded with these words:—

"I cannot conquer my apprehensions, and I will not yet communicate them to my uncle. But mark this, I am convinced we shall learn nothing good at Paris; and we have done very wrong in not putting the police to work long ago. Don't laugh at me, and call me a novelist in action. I never felt so sure of anything I had not seen as I am of Arthur Felton's having come to serious grief."

To be Continued.

VIVA ITALIA.

BY CHARLES DIMITRY.

"HASTE! open the lattice, Giulia,
And wheel me my chair where the sun
May fall on my face while I welcome
The sound of the life-giving gun!
The Austrian leaves with the morning,
And Venice hath freedom to day—
'Viva! Evviva Italia!
Viva il Re!'

"Would God that I only were younger
To stand with the rest on the street,
To fling up my cap on the mola,
And the tri-color banner to greet!
The gondolas, girl—they are passing!
And what do the gondoliers say?
'Viva! Evviva Italia?
Viva il Re?'

"O curst be these years and this weakness
That shackle me here in my chair
When the people's loud clamor is rending
The chains that once made their despair!
So young, when the Corsican sold us!
So old, when the Furies repay!
'Viva! Evviva Italia!
Viva il Re!'

"What! tears in your eyes, my Giulia?
You weep when your country is free?
You mourn for your Austrian lover
Whose face never more you shall see?
Kneel, girl, kneel beside me and whisper
While to heav'n for vengeance you pray,
'Viva! Evviva Italia!
Viva il Re!'

"Shame, shame on the weakness that held you,
And shame on the heart that was won!
No blood of the gonfaloniere
Shall mingle with the blood of the Hun!
Swear hate to the name of the spoiler,
Swear fealty to Venice, and say,
'Viva! Evviva Italia!
Viva il Re!'

"Hark! heard you the gun from the mola!
And hear you the welcoming cheer!
Our army is coming, Giulia,
The friends of our Venice are near!
Ring out from your old Campanile,
Freed bells of San Marco, to day,
'Viva! Evviva Italia!
Viva il Re!'"

—*Home Journal.*

NOT PARTED.

They are not parted, though their feet
Have wandered far in different ways;
And though they never more may meet
On Winter eves or Summer days.
It matters not though realms divide,
Though boundless seas between them roll;
For still, defying wind and tide,
Heart yearns to heart, and soul to soul.

They are not parted—only those
Are parted whom no love unites;
Their absence breaks not our repose
Who have no share in our delights;
They may be by our side, and still
As far from us as pole from pole,
Who lack the sympathetic thrill
Of heart to heart, and soul to soul.

JUAREZ'S SHAWL DANCE.—In certain Parisian ballets there is introduced a so-called shawl dance, the effects being produced by the graceful wavings of shawls and scarfs. By the late accounts from Mexico, it would appear that President Juarez has participated in a not dissimilar festivity. His recent journey from Chihuahua to Durango led him through a number of the smaller towns of Mexico, where the people, impoverished by war, were unable to find the means to build triumphal arches and extensive drapery by way of expressing their enthusiasm at his arrival, so the women of the town collected all their gaily-colored shawls, and with them adorned their houses and balconies, somewhat in the old Venetian style. A similar incident was witnessed in our own country at the time of President Lincoln's death, when black veils and shawls served in the poorer country districts as mourning drapery. Juarez passed along these shawl-decked streets like a triumphal conqueror. In every village banquets were prepared and genuine welcome was ready. His whole party comprised less than a hundred people, and he could have been easily captured by imperial troops had any been in that vicinity. It seems highly probable that the Mexican President will continue his shawl dance unmolested until he gracefully pirouettes into Mexico City itself.

PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH condescended to discuss with Quadra, the Spanish Ambassador, the scandalous reports prevalent, not only on the continent, but in her own court, regarding her intimacy with Dudley. She even forgot the diguity of a gentlewoman and a sovereign so far as to demonstrate the improbability of what was said, by showing him the situation of her sleeping apartment and that of the favorite. Subsequently, however, she found that her favorite's health was likely to be impaired by the dampness of the room he occupied in the lower story of the palace, and consigned him a chamber contiguous to her own. The Earl of Arundel, who had been for many years a suitor for the hand of Queen Elizabeth, made no scruple of declaring that the intimacy between her and the Earl of Leicester was the reason for her refusing all her suitors, whether they were foreign princes or English peers. The great noble, according to the report of the French Ambassador, instigated his son-in-law, the Duke of Norfolk, to call Leicester to a sharp account for familiarities with the queen, which they affirmed disgraced them all, as Englishmen, as well as the crown she wore, and that neither the English nobility, nor her subjects in general, would permit the continuance of such proceedings. They then taxed Leicester with using his privilege of entrance into the queen's bed-chamber unbecomingly, affirming that he went there before she rose, and that he took upon himself the office of her lady in waiting, by handing to her a garment which ought never to have been seen in the hands of her master of the horse. They also charged him with "kissing her majesty when he was not invited thereto." And here is another pretty anecdote of the queen who gave a name to the American State styled "Virginia." Towards night on Tuesday, the queen chose to walk on foot over the bridge, and listened to a delectable concert of music from a barge on the pool. The queen hunted the hart on Wednesday, in the chase; the hart took to the pool, where he was caught alive, and her majesty granted him his life on condition that he "lost his ears" for a ransom. This useless crulety aptly preceded the bear-baiting of the next day, when the queen had the satisfaction of seeing a great sort of dogs, which had been tied in the outer court, let loose on thirteen bears, which were baited in the inner; "where," says Lancham, "there was plucking and tugging, scratching and biting, and such an expense of blood and leather between them, as a month's licking, I ween, will not recover." This refined diversion took place in the daytime; but the Thursday evening concluded with strange and sundry kinds of fireworks, and discharge of great guns for two hours; and during the din, her majesty was entertained by an Indian tumbler, of such extraordinary agility in twisting and turning that the court considered him to be more of a sprite than a man, and that his backbone must have been like a lamprey.

A NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—A recent letter from Paris to the New York *Evening Post* says: M. Baleguer addresses a communicaton to M. Plorry, in Le Courrier Medical, describing the properties of a new oil, that seems endowed with a marvelous facility for traveling animal membranes. If a few drops are poured into the palm of the hand, and the palm rubbed with the finger, the oil is soon seen oozing through the back of the hand. The same experiment tried on the forearm produces the same result. When the oil is saturated by a foreign substance it loses none of this remarkable power for absorption, and can therefore serve as a vehicle *par excellence* for the administration of drugs. The experiment has been tried with copaiba and with iodine, and with very satisfactory results. When the oil, saturated with iodine, was rubbed upon the palm of the hand, and the back of the hand wiped with a piece of muslin, the muslin was tinged with violet. M. Baleguer believes that the efficacy of iodine, if administered in this oil, would be so immensely increased that a rational hope might be entertained of its power to arrest tuberculization in the lungs and prevent hemorrhage. Among the patients upon whom he has tried this method, in the first stages of consumption, he has found the physical signs of tubercular deposit diminish, the respiration become freer, embonpoint succeed to emaciation, and a general feeling of well-being to which the unfortunates had long been unaccustomed, begins to establish itself.

M. Baleguer conceals the name of this wonderful oil, but he invites M. Plorry to experiment upon it, and offers him his assistance in the further elucidation of its characteristics.

DR. OSGOOD'S new volume, entitled *American Leaves*, is selling so well that the Harpers are obliged to issue a new edition to supply the demand. A benevolent lady has offered to supply the funds for bringing out a cheap edition of the two essays on American Boys and Girls for general distribution.

A WAY has just been discovered by which persons may wear ear-rings without having the ears pierced.

THE *Home Journal* gives the whisper of the approachin marriage of H. W. Longfellow.

TEN million yards of cotton prints were made at the Cocheco mill at Dover, last year.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. P. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867.

THE IGNORANCE OF OUR LEGISLATORS.

It may seem a singular assertion, but it is nevertheless true, that American legislators are, as a class, an ignorant body of men, not only destitute of culture themselves, but incapable of appreciating or sympathizing with it. To anything like scholarship in the true sense of the word, not one in a hundred of them can make the slenderest pretensions, and an average Congressman has no other idea of what constitutes "learning" than that it is such a smattering of science and languages as may be picked up during the four years' curriculum of an American College. History and poetry have no value for him, except to supply allusion and quotation suitable for the purpose of popular oratory; for science, he has a profound respect—just so far as he can perceive its direct connection with steamboats and telegraphs, the working of coal-mines, or the invention of yeast powders. As to studies and investigations of an abstract or purely scientific character, such as occupy savans like Agassiz, or thinkers like Hamilton, Spencer and Mill, he regards them with a wondering contempt which he is not always intelligent enough to care to conceal. He has a suspicion, or rather a settled conviction, that there is no use for more scholarship than will enable him to teach a district school, or for more literature than is to be found in the newspapers. In short, his one infallible and sufficient standard for estimating the value of intellectual discipline or culture is its capacity for aiding a man in the struggle for wealth or office.

Now, we do not speak in this way because we regard it as a desirable thing that either our National or State Legislatures should be made up mainly, or in large proportion, of scholars and men of learning. It would be unreasonable to complain because Congress has no members who can produce histories like Macaulay's, profound treatises on government or philosophy, like those of Gladstone and Mill, novels like Bulwer's and Disraeli's, or translations of Greek poets like Lord Derby's new version of the Iliad. But we do consider it not only desirable, but reasonable, that the majority of our legislatures should not consist of men so ignorant as to have no intelligent appreciation of the higher grades of culture, and no preception of their uses. There is no reason why at least one-half of the members of a California Legislature should not be capable of taking a somewhat wider view of the aims of a State Geological Survey, than one which assumes that it can have no use or value except for the purpose of discovering gold mines, or why the Senate of the United States should not contain enough of the enlightened and scholarly element to render the passage of so heathenish a bill as the recent one providing a large *ad valorem* duty on English books, a moral impossibility.

The melancholy but undeniable fact established by such legislation as this, and by such debates as those in our own Legislature in reference to the work of Professor Whitney and his assistants, is that our politicians and popular leaders are as a body, "smart" utilitarians, of the most ignorant and vulgar type, utterly unfit to legislate thoughtfully and wisely for a great State or a great Nation, except upon a certain class of practical subjects. They are destitute of thorough knowledge or thorough training of any kind. They know facts and statistics, but do not grasp principles. They have the sharpness of a speculator or a pettifogger, but not the insight and comprehension of a statesman. Hence, being utterly incapable of broad or philosophical views, they are quite bewildered when they are called upon to deal with subjects involving considerations of ethics, political economy, the province of government, etc. Even questions of finance are often discussed by them in the spirit of a small country banker, rather than of a political economist: and we can call to mind more than one elaborate speech on "currency," delivered at the Capitol and duly reported in the *Union*, which exhibited an unsuspecting ignorance of axioms and first principles that was delightful in its simplicity and unconsciousness.

As to the new Tariff Act, it contains numerous provisions that could never have met with the approbation of men sufficiently educated to know what education is. The embargo laid upon foreign intellect for the benefit of a few thousands of our publishers, paper-makers and authorlings, is not the only provision which shows how little an American Congress understands or cares for the interests of culture, though the others of a similar character shrink into comparative insignificance beside this vandal edict, the tendency of which is to make books scarce and dear and deprive the mind of the nation of the benefits to be derived from contact with the freshest and most advanced thoughts of the world.

But how is such legislation to be accounted for, in a country where it is an axiom that popular education is an indispensable condition to the permanence of its institutions, and where even orators whose own syntax and rhetoric were far from immaculate have for half a century reiterated patriotic platitudes on the subject from innumerable stumps—how is it that in the chief legislature of such a nation this disregard of the interests of education is evinced? The explanation of the apparent paradox is to be found, not in any blindness on the part of our legislators to the value and necessity of popular education, but in a misconception natural to illiterate men, as to the kind of education needed. The whole secret lies in the fact, that the majority of American politicians do not conceive that any higher education than they themselves possesses is desirable for anybody. "Learning" enough to write a plausible and superficial newspaper article, to make a plausible speech, and, perhaps, on occasion, quote a scrap or two of Latin, is all that is needed. More is superfluous, and commands neither admiration nor respect, unless associated with tangible results in the shape of political or business success. In the minds of men of the average intellectual grade of those who make our laws, there is always a lurking suspicion of something hollow and partaking of the nature of humbug in such reputations as those of an Agassiz or a Humboldt, and in that kind of learning that does not lend itself to the purposes of the merchant, the politician, or the professional man as an aid in his business or his career. Men of this stamp are convinced that the common schools and the newspapers furnish all the education requisite for the people, and they would not understand one who should undertake to explain to them the fact that even a low grade of culture among the masses cannot be maintained without a higher grade in a few, and that without the considerable class of scholars and thinkers and men of science in every European nation, civilization would come to a stand-still, as it has in Asia, notwithstanding that the bulk of the population might have a good "common school education." A little knowledge is perhaps better than none, but a community of smatterers, with none to hold up a higher standard, would speedily degenerate into a condition of ignorance, rendered tenfold deplorable by the dogmatism and conceit of superficial knowledge. The interests of science and art, even in their most utilitarian applications, require that there should be "specialists" who know a great deal that it is not possible or necessary for the masses of well-educated people to know, and specialists are almost entirely dependent upon foreign books for the prosecution of their studies.

These, however, are considerations quite incomprehensible, we fear, to the majority of our politicians. In the zeal of their patriotism they are probably of opinion that American books, like all other American productions, are superior to the imported commodity—or if not, that the protective policy will impart such a stimulus to native production, that a crop of savans and philosophers will be the speedy result. Then, we shall doubtless rejoice in "a genuine American literature," with a thoroughly Democratic theology, philosophy, and science, including, perhaps, a new system of gravitation and of the solar system, more in harmony with the "genius of our people" and "the spirit of popular institutions" than any that can be derived from the monarchists and aristocrats of the old world.

The Georgetown (D. C.) election, which occurred near the close of last month, may be considered quite important, as indicating how "impartial suffrage" is likely to work, though the experiment was on a small scale, occurring in a community of 1,350 white to 971 negro voters. In the first place, the freedmen voted with the white Republicans, who by their aid elected the Mayor and a minority of the Common Council—which could not have been done without this alliance. In the next place, innovation was so disagreeable to the white majority that extraordinary precautions had to be taken to protect the blacks who dared come to the polls; and in the third place, the unpleasantness and risk of violence attending the exercise of the newly conferred privilege, did not deter the freedmen from asserting it. The New York *Nation* thinks the result of the election "has two lessons: that the natural affinity between the black and white loyalists, if allowed expression, is sufficient to outvote the disaffected and rebellious; and that for some time to come, the exercise of suffrage by the freedmen must be supported by a national police." The second of these "lessons" we scarcely required the Georgetown election to teach us, and the first, as it seems to us can scarcely be inferred from a single and somewhat exceptional case

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New Books.—We have on our book-table quite a number of recent publications which will receive due notice next week. Several interesting extracts from Dr. Hayes's new and eminently readable volume of Arctic exploration, will be found in the Literary Gleanings on the 4th page of our present issue.

One grove in Augustine, Florida, will yield 60,000 oranges this season

[For the Californian.]

TROUBLE AT MY NEW LODGIGS.

The trite old adage that "it never rains but it pours" is especially true of ill-luck. I have observed it in many instances. I have more especially observed it in my own case When that "fickle jade, Fortune," once entertains a spite toward a man or woman, she seems to take a malicious delight in persecuting her hapless victim to the uttermost, allowing the poor wretch neither rest nor happiness on this side of the grave—nor yet on the other side, if they are really disembodied spirits whom Mrs. Foye and other "mediums" compel to dance nightly attendance on promiscuous crowds, and rattle rickety tables for the edification of "inquirers after the terewth," at the moderate rate of twenty-five cents to one dollar *per capitem*. (I have been a humble inquirer after the "terewth" upon such sordid terms more than once; but if I was ever vouchsafed a glimpse of the object I was in quest of it was presented to me in such a dubious shape that I failed to recognize it. I have on several occasions held animated, conversations with disembodied friends and relatives, who undertook to impart to me a varied and extensive fund of information concerning matters I knew all about, and they succeeded in convincing me that they were not so well informed about those matters as I was. They never hit the truth a single rap, even by accident. The mediums always told me that I couldn't perceive the truth and beauty of their new religion because I hadn't faith. Very likely I hadn't. It was my luck to be out of that indispensable article at the very time when I most needed it. If I had had a quantity of it equivalent to a grain of mustard seed, I might now have been a devout follower of Mrs. Cuppy, instead of a case-hardened scoffer at things Spiritual.)

I did not mean to digress. I dislike digression in others, and don't often indulge in it myself. I sat down intending to give a plain, straight-forward account of recent occurrences at my new lodgings (Mrs. Peablossom's, No. 4.253 Powell street), and to that disagreeable task I will address myself with as little further prelocution as I can conveniently get along with.

I informed the reader confidentially, a few weeks since, that I expected the jealous rivalry of Podson and Gigsby for the affections of the pretty schoolma'am, Miss Crickett, to culminate in something serious. I did not, however, anticipate that I would become a party to the affair, and that, while honestly endeavoring to preserve the peace between them, I should suddenly find them sworn friends and allies in vengeful hostility to me.

For several days the rivals met as usual, and treated each other with cold and studied politeness. Podson, deeply mortified on account of the injury which he had unintentionally caused to Miss Crickett's eye through his ill-temper, put himself upon his best behavior. He was exceedingly deferential toward the ladies, tolerant of Gigsby, and manifested a disposition to cultivate Tom. Gigsby, fancying that he had Podson at a disadvantage on account of his awkward mishap, flattered himself into such a good humor that he had not the heart seriously to quarrel with any one, although he occasionally treated Podson rather superciliously, just to let him know that he felt and appreciated his advantage. Only to me did they unbosom themselves freely. I was their common confidant and the depository of their mutual hate. They warned me against each other as scoundrels, villains, knaves, rascals—in short, all the opprobrious epithets in the dictionary—and each often inquired how I could possibly endure the society of the other for the briefest imaginable period. I tried to convince them that they were not such bad fellows as they represented each other to be, but as I found that this only added fuel to the flame of their jealousy, I at last contented myself with listening to what they had to say, and tactily acquiescing in their estimates of each other.

Gigsby, observing that Podson was making a good deal of Tom, and fancying, probably, that something was to be gained by making interest in that quarter, began himself to pay attention to the young scamp, and took him on several nights to see Heller. (The schoolma'am could not visit the theater on account of her still discolored eye, and Polly magnanimously declined going until Miss Crickett could accompany her, and her mother should get her a new cloak.) Tom became deeply interested in the magic art. He purchased a book on "Parlor Magic," and practised feats of legerdemain with a degree of success which he had never attained in analyzing sentences in Quackenbos's Grammar, or solving problems in Davies's Legendre. Some of his tricks with cards were really astonishing, beating anything I ever saw, except three-card monte—I have yet to see the man or boy who can beat *that*. Well, the other evening Tom proposed to amuse us for a little while in the parlor with some tricks he had mastered, and of course we were all anxious to witness his experiments. He introduced an assistant, in the shape of a tall, ungainly youth with red hair and uncongenial eyes. They rigged up a curtained table at one end of the parlor, produced some simple apparatus, and succeeded in performing some tricks in a quite creditable manner. Then Tom announced his intention of making

on the spot, a hasty pudding in a gentleman's hat, if some gentleman would be kind enough to lend him a hat for the purpose.

"That is easy enough done," said Gigsby, turning around to me, and speaking in a low tone, yet loud enough to be heard by Podson and the schoolma'am, who were seated near us. "He takes somebody's hat for a blind, you know; but he's got an imitation hat, made of tin and painted black, to cook the pudding in. Tom," he continued, raising his voice, "you can take my hat."

"It won't do," replied Tom; "it isn't quite deep enough."

"You can have mine if you will go after it," said I, "but it is up stairs, in my room."

"Perhaps mine will do," said Podson; "it is on the rack in the hall."

"Thank you," said Tom; "it is just the thing;" and as he went after it he and Gigsby exchanged meaning glances. Yet I did not then suspect that Gigsby was a confidant of Tom's.

After some preliminary manipulations, Tom proceeded to business. He produced a box with a circular opening in the top, under which he placed a spirit lamp; then he poured water into the hat and set it upon the opening over the lamp. After a short time steam began to ascend from the hat, and Tom stirred in corn meal and salt in due proportion, and allowed the mess to cook for a short time; then took it from the fire and showed it to us at a respectful distance. As the rogue had taken the precaution to turn down the gas pretty low, the deception would have been tolerably complete, if Gigsby had not carelessly (?) betrayed the secret. Podson enjoyed it very much.

After we had seen the pudding in the hat, Tom returned to the table, and after a little manipulation held up the hat minus the pudding, and looking, inside and out, as bright and new as if it had never been used for culinary purposes. Pretty soon Tom returned the hat to the rack, cleared off his conjuring apparatus, and retired in company with his chum and assistant, amid the plaudits of the audience.

By this time the moon had got pretty well up, and outdoors the night was so bright and beautiful that when Podson proposed a walk a general assent was given. I ran up stairs for my hat, and as I came down the girls appeared in the dimly lighted hall, equipped for the promenade.

"All ready?" said Podson, as he took his hat from the rack and clapped it on his head. "D—istraction!" he exclaimed, as he hastily pulled it off again. "What does this mean?"

We looked, and lo! Podson's cranium appeared to have been poulticed, as if to draw his brains to a head!

Apparently, the hasty pudding had been cooked in his hat, after all, and left there.

Gigsby gave expression to his feelings in an outburst of boisterous, scornful, insulting laughter. Podson, with something very like an oath, rushed upon him with uplifted arm; but I interposed (I know it is unprofessional to spoil a possible news item by interference in a quarrel, but my good nature *will* sometimes get the better of my *esprit du corps*) and prevented them from coming to blows. I could not, however, tis their tongues; and so there ensued between them a war of words, in which finally Miss Crickett's name got so badly mixed up with disparaging expletives and personal declarations of love until death and war to the knife, that the young lady became utterly confused as to her own right to her individual appellation, and in her bewilderment rushed weeping from the scene, accompanied by Polly. At length, the two belligerents having vituperated each other out of breath, I succeeded, by representing their conduct in a forcible light, in making them sufficiently ashamed of themselves to retire to their rooms, I soon after following their example.

As I sat musing upon the strange fatality which seemed to pursue me, depriving me of the peace and comfort which I had hoped to find in a well-regulated household, I heard a gentle knock at my door. I opened it, expecting to see one of the rivals, and beheld, instead, the schoolma'am.

"Pardon me," she said, "for this intrusion; but you are such an obliging gentleman, and I have no one else at hand to counsel with, and I am so persecuted and annoyed by those two—"

The doors of Podson's and Gigsby's rooms opened almost simultaneously. With a frightened look Miss Crickett darted past me, into my room. I instinctively shut the door. In justice both to myself and my visitor I must say, however, I did not lock it. I placed two chairs near the fire, and we sat down. We heard the voices of Podson and Gigsby in conversation in the hall. They spoke in a low tone; evidently they were no longer quarreling; and, although we could not make out the substance of their conversation, we heard our names mentioned more than once. At length all was quiet again. Miss Crickett was the first to speak.

"Oh, those horrible men!" said she. "They have annoyed me so I don't know what to do; and that is the reason I wanted to speak to you. I suppose they saw me coming in here, and I don't know what they'll say about it, but I was so frightened I couldn't help it. I suppose they will talk about t to Mrs. Peablossom, and she is *such* a particular lady! I must make a confidant of you, for I haven't any one else to confide in. You will befriend me, won't you, Mr. Clerk?"

"Certainly I will," said I. "If I can assist you in any way, or do anything for you, just mention it, Miss Crickett, and I am at your service."

"You are a dear, good man," said the little schoolma'am, blushing, "and I thank you. Well—you mustn't mention it, will you?—but I am engaged to be married to a young man up at You Bet—"

The door opened, and in walked Mrs. Peablossom, Podson and Gigsby. Those mean-spirited curs had concluded that I was the favored rival of them both, and by way of revenge had brought Mrs. Peablossom to surprise the schoolma'am and myself in my room.

They did surprise us, rather.

We were not sitting at an inconvenient distance apart, and, as we were conversing in a low tone, our heads were necessarily close together.

In short, under the circumstances, our position was a rather embarrassing one.

However, I flatter myself that we met the issue with a commendable degree of fortitude. I arose, and with my most majestic voice and manner said, addressing Mrs. Peablossom: "Will you be so good as to inform me, madam, what is the cause of this intrusion?"

"Oh, you wicked man!" responded the old lady, fairly sobbing with agitation. "To think that there should be such carryings on in *my* house! I couldn't believe it when Mr. Podson and Mr. Gigsby told me, but now I have seen it with my own eyes. And Kate Crickett so intimate with my Polly, too—oh dear!" and she began to cry.

"Leave this instant, you cowardly, prowling dogs," I exclaimed, turning fiercely toward the rivals in love and meanness, "before I break every bone in your vile bodies!" They left, without waiting for a second invitation. "And now, Mrs. Peablossom," I continued, "let me assure you that your suspicions of Miss Crickett are most unworthy. She came to my room door to speak to me upon a matter of importance, and only entered to escape interruption from the unmannerly spies who brought you here. I will wring their necks for this!" said I, striking a high tragedy attitude.

"That is the truth, Mrs. Peablossom," said Miss Crickett, sobbing. "I had something to say to Mr. Clerk, and I only intended to come to his door; but I heard those wretches coming, and they quarreled and talked so dreadfully down stairs that I was afraid of them, and so I came in to escape them."

"I don't believe it," said the old lady, who evidently had the usual amount of charity of women toward their own sex, and no more. "You didn't come here at this time of night with any good intention, I'm sure. I won't have the reputation of my house ruined in any such way, and I'll thank you both to find other quarters just as soon as you can make it convenient." And without giving an opportunity for a reply, with an injured air she walked majestically out of the room.

It has often astonished me to observe how cruelly, unjustly and meanly very well intentioned persons will act, when they undertake to pass judgment upon the conduct of others without carefully scrutinizing all the circumstances.

Miss Crickett was so overwhelmed with mingled feelings of shame and indignation that (as women generally do in such cases) she went into hysterics. Throwing her arms about my neck, she wept piteously and laughed scornfully by turns, meanwhile murmuring incoherent sentences, in which I could only distinguish the names of the landlady, Gigsby, Podson, myself and "George Albert," whom I supposed to be the young man at You Bet to whom she was affianced.

Now, under ordinary circumstances, I don't object to having my neck encircled by a pair of plump arms belonging to a fascinating young lady; but, to be almost garroted by a frantically distressed woman is not exactly a pleasant sensation. At least I did not find it so.

The agonizing performance was still on when the door was again unceremoniously opened, and Mrs. Peablossom put in a second appearance.

"If you two intend to stay here all night," said she, in a sharply sarcastic tone, "I think you had better let me send Tom for a minister—there's one lives only three blocks off, up the street."

Miss Crickett raised her head, gave the landlady one reproachful look, shrieked, and fell to the floor in a swoon.

"See what you have done, rash woman," said I, again striking a high tragedy attitude. "You have mur-r-r-dered her!"

Mrs. Peablossom was alarmed. Her feminine pity was touched. She knelt down beside the unconscious girl and took her head tenderly in her lap, while I procured some water and sprinkled the pale face. Gradually Miss Crickett opened her eyes, looked up, exclaimed "Oh, Mrs. Peablossom!" and was going to swoon again, but thought better of it, and began to cry. The landlady was about to reassume the severely virtuous; but before she could get herself cooled to the freezing point I asked her to sit down and listen to an explanation. She did so, and was convinced. I told her the whole story.

"My dear Miss Crickett, and Mr. Clerk," said the kind-hearted woman, "I have wronged you, and I'm sorry for it. I hope you will pardon me. As for those pitiful fellows Gigsby and Podson, they shan't stay here a day longer than I can help it."

So we interchanged regrets, and forgiveness and compliments, and the ladies departed, leaving me alone.

Presently there was a knock at my door. Wondering what new infliction I was to undergo, I said, in a not very inviting tone, "Come in."

Tom entered, his face beaming with a mischievous expression. "Gigsby's down at the front door," said he, coming close and speaking in a low tone; "and he asked me to come and tell you that there's a gentleman down there that wants to see you, but not to tell you the gentleman's name. He's got a big stick, and I guess he means to bust your head with it. I know what it's about, and I wish you'd just go down and clean him out; you can do it easy."

"Thank you, Tom," said I, "I don't care about 'cleaning out' Mr. Gigsby, although he deserves it. I am not a fighting man."

"Well," said Tom, "I know what I'll do. I'll send old Podson down, and as soon as he opens the door Gigsby'll think it's you and hit him, and then there'll be a jolly fight! I hope they'll half kill each other."

I am sorry to say that at the moment I was so well pleased with Tom's wicked design that I offered no objection to it. It turned out as he expected. Having notified Podson that a gentleman was waiting for him below, Tom hastened down to Gigsby, saying "He'll be down right away." Gigsby inferred that "he" was I, grasped a tighter hold of his stick, and stepped aside into the shade. As Podson opened the door and stepped out, "There he is!" exclaimed Tom, and the stick descended heavily upon the head of the unsuspecting victim. His hat, which he had fortunately put on before he came down, checked the force of the blow, and probably saved him from a fractured crown. Turning around he saw Gigsby with the stick in his hand, and immediately rushed upon him. The assailant had now discovered his mistake, and tried to stammer out an excuse, but Podson's onset was so quick and fierce that there was nothing for it but to fight. They clinched, and after a brief struggle tumbled together down the steps, continuing the contest in the front yard, rolling over, scratching, biting, pulling hair and kicking in the "rough-and-tumble" style of combatants who are strangers to the "manly art of self-defense" and the rules of the P. R. They played sad havoc with the plants and shrubbery and the Third Commandment. The noise of the battle brought out the female portion of the household (I had been a looker-on from the beginning, having quietly followed Podson down stairs), and their screams finally attracted the attention of a policeman, who by some inexplicable chance happened for that once to be near at hand when he was wanted. By the time he reached the spot the combatants were so nearly exhausted that it was an easy matter to separate them, which done the officer marched them off, with bloody faces, disheveled hair and torn clothes, to the station-house. I have not seen them since; but I learned that they were released from custody on bail, which they forfeited. They did not return to the house, but sent for their personal effects. I have received two anonymous threatening letters, written in different hands; I suppose they came from Gigsby and Podson. They do not alarm me, because I do not fear men who have behaved so contemptibly.

Everything is lovely and serene now at Mrs. Peablossom's. The schoolma'am is as radiant, Polly and her mother as good-natured and Tom as full of mischief as ever, and I am once more quiet and contented, with nothing to distract my attention from my literary labors. How long this condition of bliss will continue I know not—Mrs. Peablossom has advertised for two gentlemen lodgers.

JOHN CLERK.

POETRY AND THE PRESS.—Our city dailies have but a slender appreciation of poets or poetry—unless for imported commodity, and recognze the fact that we, in the main, are an intensely practical people, with "no nonsense about us," and don't believe much in poetry, or in talent (except business talent) unless it is imported. On Tuesday evening, the inauguration ceremonies of the Mechanics' Institute took place. Nathan Porter, Esq., delivered the oration, and the Hon. Frank Soulé contributed a fine poem on "Labor"—neither of which productions our city dailies have thought it worth while to publish. Probably the pressure upon their columns resulting from the voluminous character of the testimony in the Clark-Reese case rendered it impracticable to occupy such valuable space with such comparatively tame matter as a poem—more especially an indigenous production.

IN an article on the McCracken-Motley affair, in last week's CALIFORNIAN, we suggested the possibility that the disgraceful letter to Mr. Motley from the State Department was not written by Mr. Seward of his own motion, but in deference to the wishes of the President. Eastern papers received by the last steamer state that the authorship of the letter is positively denied by Mr. Seward's friends, and that it was written by the President himself, and signed by the Secretary on the day of his daughter's funeral, without reading it. If this is true, it goes far to relieve Mr. Seward from the odium of the affair. Much allowance should be made for a man who, under such circumstances, commits even so indiscreet and hazardous an act as putting his name to anything written by President Johnson without the most careful scrutiny.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

"On the 14th day of November, 1866, at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, the wife of Polar Bear, Esq., of a son and daughter."

THE receipt of this important intelligence induced me to start at once from my residence, situate in the southern part of the metropolis, for the "Zoo." Why do I employ the abbreviation? Because the heaviest of heavy swells always say they are going to "do the Zoo," and I like to follow the example of my betters. It may be as well to state, that I possess a lawful right and privilege to append three important letters to my otherwise unobtrusive name. F. Z. S. gives to it an outward show of importance, not to be lightly estimated. I deem it expedient to state this fact, because it will in some measure account for my anxiety to see the twins, to which I have a sort of paternal right. More than this, I cannot visit the nursery of a Lady Polar Bear in her home amidst the bergs and floes, so I do the next best thing within my reach, which is to get a peep at the infant bruins in their snug room at the Zoological Gardens, a plan by the way in every respect much safer and immeasurably more comfortable.

As very few persons are admitted to the domestic sanctuary wherein the babies of Madam Bear are deposited, I am induced to believe there are many readers of *Science Gossip* who will feel interested in hearing about them. Assuming this desire for information concerning the bear babies to exist,—and I see no reason why Polar bears' infants should not obtain a share of public attention,—I shall commence by stating that having discovered Mr. Bartlett, the intelligent superintendent, the next item in the programme was to proceed to a small room behind the Aquarium House. The door being securely locked, we had to await the advent of the keeper, who, as he let me pass in, confidently whispered into my ear, "they (meaning the infant bears) are a sleeping quite comfortable;" and so they were, nevertheless there was nothing cherub-like about the slumbers, neither did I feel at all impressed with any very exalted ideas of the beauty of infantile bruins.

Before giving a more detailed description of the young bears, I had better put the reader in possession of a few links in their brief history. Immediately each infant appeared in the world it was taken out of the den, rolled in flannel, and carried as rapidly as possible to the house I am now visiting. Here a small rough-haired terrier was in waiting to become their foster-mother. She took kindly to the strange children, although it was very evident her instincts were sorely tried to comprehend the change. The Mamma Bear is a badly disposed, unnatural old parent; twice before she has had cubs whilst a resident in the Gardens, and on both occasions they were lost. I am told when her children become fat and substantial she devours them. In order to frustrate such Saturnine propensities this time, the cubs are to be reared, if possible, by a less savage mother.

Now the reader will the better comprehend how it came about that I saw on entering the room a terrier, small in size, coiled up in a box before the fire, and nestling close to her, two young white bears and a black puppy. What completely staggered me, was the tiny size of the bear-cubs. The terrier was a remarkably small one, and her pup more than usually diminutive, even for that class of mongrel; nevertheless, the puppy was considerably larger than either of the cubs, notwithstanding the age of each was about the same. I measured the cubs, and the extreme length from the nose to the root of the tail was barely nine inches, whereas the mother is over six feet; and, roughly speaking, the young bears would not weigh more than a few ounces, while the parent would turn the scale at seven hundred weight; there are instances recorded of Polar bears weighing sixteen hundred pounds. In color the infants were of a pinkish white, the pink cast being attributable to the thinness of the hair permitting the skin to show through; the ears were quite bare. The only thing about these quaint little creatures that in the remotest degree suggested their bear descent was, that all four feet were armed with well-developed claws, and the foot itself had the wide flat look of that belonging to a plantigrade animal. The eyes firmly closed, will not be opened, if the creatures live, for fifteen days. Not the least singular part of these singular little cubs was discoverable in the construction of their mouths, the gape of which for such small animals appeared to be preposterous. Like babies higher in the scale of creation, they grew clamorous if their tiny foster-mother moved, or in any way disturbed them; and it seemed to me these baby bruins proved, even at this early stage of their existence, that "cross as a bear" is an adage having in it a good slice of truth, and I shall adopt it for the future with a firmer confidence in the aptness of its application to un-amiable human kind from babies upward, than I have been wont to do heretofore. The curious noise the little bears make sorely bothers the terrier, and in some degree frightens her into the bargain; what she thinks about it is more than I can tell, but this I know, she dislikes to hear them, and I feel sure it is often an open question with mamma-terrier whether to abandon or bite the noisy chits is the better plan of proceeding.

Why the cubs of the Bear family (for the same fact holds good in its application to the entire race as it does to the Polar Bear) should be so remarkably diminutive in proportion to the parent is a matter worthy of serious consideration. At or near to the time of birth the female bear hides, and does not reappear until from two to three months after the cubs are born, during which time she neither eats nor drinks, but suckles her cubs whilst in a quasi state of hybernation. She lives during that period upon the material supplied her by the absorption of her own fat and tissues.

The habits of the Polar Bear, apart from its aquatic and carnivorous propensities, differ entirely from those of the North American, Brown, and Black Bears. The latter hybernate during the colder months of Winter; the former, confined to perpetual Arctic cold, never does. The female Polar Bear when in cub retires about the month of November, and hides in a cave, or in some secure retreat deep beneath the snow; in December, so say the Esquimaux, she brings forth two cubs. This, as far as dates are concerned, tallies nearly with the birth I have just recorded in the Zoological Gardens. Thus concealed, and without tasting food of any description, the Mamma Bear carries on her maternal duties until April in the year following; she then quits her nursery, thin, savage, and terribly exhausted, but running at her heels are two cubs, by this time as large as good-sized *dogs*. These, her children, she teaches to feed on seal and fish, to swim, to hunt, and to become fitted for and presentable to the best society in bear-land. This duty accomplished, the mother drives them off to live by their own claws and teeth as best they can.

Papa Polar Bear, during the retirement of his wife, leads that disreputable, roaming, ne'er-do-well sort of life the lord of creation is always accused of indulging in—whether deservedly or not, let him so stigmatized answer—when cast loose upon the world, freed from the protecting guidance of the fair. He keeps no regular hours, sleeps anywhere, dines when it suits his humor, flirts with unmarried lady Polars, indulges in a fight now and again, just as the Hibernian says, to keep his hand in, and altogether *does* the unbridled bachelor—mind, I do not say husband. I tremble to think what might befall me were I to commit myself to so rash a statement.

Now if these tiny bears came into the world larger and more fully developed, would it not probably happen that, with erratic and disobedient habits, always inherent in young animals, they would incautiously quit their nursery too soon, and get starved to death by cold and hunger? More than this, the most pressing desire for food would hardly tempt the female bear to quit them whilst in a helpless condition; but if she found her cubs could follow her before the snow was gone or food obtainable, might she not be tempted to sally forth from her snug den too soon, and by so doing imperil the safety of her offspring? But being so small at birth, and withal so utterly helpless, it becomes absolutely necessary that many months should pass away before the possibility arrives of their being able to follow the mother.

Twice only in my long experience as hunter and trapper has it fallen to my lot to see a bear killed in cub. So rarely does it happen even to Indians who are always bear-hunting to destroy a female in cub, that they hold doing it in superstitious dread, and firmly believe and maintain that he who so destroys a pregnant female bear will die before the end of a year. Once during the marking of the boundary line in Northwest America, it occurred that a bear was killed in cub; and in this case the hunter who shot Madame Bear was an Indian in the employ of the Commission. Of course his comrades thought him doomed; but as it was not very clear in what manner harm could befall him the matter passed away, and I had almost forgotten it, when, strange to say, the very Indian who killed the bear was shot dead in a fray with some gold-washers—a coincidence that the more firmly established in the red-skins' mind the truth of their belief.

The time a she-bear carries her young is about seven months, and I have never seen a bear with more than two cubs. I am indebted to Mr. Bartlett, the able superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, for the knowledge of the singular arrangement observable in the mammæ of the female bear.

Fear of occupying space that can be more profitably employed forbids my writing a tithe of what I should like to write concerning this, to me, most interesting subject. I have however, been tempted to offer these somewhat crude speculations in the pages of *Science Gossip*, in the hope of inducing some other naturalists or hunters to give us theories or experiences—which is much better—about bears and their cubs.

I left the baby Polars with a hearty wish that, during their babyhood, "good digestion might wait on appetite, and health on both."

STEWART MEETS WITH A LOSS.—Stewart, the dry-goods millionaire, knowing that a certain article was rising, sent to a Boston merchant to buy up everything of the kind at the hub. He overlooked the putting up of his own prices, however, to correspond with the rise; the Bostonian found it out, and bought half of Stewart's own stock at two cents a yard less than the market rates before the merchant prince marked them up. Stewart had to buy his own goods at an advance.

RACE FOR A BRIDE.

THE maiden has a certain start given which she avails herself of to gain a sufficient distance from the crowd to enable her to manage her steed with freedom, so as to assist in the pursuit of the suitor whom she prefers. On a signal from the father, all the horses gallop after the fair one, and whichever firsts succeeds in encircling her waist with his arm, no matter whether disagreeable or not to her choice, is entitled to claim her as his wife. After the usual delay incident upon such occasions, the maiden quits the circle of her relations, and putting her steed into a hand gallop darts into an open plain. When satisfied with her position, she turns round to the impatient youths, and stretches out her arms toward them as if to woo their approaches. This is the moment for giving the signal to commence the chase, and each of the impatient youths, dashing his pointed heels into his courser's side, darts like the unhooded hawk in pursuit of his fugitive dove. The savanna was extensive, full twelve miles long and three in width, and as the horsemen sped across the plain the favored lover became apparent by the efforts of the maiden to avoid all others who might approach her. At length, after near two hours racing, the number of pursuers are reduced to four, who are all together, and gradually gaining on the pursued. With them is the favorite; but alas! his horse suddenly fails in his speed; and, as she anxiously turns her head, she perceives with dismay the hapless position of her lover. Each of the fortunate leaders, eager with anticipated triumph bending his head on his horse's mane, shouts at the top of his voice, "*I* come, my Peri! *I'm* your lover." But she, making a sudden turn, and lashing her horse almost to fury, darts across their path, and makes for that of the plain where her lover is vainly endeavoring to goad on his weary steed. The others instantly checked their career; but in the hurry to turn back, two of the horses are dashed furiously against each other, so that both steeds and riders roll over the plain. The maiden laughed (for she knew that she could elude the single horseman), and flew to the point where her lover was. But her only pursuer was rarely mounted, and not so easily shaken off. Making a last and desperate effort, he dashed alongside the maiden, and stretching out his arm he almost won his unwilling prize; but she, bending her head to the horse's neck, eluded his grasp, and wheeled off. Ere the discomfited horseman could again approach her, her lover's arm was around her waist, and, amidst the shouts of the spectators, they turned towards the fort.—*Life in Circassia.*

BEAUTY OF THE FRENCH EMPRESS.—A former ambassador from this country to the Court of Spain, thus speaks of the Empress Eugenie when she visited Madrid: "She is beautiful, and more than this word can express. And in the evening at the gala dinner, how did she surpass each and everybody. I did not sit just opposite her, for there sat the Queen of Spain. Still, I could observe her very well. My neighbor, the lady of an ambassador, the mother of grown children, a native of England, and of pure, stern morals, who had often seen the Empress five or six years ago, remarked: 'She is now handsomer than she ever was.' She was quite captivated and said, with sincere admiration, 'Don't she deserve a throne for her beauty?'

"Eugenie unites the most handsome features of the German and the Latin—I may even say of the Arabian races. The forehead high and free; the eyes splendidly blue, but not very large; the hair of a lightly darkened hue; the form of her face small, oval; the nose fine, in beautiful symmetry, not too high; the mouth a little bit too large, and especially when she smiles, a little jewish. Her complexion is admirable—that means, admirably painted—for nobody of the aristocracy will show her natural complexion, be it ever so fine. But after the first rounds, and after she had taken some Bordeaux, her cheeks began to redden, and heighten her beauty; ears of exceedingly beautiful form—and then her whole figure! She is of medium size, not so large as pictures suggest; slim, flexible, and still full. Her appearance is that of a virgin, the most splendid model for a Hebe—breast, neck, shoulders, arms, and above all, her hand beautifully shaped, combined with the grace of an Andalusian *danseuse*.

MR. A. J. GARVEY, of New York, has completed a design for a coat-of-arms for the base ball clubs of the United States. It is an *alto-relievo* in plaster of Paris, five feet six inches in height, and presents two figures in full playing costume upon the right and left, respectively holding a ball and bat. In the centre is an American eagle, and the whole is interspersed with the emblems of the fraternity.

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THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR superior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries. *

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,

AT

GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S

NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

(Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

DOCTOR DEMAREST'S

Private Medical Office,

617 KEARNY STREET,

Near Commercial, San Francisco.

OFFICE HOURS: From 9 A. M., till 4 P. M.

S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded my self very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.—Dr. Franklin remarks, that a man as often gets two dollars for the one he spends in forming his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats a pound of sugar and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended, but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, and of past ages, too. A family without a newspaper is always a year behind the times in general information; besides, they can never think much nor find much to think about. And then there are the little ones growing up without any taste for reading. Who, then, would be without a newspaper—and who would read one regularly without paying for it?

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ARCHITECT,
No. 224 Montgomery street,
Opposite the entrance of the Russ House,
San Francisco.

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ARCHITECTS,
Southwest corner Sacramento and Kearny streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Asphaltum Roofing.
PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of
Asphaltum Work,
Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco

D. J. OLIVER,
101, 103 and 105 Front Street, 110 Pine St.
ON NORTH-WEST CORNER PINE AND FRONT STS.,
Where he offers for sale the largest stock of
Paints, Oils, Glass, Etc., Etc.
ON THE PACIFIC COAST, AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.

FRESH MEAT! CORNED MEAT!
PARTIES IN WANT OF COARSE FRESH MEAT, AND COARSE CORNED MEAT, in quantities large and small can be supplied at low figures, on application to
L. MILLER & CO.,
59 and 60 Washington Market.
☞ All orders delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

DRY GOODS
FROM
AUCTION!
MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
HAVE JUST RECEIVED FROM THE GREAT AUCTION SALE OF H. M. NEWHALL & CO., THE FOLLOWING LARGE LINES OF SUPERIOR FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS, ALL OF WHICH ARE WARRANTED SOUND AND OF SUPERIOR QUALITY, AND WILL BE OFFERED ON
MONDAY, MARCH 18TH,
AT PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE SOLD AT IN THIS CITY.

SILKS.
0pieces Black Silks, from $1 to $1 60 per yard.
75 pieces Bischoff's Black Silks, from $1 60 to $3 per yard.
90 pieces Bonnet's superior Black Silks, from $2 to $4 50 per yard.
40 pieces Bonnet's Extra Black Silks, from $3 to $8 per yard.
500 pieces Plain, Brocade and Plaid Silks, in all colors and designs.

DRESS GOODS.
200 pieces super. Scotch Ginghams.
300 pieces super. French Ginghams.
600 pieces Empress Cloth, in new designs.
200 pieces plain Cballys, in new designs.
300 pieces Black Alpacas.
200 pieces Colored Alpacas.
2000 pieces super. Barnesly and Scotch Towels.
600 dozen super English Hose and Half Hose.
100 dozen super. Linen Shirts, at $2 75, $3, $3 50 and $4.
200 dozen super. Cotton Shirts.
Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings, Flanuels, Quilts, Blankets, Linen Sheetings, Table Cloths, Napkins, etc. etc.

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WHOLESALE HOUSE,
NO. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE STREET.

THE GREAT
New England Remedy!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
White-Pine Compound,
IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.
THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:
Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.
Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.
It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery Street, cor. Clay, San Francisco

MASONIC TEMPLE,
Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!
Cures Without Medicines.
Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.
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Fashionable Milliner.

NO. 23 POST STREET,
Between Kearny and Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.
All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.
Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.
☞ Goods received by every steamer, from New York and Paris.

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

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Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,
Portland Boiler Works,
311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,
Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.
Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.
All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.
T. J. MOYNIHAN, JAS. AITKEN, } Proprietors.

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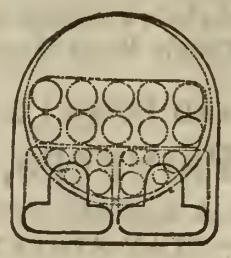
Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.
MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF
HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.
The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.
All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.
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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

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Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Belt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUdicial District of the State of California in and for the city and county of San Francisco.
CECILE PEBELIE, Plaintiff, vs. JEAN L. PEBELIE, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send Greeting to Jean L. Pebelie, defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, and for general relief.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[L. S.] By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, canceled.]
J. H. SMYTH, Plaintiff's Attorney. d29 3m

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.
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AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.
BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.
BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.
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Wholers & Steil, Pins and Montgomery, (Russ House.
BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine
CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.
CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 646, 647, and 649 Washington street.
COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.
DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.
DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st.
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.
EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.
FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 610 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.
GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets
HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.
HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.
INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.
LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.
LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market
MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.
PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.
RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 620 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.
SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.
SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.
SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento
STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.
TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.
WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery
WOODAND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S *Through Line to New York.*

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, conuecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each moutn that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acnpulco.

Departure of 19th connects with Frencb Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR MARCH.

March 30—GOLDEN AGE, Captain James T. Watkins, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt Furber.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positivcly leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their haggage on board before 10 o'clock

Through tickets to Liverpool hy the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on April 31, for Hongkong via Kanngawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company'e office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

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CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000

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LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE, HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at one per cent. per month.

Money transmitted from the interior, hy Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.

Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

TO ALL SUFFERING HUMANITY

WHO

VALUE HEALTH AND CHERISH LIFE.

Healey's Rheumatic Liniment

For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.

Price Fifty Cents and One Dollar per bottle.

☞ Sole Agents — CRANE & BRIGHAM and R. H. McDONALD & CO., San Francisco.

HOUSEKEEPERS' Protection & Relief Society.

HARDWARE,
CUTLERY,
TINWARE,
WOODENWARE,
WILLOW-WARE,

And all the innumerablee required hy Housekeepers.

THE ONLY STORE IN SAN FRANCISCO OF THE KIND.

GOODS DELIVERED IN ANY PART OF THE CITY

THOS. CORBETT,
131 Kearny street,
Between Sutter and Post.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET,

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up staire for Dinner and Supper Parties. LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

HAGAN & HORGAN, Marble - Workers,

MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, hetwecn Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

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Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

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CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
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" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

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NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
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Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,

NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND MATERIALS

☞We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches

AT

The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDIcial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, hut in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOSE A. FELIZ, decensed.—Notice is hereby given hy the undereigned, Administrator of the estate of JOSE A. FELIZ, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decensed, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchere, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of Haight & Pierson, No. 510 Jackson street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, February 19, 1867.

ROBERT HAIGHT, Administrator of the Estate of Jose A. Feliz, dec'd. mh9 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MICHAEL HINES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Michael Hines, deceased, to the creditore of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated March 5th, A. D. 1867.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Administrator of the Estate of Michael Hines, deceased. mh9 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of NAYLOR C. DAVIS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not he made.

On reading and filing the petition of John H. Madison, Administrator of the Estate of Naylor C. Davis, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to he divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Naylor C. Davis, deceased, appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 15th day of April, A. D 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs at law of the said Naylor C. Davis, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order he published for four successive weeks before the said fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 11th, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of March, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
m16 5t By WM. LEDLIE, Deputy Clerk.
CHAS WITTRAM, Esq., Attorney for Administrator.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHERT. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brougbt in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Fraucisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered hy said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs ot suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASUCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELLEN NERAC, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not he made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Ellen Nerac, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the devisee named in the Will of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate to the party entitled thereto:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Ellen Nerac, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not he made of the residue of said estate to the devisee of the said Ellen Nerac, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order he published for four successive weeks, before the said sixteenth day of April A D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 14th, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK
Of the City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 14th day of March, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[Seal and stamp.] By A. J JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. J. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitionor. m16 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CAROLINE HUEBNER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of CAROLINE HUEBNER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchere, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co, No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 28th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES, Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Caroline Huebner, deceased. mh2-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS KEENAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchere within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, northwest corner of Sacramento and Sansome streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, March 2d, A. D. 1867.

mh2-5t THOMAS BREEZE, Administrator of Estate of Thomas Keenan, deceased.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Administrator.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUdicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovenamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purebasers, incumbrancers or otherwise, may he barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and he put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j193m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not he made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed hy Thomas Courtis, Administrator of the estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the claims against the estate, and the expenses of administration;

It is therefore ordered hy the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the twenty-second day of April A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administor to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order he published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 22d, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 22d day of March, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]
WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
F. A. Fabens, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
mar39 4t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of J. C. BEIDEMAN, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of the Judge of said Court, made this day, notice is hereby given that Monday, the 22d day of April, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, being a day of a regular term of said Court, to-wit: of the April Term, A. D. 1867, at the Court-room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been appointed for hearing the petition, this day filed, of Bernard Kennedy, praying for a decree authorizing and directing John W. Brumagim, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate left unadministered of J. C. Beideman, deceased, to convey to the said petitioner certain real estate situated in said city and county, and particularly described in said petition, upon the payment to said Administrator of the balance of the purchase money of said real estate; at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said petition hy filing their objections in writing.

Dated March 22d, 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
Messrs. Drake & Hent, Attys. for Petitioner.
mar23-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE C. PETERSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of George C Petersen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated February 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES, Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of George C. Petersen, deceased. mh2-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 28th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES, Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of James Edwin Reas, deceased. mh2-5t

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CHAS. THEBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

MISS KATE DENIN,
—SUPPORTED BY—
Mrs. Sophie Edwin, Mrs. H. Jackson,
Mr. J. McCullough, Mr. H. Edwards,
And a Full Corps Dramatique!

THIS AFTERNOON, MARCH 30TH,
THE FAST FAMILY.

THIS EVENING, MARCH 30TH,
First Night of an Original Local Drama, entitled
THE CURSE OF OUR COUNTRY!

MONDAY EVENING,
First Appearance on any Stage of
MISS OLIVIA RAND,
In the Musical Drama,
RUSTIC PRIMA DONNA,
In which she will sing gems from La Sonnambula, Don Giovanni, Il Barbiere del' Sevigla, etc.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette	50	Upper Circle	25

☞No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

SECOND APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE OF
PAULINE CONGER!

Wednesday Evening, April 3d, 1867,
Will be presented Sheridan Knowles's great Play in Five Acts, entitled
THE HUNCHBACK!

JULIA.....MISS PAULINE CONGER
Master Walter.....Mr. Henry Edwards.
Sir Thomas Clifford.....Pierpont Thayer.
Helen.....Mrs. Harry Jackson.

The balance of the cast embracing the entire strength of the company.

WITH OTHER ATTRACTIONS
Which will be announced on the bills of the day.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra,	$1 00
Parquet,	50
Gallery,	25

PLATT'S MUSIC HALL.

GRAND TESTIMONIAL,
Tendered by the Entire Profession to
M'LLE ROSA CELESTE!
To take place Thursday Evening, April 4,
On which occasion M'LLE ROSA CELESTE will make her FIRST ASCENSION since the accident she met with some five months ago.

The following talented Artistes have kindly volunteered their services:

Signora Bianchi,	Signor Mancusi,
Madame Marzetti,	S. W. Leach,
Miss Emma Howson,	Signor Roncovieri,
Miss Clelia Howson,	Frank Howson,
M'lle Louisa Tourney,	John Howson,
Mrs. Georgiana Leach,	Charles Schultz,
Miss Ella Kemp,	M. W. Willis,
Miss Rosa Siegrist,	Gustave A. Scott,
Signor Bianchi,	Prof. Siegriet and Son,

And the MARTINETTI TROUPE!

DR. BENTON'S LAST LECTURE (of the present season) will be given at Congress Hall this evening, March 30th. Admission 50 cents. Ladies and children free. These lectures will be resumed as soon as professional engagements will permit.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery, Museum,
CONSERVATORIES, AND ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,
On Mission and Valencia streets.
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.

A Museum of Natural History containing over four hundred specimens of Zoology has just been opened.

NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.

Admission to all parts of the Gardens and Museum 25 cents. Children under 12 years of age, half price.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars.

☞Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

W. N. MILLER.....J. F. HALEY.

MILLER & HALEY,

EMPIRE STEAM MILLS,
NO. 29 FREMONT STREET,
San Francisco.
SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND MOULDING FACTORY.

MAURICE DORE & CO.,

REAL ESTATE, STOCK AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS.
OFFICE AND SALESROOM, 327 MONTGOMERY ST.
W. A. QUARLES, Auctioneer.

ENTIRE BLOCK OF
MARKET STREET PROPERTY,
IN 32 LARGE SUBDIVISIONS.

ON **WEDNESDAY**, APRIL THIRD, 1867, AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON, AT OUR SALESROOMS, WE WILL SELL, ON A **LIBERAL CREDIT**, AND WITHOUT RESERVE,

Block No. 71, on Market street, nearly opposite Eleventh street, and fronting on Market street, Van Ness Avenue, Oak, Franklin and Page streets.

☞The sale of this magnificent block presents an opportunity for investment NEVER BEFORE OFFERED, on a portion of Market street which, from its peculiarly advantageous location, is sure, at no distant day, to become the MOST VALUABLE portion of that grand business avenue; and, from its proximity to the Depot of the San Jose Railroad, which will doubtless be the terminus of the great Pacific Railroad, this property is not only valuable for business purposes NOW, but has the prospect of a MORE RAPID AND GREATER ENHANCEMENT than any other locality in the city.

The corner of Market street and Van Ness Avenue is the most COMMANDING CORNER in the whole city, Van Ness Avenue having a Width of 125 FEET.

The whole block lies EXACTLY ON THE GRADE, the streets are macadamized and sidewalked in the most thorough and substantial manner, and the lots are ready for IMMEDIATE IMPROVEMENT, without a single dollar of outlay.

TITLE PERFECT.

☞A diagram, showing the subdivisions, will be found on the premises, and maps will be ready for distribution in a few days.

TERMS—One-half Cash; balance in two years, at one per cent. per month interest.

☞Go and look at this splendid property.

MAURICE DORE & CO, Auctioneers

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!
Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE OPPOSITION STEAMER
AMERICA,
EDGAR WAKEMAN.....Commander

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
MONDAY, - - - APRIL 15th, 1867,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEVADA, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

☞The MOSES TAYLOR will sail May 4th.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches' from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

REMOVED

To 645 Clay street, a few doors below Kearny.

DR. BLAKE CAN NOW BE FOUND AT the above location. Engagements as usual can be made with all those who desire thorough and FIRST CLASS GOLD FILLINGS.

THE BEST FAMILY WINES
IN THE CITY
—Are to be found at—
HOADLEY & CO.'S,
533 Merchant street, under Pacific Fruit Market.

☞Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

Lamott's Hat Emporium

IS THE PLACE TO GET A FASHIONABLE
HAT OR CAP,
AND AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. LESS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THIS CITY.

Do not fail to have one of
LAMOTT'S HATS!
CORNER PINE AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

CALIFORNIA

COFFEE AND DINING SALOON,

(Formerly the German Coffee Saloon,)
NOS. 612 AND 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.
J. R. REAGAN.....Proprietor

This house has undergone a thorough change, both in MANAGEMENT and PRICES. A fine Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up in the rear, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued.

A. BONZI & CO.,

Italian Restaurant,
515 Merchant street, opposite Washington Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

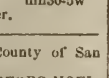
MEALS, WITH WINE, 50 CENTS.

THE CHOICEST COMMODITIES OF THE Market served up in the best style of Italian and French cookery.

On the second floor are numerous private rooms, for social or private DINNER PARTIES, Chocolate, Wine, Beer, Liqueurs, with every description of edible accompaniments, served to order at any hour of the day or evening.

THE NEW BRANCH

OF THE
CLIPPER RESTAURANT,
No. 414 Market street, between Battery and Sansome,
WILL BE OPENED ON
MONDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1867.



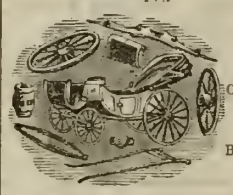
MONS. J. STOCK INFORMS THE PUBLIC that he has fitted up this branch restaurant for the convenience of those living in the southern part of the city, and hopes that his long established reputation as a caterer for the public will be a sufficient guarantee of the completeness of the arrangements of this New Branch, and respectfully solicits their patronage. J. STOCK, Proprietor.

WILLIAM JAMES, Newark, N. J. | DAVID MEEKER, J. COSBLEDICK, } San Francisco.

MEEKER, JAMES & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Wagon & Carriage Materials,
NOS. 12 AND 14 PINE STREET.

The Largest Establishment on the Pacific Coast for the supply of materials for



WAGONS, TRUCKS,
CARTS, OMNIBUSSES,
CARRIAGES, COACHES,
EXPRESS WAGONS,
BUGGIES, SULKIES, Etc.
Also, Importers of
GREGG'S TENONING MACHINES,
Hub Boring Machines, Thimble Skeins for Wood Axles, Hub Bands, Axle Clips, Shaft Shackles, Malleable Iron Castings, Concord Axles and Springs.

☞Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. MEEKER, JAMES & Co.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN P. HILL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Michael Lynch, the Administrator of the estate of JOHN P. HILL, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30-5w
R. W. HENT, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHANN GEORG MOELLER, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 27th day of March, A. D. 1867, Notice is hereby given, that TUESDAY, the eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said Johann Georg Moeller, deceased, and for hearing the application of Louise Moeller, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
Dated at San Francisco, this 29th March, A. D. 1867.
J. F. FINN, Attorney for petitioner. mh30-3w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY A. WALSH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at at the office of Crane & Boyd, Attorneys at Law, in the city and county of San Francisco, the place of his transaction of business.

Dated at San Francisco, March 25th, 1867.
JOHN TOWNSEND,
Administrator of Estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased.
Crane & Boyd, Att'ys, S. W. cor. Clay and Montgomery streets. mh30-5w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als, Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY HREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No 5 of the 100 vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
THOS. B. HISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 10th day of September, A. D. 1867, in the matter of the estate of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on TUESDAY, the 23d day of April, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors, David Whipple and William Whipple, of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pine street 111½ feet easterly from the south-east corner of Pine and Taylor streets; running thence easterly along said line of Pine street 26 feet; thence at a right angle southerly and parallel with Taylor street 137½ feet; thence at a right angle westerly 26 feet, and thence at a right angle northerly and parallel with Taylor street 137½ feet to the point of beginning.

And offers or bids for said property, in writing will be received at said place, No. 6 Montgomery Block, in said city and county, from this date till Tuesday, the 23d day of April, 1867, at twelve o'clock, noon, by the undersigned. ROBERT L. HARRIS,

Guardian of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors
Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30-4w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Breeze, the Administrator of the estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased, praying for an order for the sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts of the deceased and the charges and expenses of administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated March 29th, 1867.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Adm'r. mh30 5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of James Edwin Reas, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell a portion, and would be most for the interest of all concerned to sell the whole of the real estate to pay the family allowance, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30 5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN J. TAYSEN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned. Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN J. TAYSEN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the store of A. Crawford, No. 27 Market street, San Francisco, that being the place of the transaction of business by said Executors of said estate.

A. CRAWFORD, D. N LUNDT, } Executors.
Dated March 30th, 1867. mh30-4w

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 20
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 6, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Turkey-Herding in California, by "Trem;" African Travels and Adventures, by Prentice; The "Kingdom" of Canada; The Study of the Classics; Literary Gossip and Gleanings. LION'S MOUTH: A Bar-room Oracle on Our Local Press; Symptoms of Insanity; The Unhappy Fitz-Smythe; An Accommodating Boarder; Warm Friends; A Hint to the Editor. Paragraphs, Poetry, Dramatic Affairs, etc, SELECTED: Tete-a-teto with a Lion; The Last of the Brigands; "Black Sheep;" Poetry, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

A Bar-Room Oracle on our Local Press.

MR. EDITOR:—On Thursday evening, having dropped into the Faust Cellar, after the theatre, to refesh myself with a glass of lager and a caviare sandwich, I found the "Oracle" seated at the table he usually occupies, with the Sacramento *Union* and a glass of hot Santa Croix before him, holding forth to an attentive circle on the subject of the papers published in this city.

"What's the reason now, I should like to know," said he, with a certain judicial sternness of voice and manner—"What's the reason that we can't have a paper like *this* in San Francisco? It's a long way the best paper in the State. And why is it the best? I'll tell you why it's the best; it's because the men that own it understand their business, and they know enough to hire men to do the writing that understand *their* business. That's the secret of it. Old Anthony can't write ten lines himself—but he's a judge of good writing all the same, besides being h—ll on poker—a game that requires more brains by odds than it does to run half a dozen newspapers. And there's *some* of the proprietors—I don't like to mention names, gentlemen—but there's some of 'em whose spelling is raythor queer. I could show you a letter I got from one of 'em—if it wouldn't be a breach of confidence that no gentleman would be guilty of—I could show you a letter from one of 'em that you'd consider in the light of a decided curiosity. You see there was a time when I was about as handy with a pen as the next man, and used to do something in the way of ink-slinging, and old —— wanted me to come up to Sacramento as "local," and we had almost come to a bargain when the thing was broke off, because they wanted me to agree to stop drinking and *to wear a stove pipe* around town! They said there was a certain amount of dignity which every one connected with the concern ought to keep up. Of course I told 'em to go to the d—l, not that I had any particular hankering after drink, or any constitutional objection to stove-pipes, which I've worn now and again—but I wasn't going to be dictated to. But all that's neither here nor there. As a *newspaper* there's nothing in the United States that's ahead of the *Union*. I don't go much on its editorials—but what's editorials? What do you suppose I want to read politikle editorials for, that are written by green young men who don't know how to engineer a primary? What can they teach *me*, do you suppose? What *I* want is the news. I want to be posted as to what's going on in the world; and that's what I read the *Union* for. If I go to bed of a night without scanning it over I can't sleep. Why, gentlemen,—George can tell you if what I say's true or not—one night when the paper didn't come because an accident had happened to the boat, I had to take *sixteen hot drinks* before I could get sleepy enough to go to bed. (Here George, thus appealed to, put in —"Fact, gentlemens, and he'd have taken two or three more if I hadn't told him I had to shut up.) "And now," resumed the speaker, 'just look at the Press of this city! There's the *Alta* for instance. It has a good deal of reading matter to be sure, and a good deal that's interesting. That's because it's so big, and holds so much, that if the staff was throwed into it with a pitchfork, they *couldn't help* getting in a heap of news. It seems to me sometimes as if the way that paper's got up, was by giving a blind man a heap of exchanges and a pair of scissors, and telling him just to clip out wherever was next his thumb! As to the *Times*, what's the use of talking about *that*? It's a big paper. And a well-printed paper as any man need wish to see. But it's got no *character*, and no more life or spirit than a Dashaway cocktail or a tract for a Sunday-School infant class. The *Bulletin's* got character enough—but in my opinion it's a d—d bad character. Its always a belying and persecuting the class of gentlemen who interest themselves in local politics and look after the municipal elections—and what would become of American institutions, I'd like to know, without that class? How the devil would the offices be filled, and the combinations be made, and the boys got into training, and the people that don't know how to vote or don't *care* how they vote fetched up to the polls on the right side, without the class of gentlemen in question? I'm not ashamed to say that I'm one of 'em, and I expect to do my country some service next election. Whether I'm for Pixley, or Fay, or Gorham, or Bidwell, I'm not prepared to say; that depends upon contingencies. But I shall go for one of 'em, and as they're all good men, I can't go astray whichever I give my support to. Then there's the *Call*, gentlemen"—Here the Oracle paused to respond to an invitation to "take something," and I did not remain to hear the conclusion of the harangue. CAPTAIN WRAGGE.

The Unhappy-Fitz-Smythe.

The public do not need to be informed that Fitz Smythe, the imbecile humorist of the Pacific Coast, no longer acts as local items for the *Alta*. In spite of the efforts of the present incumbent in the way of revamping venerable puns, funoily distorting the English language, and otherwise humbly attempting to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, his fooling has not been accepted by the public as being equally amusing as that of Fitz-Smythe. A man who plays the fool will occasionally raise a laugh, but a born fool is always amusing. We miss Fitz Smythe. The fact of the matter is that Fitz-Smythe has gone to Arizona, and the *Alta*, in order to enliven its columns, on Tuesday published a letter from its late local-items. The letter is dated "La Paz, Arizona, March 20th." It contains an item of intelligence which must be of interest to everyone who read "Mark Twain's" amusing and truthful description of the habits of Fitz-Smythe's horse. The exiled correspondent writes as follows:

"I made my bed last night within ten feet of the post to which was tied my bay mare, which I brought from San Francisco, and always prized so highly, and three other men lay between her and myself. Before daybreak I awoke and missed her. We found the tracks made by a barefooted thief, whether Indian or white man—probably a Chimahuevis Indian—and followed them back to where they struck into the sand desert leading towards the Chimahuevis Mountains. Having no animal with the party capable of catching her (we saw where the thief mounted her and rode off at full speed) we abandoned the pursuit, and I am here looking for another animal."

"Mark Twain" made public many interesting particulars concerning the bay mare, which may explain why she left Fitz-Smythe. We do not believe that she was stolen; she strayed away in search of food. This horse—or mare—was, during the period of Fitz-Smythe's residence in this city, fed entirely on newspapers—so Mark Twain says—and used to devour on an average five hundred old exchanges a day. It is evident that Fitz-Smythe's supply of newspaper forage ran out, and that his mare—which, although "highly prized" by him, was not an animal likely to be stolen—wandered off in search of a hospitable newspaper office, where it could assuage its hunger. Fitz Smythe, following out his instincts, prefers to tell a story about a "barefooted thief." The pathos of the following passage of his letter is heart-rending, though at the same time he shows himself a philosopher:

"Crying will not help matters, or I would cry all night; I never felt more like it."

What an admirable suggestion for an historical painting might the above simple words afford one of our local artists! "Fitz-Smythe, Crying all Night for the Loss of his Horse!" The man who paints that picture will gain immortality, and a good notice in the local columns of the *Alta*, if Fitz-Smythe should ever again be employed on that paper.

Symptoms of Insanity.

The *Times* quotes from a recent medical work the following symptoms, all characteristic of disease having commenced in the brain:

An apparent unimportant knitting of the brows, a trifling sensation of numbness in some part of the body, a condition of local or general muscular weakness, a state of *ennui*, mental peevishness, irritability and physical restlessness, an almost unappreciable depression or exaltation of the animal spirits; an impairment or disorder of the sense of sight, loss, aberration or confusion of memory; defect in or acute manifestation of the sense of hearing; an inaptitude for mental work; an inability to concentrate the attention continuously on any subject; a state of sleeplessness, or condition of lethargy; a trivial deviation from the usual mode of talking—such as suddenly pausing in the conversation, as if to regain a lost train of ideas, a slight defect in the articulation, associated with a transposition of words, and inability to pronounce certain letters.

Pleasant reading matter this for nervous people. "A state of *ennui*." Nine out of ten suffer more or less from this. All going crazy, "Exaltation of the animal spirits." So, then, it is a frightful symptom to be jolly. "An inaptitude for work." This lets in numerous blockheads and numskulls. All going crazy. "Pausing in the conversation as if to regain a lost train of ideas." This includes many reflective and consequently at times absent-minded people. "Inability to pronounce certain letters." Harrowing to the feelings of a large portion of our foreign population, who cannot speak plain English. There is but little chance, it seems, for escaping insanity.

Did He?

Speaker Colfax said he resolved to lead a temperate life, after seeing a companion die of delirium tremens thirty years ago. Now since his resolving is such an easy every day affair, what we wish to know is, did he carry out this resolution?

Important Discovery.

The Sacramento *Bee* has been overhauling the Pacific Coast telegrams in the Baltimore and St. Louis papers, and discovers that the editors of those papers are as ignorant of California geography as our local journalists!

A Hint to the Editor.

EDITOR CALIFORNIAN:—You will doubtless be gratified to learn that we are about to bring out the Italian Opera in this city. We have engaged the following distinguished artistes, viz: Miss Eugenia Bell, Mrs. Anna Carroll, Lew Daniels, Jesse Peters, and Eugene Bell, who have been playing Opera in Gautemala with great success. To catch the popular ear we have Italianized the names of the artistes, and you will speak of them as Signorina Bellini, Prima Donna Soprano; Signor L. Danieli, Primo Tenor; Signor Egisto Petrilli, Primo Baritone; Signor Eugenio Bellini, Basso Profundo and Buffo Comico; Signora Anneta Garoli, Contralto. You will refer to them collectively as the Gautemala Opera Troupe. These artistes are expected to arrive from Gautemala on the next steamer. If you have not heard of them, call upon us and we will post you as to the high reputation they have achieved as musicians not only in Gautemala, but in Patagonia, Tahiti, San Juan Fernandez and other parts of the world where musical talents of the first order are duly appreciated and rewarded. In Gnatemala, especially, they created an intense furor, insomuch that the *torreadores* with tears in their eyes besought them to leave the country, as few greasers, greasoras or greaseritas could be induced to attend the bull-fights while they had an opportunity of listening to this ravishing Italian Opera Troupe. One of our firm, who is an eloquent "buzzer," will immediately wait upon the citizens of San Francisco for the subscriptions to the forthcoming Opera Season. We expect you to puff this Italian Opera Troupe quite liberally; and, should you fail to do so, we will instruct them to introduce in their performances some "gags" *a la* Heller, abusing the CALIFORNIAN, both in Italian and English.

Hoping that this hint will be sufficient, we remain

Your Obedient Servants,

MANAGERS OF —— THEATER.

An Accommodating Boarder.

Reciprocal accommodation in business matters is as rare as it is delightful to contemplate. This charming virtue was, however, carried to an extraordinary extent in an instance which we are about to relate. A young "man about town" has for some time past patronized a respectable boarding-house in the upper part of the city, appearing at the table at meal-time with commendable punctuality, and pocketing with imperturbable politeness the "little bill" presented to him weekly by his hostess. The landlady, at length, seeing on the part of her boarder no disposition to pay his bill, and finding it rather unprofitable to keep a boarding-house on such terms, one day cornered him up and put the case to him plainly, as follows: "You have boarded with me now for ten weeks, and have not paid me a cent. I am sorry to be obliged to say it, but I cannot afford to keep you any longer unless you settle your bill. I am in debt now for the victuals you have eaten; the butcher, to whom I owe upwards of fifty dollars, told me this morning that I cannot have another pound of meat unless I settle for what I have had; and how can I pay him unless you pay me?" The young man's countenance assumed a grave expression, and he looked thoughtfully for a moment at the toe of his boot; but presently his face brightened, as he exclaimed with gushing ardor: "Well, now, Mrs Brown, don't let that butcher's bill trouble you in the least. Just feed us on bread and butter and vegetables; I'll be perfectly satisfied, and I guess if I can stand it the rest of the boarders can." With a deep-drawn sigh the landlady retired, and our hero walked down street, jauntily twirling his natty little cane and gaily whistling "Kitty from Cork." He is still punctual at meals, and the landlady has not yet ventured upon the vegetarian experiment—she had not the heart to put so accommodating a gentleman upon low diet.

Warm Friends.

At about 1 o'clock Tuesday morning the house of Mr. Carroll at the corner of Geary and Laguna streets, north of Hayes's Valley, was discovered to be on fire. The *Evening Dispatch* says:

"The house was set on fire, a quantity of brushwood being piled under the floor immediately beneath the room occupied by the family as a sleeping apartment."

The *Times* gives much the same account of this disastrous affair, but says:

"The house was set on fire from below by some friends, and Mr. Carroll and his wife barely escaped with their lives."

Mr. Carroll might have been obliged to the friends who placed the wood under his house had they refrained from setting it on fire, but under the circumstances he does not, in spite of the *Times*, regard the parties who burnt him out of house and home as friends. The *Times* is, we observe, inclined to be excessively charitable on all occasions, and it cannot be wondered at that it (for fear of giving offense) should term local and also political incendiaries "friends."

The Beverage of Hell.

A tectotallor of the name of Weaver has published a "pome" in which he stigmatizes Hocheimer, Veuve Clicquot, good Bourbon whisky and other good drinks as "the beverage of hell." Mr. Weaver *may* be right, but we are inclined to believe that he is wrong, in making use of the expression "beverage of hell." We don't think that there is any "beverage of hell." Dives would not have been so anxious for Lazarus to bring him some water if there had been any beverage of hell.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER X.—PAUL WARD.

THE Autumn tiuts were rich und beautiful upon the Kent woods, and nowhere more rich or more beautiful than in Sir Thomas Boldero's domain. The soft grass beneath the noble bceches was strewn with the russet leaves a little eurlier than usnal that year, and somewhat more plentifully, for the storm had shaken them down, and had even rent away a branch here and there from some of the less sturdy trees. And then the forester mado his inspection, and the fallen branches were removed, and duly cut and housed for winter firewood, and it chanced that the hitherto forgotten log on which George Dallas had sat one spring morning was carried away with them.

Clare Carruthers missed it from its accustomed place as she rode down the glade which she still loved, though it had a painful association for her now. Every day her eyes had rested on the rugged log, and every day she had turned them away with a sigh. To-day it was there no longer, and its absence was a relief. She reined Sir Lancelot up for a moment, und looked at the vacant space. The earth lay bare and brown where the log had been ; there was no grass there.

"It won't be hidden until the spring," she thought, impatiently. "I wish—I wish I could forget the place in which I saw him first! I wish I could forget that I ever hud seen him!"

Then she turned her head away with an effort and a sigh, and rode on.

Clare was going over from the Sycamores to Poynings. She had occasion to see the housekeeper, started early, and, as usual, nnattended, save by Cæsar, who bounded along, now by the side of Sir Lancelot, anon a considerable way in advance, doing the distance twice over, after the fashion of dogs, and evidently compassionating the leisnrely pace to which his equine friend and comrade was condemned.

The months which had elasped since her inauspicious meeting among the beeches with Paul Ward had had much inquietude and mysterious trouble in them for the girl whose graces they had but ripened and perfected, on whose fair face they had impressed a permature but very beautiful thoughtfulness.

To one so young, so innocent, so carefully shielded from evil, living in so pure and calm an atmosphere of home, and yet around whom the inevitable solitude of orphanhood dwelt, the presence of a secret cause of sorrow, doubt, perplexity, was in itself a burden grievous to be borne. Clare could not help dwelling perpetually on the only mystery which had ever come into her tranquil conventional life, and the more she shrank from the contemplation, the more it pressed itself upon her. Sometimes for days and weeks together, the remembrance of it would be vague and formless, then it would take shape again and substance, and thrill her with fresh horror, distract her with new perplexity. Sometimes she would address herself with all the force of her intelligence to this mysterious remembrance, she would arrange the circumstances in order and question them, and then she would turn away from the investigation cold and trembling, with all the terrible conviction of the first moment of revelation forcibly restored.

The dreadful truth haunted her. When Sir Thomas Boldero asked her ladyship if there was any news in the *Times* each morning, (for the Sycamores was governed by other laws than those which ruled Poynings, and Lady Boldero, who was interested in politics after her preserves and her linen-presses, always read the papers first), Clare had listened with horrid sickening fear for many and many a day. But suspense of this sort cannot last in its first vitality, and it has lessened, but it was not wholly dead even yet. One subject of speculation frequently occupied her. Had he seen the warning she had ventured to send him? No, she would sometimes say to herself, decisively, no, he had not seen it. His safety must have been otherwise secured ; if he had seen it, he would know that the terrible truth was known to her, and he would never have dared to recall himself to her memory. For he did so recall himself, and this was the most terrible part of it all for Clare. On the first day of each month she received the current number of *The Piccadilly*, and there was always written on the fly-leaf, "From Paul Ward." No, her attempt had failed ; such madness, such audacity, could not otherwise be accounted for.

For some time Clare had not looked at the books which reached her with this terribly significant imprint. She had not destroyed them, but she had put them away out of her sight. One day, after her cousin's marriage, and when her thoughts—forcibly distracted for some time by the preparations, the hospitalities, and the rejoicings attendant on that event—had flown back to the subject which had such tormenting attraction for her, a sudden impulse of utter incredulity seized her. Nothing was changed in the facts, nothing in the circumstances ; but Clare laid aside reason under the suddenly exerted power of feeling, and refused to believe that Paul Ward had murdered the unknown man in whose company he had been, and who undoubtedly had been murdered.

"*I won't* believe it! I don't believe it!"

These words have often been uttered by the human will, when tortured by the terrible impotence of human despair, as obstinately as Clare Carruthers spoke them, and with infinitely more suffering implied in the inevitable reaction. But they can seldom have brought greater relief. A generous, reckless impulse of youth, partly against the terrible knowledge of evil, partly against her own suffering, which wearied and oppressed her spirit—distant, vague, even chimerical as she told herself it was—animated her resolution. She rose, and stretched her arms out, and shook her golden head, as though she discarded a baleful vision by a strong act of her will.

"I shall never see him again," she thought. "I shall never know his fate, unless, indeed, he becomes famous, and the voice of his renown reaches me. I shall never know the truth of this dreadful story ; but, strong as the evidence is, I never will believe it more. Never! never!"

Clare Carruthers was too young, too little accustomed to the sad science of self-examination, too candidly persuadable by the natural abhorrence of youth for grief, to ask herself how much of this resolution came from the gradual influence of time—how much from the longing she felt to escape from the constant pressure of the first misery she had ever known. The impulse, the resolution, had come to her with her first waking thoughts, one glorious morning in the early Autumn, the morning which saw George Dallas and his uncle arrive at Homburg, and witnessed Mr. Carruthers's reception of his stepson. This resolution she never abandoned. That day she had taken the books out of their hiding-place, and had set herself to read the serial story which she knew was written by him. Something of his mind, something of his disposition, would thus reveal itself to her. It was strange that he remembered to send her the books so punctually, but that might mean nothing ; they might be sent by the publisher by his order ; he might have forgotten her existence by this time. Clare Carruthers was sensible, and not vain, and she saw nothing more than a simple politeness in the circumstance.

So she read the serial novel, and thought over it ; but it revealed nothing to her. There was one description, indeed, which reminded her, vaguely, of Mrs. Carruthers, as she had been before her illness, as Clare remembered her when she had first seen her, years ago. Clare liked the story. She was not enthusiastically delighted with it. A change which her newly formed resolution to believe him innocent, to change from her all that had tormented her, could never undo, had passed upon Clare, since her girlish imagination had been ready to exalt Paul Ward, "the author," Paul Ward, "the artist," as she called him, with all the reverence her innocent heart accorded to such designations, into a hero ; she had less impulse in her now ; she had suffered, in her silent, unsuspected way, and suffering is a sovereign remedy for all enthusiasm, except that of religion. But she discerned in the story something which made her reason second her resolution. And from that day Clare grieved no more. She waited, she did not know for what ; she hoped, she did not know why ; she was pensive, but not unhappy. She was very young, very innocent, very trustful ; and the story of the murder was six months old. So was that of the meeting, and that of the myrtle sprig ; and all three were growing vague.

The young girl's thoughts were very busy as she rode from the Sycamores to Poynings, but not exclusively with Paul Ward.

Her life presented itself in a more serious aspect to her than it had ever before worn. All things seemed changed. Her uncle's letters to her had undergone a strange alteration. He wrote now to her as to one whom he trusted, to whom he looked for aid, on whom he purposed to impose a responsible duty. The pompousness of Mr. Carruthers's nature was absolutely inseparable from his style of writing as from his manner of speech; but the matter of his letters atoned for their faults of manner. He wrote with such anxious affection of his wife, he wrote with such kindly interest of Mr. Dallas, the hitherto proscribed stepson, whose name Clare had never heard pronounced by his lips or in his presence. Above all, he seemed to expect very much from Clare. Evidently her life was not to be empty of interest for the future, if responsibility could fill it ; for Clare was to be intrusted with all the necessary arrangements for Mrs. Carruthers's comfort, and Mrs. Carruthers was very anxious to get back to England, to Poynings and to Clare! The girl learned this with inexpressible gladness, but some surprise. She was wholly unaware of the feelings with which Mrs. Carruthers had regarded her, and the intentions of maternal care and tenderness which she had formed—feelings she had hidden, intentions she had abandoned from motives of prudence, founded on her thorough comprehension of the besetting weakness of her husband's character.

Clare had not the word of the enigma, and it puzzled her. But it delighted her also. Instinctively she felt there was something of Mark Felton's doing in this. He had impressed her as favorably as she had impressed him. She had recognized his possession of the two great qualities, feeling and intelligence, and her own kindred endowments had answered to them at once.

Was she going to be happy and useful? Was she going to be something more than the rich Miss Carruthers, the heiress of Poynings, who had every luxury life could supply except that of feeling herself of active individual importance to any living creature? Was Poynings going to be as pleasant as the Sycamores, and for a more worthy reason? Clare felt in her honest young heart that the superiority of the Sycamores consisted principally in the fact that the uncle who inhabited that abode was never in her way, whereas the uncle who ruled at Poynings was generally otherwise, and unpleasant. It was very ungrateful of her to feel this ; but she did feel it. Was all this going to be altered? Was she going to have the sort of feeling that might have been hers if she had not been the heiress of Poynings, but the real, own daughter of a kind lady, who needed and would accept all her girlish love and eager, if unskilful, care? It must be so, Clare thought, now Mrs. Carruthers had her son with her, and she no longer felt that there was injustice done to her, for which Clare was made the reason or the pretext, she would allow her to be all she had always desired to be.

How much uselessness, unreality, weariness, fell away from Clare Carruthers as she rode on, the beautiful healthful color rising higher in her cheeks as the glad thoughts, the vague, sweet, unselfish hopes of the future, expanded in her young heart. She would tell Mrs. Carruthers some day when she was quite well, when there should be no longer any danger of doing her harm by the revelation, about the mystery which had caused her so much suffering, and then, when there should be perfect confidence between them, she would tell her how she had discovered that she, too, was acquainted with Paul Ward.

Clare had never speculated seriously upon the cause of Mrs. Carruthers's illness. Her first convictions were, that it had originated in some trouble about her son. The old housekeeper's manner, the removal of the portrait, had sufficed for Clare. This was a sacred sorrow, sacred from Clare's curiosity, even in her thoughts. And now it was at an end, probably, thanks to Mark Felton ; but, at all events, it was quite over. In the time to come, that future which Clare's fancy was painting so brightly, as her horse carried her swiftly over the familiar road, Mrs. Carruthers might even love her well enough to tell her the story of the past, and what that terrible grief had been.

"I am to take Thomas up to town with me, Mrs. Brookes, and I only wish you were coming, too," said Clare to the housekeeper at Poynings, as a concluding item of the budget of news she had to tell. Clare was in high spirits by this time. Mrs. Brookes was much more friendly than usual to the young lady whom she, too, had always regarded with jealousy, and almost dislike, as an enemy of George.

"I am better here, Miss Carruthers," said Mrs. Brookes. "I dare say there won't be much delay in London,—for Mrs. Carruthers and master, I mean. You'll stay awhile with Mrs. Stanhope, belike?"

"O dear no,—I certainly shall not," replied Clare, with the prettiest air of importance. "I shall come down with my uncle and aunt. My uncle says we are to come as soon as the doctors will let us go."

"And Mr. Felton, also, you say, Miss Carruthers?"

"Yes, and Mr. Dallas. How delighted I am, Mrs. Brookes,—how delighted you must be." The girl's face flushed deeply. She was all glowing with the generous ardor of her feelings. She had taken off her hat, and was standing before the open window in the morning-room, her habit gathered up in one hand, her slight figure trembling, her beautiful face radiant.

"I am sure it has been almost as hard for you as for his mother. I could not say anything about it before, Nurse Ellen,"—it was the first time Clare had ever called the old woman by this name,—"because I knew nothing,—no one ever told me anything, and I must have seemed to blame my uncle. But, indeed, it pained me very much, and now—now I am so happy!"

Bright swift tears sparkled in her golden-brown eyes. She dashed them away, and, taking the old woman's hands in hers, she said, with girlish archness,—

"You must not hate me any more, Nurse Ellen, for 'Master George' and I are going to be very good friends."

"Hate you, my dear young lady!" said Mrs. Brookes, who was too old to blush externally, but who certainly felt like blushing. "How can you have such fancies? Who could hate *you*?"

"You,—you dear, faithful old thing! But it's all right now ; and, Nurse Ellen," she said seriously, "I am sure we owe all this happy change to Mr. Felton. The moment I saw that man, I felt he had come to do good. By the by, my uncle tells me there is no news of Mr. Felton's son yet. I suppose you never saw him, nurse?"

"La, bless you, no, my dear. I never saw his father till the day he came here. Mr. Arthur was born in America.

"Did he ever come to England before? Did Mrs. Carruthers ever see him?"

"Never. He told his father that he would see his aunt the first thing he did, and he never came anigh the place. I doubt he's a black shaep, Miss Carruthers."

"I hope not, for his father's sake, nurse."

And then Clare proceeded to make various arrangements with Mrs. Brookes, thinking the while: "Arthur Felton never was here. Mrs. Carruthers never saw him. For a moment I fancied he might have been Paul Ward."

"I wonder what I shall think of George Dallas?" thought Clare, as she rode away from Poynings in the afternoon, having given Thomas the necessary orders. "I wonder what he will think of me? I dare say he does not like the idea of me much. Perhaps *I* should not like the idea of *him*, if he were in my place and I in his; but, as it is, *I decidedly do*."

Attended by her maid and Thomas, Miss Carruthers went to London on the following day. Mrs. Stanhope met her at the railway station, and took her home with her. The footman was despatched to Sir Thomas Boldero's house in Chesham Place. In the course of the evening he went to Mrs. Stanhope's house, and asked to see Clare. His errand was to inform her that Mr. Felton and Mr. Dallas had arrived in London, and were particularly desirous of seeing Miss Carruthers. He (Thomas) had Mr. Felton's orders to ascertain from Miss Carruthers whether she would see them, on the following day, at Chesham Place, and, if so, at what hour. He was to take her answer to Mr. Felton's lodgings in Piccadilly.

"When did the gentlemen arrive?" Miss Carruthers asked.

Thomas could not exactly say, but he thought they had only just reached London. They had overcoats on, and looked "travelers-like."

Clare sent word to Mr. Felton that she would be at Chesham Place at noon on the next day, and would be very happy to see him. She did not mention Mr. Dallas, but it was by no means necessary that she should do so.

Punctually at twelve on the following day, Mrs. Stanhope's brougham deposited Clare Carruthers at Sir Thomas Boldero's house. It was in process of preparation for the expected guests; but had not quite thrown off the drowsy, unoccupied look of a house whose owners are absent. Its appearance bore the same relation to the state it would assume by and by as that of an individual who has just persuaded himself to rise, and is yawning and shivering in the process, bears to that of the same individual in his tubbed, dressed, shaved, breakfasted, newspaper-read, hatted, gloved and ready-for-the-day condition.

Clare got out of the carriage, gave the coachman some directions, stood at the door until he had driven off, and made a remark or two (ever reminiscent of Poynings punctiliousness) relative to the area-railings and door-steps to Thomas before she entered the house. He listened gravely, promised to attend to these matters, and then said:

"Mr. Dallas has been here some time, ma'am."

"Indeed?" said Clare, pausing just inside the hall door. "Is Mr. Felton not here?"

"He will be here directly, ma'am. He came with Mr. Dallas, but he went away again. I showed Mr. Dallas into the study, ma'am."

Clare felt rather embarrassed. She wished Mrs. Stanhope had been with her—she wished Mr. Felton had remained until she came, or had taken his nephew with him. It was so awkward to have to introduce herself to George Dallas, a stranger, and yet not exactly a stranger. She hesitated; her color rose. What should she do? What was not the easiest or pleasantest thing to do—for that would be to go to the drawing-room and remain there until Mr. Felton should come, leaving Mr. Dallas to a similar vigil in the study—but the kindest. Clearly, to give Mrs. Carruthers's son the friendliest greeting in her power, to show him, in her little way, how pleased she was at the family reunion, how much she desired to be numbered among his friends.

The study windows faced the street; he had probably seen the carraage, and heard her voice. He might be even now hurt by her tarrying.

Clare delayed no longer. She crossed the hall, opened the door of Sir Thomas Boldero's study, saw a man's figure close to one of the windows, shut the door, took two or three steps, and said, in the sweet, gentle tone which was one of her peculiar charms—

"Mr. Dallas, I am so much pleased."

Then the figure turned away from the window, and Clare found herself in the presence of Paul Ward.

(*To be Continued.*)

A couple in Richmond got married, and while engaged in "chasing the golden hours with flying feet," a most elegant supper including confectionaries and wedding-cake, which had been prepared, was stolen by thieves, who left the table completely bare.

New York's internal revenue is thirty-five millions of dollars.

NEW FASHIONS—BEEF-TEA AND THE "GERMAN."

THE only sensible novelty of fashion that strikes the visitor to Washington, is the new custom of handing round beef-tea in little cups to all over-wearied and over-heated dancers of the interminable "German"—which, by the way, is here a much more elaborate dance than I have seen it elsewhere, with an amount of gilded sceptres, strings of parti-colored ribbons, flags passing from hand to hand, and rules for selecting partners by similarity of colored badges,—such as invariably proves bewildering to all "people from Pike County" and the remainder of our outside heathen. The beef-tea, however, is good, and might be certified by Dr. Wm. W. Sanger of Broadway, as "administered on soundly hygienic principles." It recuperates the energies, supplies the carbon necessary to meet the unusual fuel drafts of such protracted exercise; and is certainly less hurtful to the system then champagne—which might dangerously inflame the pulses beyond the control of Madame Prudence; or those pernicious ices which are of no chemical value to the juices employed in sustaining life, while rapidly destructive to the enamel of the teeth—as may be tested by suddenly dropping any warm piece of enameled porcelain into a basin of freezing water. The hot porelain will suddenly contract, its enamel chipping off as it does so; and the same process will take place with the human teeth when eating ices.

At the "German" given by Miss Kate Chase—let me beg her pardon, by the wife of Senator Sprague of Rhode Island—all the young ladies who intended to join the "German" were invited to come with hair powdered after the fashion of hooped and furbelowed great grandmothers. The effect was pretty, and the fashion thus set by Mrs. Sprague is rapidly spreading; but fancy what would be the feelings of any young lady who *did* go with powdered hair, thereby announcing herself a candidate for the "German," yet found no bearded and bifurcated "waltzable" in the room with sufficient taste to ask her for his partner! Our only advice to young ladies must be in such a case: Be very sure of having a cavalier devoted to your glove and breast-ribbon, before allowing your hair to be powdered, when attending one of these Teutonic dancing nights. All other dances but the "German" are rapidly going out of date here—insomuch that an old-fashioned set of quadrilles, or such round-dances as the polka, schottische, or varsovienne, would excite as much curiosity and amusement as the evolutions of a dozen Mastodons or ancient Saurians, suddenly emerging from the red sandstone of the primary formation and commencing to pirouette in affectionate awkwardness to a fiddle played by Captain Noah, of the good ship "Ark." The redowa, deux temps, and gallope, are not so entirely antiquarianized and ostracised; but even they are not considered much more modern than would be the Dodo, Hippopotamus or Rhinoceros, in a modern treatise on the animal creation—things yet living and to be seen, it is true; but chiefly valuble as connecting links between the antediluvian world of the quadrille and the nineteenth century with its "German."—*Washington Correspondence N. Y. Citizen.*

GOOD NIGHT.

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto that fraglie hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there.
The snowy band detains me, then,
I'll have to say good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by the porch
With my adieus. Till then good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago.
What! both the snowy hands? ah, then
I'll have to say good-night again!

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

Promised Novels.—Concerning coming novels we learn that Mrs. Stowe's, for the *Atlantic Monthly*, is completed in manuscript, and that it is a story of New England life in the last generation. Miss Olive Logan is writing a long serial, to be shortly begun in *Harper's Magazine*. A Boston correspondent mysteriously says that a "very distinguished literary lady" of the city has the skeleton of a novel constructed. Mrs. James Austin of Concord has one ready for the press, and Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, who has written very little lately, is completing one. In England Mr. W. G. Willis has a novel in press called "The Love that Kills;" John Ruffini one entitled "A Quiet Nook;" Percy Fitzgerald one styled "Seventy-One Brook Street;" and Charles Lever is engaged on a tale in the style of "Charles O'Malley."

Two of Brigham Young's daughters are actresses at the Salt Lake theater.

COQUETTE.

Shimmering satins and billowy laces,
Dreamily sweet doth the music fall,
Scores upon scores of beautiful faces,
More beautiful hers, than all.

See where by yon sculptured vase she stands,
Tropical blooms in her bronze-brown hair,
Jewels ablaze on her bosom and hands—
Oh, but she is royally fair!

Look at her now as she languidly sways
Through the maddening German waltz;
There's the smile that she wore in the old, old days—
Would you ever dream she was false?

No, by the gods you'd swear she was true;
False! with those shy, soft, timid ways?
False! with those handsome eyes of blue?
Faith! 'tis a deep game she plays!

What though her smiles are as sunny as May,
What though her eyes are so tender and sweet?
Would she scruple to steal men's hearts away,
Then trample them under her feet?

Some trusting fool by her side will kneel,
Thinking her saintly and half divine,
Perchance she will swear, "Come woe, come weal,"
Then break his heart like mine.

Look well to her ways—be wise, poor fools!
Put *no* trust in her innocent eyes;
She'd flatter the very elect of Heaven,
And feed their souls with sweet lies!

Well, let her trifle—deceive as she will,
But as God liveth, there'll come a day
When remorse, like a vulture, will gnaw at her heart,
And she'll sigh for the love cast away.

—*Wide World.*

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE.

THE cable despatches of yesterday announce the death, at Southampton, England, on Wednesday last, the 6th day of March, of Charles F. Browne, better known by his pseudonym of "Artemus Ward."

Mr. Browne was born at Waterford, Maine, and at the time of his death was thirty-three years of age. He came to Boston in 1851, having previously had some experience at type-setting at Lancaster in New Hampshire, and entered the office of the *Carpet-Bag*, then under the management of Mr. B. P. Shillaber. He here began his literary labors, writing for the *Carpet-Bag* a number of humorous articles over the signature of "Lieutenant Chubb." In 1853 he went to Toledo, Ohio, and thence to Cleveland, and while acting as local editor of the *Plaindealer* he created the immortal showman, whose quaint letters have made a world-wide fame and an ample fortune for their writer. In 1860 he went to New York, and at once joined Mr. Charles G. Leland in the editorial management of *Vanity Fair*, and became the intimate friend and associate of George Arnold, Frank Wood, Fitz James O'Brien and E. G. P. Wilkins, all of whom have since died.

Mr Browne went to California in 1863, and on his return to the East in the year following, he commenced the delivery of the best, the most popular and most profitable of his lectures entitled "Among the Mormons."

Last year he went to London, and was immediately engaged by *Punch* as a contributor, and his description of a visit to Shakspeare's grave, contributed to that journal, is the best of his later productions; the expression of a "boss poit" being peculiarly happy and thoroughly representative of its author's peculiar humor. He was equally successful as a writer and as a lecturer, and both his letters and his lectures are entitled to an eminent place in American humorous literature. All that he said or wrote was the product of his own brain. He never cheapened his productions by borrowing from his contemporaries. His wit was always *his*, in which respect, if in no other, he was the superior of his old associate, Petroleum V. Nasby. His method of orthography was never deviated from, but always scrupulously conformed to his peculiar style, as did that of Mr. Thackeray in "Jeems's Diary."

Mr. Browne was a gentleman of fine social qualities, possessing a warm and generous heart, and loved the most by those who knew him best. He has a mother living in Waterford, to whom during his lifetime he was always kind and dutiful—a model son, who sought his greatest pleasure in his mother's happiness. His name will long be familiar to Americans, and the sorrow caused by his death will be sincere and universal.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The Germans.—It is noticed that Germans have settled in almost every part of the world. Besides being found in all parts of Europe, and forming a large and valuable portion of the population of every State of the Union, a large German society is flourishing in Hong-Kong, in China; and Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, has a population of 50,000 Germans. They have penetrated to the most remote regions of Africa, and in Abyssinia have a flourishing colony, which controls the manufacture of gunpowder, and is regarded by the king of that country as a valuable addition to his people. Industrious and energetic wherever they go, the Germans, in all parts of the world, are held up as examples of thrift and prosperity.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

THE TRUE WAY TO PERFECT MANKIND.

WE do not know of a more striking illustation of the strong materialistic tendencies of the age—we do uot use the word in any offensive sense—than is to be found in the doctrines laid down by Dr. Youmans on "The Scientific Study of Human Nature," in a very remarkable lecture delivered before the Loudon College of Preceptors, and receutly published by A. Roman & Co., of this city.

The mottoes prefixed to the lecture significantly indicate the philosophy embodied in it. The first, quoted from Sir Henry Holland, declares that, "No system or rule of practice in education can safely be admitted which does not associate itself with this part of scieuce (physiology)." The second, from Descartes, says more explicity, "If it he possible to perfect mankind, the means of doing so will be found in the medical sciences." The third, of like import, consists of Dr. Heury Maudsley's dogma, that, "Of old it was the fashion to try to explain nature from a very incomplete knowledge of man; but it is the certaiu tendecy of advancing science to explain man on the basis of a perfecting knowledge of nature."

Dr. Youmans considers such knowledge of human natnre as we now possess imperfect and empirical, because it has not been expanded into "rational principles and general laws," but he believes it is gradually becoming more perfect, and he cherishes the hope that the continuance of the process will result in the formation of "something like a definite Science of Human Nature." Vague as this may sound to most readers, the students and admirers of Mr. Buckle will have no difficulty in uuderstanding what Dr. Youmans means by it.

After attacking the prevalent notion that man in the various spheres of action and character cannot be studied hy a scientific method, and that science pertains only to the material world, the lecturer assigns what he regards as the reason of the scanty and inexact knowledge of human nature hitherto attained, in the following significant passage:

"The method of regarding a man which tradition has transmitted to us from the earliest ages, is, at the outset, to cleave him asunder, and substitute the idea of two beings for the reality of one. Having thus introduced the notion of his double nature—mind and body as separate, independent existences—there grew up a series of moral contrasts between the disjointed products. The mind was ranked as the higher, or spiritual nature, the body as the lower, or material nature. The mind was said to be pure, aspiring, immaterial; the body gross, corrupt, and perishable: and thus the feelings became enlisted to widen the breach and perpetuate the antagonism. Having divided him into two alien entities, and sought all terms of applause to celebrate the one, while exhausting the vocabulary of reproach upon the other, the fragments were given over to two parties—the body to the doctors of medicine, and the spirit to the doctors of philosophy; who seem to have agreed in but one thing—that the partition shall be eternal, and that neither shall ever intrude into the domain of the other.

"As a necessary consequence of this rupture, the living reality, as a subject of study, disappeared from view, and the dignified fraction was substituted in its place. Not *man* but *mind*, became the object of inquiry. With the disappearance of the actual being, went also the conception of individuality, and there remained only *mind as an abstraction*, to be considered as literally out of all true relations as if the material universe had never existed. The method thus begun has been closely pursued, and for thousands of years the chief occupation of philosophic thought has been to speculate upon the nature and operations of mind as manifested in consciousness. Admitting the legitimacy of the inquiry, and that it has to a certain extent yielded valid results, it is clear that the effect of the divorce was fatally to narrow the course of investigation and to prevent all free and thorough research into the reality of the case; thus justifying the charge of emptiness and fruitlessness which is now so extensively made against metaphysical studies. From Plato to Sir William Hamilton, who inscribed upon the wall of his lecture-room, "*On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind*," a method has been pursued so confessedly vacant of valuable results, that its partisans have actually denied the attainment of truth to be their object; declaring that the supreme aim of philosophy is nothing more than to serve as a means of intellectual gymnastics.

"In pointed contrast with this view is the method of modern science. In a spirit of reverence for the order and harmony of nature where all factitious distinctions of great and small disappear; striving to dispossess herself of prejudice, and to aim only at the attainment of truth; rejecting all assumptions which can show no better warrant than that they were made in the infancy of the race, she begins with the simple examination of facts, and rises patiently and cautiously to the knowledge of principles. The study of man is entered upon in the same temper, and by the same methods, that have conducted to truth in other departments of investigation. Finding the notion of his duality, as interpreted in the past, with its resulting double series of independent inquiries, to be erroneous, science proceeds at the outset to reunite the dissevered fragments of humanity, and to reconstitute the individual in thought as he is in life, a concrete unit—the living, thinking, acting being which we encounter in daily experience. It is now established that the dependence of thought upon organic conditions is so intimate and absolute, that they can no longer be considered except as unity. Man, as a prblem of study, is simply an organism of varied powers and activities; and the true office of scientific inquiry is to determine the mechanism, modes, and laws of its action."

It would not be fair to infer from the two concludiug sentences quoted, that Dr. Youmans is a materialist of the Buchner school. That the body influences the mind (if we may be permitted still to employ the old-fashioned phraseology) is universally conceded, and one may admit, in a certain sense, the "intimate and absolute dependence of thought upon organic conditions," without accepting the dogma of the German Professor who declares that "thought is a secretion of the brain, just as bile is a secretion of the liver," or any of the extreme directions of the Moleschott and Buchner philosophy. To those extreme views, such as the non-existence of any spiritual principle in man or external to him, the consequent extinction of being at physical dissolution, and the like, Dr. Youmans makes no allusion whatever. His object is a purely practical one, namely, to advocate a kind of education which shall take due account of the bodily organism as the first and fundamental thing to be considered in dealing *practically* with human beings. His materialism is not presented in the theoretical form in which it is urged when it is designed to bear upon abstract philosophical or religious questions. But believing that, as a matter of fact, mental operations and bodily ones are inextricably interwoven, and perceiving that what we call mind grows with the body, changes with it, sympathizes with its vigor and its weakness, and finally decays with it, he insists that the two (if they are two) "depend upon common laws, which must be investigated by a common method"—a proposition which, so far as its practical aspects are concerned, few intelligent persons will at the present day feel inclined to dispute.

"Education," insists the lecturer, "is an art, like mining or bleaching;" science can do for it what, it has done for the other arts. Our teachers at present "belong mostly to the old dispensation;" all their art is "a mechanical routine;" our general education is "in a deplorably chaotic state." Science shows that "mental operations are corporeally conditioned, and that large regions of our nature are beyond direct control. Inherited organization is a factor of destiny never to be cancelled." But there is another factor in "that culture which rests upon a knowledge of the laws of life and character." True education does not consist in the acquisition of knowledge to be "siphoned into the intellectual receivers of school-room," but is rather, an attempt "to direct the working of a mechanism over which neither its owner nor his teacher is omnipotent—a mechanism in which effects follow causes, and which always operates according to law." The teacher must "take his pupil as he finds him; not a mental abstraction to be clossed with other 'minds' and worked by a universal formula, but a personal reality—a part of the order of nature which never repeats itself—a being with individual attributes which are inexorably bound within the limits of his organization."

The doctor thinks that the time has arrived when the curriculum of liberal education should be reconstructed, so that its course of study should include more science and less literature. He has but little respect for "the lore that is glorified by tradition," and we suspect from one or two allusions to the poets and metaphysicians and theologians, that he does not regard their labors as largely contributing to the benefit of mankind. The lecture is exceedingly able, and will amply repay perusal, by all thoughtful men—who will, of course, judge for themselves in what points the author's opinions are extreme. We have marked numerous passages for quotation, but have space for the following only, which we commend to the attention of all Californian students, writers and business men:

OVERWORKED BRAINS.

"We live in an age of intense mental activity, and ever increasing cerebral strain. Steam and electricity are tasked to bring daily tidings of what is happening all over the world, and impressions pour in upon the brain at a rate with which nothing in the past is comparable. The fierce competitions of business, fashion, study, and political ambition are at work to sap the vigor and ruck the integrity of the mental fabric, and there can be no doubt that there is, in consequence, an immense amount of latent brain disease, productive of much secret suffering and slight aberrations of conduct, and which is liable, in any sudden stress of circumstances, to brake out into permanent mental derangement. The price we pay for our high-pressure civilization is a fearful increase of cerebral exhaustion and disorder, and an augmenting ratio of shattered intellects. We are startled when some conspicuous mind, strained beyond endurance, as in the cases of Hugh Miller, or Admiral Fitzroy, crashes into insanity and suicide; yet these are but symptoms of the prevailing tendencies of modern life.

"Men admire the steam-engine of Watt and the calculating engine of Babbage; but how little do they care for the thinking engine of the Infinite Artificer! They venerate days, and dogmas, and ceremonials; but where is the reverence that is due to that most sacred of the things of time, the organism of the soul! We speak of the glories of the stellar universe; but is not the miniature duplicate of that universe in the living brain a more transcendent marvel? We admire the vast fabric of society and government, and that complicated scheme of duties, responsibilities. usages and laws which constitutes social order; but how few remember that all this has its deep foundation in the measured march of cerebral transformations. We point to the inventions, arts, sciences and literatures which form the swelling tide of civilization; but were they not all originated in that laboratory of wonders, the human brain? Geological revelations carry us back through durations so boundless that imagination is bewildered, and reason reels under the grandeur of the demonstration; but through the measureless series of advancing periods, we discover a stupendous plan. Infinite Power, working through infinite time converges the mighty lines of causality to the fulfillment of an eternal design—the birth of an intellectual and moral era through the development of the brain of man, which thus appears as the final term of an unfolding world—an institution of God for working out the destiny of a planet!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. W. Carleton & Co. have published a book of considerable value to Protestant theologians, in the Abbe Guettee's *Historic Origin of the Papacy*, translated from the French by A. Cleavelaud Cox, Bishop of Western New York. The Abbé incurred the hostility of the Ultramontane party in the Roman Catholic Church, in consequence of his views of the extent of the Papal authority, and he afterwards joined the communion of the Greek Church. The present work is designed to prove that the Papacy "first arose in the Ninth Century as an outgrowth of ecclesiastical ambition," and that the legitimate opposition of the Eastern Church to its pretensions was the first and true cause of the schism between the two churches.

Cheap editions, "Diamond editions," and illustrated editions of standard poets and novelists seem to be the order of the day. The cheapness of English publications of this kind has, not unnaturally, caused great consternation among American publishers, who are utterly unable to compete with their foreign rivals, unless relieved from taxation, or protected by a duty on imported books. Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, publishers of all the novels by the author of "Adam Bede," announce an illustrated edition of all her works—the first number, *price sixpence*, to appear on March 1st. Mr. J. D. Cooper, an eminent artist, will have charge of the engravings. Mr. Dicks, of London, has also commenced the issue in *penny numbers*, of Byron's works, as a companion to the "Shilling Shakspeare." The first number of the "Byron" is 64 pages crown 8 vo., and six illustrations—all for a penny. The publication of Cooper's entire works has been commenced by another London firm, at *sixpence per novel*

The American *Literary Gazette* says, that the political writings of Richard Cobden, by whose perseverance and ability the repeal of the Corn Laws was largely effected, have just been collected and published in London, in two volumes, inscribed by his friends to his widow. The name of an English editor does not appear on the title-page, but William Cullen Bryant, the poet, is announced as American editor. The *Gazette* states that that trashy novel "St Elmo," is selling so rapidly that Carleton & Co. the publishers, are compelled to request, by advertisement, the indulgence of the trade for a few days until a new and larger edition can be prepared to meet the increasing orders. A curious comment on the taste of the novel-reading public.

SPRING DRESS GOODS.—Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street, are now opening their Spring goods, just received from the manufactories of France and England—and most beautiful and tasty they are in style and pattern. Everyone is aware of the enormous extent of business that this house does, and the immense amount of capital they have engaged in it. By having the command of trade, and using only the ready cash in their purchases, this firm is enabled to replenish the great inroads their weekly sales make in their stock on hand, at lower rates than any other house on the Pacific coast. Their system is to retail their goods at only a small percentage above the cost of importation, and at cheaper rates than any other store in San Francisco can afford to do, and by this means add to their extended trade. We refer to their advertisement to-day, on the sixteenth page of our paper, for a full catalogue of the new style Spring goods they have recently received. Besides those there enumerated they have also received large invoices of Laces, Llama Point and Square Shawls, Talmas, French Cashmere and Embroidered Cashmere Shawls, the latter trimmed with Guipure and Chantilly. House and hotel-keepers will find there an immense stock of Sheeting, Linens, Towels, Shirtings, Blankets, etc., recently received from auction sales at a remarkably low figure.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

EDITORS OF THE CALIFORNIAN—*Gentlemen:* Permit me to acquaint my friends, through the medium of your paper, that the amount received for Premiums by the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY for the month of March was eleven thousand and sixty-eight dollars and five cents..... $11,068 05

The Losses during the same period amounted to six hundred and ninety dollars..... 690 00

The Number of Policies issued for the month of March was seven hundred and forty (740). The average amount of each risk was..... 882 14

As these facts indicate the progress of the Builders' Insurance Company (only six months old) I think it a pleasing duty to present them to the public. Respectfully, THOS. MOONEY, President.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK BREWERY.—This is the name of an association with a capital of $200,000, formed for the purpose of brewing a superior quality of Stock Ale and Porter, and Lager Beer. The company have transformed that large brick flour-mill, located near the foot of Powell street, North Beach, into a first class brewery, with all the modern brewing improvements attached. Mr. Theodore Meetz, Secretary of the German Mutual Fire Insurance Co., is President, and Mr. Erzgraber, for many years past in business on Davis street, is Vice President of the company. There is an ample field in San Francisco alone for the complete success of this enterprise, if the Stock Brewery Company will but manufacture a really meritorious beverage of Stock Ale—a desideratum much needed.

WATER CURE.—Pioneer and only Water Cure in San Francisco, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street—fifteenth year. Removed twice only in more than twelve years.

AFRICAN TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES.

BY PRENTICE.

CHAPTER ONE.—INTRODUCTION.

THE vast and unexplored regions of Africa are still subjects of great interest in the eyes of the civilized world. There is a degree of mystery hanging over this strange country which renders almost any yarn concerning it credible, or, if not credible, interesting. Our yarn is peculiarly interesting, because no European ever before explored the region in question. Its accuracy is beyond dispute, since, no one else having explored it, none can dispute my narrative. I have as good a right to publish my travels in Africa as any one else.

CHAPTER SECOND.—PREPARATIONS.

On the First of April, 18— we landed at Umbug, on the Zanzibar coast. There we spent three days in acquiring a knowledge of the Mmpitzorang tongue, without which no taveler can undertake African exploration with any expectation of success. My fellow traveler, Spook, an Irishman by birth, was obliged to submit to an operation of the palate, performed by a native African, a Gwiak horse-doctor, with an oyster shell, before he could master some of the more difficult Mmpitzorang consonant combinations. I acquired the language quite readily, having always been affected with a tendency toward stammering, which for once was of some service to me. The perfect pronunciation of this language requires, however, great command of jaw and flexibility of tongue. At a little distance the conversation of the natives might by an American be mistaken for the noise occasioned by the overturning of a pile of bricks.

Our caravan consisted of thirty-two Bedouins, forty-two camels, fifty-two Jinglewanky natives of Skowgut. We were armed with sixty-two revolvers, Henry's and Sharp's rifles, and double barreled shotguns. We also provided ourselves with seventy-two compasses, in order not to get lost on the desert.

CHAPTER THIRD.—THE DESERT.

We crossed the great desert on a camel. I thought of Pharaoh and his host. No country is more appropriate for thinking of Pharaoh than Africa. The desert is very sandy, although I have seen quite as much in San Francisco. It was a solemn and monotonous journey. There were no way-houses at the oases where we stopped to feed our mules—I mean our camels—and of course no whisky. I have always heard that the desert was very hot, but there are places on the Placerville road in Summer which can discount the Great Desert for heat any day.

I saw some gravel hills one day which looked as if they held the "color." Had there been any water within a hundred and seventy miles I would have had the caravan stopped and gone to prospecting.

CHAPTER FOURTH.—INSECTS, ANIMALS AND NATIVES.

At length we bid farewell to the caravan and entered the Jowjib country on "our own hook." The Arabs were clamorous for backsheesh and more presents. They were about making off with nine of our Henry's repeating rifles, but Spook and myself kept them at bay with our six shooters, and finally upon Spook's swearing at them in Mmpitzorang they turned in abject terror and fled. These Arabs would like to "crowd the mourners."

All that day and the next we traveled through a rolling woody country covered with Wumwum trees. We were much annoyed by Squibob flies, which lay over any California fleas I ever met. These flies are about a foot in length, with bat-like wings covered with a greasy black substance of the consistency of soot. They are teetotally blind, and in flying always make straight for a man's face. They weigh sixteen or eighteen kilogrammes, and as they propel themselves through the air with great velocity the sensation resulting from the collision with these nasty brutes, or rather insects, is far from pleasing. Their jaws are furnished with a double row of molars, and they sting with a snout about four inches in length. Their bite is very poisonous, causing swellings of the size of a common wash basin, and their sting is venomous. The natives protect themselves by covering their faces with tar a few inches in depth. They annoyed us sorely, and we were at length obliged to have recourse to the same method for protection, which on the first night was the occasion of Spook's getting off a vile joke about our sticking together till death. We shot several, one of which I stuffed, intending to bring it home, but it was eaten from under my head one afternoon by a stray hippopotamus, who regard them when stuffed as a great delicacy. On the evening of the third day we came in sight of Jwizzomp, the capital of the Jowjib country, on the Nyraganboneset river. Being uncertain as to the reception we might receive from the Jowjibs, Spook and myself got in readiness nine double-barrelled shot-guns and seven repeating rifles. When within seven miles of the city we suddenly encountered a naked native in a burn grove, making shingles. He fled at our approach, shouting: "Wa ru gan ta bo gus yank," which means, "The devil's to pay and no pitch hot." I quickly drew a bead on him, and put a ball through his head from one of my Sharp's rifles. I did not mean to kill him. It was my intention only to wing him. Before we could reach the body it was seized by an enormous lion who bore it off in triumph to an impenetrable thicket of Mimosa trees. Just as he was about entering the grove we saw what appeared to be an enormous cable suddenly untwist and drop itself from the limb of a lofty Pugnose tree about one hundred feet high. The cable dropped itself like a flash of lightning on the lion, and wound itself in numerous folds about his body. It was a gigantic boa. Then ensued a most terrific conflict between the king of reptiles and the king of beasts, in which of course the deceased Jowjib took a negative part. There was for about a half hour some of the tallest cavorting around and roaring that Spook and I ever heard. It was equal to a dozen ten stamp quartz-mills. Finally the lion seized the boa by the waist, and the boa the lion by the tail. In the struggle which ensued the serpent wrenched the lion's tail off, and swallowing it in too much of a hurry choked himself to death with it. The grief of the king of the forest at discovering the loss of his tail was terrible, and his cries and lamentations awakened the forest for miles around. He at last lay down, apparently broken-hearted, and died.

CHAPTER FIFTH.—RHINOCEROSES.

Old Skidicodink, the chief of the Jowjibs, received us in a most hospitable manner. His first act was to send us two female rhinoceroses. This is the highest honor which can be bestowed upon a stranger. It is also considered a gross insult to refuse the rhinoceroses. These animals require to be fed with the choicest fruit and vegtables. They were also accompanied each by four keepers, and the expense of the whole devolved upon us. They were ferocious brutes, too, and in three hours after entering our camp had ripped open four of our best camels, and "hoisted" poor Spook many feet in the air, while he was endeavoring to persuade one to eat some candy (calling him by the appellation of Johnny).

Our stay in Skidicodink's country was limited. He seemed at first a well disposed chief, but as Spook remarked on leaving, was "too devilish free with his rhinoceroses." We returned the animals. This gave him mortal offense. Fearing some treacherous demonstration we left in the night.

CHAPTER SIXTH.—THE NYANZES.

The Nyanzi country, which we next entered, is the country of the Nyanzes. We were greatly inconvenienced here by the blue ant, an insect possessed of many disagreeable qualities. The story of the termites or white ants living in houses has no foundation. We saw none in our travels, consequently there are none in Africa.

The Nyanzes maintain a constant war with the Kutnamuazis. They wear a simple mbisu about the toes, and are very fond of pombe, an intoxicating liquor, which lays over any tangleleg I ever got outside of in California. About the middle of the Nyanzi country is lake Mbugut. The waters of this lake are strongly impregnated with some sort of gas, and its taste and effect is very much like that of champagne.

Spook was very fond of bathing in it, and would have staid by its borders and soaked until the Day of Judgment had I not made him "git up and git." The king of the Nyanzes, old Upsissiway, is an extremely cruel and despotic sovereign. In honor of our arrival he cut off the left legs of fourteen men, the right legs of six of his council of state, and hung three of his favorite wives. Even this is counted no great honor, since when the Nyanzi court receives visitors of extraordinary distinction hundreds are frequently sacrificed. There is a great demand for counsellors and wives, for old Upsissiway. The people seem singularly devoid of political distinction.

CONCLUSION.

Africa on the whole is hot. The natives being generally black, their origin and views on the great problem of existence are veiled in much obscurity. It will probably always occupy a conspicuous place on the maps. White people intending to travel or settle in Africa had better stay at home. Black people intending to emigrate from Africa will do well to observe the same caution.

A colored man was fined one dollar and costs in New London for "groaning like a 'possum in meeting."

DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL.—We have been gratified by a visit from H. M. Lane, Esq., the agent for Ayer's Pills, Sarsaparilla and Cherry Pectoral, in South America, who has just visited the mines with his medicines, and described to us the process of taking gems from the earth. A driver places his gang of slaves in a mud hole, where the gems are found, and pans out the earth in the water, like gold washers. The negroes are naked, to prevent their secreting the diamonds in their clothes. They are required to work facing their overseer, and forbidden to raise a hand to the face, lest they should swallow the jewels when found. Yet they do carry them away, by becoming so expert that they can snap them with their fingers from the pan to their mouth, without detection. Ayer's medicines are the talismans for their diseases, and it was not difficult to exchange, with the negroes, Ayer's Pills in about even weight, for the rough stones in which the brilliants are holden.—[*Boston Leader.*

ELECTRICITY.—The use of Dr. Bourne's powerful and superb battery may be had at a charge of only four bits—10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

THE SICK ARE CURED without medicines better than with them, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

The Curse of Our Country, produced on Saturday last at Maguire's Opera House, was a very funny affair. It was one of those pieces which are described as "bad enough to be good." Everyone laughed immensely at the pathetic passages, and speedily recovered from the gloom cast over their spirits by the little bits of fun occasionally introduced.

On Monday Miss Olivia Rand made a most successful debut—perhaps the most successful ever accomplished in this city. This new aspirant for public favor possesses many qualifications which should insure success. Her self-possession was remarkable; she had evidently bestowed much intelligent study on her part, and her voice was pronounced by all who heard it to be of a very fine quality. The play chosen by Miss Rand for the purpose of making her debut was the *Rustic Prima Donna;* she played "Snsette" very well, and displayed her rich contralto voice with great effect in the snatches of opera which occur in the piece. The performance commenced with Tom Taylor's fine comedy of *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*. In this Mrs. Harry Jackson and Henry Edwards acted splendidly. On Tuesday the bill was repeated. On Wednesday evening Miss Pauline Conger made her second appearance in public, in the play of *The Hunchback*, and acquitted herself very creditably in the character of "Julia," though she is very much at fault in her style of reading. A few years' experience on the stage may do much towards developing Miss Conger's natural abilities for the profession. Henry Edwards's "Master Walter" was a very clever impersonation. Pierpont Thayer played "Clifford" very cleverly, and Willie Edouin, the young comedian who has just joined the company at this house, caused much laughter by his enaction of the part of "Fathom." On Thursday night the performance commenced with *Jocrisse the Juggler*, which afforded Mr. Edwards an opportunity to display the versatility of his talent by appearing in the character of "Jocrisse," and terminated with *The Rustic Prima Donna*. Last night, after *The Dowager*, the comedietta of *The Rustic Prima Donna* was again produced. Miss Rand has gained immensely in the estimation of the public since her first appearance, and has a most promising future before her if—as we are led to understand is the case—she intends to follow the profession of the stage. This afternoon *The Rustic Prima Donna* will be presented once more. To-night the present season at the Opera House closes with *The Streets of New York*. On Monday the Opera House company will open at the Academy of Music in the new comedy of *Society*, which Mr. Maguire purchased in New York of Lester Wallack. The Opera House in the meanwhile will remain closed for a week, to give due preparation for the bringing out of the *Black Crook* with gorgeous splendor on Monday week. Sallie Hinckley and other new attractions, with a portion of the late Matinetti ballet troupe, have been engaged for the *Black Crook* at the Opera House. At the Academy on Friday evening next, Augustus Bilfinger, the attentive and obliging usher, will take his benefit, when he hopes to have seat occupied.

On Thursday evening a large audience participated in the complimentary testimonial tendered to M'lle Rosa Celeste, the young funambuliste, at Platt's Hall. The programme offered was a splendid one, and was excellently well performed. The "Grande Tio Concertante" by F. A. Howson, with which the concert commenced, is a very fine composition, and was admirably performed by Messrs. Frank A. and John Howson and Miss Clelia Howson, whose performance on the piano forte was extremely good. Henri Herberte sang "Will o' the Wisp" beautifully, and brought down the house The Bianchis sang with their usual skill. Miss Emma Howson sang "Flow on, Silver Rhine." Miss Ella Kemp, the young *soprano*, gained immense applause for her "Swiss Song," and was *encored*. The programme was well carried out. M'lle Rosa Celeste on making her appearance received a most hearty greeting from the audience. She performed the ascension on a wire stretched from the stage to the gallery with much grace, kneeling and posturing on the wire with as much confidence as ever.

Heller will remain one week longer at the Metropolitan Theater, and then visit the interior towns. His feat of "Second Sight" is undeniably a wonder and a puzzle, and constitutes his chief attraction. His programme, with the exception of "Second Sight," during the past week has been rather weak.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy, having terminated a successful series of lectures in Sacramento, has returned to this city, and will to-morrow evening deliver the first of a course of popular lectures in the new hall of the Mechanics' Institute, on Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny. To-morrow evening's lecture will be devoted to the dedication of the hall.

TOUCHSTONE.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The daily papers have announced the anticipated arrival of an Italian Opera Troupe from Guatemala, and have gently hinted that subscription books will shortly be opened for for a season at the American Theater—that Dead Sea of Theaterdom. We are fully aware of the gullibility of the dear public with regard to foreign artists, but we doubt if even a Guatemala Italian Opera Troupe can prove successful at the American Theater.

THE LAST OF THE BRIGANDS.

BY ANNIE T. WILBUR.

I WAS on the point of leaving Italy without having seen the face of a brigand; they were for me an extinct race, another mythology expired in the land of fictions. Nevertheless, it was reserved to me to see the last of these, as Cooper saw the last of the Mohicans.

At Civita Vecchia, we were seated at the table d'hote, and conversing to beguile our appetites. I had asked twenty times for any dish whatever, in all the idioms of the Roman States—nothing came. I asked for my bill; it was brought me; it mentioned only the price. I paid six pauls for the right of having waited for my dinner with my napkin on my knees. The master of the inn told me that all the provisions had been carried off by a dozen English families, who had invaded the house. I prayed him to give me a chamber and a bed; the last bed had just been given to an English admiral. This *contretemps* disarranged all my projects of staying there.

"Then I will take a walk about your city," said I to the innkeeper. "What is there to be seen at Civita Vecchia?"

"Nothing at all, sir, unless you obtain permission to visit the citadel; then you will see the celebrated Antonio Gasperoni, the bandit of Terracina and the Pontine marshes."

"Why did you not tell me this before? To whom must I address myself to procure this permission?"

"Go to your consul; he will procure it for you."

I easily obtained a card of entrance, and an officer of the Pope to accompany me.

The citadel of Civita Vecchia was built by Michael Angelo, who was an engineer, because he was everything; it is of the style of his frescoes and his statues; it bears his signet on every stone; its bastions are solidly founded; its walls are of adamant. The citadel defends itself; it has for its protection neither soldiers nor cannons, and opposes to its enemies only the pontificial escutcheon incrusted in the gate—this takes the place of batteries and a garrison. On the way, the officer who accompanied me spoke of Antonio Gasperoni and his forty-five assassins.

"One may well tremble in the presence of this terrible bandit," said he. "He ravaged for seventeen years the whole Roman country. The most frightful of his crimes was this: On the road to Naples, he stopped the postchaise of an Englishman, who was traveling with his daughter. He took away all the gold of the Englishman; but he detained the young girl—she was extremely beautiful. He carried her to his mountains. The unfortunate father, on arriving at Rome, set a price on the head of the brigand. The pride of Gasperoni revolted at this aristocratic pretension in the nobleman; a simple English citizen setting a price on the head of an illustrious chief, who had declared war against popes, and fought twenty battles with the pontifical dragoons! This was an insolence which wounded the pride of the brigand. One morning the Englishman received at Rome a box to his address; he hastened to open it—the unhappy father found in it the head of his daughter!"

At this denouement I recoiled ten paces; I even regretted having entered the citadel—the monument of Michael Angelo was no longer in my eyes anything but a menagerie of tigers. Meanwhile, curiosity quickly prevailed over my impressions of horror; I strengthened myself in my resolution, and caused to be opened to me the terrible door of the prison.

A wall, pierced with twenty cells, was on my left; on my right were long casements opening on a court; in this gallery twenty brigands were promenading; they stopped short at my entrance. I could not help smiling at the thought that I had thus arrested the band of Gasperoni. They saluted me politely, which re-assured me a little, for I was not much at my ease, surrounded by these formidable prisoners. I hastened to ask for Antonio Gasperoni; every hand pointed to him; he was standing in the door of his cell. He did not deign to advance toward me; he contented himself with saluting me with an air of tranquil benevolence. It was difficult to commence a conversation. I said, hastily:

"Well, Gasperoni, are you comfortably situated here?"

"One is never comfortable without his freedom," replied he shrugging his shoulders.

This movement was habitual to him.

"You suffered yourself to be taken by the dragoons, then?"

"I! no person could have taken me; I surrendered with all my troop. The holy father promised me liberty; he gave me only life—the holy father broke his word."

The officer, my cicerone, drew me apart, into the corner o the gallery, and said to me:

"I will explain to you, sir, how this happened. Gasperoni was weary of the life he had led for fifteen years. One day he confessed to the curate of the village his desire to abandon his profession of brigand. The priest promised to write to the holy father to procure his pardon and the right to re-enter society. Gasperoni added, as an express condition, that his companions should also be included in these favors. Negotiations were therefore commenced. Our government was greatly interested to rid itself of these bandits; they desolated the road to Naples, assassinated travelers, levied contributions, committed a thousand excesses. Soldiers were sent against them, but the soldiers drank with them instead of fighting them. Besides, the peasantry took the part of the baudits, because they always received a share of the booty taken from travelers. The pontificial dragoons alone were not to be trifled with; but the mountains seemed to shelter the brigands against these terrible horsemen. So there was no hesitation in treating with Gasperoni through the medium of the curate.

"This was the decision conveyed to the leader of the band by his confessor: The holy father grants Gasperoni his life; let the sinner hasten to perform the act of Christian submission, and all will be forgiven him; but he must first be imprisoned in the citadel of Civita Vecchia. The cunning Gasperoni hesitated for a long time; the curate used his influence; it is said, even, that he promised to intercede more efficaciously, to obtain an entire pardon, if he would obey the holy father, and that the doors of the prison should certainly be reopened to him as soon as he had become a submissive and respectful Christian. Gasperoni, urged by the priest, and more and more weary of his criminal life, at last consented to give himself up. His companions, long accustomed to obey him, followed him gayly into imprisonment. For several years they have been awaiting pardon; but I think it will never be granted them. Besides, the holy father has given what he promised; he will limit himself to that, I hope; these men are too dangerous."

I advanced again toward Gasperoni, who had not changed his position. He bore no resemblance to the brigands of our theatres. His face was mild, his features regular, and his smile amiable and pleasant; his hair was black and braided, long behind, and carelessly knotted with cord. He talked with good nature; his speech was indolent; he was sparing of gesture, unlike most Italians, who are lavish of them; but when a bold question wrested from him a reply, which he gave reluctantly, then alone the superiority of the man betrayed itself; his countenance became threatening, his eye stormy, his lip convulsive; his language vivid, dry, picturesque; one recognized the brigand leader of forty-five assassins.

"What is your real name?" asked I. "I have been told you call yourself Barbonne."

"That was my surname in the mountains; my name is Antonio Gasperoni."

"You have acquired for yourself an extensive notoriety. You are spoken of in Italy as Catiline, Spartacus, and other of your illustrious countrymen who declared war against Rome."

He smiled, and bowed modestly.

"What motive, Gasperoni, led you to adopt this profession?"

"A brawl at Naples."

"A brawl! that was a trifle; a very slight inducement for declaring war against society."

"Yes; but in that brawl I killed my enemy."

"Ah! that is a different thing. How long did you practise your profession?"

"Seventeen years."

"Have you been wounded?"

"Everywhere."

"You have then fought often?"

"Very often."

"With the soldiers of the pope?"

"No; with the dragoons."

"I have heard of your adventure with the colliers" (a gleam flashed from his eye, and his countenance was overshadowed). "Will you have the goodness to relate it to me? I shall be very grateful."

Gasperoni made a sign of acquiescence. The whole band surrounded us, to listen to this terrible recital from the lips of their leader.

"There were seventeen of the colliers," said Gasperoni; "they had sold me to the soldiers of the pope. I thought them my friends; we were quietly eating and drinking in their cabin. I had not stationed any sentinel—a great mistake, sir; but I thought these colliers honest people. You shall see. At midnight I heard the steps of soldiers; my ear recognized them at a distance. Betrayed! betrayed! my comrades! We seized our arms. The papal soldiers were at twenty paces from the cabin; there were twelve of us, and thirty of them. We fired repeatedly; I killed four for my share; I was wounded in the arm—there, look at the scar. The soldiers are bad shots. If it had been dragoons, we should have lost. This was nothing; listen. Three days afterwards we descended the mountain by night; I conducted my troop to the cabin of the colliers. The wretches were asleep. A voice from within exclaimed:

"'Who knocks?'

"'Open,' we replied; 'open to your friends, the soldiers.'

"One soldier cried:

"'Do not open it; it is Gasperoni!'

"I broke open the door with the butt of my gun. We entered and massacred all. Was it not just? It was necessary to kill them all, for their treason. Afterwards I counted the corpses; there were only fourteen! I searched the cabin: I looked everywhere; nothing—three had escaped. I will find them! I will find them! cried I to my comrades. I would have searched all Italy. Two years afterwards, we entered an isolated cabin near the sea, to get something to drink. We were acquainted with the place. There were peasants seated around the table. I have a keen eye to discover an enemy; I perceived the three colliers concealed in a corner. How pleased I was! Here they are at last, said I to myself. Here, here, approach; let us see your faces. You are afraid? The three bandits were pale and trembling. I have sought you for a long time, said I, laughing. They threw themselves at my feet, to ask pardon. I beckoned to my executioner; he fired three pistol shots. As for me, I shed blood only in combat; elsewhere, I have killed no one, not even the miserable colliers who sold me."

All the brigands attested the fact by a sign with their heads and hands; it was a certificate of morality, in pantomime, given to their respectable chief.

"Many things are related in the world respecting you," said I.

"Yes, yes, I know it; they will tell you a hundred fables."

"The daughter of the Englishman who set a price on your head—"

"It is not true," said he, interrupting me with vivacity. "I have never killed a woman."

"You must sometimes regret the independent life which you quitted voluntarily? If the holy father should pardon you, what would you do with your liberty?"

"I would be an honest man; I would go to Naples and work."

"That would be difficult for you, Gasperoni; your habits—"

"No, no, sir; the life of the mountains wearies me. I have tried it seventeen years. I was young, and fatigue was pleasant to me; but I am growing old; I suffer from my wounds; I have need of repose."

"Do you answer for all your comrades?"

"All."

"Is your executioner present?"

"Yes; here he is."

A serpent gliding into my hand would not have inspired me with greater terror. This hideous executioner was at my left, pressing my arm with his. Absorbed until then in the words of Gasperoni, I had not noticed him before. He never left his master; he watched and slept beside him, as on the mountains, as if still awaiting some irrevocable order of execution. Nothing more horrible could be imagined; the stupidity of crime was imprinted on his long and meagre face; his eyes was covered with the cadaverous epidermis of the eye of the ospray; the habitual contraction of a false smile played on his cheeks, but his look was icy. While I examined him, he was looking with singular attention at the buttons of my coat, as if he was never weary of counting them slowly.

"What is your name?" asked I, to distract him from this singular examination.

He remained stooping; his glance did not meet mine; his lips did not seem to part; a voice from his chest replied. "Geronimo."

"It was then you who were the executioner?" I remarked.

"Yes sir," still with his eye on my buttons.

"And have you killed many, Geronimo?"

"Yes, many; every time I was told to kill."

"I suspect you will not obtain pardon from the holy father."

A noisy burst of laughter from the whole band received my remark. Geronimo made a sign of indifference, and continued to count the buttons upon my coat.

I addressed myself to the company:

"It seems," said I, "that you are very gay, and that you do not grow poor in prison."

One bandit replied that the holy father fed them very well.

"We eat fish, meat, good vegetables," said he, "whenever we please; we have an allowance of two pauls per day. With that one can have good cheer."

"But you are more fortunate here than half Italy, than all the mendicants of the Roman States! So they give you two pauls per day?"

"Yes sir," replied Gasperoni; "it is good policy in the government. Those who practise our profession, or who intend to do so, know that in becoming prisoners they eat well, sleep in good beds, and are well paid; we do not always find it so in the life of the mountains. That induces us to give ourselves up when we are weary of highway robbing. And then we receive something from visitors."

"I am glad to see you all so happy," said I, on leaving him.

My guide confirmed what had just been said respecting the generosity of the pope.

Before leaving, I examined the band of Gasperoni, long and in detail. There was no face worthy of a painter, with the exception of the chief and his executioner: all the others were so prosaic, that they might have been taken for honest citizens, the victims of a mistake of the police. I do not know whether they ever wore the picturesque costume which artists give to Neapolitan bandits; their prison garments were those of Italian laborers—the gray pantaloons, brown vests, blue stockings, destroyed all the poetry of their profession. They had none of those picturesque features which we admire in lithograph; they contemplated without the slightest expression the luminous sky, the Roman atmosphere, the mild sun of Spring, which gilded the arches, and glided, like a friend from the mountains, beneath the vaults of the cells. The sea, which murmured at the foot of the citadel, did not awaken emotion; they seemed indifferent to everything, but without humiliation, with no visible expression of hope or despair; they smoked, with smiles on their lips, folded arms, and serene brows.

At last I had found the brigand whom I thought lost; but I must confess that many illusions were dispelled by this visit to the citadel of Civita Vecchia. Such is the band which desolated for fifteen years the Pontine marshes, which made the soldiers of the pope tremble, fought the dragoons, and despoiled so many rich Englishmen. Probably they will die in the citadel, awaiting their pardon.

TETE-A-TETE WITH A LION.

I SET out from King William's Town, in British Caffraria, in company with a brother officer, on a shooting expedition in quest of "big game"—a name given at the Cape to elephants, elands, giraffes, hartebeests, and the larger species of antelopes. The excursion had been long planned and looked forward to; and, at last, the leave of absence "on urgent private affairs" having been granted, one fine Spring morning we set out.

The party consisted of C—— and myself, who traveled on horseback; our English servant, who had charge of our two led horses, and two Hottentots; one of them drove the wagon, and the other acted as conductor to the leading pair out of the fourteen oxen by which it was drawn. In the wagon were stowed away some necessary cooking utensils of the roughest description, a bell-tent, some biscuit and flour for ourselves and a small supply of oats for the horses, to be reserved for a *bonne bouche* after extra hard work. Our party was completed by six pointers, destined to assist in the capture of small game; for the more solid parts of our daily meals we trusted to our guns, which kept us pretty well supplied; and at evening we always looked out for some spot well supplied with wood and water, where we could encamp for the night.

Perhaps those evening halts were the pleasantest hours of the expedition, when the wagon was *out-spanned*, as the Cape phrase goes, the fire lighted, the game cooked and eaten, and our party drew around the fire of acacia-wood to discuss the day's adventures over a cup of coffee and a pipe of cavendish. Sometimes, when our way lay through inhabited districts, our impromptu soirée was attended by Bushmen, Hottentots, or friendly Caffres, who had accompanied us during the day, pointing out the likeliest places for game, or "spooring" an eland or a hartebeest, over ground where no European eye could discover the slightest trace of the footprints of any living creature. They were most useful to us, and thought themselves amply recompensed by a share in our supper and a place by our fire. They often proved most entertaining companions, and as C —— spoke a little Caffre, and several of them spoke broken Dutch, we were able to make out their stories. Told as they were in those strange, lonely places by the wood fire, which cast its weird shadows on the tawny face of the narrator, with the darkness all around us, and the strange noises breaking now and then on that vast silence and solitude, every tale of peril and adventure, of doing and daring, sounded terribly real, far more so than I can make them appear, when read in a drawing-room so many thousand miles from the great wilds to which they belong.

Nevertheless, one of these stories made such an impression on me that I am tempted to record it here, hoping to convey to others some faint degree of the breathless interest with which it was listened to by C—— and myself, as it was narrated by one of these chance acquaintances, a wiry little Hottentot, who sat crouching over the fire, helping out the story by graceful gesticulation, which increased in energy as our absorbed attention flattered and pleased him.

Some years back, he told us, when he was a mere lad, he was in the service of a Dutch farmer in the Orange River territory, a part of the country much infested by lions. It was his duty to drive his master's cattle to pasture every morning, and to bring them back to the farm at night, an employment which left a good many idle hours on his hands; and what boy, Hottentot or European, could, under such circumstances, have resisted an occasional ramble after the decoying honey bird, or in search of ostrich eggs, or of some of the other numerous treasures so congenial to boy-nature with which those regions abound?

The cattle which, during their keeper's absence, were, of course, left to their own devices, generally proved quite capable of taking care of themselves; but on one occasion, when the Hottentot counted them over before driving them home, he perceived that a fine milch-cow was missing, having, doubtless, availed herself of one of his truant absences to wander away from the rest. To search for her before driving the herd home was impossible, and he could only trust to the carelessness of the upper servants, who often neglected to count over the animals as they entered the kraal.

In this hope he was not deceived; the loss passed unnoticed, and he resolved that it should be replaced, if possible, before he had again to risk the chance of discovery. Animated by the remembrance of former punishments, he immediately set out alone, and without telling any one, in quest of the missing cow. He took with him a little dried meat, and a gourd containing water, and started at a pace which few of his countrymen could have equaled, fleet of foot as they are; the immediate dread of the "samboch," or whip of rhinoceros hide, quite putting the more remote dangers of his lonely journey out of his head.

An hour or two of daylight still remained, and he had no difficulty in finding the "spoor," or track, of the lost animal, which the unerring instinct of his race enabled him to distinguish from that of any other of the herd, and he followed it steadily until the failing light made it undistinguishable from the footmarks of the wildebeest or gnu which crossed and recrossed it perpetually.

It became necessary to halt and give up the pursuit for that night, and he did so, though feeling thoroughly disheartened at the non-appearance of the cow, for whose safety he now felt the most serious uneasiness. His own situation also became a matter of anxiety as night closed in, with the sudden darkness of a tropical climate, and found him alone in that desolate country, far from all human help, and without any means of defense.

He was not long in resolving what to do; he was determined at all hazards to find his lost charge, and would almost have preferred dying where he was to returning without her; besides which, it would have been madness to attempt to retrace his steps in the dark; so, after marking with his stick the spot where he had left the "spoor," he looked about for some tree in which he could pass the night. He soon selected an acacia tree which grew close by, and lost no time in climbing up and settling himself in a fork of the branches. He ate and drank sparingly, keeping a supply for the necessities of the morrow, and then, completing his preparations by lashing himself to the main branch with his waist-belt, he drew his sheepskin blanket over his head, and composed himself to sleep.

It was still night; the silence only broken at intervals by the shrill notes of the screech-owl, the howl of the jackal or the dreary laugh of the hyena—sounds to which our friend was too well accustomed to be kept awake by them.

How long he slept he did not know, but he was awakened by a noise far different from any of those which had been mixing with his dreams—a noise which, once heard, could never be forgotten. Full, deep, and ominously near, rose the dreadful sound, waking all the echoes for miles round, yet seeming to come from under his very feet—the terrible roar of a hungry lion.

Loud as it was, it failed to rouse the tired boy into full consciousness, though it made him start till he strained the belt which fastened him to the tree. Scared and bewildered, and still only half awake, he fancied for a moment that he was actually falling into the jaws of a lion; then he asked himself was the terrible sound a dream, conjured up by his unwonted sleeping-place? A second roar thoroughly awakened him, and looking down, he saw in the moonlight a large black-maned lion, seated at the foot of the tree, his eyes fixed on himself, and his body motionless, save for an occasional angry lash of of his tail.

It was a dreadful moment; and the hours which followed were more dreadful still. All through that terrible night the savage beast sat watching his intended victim, and the terrified boy sat motionless also, afraid to stir and almost to breathe lest he should exasperate the lion.

Once his cramped attitude became unbearable; come what might, he felt that he *must* stretch his stiffened limbs for a moment, and as noiselessly as possible, he shifted his position; but he paid dearly for a momentary relief, for at his first cautious movement the lion rose with a roar and sprang at the tree, high enough to make the Hottentot's blood run cold, though not high enough to reach him. As he drew himself back, and coiled his limbs into a more cramped position, he could hear the deadly claws scraping down the tree with a sound which might well make his heart die within him.

Again the disappointed animal took up his post at the foot of the tree. The moon began to wane, and again the darkness came down on the face of the earth and brought a little respite to the prisoner in the acacia-tree. Under its friendly shelter, he could, at least, stretch his stiff legs, and in spite of the horror of his situation he dozed from time to time, always waking with a start to the same bewildered wonder as to whether all this was a reality or a dream. He was finally wakened by the raw cold air which precedes the dawn and by the rushing by of a herd of antelopes fleeing before the face of the common enemy.

It may be imagined in what breathless suspense he watched for the day, which would, probably, decide his fate; how eagerly he listened for some sound which might show him whether or not the lion had abandoned his post. Once the cry of a springbok fawn calling its mother gave him hope: if the lion was still there would not the creature's instinct warn it to flee? All too soon, however, the light grew stronger, and by degrees showed him the grim form at the foot of the tree—first in outline only, then the gleaming white teeth became visible, the cruel eyes still glaring up at him, the black mane, the savage face. Through all that long night the lion had not stirred.

More wretched hours, and then the sun rose hot and scorching, darting its unsparing rays on the poor Hottentot, till his brain throbbed painfully. The lion, too, was evidently distressed; his tongue was lolling out of his mouth, his tail lashed his flanks uneasily.

At last, toward noon, heat and thirst seemed to overcome him, and with throbbing heart the lad saw him moving slowly off. But he was mistaken if he supposed that the relentless animal would abandon his prey so easily; he stalked away a few paces and then stopped, looking back with a low growl, a precaution which he repeated every minute or two until he reached a pool of water about two hundred yards from the tree, where he quenched his thirst and hurried back to his post. All hope seemed gone now: and almost in despair the Hottentot saw the day fade into evening and evening into night.

It is useless to describe the second night; it was worse than the first, inasmuch as the terrible end seemed more certain, and the mind and body were alike worn out with terror and utter weariness; but on the other hand, he was somwehat reassured by the failure of the lion's repeated attempts to reach him with a spring; and when daylight returned, he ventured, after refreshing himself with a little food and water, to climb higher up to a post whence he could look in the direction of his master's farm.

His last hope now was, that the farmer or some of his fellow-servants might discover his absence and come in search of him; and long and wearily did he strain his eyes in that direction.

The rage of the lion when he saw his prisoner move was fearful to witness: he tore up the ground, bit the tree, and furrowed it with his claws; but the Hottentot felt more secure in his position than he had done at first, and, besides, the very despair of his situation gave him courage. Through all the long hot hours of another day he remaind at the look-out, often fancying that the indistinct forms of the hartebeests or gnus were those of his master, or some of his stalwart sons with their long rifles, coming to the rescue.

But every hope ended in disappointment; and at last, late in the afternoon, he gave it up in utter despair, and prepared, with a sinking heart, to return to his former place, the only one in which he could fasten himself securely.

As he began his cautious descent his eye was caught by four dark objects in the distance coming toward him. His strained and dizzy eyes could hardly distinguish them, but surely, surely they were advancing; did his longing hope deceive him again, or was their line too even, their advance too regular, for that of a troop of wild animals? This time he was not mistaken; they came on slowly but surely, and presently he could distinguish their forms, could see that they were four men on horseback.

A slight rising ground hid the lion from any one coming from that direction until within fifty yards of him. In all the tumult of his sudden relief the Hottentot could perceive that; and taking off his sheepskin he waved it over his head, shouting with all his strength, "A lion! a lion!" long before his voice could reach his deliverers. They, meanwhile, came steadily on, and now he could recognize them, the old farmer himself leading the party, two of his tall sons rifle in hand—a welcome sight—and a Hottentot servant carrying a flint-lock musket.

The lion was raging furiously, maddened by the cries and gestures of his prisoner, who only thought of warning the advancing party of their danger before they came upon the animal unawares.

Suddenly the Hottentot, who had dismounted, and was following the "spoor" on foot, stopped and looked up. Either the boy's cries had reached his ear, or his quick eye had caught sight of his figure, for he pointed toward the tree, and then, in an instant, he was on his horse, and the whole party advanced at a brisk gallop.

This was a moment of great suspense to the poor worn-out Hottentot, who could hardly find voice to send out his warning cry—"A lion! a lion!" He saw the advancing party gallop on, till, on gaining the rising ground, they suddenly halted—they had seen the lion.

The magnificent beast became aware of their presence at the same moment, and with leisurely pace advanced to meet them—then stood still, moving his tail slowly from side to side and uttering a suppressed growl. His rage was a splendid sight; but it may be believed that his adversaries did not lose much time in contemplating it.

They had hastily dismounted and tied their horses together, with their heads turned away from the lion, lest terror should render them unmanageable, and now they advanced on foot. The old Boor, who had shot many a lion in his day, headed the party, close behind followed his eldest son, and the remaining two brought up the rear, all moving slowly and cautiously, each with a finger on his trigger.

The lion moved a step or two to meet them, then suddenly crouched, with his head resting on his fore-paws, and remained so till, when his enemies had approached within twenty paces of him he began, slowly and noiselessly, to rise to his feet. As slowly, as noiselessly, did the old farmer drop on his knee, the others following his example: at the same moment all four raised their guns to their shoulders, and as the lion was in the act of springing, the sharp crack of the three rifles and the dead report of the flint musket were heard at once.

There was a terrible roar of pain and baffled rage, and the noble animal bounded forward in his agony, and fell at the feet of the farmer and his sons. How the Hottentot got down from the tree he never knew: he remembered nothing afterward until he stood by the dying lion and saw him receive his *coup de grace* by a ball through the head.

The farmer pronounced him the finest lion he had ever seen, and was so rejoiced at his death and at the safety of his servant, that our friend escaped the punishment, from dread of which he had nearly run on so horrible a fate. Of the truant cow, less fortunate than her keeper, only the larger bones were found, not far from the scene of this adventure.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1867.

THE "KINGDOM" OF CANADA.

THOUGH we do not share in the alarm of Representative Raymond at the prospect of the consolidation of the British North American Provinces under a monarchical form of government, nor see in that measure any immediate "menace to the safety of this Republic," it is nevertheless one that is very naturally contemplated with no ordinary degree of interest in the United States, and with some little excitement in several of the States occupying a frontier position with reference to the proposed "kingdom," or "Dominion."

The joint Standing Committee on Federal Relations in the Maine Senate, to which was referred that portion of the Governor's Message relating to the British American Confederation, has reported certain resolutions, in which the United States Government is asked to interpose, and remonstrate "with the British Government against establishing any system of government in North America, the influence of which would endanger the friendly relations of the people of the British Provinces with the people of the United States." The report that prefaces these resolutions, is able, and dignified in tone. It concedes the right of the people of the several Provinces to adopt whatever form of government they prefer, but alleges that no movement has been made among the people in favor of the new project and that monarchy is to be forced upon them by the Imperial Parliament without regard to their wishes, "crushing out existing Provincial governments with the same disregard of popular right exhibited in that 'act of union' by which Lower Canada in 1840 was placed under the control of Canada West." The remonstrance of the Maine Committee, in short, instead of proceeding upon the ground of the absurd resolution which the Hon. Mr. Raymond asked leave to offer in the House of Representatives, namely, "that the establishment in the immediate vicinity of the United States of a powerful monarchy, under the support of a foreign nation, cannot be regarded otherwise than as being hostile to the peace, and *menacing the safety* of this Republic," is dictated, ostensibly at least, by a regard for the rights and liberties of the people of the Provinces themselves, who, it is assumed, are threatened by the British Parliament with the imposition of a government against which they protest. Hence the Committee calls upon the United States to take measures, not to protect themselves against the dangerous monarchy that has struck such terror to the soul of Mr. Raymond, but "to interpose in behalf of free institutions, *and the rights of the people of British North America*," arguing that any invasion of those rights "made in the interest of monarchical governments and against the wishes of the people, is as clearly a violation of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine as was the invasion of Mexico by France;" and we confess that we are unable to see where the analogy between the two cases fails, or why the argument is not sound—assuming it to be true, as alleged in the Report, that the people of the Provinces are opposed to the adoption of the scheme of government devised for them by the British Parliament.

And upon this fact depends the whole question in regard to the propriety of any interference on the part of the United States. If the people of the Provinces want a king to govern them, they have an undoubted right to gratify their taste in that particular, and also to select one of the King Log or of the King Stork pattern, as they may prefer. It is no business of ours, even were the new monarchy, with its four millions of subjects, likely to prove as terrible a neighbor as Mr. Raymond imagines. The true idea of the Monroe Doctrine is not dictation to our neighbors as to how they shall govern themselves, but the prevention of all foreign dictation which shall interfere with their governing themselves. The question of fact then is, whether this new kingdom is the work of British schemers, to be imposed by force or management upon the people of the Provinces, or whether the latter are really in favor of it—and this is a question which, with our present limited means of information, it is by no means easy to decide. It is evident, however, that the feeling in regard to the project differs greatly in the different Provinces. In Canada the politicians, if not the people are in favor of it. But when the proposition of Confederation was agitated in the Winter of 1866 the lower Provinces opposed it bitterly. These—Nova Scotia the most prosperous of them all—have always gloried in their independence of Canada, and hitherto they have been consistently averse to confederation in any shape. They accordingly sent delegates to England to oppose it, and induce Parliament to allow them to remain separate and distinct, as formerly. Earl Derby, in his speech in the House of Lords on the 19th February last, says: "It was only in the Autumn of last year that delegates from the several provinces came to England to negotiate with her Majesty's government as to the frame of this bill. These negotiations have now happily been completed." What influences have been brought to bear upon these delegates since "Autumn of last year" we can only conjecture—at least until a list of the officers and dignitaries of the "kingdom of Canada" shall have been given to the public; but there are not wanting those who charge that the majority of the delegates betrayed their trust, so far at least as to permit themselves to be persuaded to acquiesce in a measure even more offensive to their constituents than the one they had been sent to oppose; unless indeed they imagined that a "kingdom" or "Dominion" with a Prince of the blood as regent, would prove less distasteful to the provincial mind than a plain confederation.

That Nova Scotia still remains hostile to the scheme, there can be little doubt. There are passages in Lord Derby's speech that clearly indicate as much. "I am willing to assume," he says, "that a certain proportion of the population of Nova Scotia are disinclined to the Union; but what have they on the other hand?"—a truly significant question! There had also, he submitted, been a memorial addressed to himself, by "a small minority of the Canadian Parliament," in which they complained that the measure "was not remitted to the provinces to be criticized in detail"—a complaint which the noble Lord summarily disposes of in five words—"But the objection is worthless"—that being perhaps as much notice as a provincial objection is considered entitled to receive in the Imperial Parliament.

Upon the whole, we are, with the present amount of information accessible on the subject, inclined to the opinion that the *people* of the provinces are not in favor of this measure, though the politicians, especially of Canada, are. Our theory is that the scheme originated with Lord Palmerston, with the view of establishing a monarchical government on our northern frontier, as a counterpoise to the influence of the United States, and that it had some connection with Louis Napoleon's Mexican project. Notwithstanding the guarded and judiciously chosen language of Lord Derby's speech, there are several passages in it that tend to confirm this theory. He congratulates the Provinces upon their wisdom in making "the monarchical principles under which they have lived so long, and which they desire to transmit to their descendants, the foundation of their confederation," and he most significantly adds, as reporter in the third person:

"The federation which was about to be formed would, he hoped, be worthy to take its place side by side with the United States of America. The time might come when it would rank second in size to Russia only. In revenue, in trade, and in shipping it already exceeded the thirteen colonies which eighty years ago, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, became the United States. We were now laying the foundation of a great State, perhaps greater than that of England."

If this scheme is ever carried out to a successful consummation, we shall witness the remarkable spectacle of the British North American Colonies accepting monarchical institutions at the very time when a majority of the British people at home seem anxious to overthrow them, or at least to modify them in close imitation of our own. To one who has watched the course of the recent reform agitation, who reads the organs of radical opinion in England, and the speeches of its leaders in and out of Parliament, who remembers that only a few weeks since a great and orderly procession marched through the streets of London carrying the American flag and cheering vociferously in front of the U. S. Consulate, while it passed by the heir apparent of the throne in stern silence—to such, it cannot but seem eminently judicious in those who would provide for the perpetuation of British institutions, to hasten to plant them in another soil, before they either perish in that which gave them birth, or are transformed past all recognition.

"HE sleeps like a top," we say in familiar language of a person completely under the influence of Morpheus; and we generally imagine the simile taken from the momentary pause of a peg-top, or humming top when its rotatory motion is at its height. But no such thing; the word top is Italian. *Topo* in that language signifies a mouse; it is the general name, and applied indiscriminately to the common house, field-mouse and dormouse, from which the Italian proverb, "*Ei dorme come un topo*" is derived—Anglice, "He sleeps like a top."

WOODWARD'S GARDEN is now blooming, fresh and beautiful with its Springtime life. No other place in California can boast of so many natural beauties, and accessories of art and culture. The grounds are daily visited by hundreds of pleasure seekers every pleasant Spring day.

THE United States has a greater length of railways than all other countries together.

THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

THE question of the entire reconstruction of the curriculum of collegiate education, which has been recently discussed both in England and the United States with steadily increasing interest, seems now to be attracting more general and more earnest attention than ever.

The popular objections urged against giving so much prominence to the Greek and Latin languages in the scheme of modern education, are familiar to all. They are "dead languages;" no one speaks them; for all practical purposes they are useless; the study of them may train certain mental faculties, but the study of modern languages would do that, besides furnishing the key to extensive fields of contemporaneous literature. The intellectual discipline and training involved in the process of acquiring Greek and Latin are not, it is urged, in any respect more valuable than would result from the study of French and German. The former have no special tendency, not possessed by the latter, to exercise and develop any particular power of the mind. The popular argument also denies the immense superiority claimed for ancient over modern literature, insists that much of the former is absolutely worthless, and much absolutely debasing in its tendency, while all that is really valuable has been incorporated in modern thought, and reproduced over and over again in new forms, in every modern language.

The opposition to the study of the ancient classics, which assumes this shape, comes, of course, for the most part from those who are either utterly ignorant of them, or who at least have never drank very deeply at the spring from which shallow draughts are pronounced by Pope "dangerous" rather than salutary. But there has arisen quite recently another and a very different class of objectors, themselves not unfurnished in "the lore glorified by tradition," nor blind to its beauties and excellencies, who in the name of science demand, not the exclusion of classical studies from the scheme of education, but such a reconstruction of it as shall deprive those studies of the undue prominence they have hitherto enjoyed. These do not care to dispute the literary superiority claimed for the classics over modern compositions; they rather challenge for science a superior value and importance over any and all literature. They ask that less time shall be devoted to the laborious idleness of composing Latin and Greek verses, and more to acquiring at least an elementary knowledge of physical science. Never before has this demand been so imperious, nor has it ever come from sources so influential. Evidently it must be complied with; but what we have to fear in the United States is that the reform will be too radical, and that the new curriculum of our colleges will be dictated, not by men of liberal culture, like those who will have control of the similar movement in England, but by a class of pompous dunces who cherish a jealous hatred of all culture, except such as is showy or directly utilitarian, and on whom the mention of a "dead language" produces the effect of the exhibition of a red rag to a vicious bull.

[For the Californian.]

TWO WOMEN.

Kate sat folding her yellow hair,
Where the Summer winds swept by,
While Blanche tossed out her ebon locks
With many a blush and sigh.

For both were fair, and the world was wide
Where they sought to reap and win
A harvest of joys, like golden sheaves,
With many a heart within.

Kate like a queen would conquer and reign,
With a kingdom of men at her feet:
But Blanche like a lily would bend and sway,
Where the waters of love should meet.

And each had the wish her thought had made;
But their paths were wide apart,
For one ruled a host of fools at her beck,
And the other ruled only—a heart.

And Time the toiler, when fleeting by,
Found Blanche as bright and fair
As in the days of the Summer winds
That waved Kate's yellow hair.

But the yellow hair was thin and gray,
And the heart of Kate grown old;
For the hearts of women must love or die,
And they never thrive on gold.

San Francisco, March, 1867. X—X.

THE Grass Valley *National*, edited by John R. Ridge, the poet, commenting on a paragraph in last week's CALIFORNIAN, in reference to Mr. Soulé's poem delivered before the Mechanics' Institute, says: "Everybody in the interior who visits 'the great metropolis, can seen at once that there is but little taste for poetry there, and but little taste for anything, unless it be for snobbery, and all its diluted imitations. The 'aristocracy' of that city would be called the 'vulgar mass' in any of the old, enlightened communities of the world.'

New York has twenty thousand more school children than there are inhabitants in Boston.

[For the Californian.]

TURKEY-HERDING IN CALIFORNIA.

BY TREM.

I HAD always admired—at a distance—the pleasures attendant on bucolic pursuits, but it was not till I came to California that I made experience of the delights of Arcadian life. I arrived in Sacramento in the Spring of 1860. I became tired of seeking for a situation as book-keeper in a commercial house. I became tired of seeking for the aforesaid position for the reason that the chances were considerably in favor of my failing to obtain it. Then I despised Sacramento, and I said to myself, "I will fly this dull and slothful city, and will, when an opportunity offers, betake myself to the rich and verdant country which surrounds this abode of frogs and mosquitoes." I requested my friends to bring me tidings of any situation in the country which they thought might be likely to suit me. Some time after I had resolved to shake off the dust of my feet against Sacramento, a friend—one of the friends whom I had requested to procure me a situation in the country—knocked at my door, and, on my inviting him in, introduced a friend of his who, he said, owned a ranch on Dry Creek. My friend's name was Bowers; his friend's name was Grinder. Bowers said:

"You know you told me you were tired of the city, and wished to get an easy job in the country."

I replied that such was the case.

"Then," said Bowers, "I think I've found a job that will just suit you. This is Mr. Grinder. He wants a man to go out on Dry Creek to look after his turkeys."

"What am I to do to the turkeys?" I asked.

Grinder replied: "Oh, you'll have to drive them out every morning to a valley about two miles from the house; look after them while they are feeding, and then in the evening drive them home."

I accepted the engagement immediately. Here, I thought, is indeed a realization of my ideas of Arcadian happiness. I reflected on the delights of a shepherd's life, "and," said I to myself, "even if 'turkey-herd' does not sound so romantic as 'shepherd,' probably turkeys are even more pleasant to manage than sheep, when one gets used to them." I fancied myself lying on the grass in the lovely country, with my beautiful flock grazing around me, and I longed to fly from the noisy cares and vices of the city, and become an innocent turkey-herd. Grinder was to start the next day for Dry Creek, and I was to ride out with him. Before leaving Sacramento I laid in a stock of the latest novels and a large supply of tobacco. I also thought of purchasing a flute, as being an instrument well adapted to bucolic regions. As I could not play the flute, and I doubted whether or no turkeys appreciated music of any kind, I bought a pipe instead. Oh! what a happy life I pictured to myself! After driving—or rather leading—my happy flock to the green pastures, I could lie on my back, with my pipe in my mouth and a novel in my hand, until the falling shadows of night warned me to drive my charges homeward. The beautiful birds would circle round me, cropping the green, luxuriant grass, and in the course of time would learn to understand their pastor's signals. I thought, when I have become tired of one spot, and have read until I wish for change of scene, I will give three shrill whistles, and my flock will follow me to pastures new, where I shall again lie down and commence a new chapter of a novel. Dreams!—dreams! But I must not anticipate.

I went with Grinder to Dry Creek.

Grinder was a thoroughly good fellow. Far be it from me to say that Grinder deceived me willfully; no; but my knowledge of ornithology (or the branch of that science which relates to the habits of the turkey tribe) was small. I don't blame Grinder. I have told this turkey story to one of my dearest friends, but he cannot accuse me of having reproached Grinder. I arrived at Grinder's ranch—I think he called it a ranch—late in the evening. He (after I had partaken of a supper of beefsteak, which I am sure cost only five cents a pound in Sacramento) said:

"Your flock rise early in the morning. At about four o'clock you will hear them calling out for water, and you must then fill their troughs."

This was pleasant intelligence to me, fatigued by a ride of thirty miles. I had no idea that the turkey was the proverbial early bird which gathered the worm. However, as I had insisted that no hardships could daunt me I determined to rise at four o'clock though firmly impressed with the idea that those who rise early die young, and that the habitual early riser in course of time becomes misanthropic, selfish, dishonest, dissolute and otherwise demoralized. I indeed considered it by no means a praiseworthy custom of my turkeys that they required a drink at four o'clock in the morning. Most of the early risers whom I have known were so because they wanted a drink.

At four o'clock A. M. my turkeys commenced to shriek for drink. I dressed and hurried out to fill the troughs. Fifteen hundred dissipated looking turkeys immediately flew down off the trees on which they lodged and struck me for drinks. I satisfied the wants of these degraded bipeds and went in to breakfast. After a meal consisting of tough beefsteak and bad bread, Grinder said:

"Now we'll drive the turkeys out."

"Can't I do it alone?" I asked.

"No," said Grinder; "We generally want five to do that, but to-day we are only four: you, me, my brother and the boy. It is pretty hard work to keep them together at first; they are wild in the morning and they have to be driven three miles."

I insisted that I could lead my flock to pasture without any assistance.

Grinder replied: "Wait awhile. You'll have work enough by and by."

I could not understand Grinder very well at first, but afterwards I perfectly appreciated the force of his remarks.

I asked: "What are the turkeys to be driven out three miles for? Is there better grass for them to graze on out there?"

Grinder answered: "No, not grass, but grasshoppers. That's what fattens turkeys."

Of course, I laughed; I was not to be caught by such chaff as that, although I was green in the country, and inexperienced in the turkey-herding business.

After breakfast the Grinder brothers, the boy and myself turned out to drive the turkeys out to their grazing ground, that is, after I had given the beautiful birds a sack of wheat for breakfast.

After much trouble we four—the two Grinders, the boy and myself—got all the turkeys together and drove them through the dry, yellow grass where their red wattles looked like scarlet flowers.

I was instructed by my employer, before starting, to tie a piece of rag to a stick and thus form a whip with which to drive the flock. I, resolved, if I had to become a turkey-herd, to make the turkeys respect me, fastened my best scarlet silk pocket-handkerchief to my swell gold-headed cane, and proceeded to fulfill my duties.

During the first two miles of our journey all four of us had to continuously run around the flock to keep them together. The first two miles accomplished, I was left alone to drive the flock to graze in the valley a mile distant. My assistants having gone away, then did I run around fifteen hundred turkeys for the space of an hour and a half. I consoled myself with the reflection that when I got the dear birds on the luxuriant grassy plain for which we—I and fifteen hundred turkeys—were bound, our troubles would be over, the turkeys would graze peacefully, and I should be able to enjoy my pipe and read the novel which I had in my pocket. All pleasure is comparative, I thought; I should not appreciate the delightful *dolce far niente* which I shall enjoy this afternoon half so much, were it not for the exertion I have been forced to display this morning.

So I reflected as I ran round fifteen hundred turkeys. I observed that my beautiful flock became gradually less erratic as they approached the termination of their journey, and I began to admire, respect, nay, almost to love them. I was in sight of the open plain, which spread out its broad expanse of about five square miles. "Here," thought I, "I can rest." Soon, too soon, we reached the plain, and in an instant, one of the fifteen hundred turkeys committed to my charge rushed frantically, at the rate of seven miles an hour, due north. This bird was immediately followed by some three hundred turkeys in Indian file. Another started east, and drew with it a train of a hundred or more followers, and others behaved in the same manner. My duty as a turkey-herd was of course to prevent the turkeys from straying, and I immediately started in chase of the first turkey who started off in this idiotic manner. "Why," I thought, "cannot these wretched feathered bipeds peacefully graze on the withered weeds which represent grass in Summer time in this Golden State? Why need they, after having been driven three miles for the purpose of affording them the advantage of this pasture, behave like feathered maniacs?

I had not, however, much time for reflection, far less for smoking or novel-reading. For five hours I ran like a race horse round a circuit of five miles, driving in errant turkeys by flourishing a red silk handkerchief fastened to a gold headed cane. After a time the hideous truth broke upon me. All my visions of bucolic ease vanished. I became aware of the awful truth that I was employed at the rate of $15 a month to drive daily fifteen hundred turkeys a distance of three miles, not to graze on the herbs of the field, but to *eat grasshoppers;* and that I was required, when each particular turkey out of the fifteen hundred started in pursuit of an individual grass-hopper, to arrest him and bring him back. I found it impossible with fifteen hundred turkeys, to do this, and I trust no one will accuse me of lack of energy when I confess that on the expiration of my week's engagement I resigned my office as turkey-herd.

TWENTY years ago the Pacific Mail Steamship Company began business with a capital of $200,000 and two small steamers. They have now a fleet of 30 steamships all paid for, and have, during their existence, divided over $10,000,000 to the shareholders.

YOUNG IN HER WEEDS.

Her shawl was as sable as night;
And her gloves were as dark as her shawl;
And her jewels—that flashed in the night—
Were black as a funeral pall;
Her robe had the hue of the rest,
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)
And the grief that was heaving her breast
Boiled over the billows of crape.
I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing her conjugal duty
Entirely regardless of cost.

THE Southern Relief Meeting on Thursday evening was largely attended, and it was addressed by citizens of every shade of political opinion. Among the speakers were Arch-Alemany, Dr. Cohn, Dr. Eells, and the Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald of the Methodist Church South. Letters were read from the President of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company; the President of the California Steam Navagation Company; the President of the Central Pacific Railroad; and from the Presidents of the Alameda Railroad and the San Francisco and Oakland Railroad, offering to transmit contributions free. A circular letter was also read by Mr. Selby from Charles E. McLane, requesting all agents of Wells, Fargo & Co. to aid the Committee in their work. and transmit all funds free of charge. The sum of $11,000 was contributed before the adjournment of the meeting as "a nucleus" for the relieff und.

THE New York *Herald* has hit upon an original plan of reconstruction, which will, if adopted, speedily restore a good understanding between the North and the South, and effect a thorough reconciliation of sections and parties. This novel plan is, for the Southern people at once to nominate a Presidential ticket with Gen. Grant for President and Gen. Lee for Vice President. The *Herald* is sanguine that such a movement would put an end to all heartburnings, and make the people of the entire country as harmonious as Barnum's happy family. One rather serious objection to this pleasant and promising scheme, which will be likely to render it unpalatable to the Southern mind, is that it would involve the necessity of an unconditional acceptance of the Congressional policy in opposition to that of the President, as a preliminary.

THE BANNER OF PROGRESS, the organ of the Spiritualists on this coast, is quite eloquent in maintaining the immense superiority of "our beautiful and philosophical faith" over "the old theology." We should infer from the coarse, vituperative style—partaking at times of the spirit of low vulgarity—in which this organ assails the clergy and the believers in Christianity, that courtesy toward opponents is one of those "graces" that are not inculcated by "our beautiful and philosophical faith."

DR. JORDAN'S Anatomical Museum, at the Eureka Hall, Montgomery street, is visited by nearly every stranger who visits our city. This institution is thronged with anatomical and pathological wonders.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—The tariff of prices for admission to the forthcoming Paris Exposition has been published. There are to be three separate enclosures—the park, containing the Exhibition building itself, the Horticultural Gardens, and the Billancourt enclosure, which is especially devoted to agricultural matters. The prices for the first week of the Exhibition are exceptional, and are to be $4 in gold on the opening day, and $1 80 the subsequent days. After the 8th of April, 20 cents admission will be charged to the park, and 30 cents to the Horticultural Garden. The Billancourt enclosure will have a special tariff of entrance fees, not yet decided upon. For a season ticket to the exhibition $20 will be charged for a gentleman, and $12 for a lady. Season tickets are to bear the photographs of their holders.

A SAN FRANCISCO STABLE.—There is an imposing brick building on Ellis street, near Powell, some 60 feet front by 137 feet deep, three stories in hight, with a mansard roof and a handsome ornamental front—a building that in style and appearance casts Platt's Hall and our other public Halls entirely in the shade—and yet this building is but a "horse hotel," a livery and boarding stable. The first floor is devoted to the storage of vehicles, harness room, etc; the second floor to 100 stalls for horses—these stalls are large, roomy, well lighted and each provided with an ample ventilator. This story is 14 feet in hight, and is lighted by north and south windows, and by a skylight 14 feet square. The upper story is set apart for the preparation and storage of the food for the various "fast goers" that board at this hotel, which is properly prepared and measured according to the best approved horse sanitary regulations, and served to each boarder seperately in the French fashion. A large yard is attached to the establishment for the animals to exercise in, and everything in detail is in a corresponding degree of perfectness. The owners of valuable horses must be worse than Arabs if they do not fully appreciate the care and watchfullness here bestowed on their animals. This building was erected for Mr. P. A. Finigan, formerly of White's stables on California street, especially for the business to which he has devoted it. The whole business is under his personal care and supervision. To Messrs. Marquis & McDougal, architects, should be awarded the credit of designing and erecting one of the most perfect establishments of its kind in the United States.

BARBARA.

ON the Sabbath day,
Through the churchyard old and gray,
Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my rnstling way;
And amiu the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balms,
'Mid the gorgeous storms of music,—in tbe mellow organ-calms,
'Mid the upward streaming prayers, and the ricb and solemn psalms,
I stood careless, Barbara.

My heart was otherwhere
While the organ shook the air,
And the priest, with ontspread bands, blessed tbe people with a prayer;
But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saintlike sbine
Gleamed a face of airy beanty with its heavenly eyes on mine,—
Gleamed and vanished in a momeut,—O that face was surely tbine
Out of heaven, Barbara!

O pallid, pallid face!
O earnest eyes of grace!
When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place.
Yon came rnnning forth to meet me with my love-gift on yonr wrist;
The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost in mist,—
A pnrple stain of agony was on the moutb I kissed
That wild morning, Barbara.

I searched in my despair,
Snnny uoon and miduight air;
I could not drive away the thought that you were lingering there.
O many and many a winter night I sat when yon were gone,
My worn face buried in my hands, beside the fire alone,
Within the dripping churchyard, the rain plashing on your stone,
You were sleeping, Barbara.

'Mong angels, do you thiuk
Of the precious golden link
I clasped aronnd yonr happy arm, wbile sitting hy yon hrink?
Or when that night of gliding dance, of langhter and guitars,
Was emptied of its music, and we watched, throngh latticed bars,
The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us witb its stars,
Till the day hroke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed,
Wild and far my heart hath ranged,
And many sins and errors now have heen on me aveuged;
But to you I have heen faithful, whatsoever good I lacked:
I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact,—
Your love the tremhling rainhow, I the reckless cataract,—
Still I love yon, Barhara.

Yet, love, I am nnblest;
With many doubts opprest,
I wander like a desert wind, without a place of rest.
Could I hnt win yon for an hour from off that starry shore,
The hunger of my soul were stilled, for Death hath told you more
Than the melancholy world dotb know; things deeper than all lore
You could teacb me, Barbara.

In vain, in vain, in vain!
There droops upon the dreary bills a mournful fringe of rain;
The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds are in the tree,
Round selfish shores forever moans the hurt and wounded sea,
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee,
Barhara! —ALEXANDER SMITH.

A TERRIBLE ICE-TRAP.

THE following description, from Dr. Hayes's *Open Polar Sea*, of an exhibition of polar dynamics on a vast scale, is very striking. The schooner having got into the midst of the drifting ice, with great fields of it closing in upon her from every side, is in danger of being crushed:

"We had worked ourselves into a triangular space formed by the contact of three fields. At first there was plenty of room to turn round, though no chance to escape. We were nicely docked, and vainly hoped that we were safe; but the corners of the protectiug floes were slowly crushed off, the space narrowed little by little, and we listened to the crackling and crunching of the ice, and watched its progress with consternation.

"At length the ice touched the schooner, and it appeared as if her destiny was sealed. She groaned like a conscious thing in pain, and writhed and twisted as if to escape her adversary, trembling in every timber from truck to kelson. Her sides seemed to be giving way. Her deck timbers were bowed up, and the seams of the deck planks were opened. I gave up for lost the little craft which had gallantly carried us through so many scenes of peril; but her sides were solid and her ribs strong; and the ice on the port side, working gradually under the bilge, at length, with a jerk which sent us all reeling, lifted her out of the water; and the floes, still pressing on and breaking, as they were crowded together, a vast ridge was piling up beneath and around us; aud, as if with the elevating power of a thousand jack-screws, we found ourselves going slowly up into the air.

"My fear now was that the schooner would fall over on her side, or that the masses which rose above the bulwarks would topple over upon the deck, and bury us beneath them.

"We lay in this position during eight anxious hours.

"At length the crash ceased with a change of wind and tide. The ice exhibited signs of relaxing. The course of the monster floes which were crowding down the Sound was changed more to the westward. We beheld the prospect of release with joy.

"Small patches of open water were here and there exhibited among the hitherto closely impacted ice. The change of scene, though less fearful, was not less magical than before. By and by the movement extended to the floes which bound us so uncomfortably, and with the first cessation of the pressure the blocks of ice which snpported the forward part of the schooner gave way, and, the bows following them, left the stern high in the air."

A cemetery near Pittsburg is advertised as a "beautiful snmmer resort."

THE NEW DANCE—THE "GERMAN."

THE following is a description of the comparatively new and fashionable dance known as the "German." It is customary when a lady contemplates giving a large "German," to invite a gentleman friend, known to be a good dancer, some days previous, to lead; and he, having accepted the invitation, can introduce his own figures in the dance. Some figures are danced with flowers, flags, bells, etc. Gentlemen who go out a great deal in society usually have their own flags, bells and badges, which they lend when invited to lead.

To dance the "German" every gentleman chooses a partner, and they sit in couples, until forming a large ring around the room. Every figure is commenced by the leading couple at the head of the set, and at a signal from the leader, one, two or three other couples start at the same time. The couple called up usually dance a short gallop or waltz, and then form the figure as the leader directs, each figure being closed by another gallop or waltz, lasting about a minute. The first figure may be thus described:

The leading conple start with a few turns of the gallop, They then separate in the middle of the floor. The gentleman chooses two ladies from the ring, and the lady two gentlemen. They then place themselves opposite each other, in the center of the room; on one side the gentleman between two ladies, aud on the other the lady between two gentlemen. The next movement is "forward and back," twice. The leader then elevates his hands, holding those of the ladies on each side, thus forming two arches, through which the opposite two ladies pass. In this way all "balance," then the hands are let go, the leading lady stepping between the two ladies, aud the leader betweeu the two gentlemen. Then follows the "grand chain," and at a sign from the leader each gentleman dances a gallop with the lady whom he holds by the right hand, at the close of which all return to their seats. This figure is repeated by all the couples in turn.

If the "German" be a large one, three couples may be started at the same time. The step in the figure is *a choix*, more persous walking than dancing it, the time of the music being almost entirely disregarded. Not so, however, with the gallop or waltz which precedes and terminates it. After each couple in the room have danced the figure, the leader stops the music. An intermission of five minutes takes place, when the signal for the second figure is given. Each figure is generally so contrived that no one knows with whom he is going to close it, and, in some cases, there is a regular scramble for partners. In choosing them, the inclinations of the parties become pretty clearly developed, the young ladies always managing to place themselves in the way of the partner they prefer above all others. Anxious match-making mothers usually watch this part of the dance with interest. After a season of the "German" there is no difficulty in deciding what more serious engagements are in prospect.—*New York Home Journal.*

DRESSED FOR THE BALL.

She stood in her touching loveliness,
All dressed for the coming hall,
With her pure white dress and pure wbite face,
Waiting for us in the hall.

A diamond star on her bosom lay,
And starry gems were her eyes.
Eyes knowing no shade of thought or care,
Winsomely, sweetly unwise.

Roses glowed ardent red on her dress,
Glowed ardent red on her lips;
Roses fainted and drooped on her hair,
And died on her finger tips.

Gold clasped the marble curve of her arms,
It would round her throat so fair;
It crooking drooped from her pearly ears,
And rippling gold was her hair.

I spoke to a friend who gazed with me,
I uttered my rising fears;
"Oh! that Grief would ne'er that flower-face fade,
And those star-eyes cloud in tears."

"Your words are men's words," the lady said;
Yon know not that Pain and Pride
Are stronger than joy and Bloom, or Youth,
Or Reason, or aught beside.

"She will look up, sbould ber peace be fled,
As peacefully sweet as now;
Sobs in the heart send smiles to the lips;
Oh! women alone know how.

"Pain shines like joy in the weary eyes,
More brilliant than joy percha
It oft dyes the cheek and sharply spnrs
The tired feet in the dance."

AN IRISH BULL.—An Irishman passing through a field of cattle, the other day, said to a friend, "Whenever you see a herd of cows *all* lying down, and *one* of them only standing up, that *one* is sure to be the bull."

The London *Telegraph* thinks Charles Dickens would be the chief actor of the day if he were not the first of popular writers.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON SUSPENSION.—"They hadn't ought to do it," said Mrs. Partington, as she read in print the question regarding the suspensiou of the President in case he was impeached; "'twill be downright arson to hang a man before he is tried, and suspending him would be so much agin his constitution that he never could be reconstructed." "Why, what are you driving at?" said Ike, in an impertinent tone; "they aint gwine to suspend him by the neck—they only snspend him figuratively, yon know—make b'leve, like." "Well, he would cut a figure if hung in apogee, and it don't make much difference; but I've always noticed that a man snspended in this way lived a good while longer than the ones that were suspended the other way"—"Upside down?" interrupted Ike. She looked at him with a solemn rebnke in her eyes, that crushed the young reprobate, paragorically speaking, and he retired in confusion to the cupboard, where he tried to lorget his mortification by filling his pockets with cookies.

MEN WANTED.—The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from cen ter to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe. Men whose consciences are steady as the needle to the pole Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth. Men who neither brag nor run. Men who neither swagger nor flinch. Men who can have courage without whistling for it. Men careless of man's applause. Men too large for sectarian limits, and too strong for sectarian bands. Men who do not strive, nor cry, nor cause their voices to be heard in the streets, and who will not fail nor be discouraged. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their place aud fill it.

OUR FUTURE.—In how great a measure one's fnture is made up of one's past; how we understand things by all those which have preceded them; how it is yesterday which makes to-morrow! The future is never so strange as we picture it to ourselves. A hnndred golden threads bind us to it already. It is all one's whole past life which claims the future and draws it into itself. The lesson given long, long ago by the love which foresaw, teaches in after years when the occasion has come. One thing recalls another, as one thing forebodes another, and sometimes the two together make a full chord of happiness, or, may be, of sadness, so grateful and so sweet, that it seems as if it must be happiness.

THE largest room in the world under a single roof, and unbroken by pillars or other obstnctions, is at St. Petersburg, Russia. It is 650 feet in length, and 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can conveniently manœnver in it. In the evening it is often converted into a vast ball-room, when it is warmed by sixteen prodigious stoves, and twenty thonsand wax-tapers are required to light it properly. The roof of this great structnre is a single arch of iron, the bars on which it rests weighing 12,830,000 pounds.

PAPER PANTALETTES.—Among the new devices for the day are paper pantalettes for the ladies. A company has been organized at Mechanics Falls, Me., to mannfacture borders to ladies' drawers and children's pantalettes—an ornamental appurtenance to be buttoned to the garment, which may be readily replaced when soiled.

AN elderly gentleman was traveling lately while afflicted with a bad cough, which greatly annoyed his fellow-travelers, and at last one of them remarked, in a displeased tone:

"Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours."

"True, Sir," replied the gentleman. "But you will excuse me; it's the best I've got."

THE EFFECTS OF HARD TIMES.—Such is the pressure of the times in Birmingham, that good workmen get np the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings, and get up the inside of a chimney for a sixpence!

A PRACTICAL OPINION.—Mrs. H. N. Farnsworth, No. 4 Carroll place, Bleecker street, New York, testifies:

Q—What is your business?

A—Dress-maker.

Q—Do you employ Sewing Machines in your business, what ones, and how long?

A—I employ Grover & Baker's for two years.

Q—Are you, or not, acqnainted with the work of other machines?

A—I am.

Q—What machine do you prefer in your business, and why?

A—I prefer Grover & Baker's; I can only say because it is thorough in everything. I can make an entire dress with the Grover & Baker Machine, every part of it except the sewing on of hooks and eyes, buttons and button-holes. It used to take me fourteen hours to make a dress handsomely; I can now do it in five.

Q—Do you, or not, find the work of the Grover & Baker preferred to other machine work by your customers?

A—I do.

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

A POINT

ON WHICH ALL PHYSICIANS AGREE.

Out of ten thousand regular physicians you cannot find one who will not say that STIMULANTS and INVIGORANTS are absolutely necessary in medical practice. And yet, in bygone years, humane practitioners have hesitated to administer them, because the fiendish ingenuity of wretches who make merchandise of human infirmities had so polluted and deteriorated them, that the remedy was deemed as dangerous as the disease. This perplexity is happily done away with. Physicians know, because the first analytical chemists of the age have demonstrated the fact that

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Are absolutely and entirely free from all pernicious elements. Hence they have been introduced into the United States Army, and are accepted, whereon the testimony of the wise, the intelligent, and the philanthropic is rated at its just value, as the best protective against and cure for all diseases arising from impurity in the air or other unhealthy climate influences, that has ever been tested by experience. In cases of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, we state without qualification or reservation, that the Bitters are as nearly infallible as anything prepared by human skill can be. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE PICTURES TAKEN IN THIS CITY ARE FAR superior to those taken in the east and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The BEST GALLERY to seek out is one which has the most light, and with low high buildings surrounding it. The New York, on Third street, below Jessie, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries. *

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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Private Medical Office,

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Near Commercial, San Francisco.

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Book and Job Printers,

Have the Largest Office,

Do the most work,

And do it better

Than other offices

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Try them

With a Job,

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Their office is at 536

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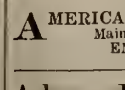

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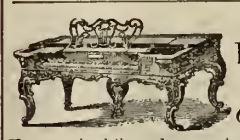
Is the most complete on the Pacific Coast, having every appliance of machinery for Making or REPAIRING Pianos to be found in the largest Eastern Factories.

Old Pianos converted into new, by putting in new interior mechanism complete.



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Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agent's'.

Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.

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Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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This house has undergone a thorough change, both in MANAGEMENT and PRICES. A fine Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up in the rear, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued.

A. BONZI & CO.,

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MEALS, WITH WINE, 50 CENTS.

THE CHOICEST COMMODITIES OF THE Market served up in the best style of Italian and French cookery.

On the second floor are numerous private rooms, for social or private DINNER PARTIES. Coffee, Chocolate, Wine, Beer, Liqueurs, with every description of edible accompaniments, served to order at any hour of the day or evening.

THE NEW BRANCH

OF THE

CLIPPER RESTAURANT,

No. 414 Market street, between Battery and Sansome,

WILL BE OPENED ON

MONDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1867.

MONS. J. STOCK INFORMS THE PUBlic that he has fitted up this branch restaurant for the convenience of those living in the southern part of the city, and hopes that his long established reputation as a caterer for the public will be a sufficient guarantee of the completeness of the arrangements of this New Branch, and respectfully solicits their patronage. J. STOCK, Proprietor.

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MILLER & HALEY,

EMPIRE STEAM MILLS,

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SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND MOULDING FACTORY.

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Do not fail to have one of

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CORNER PINE AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

DEXTER STABLES,

Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES, - - - - - PROPRIETOR

AT CHURCH.

BY THACKERAY.

Although I enter not,
Yet round the spot
Sometimes I hover,
And at the sacred gate
With lingering eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minister bells toll out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've stopped the chiming bell,
I hear the organ's swell—
She's coming—coming.

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening thither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here—she's past;
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint,
Pour out your praise or plaint,
Meekly and duly:
I will not enter there
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through Heaven's gate
Angels within it.

A BLACK SNAKE IN A STOVE AT HANOVER—A MODERN "FIERY SERPENT."—The following singular, but truthful statement, we copy from the Hanover (Pa.) Spectator:

A gentleman residing in our town, some few weeks ago purchased a lot of old, condemned sleepers from the railroad company, for the purpose of using them as fire wood. They were accordingly conveyed to his residence and sawed in suitable lengths for the stove, and were used for fuel, and as such gave great satisfaction, until one evening the good wife placed one of the pieces on the stove, when a very strange and remarkable occurrence happened. Shortly after placing the wood in the stove her attention was attracted by a singular noise in the room, not unlike the crying of a child or the moaning of a person in distress, and upon searching for the cause of it, ascertained that the noise proceeded from the stove, and becoming somewhat alarmed, called in her husband and acquainted him of the matter. The gentleman at once advanced to the stove, and upon opening the door a strange and fearful sight met his astonished gaze. Right in the very midst of the blazing flames was a large black snake, writhing in agony, and uttering the piteous noise which had attracted the attention of the lady. The snake slowly crawled out of the stove and dropped on the floor, a veritable "fiery serpent," and in a few seconds expired. The snake had, doubtless, entered a hollow cavity in the sleeper in the fall, and lapsing into a torpid state, was only aroused when encompassed by the flames.

A DISAPPOINTED AUDIENCE.—A few days since the inhabitants of a town on the Pennsylvania Railroad were startled by an announcement that on the following night a learned gentleman would give a grand exhibition in the public hall, in which he would show the complete control he exercised over the feline and canine family, by making a number of cats and dogs do everything he desired them. He requested the people to bring their own "household pets." A very large audience, made up of bipeds and quadrupeds in about equal proportions, assembled and waited patiently before a green curtain till nine o'clock, when it was discovered that the stage was empty, and that the treasurer, doorkeeper, and lecturer had left on the half-past eight train.

ONE year after marriage comes the paper wedding; five years after marriage the wooden wedding; ten years, the tin wedding; twenty-five years, the silver wedding; fifty years, the golden wedding; and seventy-five years, the diamond wedding.

HOWEVER sharp-eyed and shrewd a man may be, he has always a little mote at that corner of the mind's eye, which should be directed towards his own failings.

THE GREAT

New England Remedy!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

White-Pine Compound,

IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
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MASONIC TEMPLE,

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Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

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Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

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Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

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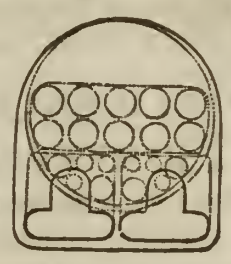

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Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

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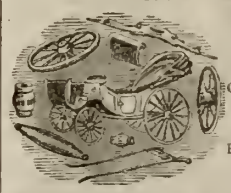

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New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 524 Market, opposite Second
C. Wedderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 420 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Speeth, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Bessen, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldhush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOODAND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

ABOUT GRAVESTONES.

Men in the gravestone business have a rare opportunity to observe and study human nature. They are familiar with the gradations of woe.

"Once upon a time," says the tomb-stone man, "a gentleman came to me utterly bowed by the weight of his affliction. A greatly loved father had died, whose virtues and worth the afflicted son could not extol too highly. He desired to have those virtues commemorated by a monument that all connected with the good man should be proud of. He intended to pay the entire expense himself—he was abundantly able—and he wasn't particular what the expense was. A couple of weeks after he called again. His grief had moderated. He wasn't cheerful, exactly, but there was a calm about him. He spoke in a low, quiet tone of his departed sire. He hoped and believed that he had gone to the land of the blest." (A lifting of his eyes, a sigh and a pause.)

"Oh," said he at length, "about that monument. I think the expense of the one we were talking about is a little too heavy. Now, a plain monument, like that, for instance (pointing to one costing about half the amount of the one he had talked about on his first interview), would be more appropriate to place over his grave. It is plain and simple, like the life and virtues of him who may sleep beneath it."

He didn't quite decide, but said he would call again. Weeks passed, and I met him one day bustling through the street on his way to his business. With the exception of a weed upon his hat, all traces of his affliction had passed away.

"Ah, how do you do," said he, "been wanting to see you—too busy, though—want to talk to you about putting up a *gravestone* on father's grave—see you again;" and on he went.

I met him several times afterwards, but he made no allusion to the "gravestone." A day or two ago I met him, and asked him when he wanted the stone erected.

"Stone!" said he, reflectively, "stone! oh! yes—I remember—gravestone for the old man. Well, fact is, I had a very nice pine slab painted and put up for the present, so I guess I shan't want any gravestone this year!

A good book and a good woman are excellent things to those who know how justly to appreciate their value. But there are men who judge of both only by their covering.

How mortified one ought to feel at being told a tale of scandal; because it proves the relator believes one capable of enjoying it.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

The heart, too often, like the cement of the ancient Romans, acquires hardness by time.

Whoever peeps through a hole will see trouble.

A LOVE SONG.

[The following beautiful love song was found in the dining room of the Occidental Hotel. It is supposed to have fallen from the pocket of the handsome and accomplished T—— D—— Esq.]

TO ——

I loved you once, I must confess,
And I might love you once again,
If you would but what's wrong redress
And cease to give my eye-sight pain.

Your eyes flash with an eagle's glance,
Your figure's good—the mould of form—
Your gloves are neat—direct from France—
Your temper's good, your heart is warm.

But, oh! one grievous fault appears,
Oh, why not wear a handsome tile?
One made by Meussdorffer so famed—
His latest Spring and Summer style.

JACOB SHEW,

Pioneer Photographer

612 CLAY STREET,

North side, four doors above Montgomery.

Takes all kinds of Photographs in the very best style of the Art. Would especially invite attention to the superiority of the "Cabinet Photograph," or new size, taken at this establishment.

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STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

Splendid Presents

TO SEND ABROAD.

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The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.

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Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,

NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.

☞We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches

AT

The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

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In connection with this work our Agents can take orders for five of Headley's Standard Works. Call or send at once for Circulars and Terms.

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES AT

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

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STEAM ENGINE WORKS

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STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.

HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,

Portable Engines of all sizes,

Donkey Pumps, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The attention of the parties engaged in shipping or inland navigation is called to the

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Screw Propellers of all kinds, and Steam Boat Machinery generally, made to order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in every particular.

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(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)

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SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

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It is conducted upon thorough business principles. The student, upon entering the college,

IS FURNISHED WITH A CAPITAL IN CASH AND MERCHANDISE,

rents a place of business, opens an account with the bank, insures his goods in the insurance office of the College, and enters upon the arena of business. He

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Carrying out all the details of trade—buying and selling goods, depositing in and checking from the Bank, making and negotiating notes, drafts, bills of exchange, etc., recording the transactions and keeping the books in a regular and scientific manner. From this he advances to other capacities, until he finally takes his position in the

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE BANK,

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This course saves from four to six weeks time in copying useless manuscripts.

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The large and increasing demand for good Telegraph Operators has induced us to organize a separate department for thorough instructions in this branch, and we are enabled now to present advantages in this line equal to any that can be afforded on the continent. Several instruments are in operation, and others will be added as the occasion requires. So great is the demand for Operators, that no young man, well qualified, need want a situation. A skillful and accomplished Operator has charge of the department, and will devote his special attention to the advancement of the students under his charge.

There is no vacation, and students can enter upon any business day during the year. The public are invited to call and examine the various Departments. Sessions day and evening. For circulars and further information, address

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AT THE LOWEST RATES.

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THE BEST FAMILY WINES IN THE CITY

—Are to be found at—

HOADLEY & CO.'S

533 Merchant street, under Pacific Fruit Market.

☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE,

No. 223 Bush Street,

Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.

☞HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.

Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.

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ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.

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Good Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Families and Clubs supplied on Short Notice

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LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

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FINE IMPORTED WINES, LIQUORS

Native Wines and Bitters, English Ale and Porter.

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Of every description, made to order.

Special attention paid to all kinds of HOUSE WORK, PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

IS A CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF THE CHOICE root, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effectual antidote for diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. Such a remedy is surely wanted by those who suffer from strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove, as this has, of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found in the following complaints:

Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, etc.

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left in comparative health.

Female diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are often soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

Do not discard this invaluable medicine, because you have been imposed upon by something pretending to be Sarsaparilla, while it was not. When you have used AYER'S—then, and not till then, will you know the virtues of Sarsaparilla. For minute particulars of the diseases it cures, we refer you to Ayer's American Almanac, which the agent below named will furnish gratis to all who call for it.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, for the cure of Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Heartburn arising from Disordered Stomach, Pain, or Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, and for a Dinner Pill.

They are sugar coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best Aperient in the world for all the purposes of a Family Physic.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers.

GIGANTIC R. R. ENTERPRISE. THE GREAT "SHARPSBURG CUT-OFF!"

The terminations are Sharpsburg on the east and Cheviot on the west. The distance is seven miles and a quarter, and as cars make it in six hours and thirty-two minutes, passengers over that road save eleven hours and fifty cents, no matter where they wish to go, besides nine miles of travel! So stupendous a railroad enterprise as this was never before undertaken in *this* country, nor in any other, so far as the business of discovering countries has yet been carried.

Last week there was a formal opening of the route, a grand excursion party from New York passing over the Great Cut-off, on their way to San Francisco and China. The principal newspapers of the world were represented, the Cincinnati *Times* being present in the person of our "Fat Contributor," who has furnished us with the following account of this great route, which he avers hardly does justice to it:

HOW THE ROAD IS LAID.

The road is laid on a gutta percha embankment all the way, with a patent adjustable track, so constructed that broad or narrow gauge cars can run over it with equal facility, even in the same train.

HOW STREAMS ARE CROSSED.

There have been so many accidents from railroad bridges giving way, that the "Sharpsburg Cut-off" does away with them altogether, substituting balloons, which lift the trains across the creeks and chasms. No delay whatever is occasioned by this arrangement, the balloons hitching on to the trains and unhitching while they are in motion. Only one accident has happened so far. They had a light load of passengers one day, and the balloon being charged rather heavily with gas, shot into the air, taking the train and passengers with it. Nothing has been seen of them since. An inquest was held, and the jury brought in a verdict *censuring the balloon!* Passengers holding Accident Insurance policies will be permitted to draw $25 a week until they come down again.

TUNNELS.

There are several mountains on the road, which the passengers, by an ingenious arrangement, are led to suppose are tunneled, although they are not. While going over these mountains the train is enclosed in a portable tunnel. You think all the time that you are passing through a tunnel, which answers the same purpose as though you were. It is less a *bore* to the mountains than tunneling.

THE PASSENGER COACHES.

The coaches are the most comfortable and luxuriant of any in the world. They are lighted with gas and have the Nicholson pavement. Each passenger is entitled to a parlor and bedroom, with bath-room attached (with or without board), hall and side entrance, front and back yard, with use of a hydrant and cistern water. They have billiard tables on the roof and a ball alley in the basement. Cars designed expressly for Sunday school celebrations are provided with euchre tables.

VENTILATION.

Great attention is paid to proper ventilation. The process is simple and effective; little boys being stationed along the road at frequent intervals to throw stones through the windows as the trains pass.

REFRESHMENTS ALONG THE ROUTE.

Instead of having eating houses, necessitating delays, refreshments of all kinds are strung along on the telegraph wires the entire length of the road, so that the passenger, when hungry, has only to reach out his hand and help himself. The refreshment display to which the excursionists were treated was of the most enticing description. There were festoons of cold sausage, literally reaching "from pole to pole;" ham sandwiches, suspended by red, white and blue ribbons; legs of mutton, hanging by one leg; wreaths of celery (plain); stuffed lobsters, suspended by their claws, wearing necklaces of fried oysters; fillet of beef; fillet of pork; fillet of venison; *fill it* with any thing you like; cod fish balls suspended by India rubber strings, *a-la return-ball;* string beans, hung by the strings; apple dumplings, hung on hinges; duck, hung by the bills (very heavy); dried beef, on hooks; and beautifully ornamented *cornucopias* filled with hash.

At intervals by the side of the road were beautiful marble fountains, sending up jets of soda water and columns of hot coffee, green and black tea, and Lager Beer.

PRINCIPAL CONNECTIONS.

The "Sharpsburg Cut-off" makes connections with the principal railroads in the United States and Canadas, besides the Camden and Amboy, which is in New Jersey.

NEW REGULATIONS, etc.

1. No talking to the locomotive.

2. Passengers failing to purchase tickets previous to getting aboard, (particularly if the ticket office isn't open), will be charged from $1 to $10 extra, according to the necessities of the conductor.

3. Passengers are urgently requested to ask some questions of the man in the ticket office, he likes it.

4. Dead heads will please report any inattention on the part of the locomotive.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

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AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

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INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
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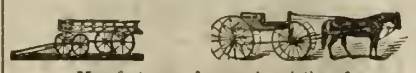
SAUL & McARRON,
Carriage Manufactory,
NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,
Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.
A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.
Larkins & Co.,



Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

Pollard & Carvill,

Dealers in and Manufacturers of
LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
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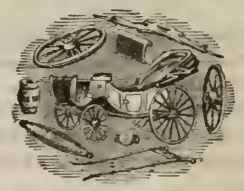
Between Sacramento and California.

Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

A Rare Chance.

THE UNDERSIGNED, INTENDING TO RETIRE from business, desires to call the attention of the public to a LARGE STOCK OF CARRIAGE MATERIAL at his store, No. 506 MARKET STREET, and No. 7 SUTTER STREET, which he will SELL AT COST. Until said goods are disposed of, he will BUILD TO ORDER, at his factory, corner of FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, all kinds of
WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c.,
A good assortment of which can always be found on hand, and at a less price than can be had at any other place in the city. Will keep about 50 workmen employed to complete all unfinished work and contracts, in order to close business by the first day of July next. Has on hand and for sale, Six First-class Concord style 9-Passenger STAGE WAGONS, and a good assortment of LUMBER or FARM WAGONS, EXPRESS WAGONS, CARTS, &c.
Also, will soon have finished FIFTY BUGGIES.
H. CASEBOLT.

A. FOLSOM,



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No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

GEO. T. CASEBOLT & CO.,
Importers of
Hardwood Lumber,
ALL KINDS OF

Carriage and Wagon Materials, Coach Trimming and Hardware.
315 PINE STREET,
corner of Sansome, San Francisco.

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist,
No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.
THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,
Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
PRICE 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.
PRICE 50 CENTS.
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
Cor Sansome & Commercial streets.
Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
DOWNY PULU, CURLED HAIR, MOSS, AND WOOL MATTRESSES.
—ALSO—
The sole right to manufacture FULLER'S PATENT SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESSES, admitted by everybody to be the best, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.
A full assortment of FURNITURE, SHEETING, BLANKETS, etc., at extremely low prices, for cash.
JACOB SCHREIBER,
Nos. 121 and 123 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine, San Francisco.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

DR. HAYDEN,
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Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

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IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN P. HILL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Michael Lynch, the Administrator of the estate of JOHN P. HILL, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30-5w

R. W. HENT, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of J. C. BEIDEMAN, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of the Judge of said Court, made this day, notice is hereby given that Monday, the 22d day of April, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, being a day of a regular term of said Court, to-wit: of the April Term, A. D. 1867, at the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been appointed for hearing the petition, this day filed, of Bernard Kennedy, praying for a decree authorizing and directing John W. Brumagim, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate left unadministered of J. C. Beideman, deceased, to convey to the said petitioner certain real estate situated in said city and county, and particularly described in said petition, upon the payment to said Administrator of the balance of the purchase money of said real estate; at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said petition by filing their objections in writing.

Dated March 22d, 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. Drake & Hent, Attys. for Petitioner.

mar23-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MICHAEL HINES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Michael Hines, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated March 5th, A. D. 1867.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Administrator of the Estate of Michael Hines, deceased. mh9 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No 5 of the 100 vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM LOEWY, Clerk,

[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.

Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.

THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 10th day of September, A. D. 1866, in the matter of the estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on TUESDAY, the 23d day of April, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No 6 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors, David Whipple and William Whipple, of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pine street, 111½ feet easterly from the south-east corner of Pine and Taylor streets; running thence easterly along said line of Pine street 26 feet; thence at a right angle southerly and parallel with Taylor street 137½ feet; thence at a right angle westerly 26 feet, and thence at a right angle northerly and parallel with Taylor street 137½ feet to the point of beginning.

And offers or bids for said property, in writing will be received at said place, No. 6 Montgomery Block, in said city and county, from this date till Tuesday, the 23d day of April, 1867, at twelve o'clock, noon, by the undersigned. ROBERT L. HARRIS,

Guardian of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors

Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30-4w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Breeze, the Administrator of the estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased, praying for an order for the sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts of the deceased and the charges and expenses of administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 29th, 1867.

WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Adm'r. mh30 5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of James Edwin Reas, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell a portion, and would be most for the interest of all concerned to sell the whole of the real estate to pay the family allowance, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30 5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN J. TAYSEN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN J. TAYSEN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the store of A. Crawford, No. 27 Market street, San Francisco, that being the place of the transaction of business by said Executors of said estate.

A. CRAWFORD, } Executors.
D. N LUNDT, }

Dated March 30th, 1867. mb30-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of NAYLOR C. DAVIS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John H. Madison, Administrator of the Estate of Naylor C. Davis, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Naylor C. Davis, deceased, appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 15th day of April, A. D 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs at law of the said Naylor C. Davis, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 11th, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of March, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

m16 5t By WM. LEHLE, Deputy Clerk.

CHAS WITTRAM, Esq., Attorney for Administrator.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHERT. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHANN GEORG MOELLER, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 27th day of March, A. D. 1867, Notice is hereby given, that TUESDAY, the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said Johann Georg Moeller, deceased, and for hearing the application of Louise Moeller, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same. WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Dated at San Francisco, this 29th March, A. D. 1867.

J. F. FINN, Attorney for petitioner. mh30-3w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY A. WALSH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at at the office of Crane & Boyd, Attorneys at Law, in the city and county of San Francisco, the place of his transaction of business.

Dated at San Francisco, March 25th, 1867.

JOHN TOWNSEND,

Administrator of Estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased.

Crane & Buyd, Att'ys, S. W. cor. Clay and Montgomery streets. mh30-5w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the aboveuamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers, incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchasor at said sale, and be put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j19-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Courtis, Administrator of the estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the claims against the estate, and the expenses of administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the twenty-second day of April A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 22d, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, } ss.
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 22d day of March, A. D 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. Fahens, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

mar23 4t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELLEN NERAC, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Ellen Nerac, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the devisee named in the Will of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate to the party entitled thereto:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Ellen Nerac, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the devisee of the said Ellen Nerac, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said sixteenth day of April A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 14th, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco,

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 14th day of March, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

[Seal and stamp.] By A. J JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner m16 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOSE A. FELIZ, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JOSE A. FELIZ, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of Haight & Piers, No. 513 Jackson street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, February 19, 1867.

ROBERT HAIGHT, Administrator of the Estate of Jose A. Feliz, dec'd. mh9 5t

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CHAS. TIBBETTS, ...Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

MISS OLIVIA RAND,
—SUPPORTED BY—
Mrs. Sophie Edwin, Mrs. H. Jackson,
Mr. H. Edwards,
And a Full Corps Dramatique!

THIS AFTERNOON, APRIL 6TH,
THE RUSTIC PRIMA DONNA.

THIS EVENING, APRIL 6TH,
First Night of the Sensation Drama, entitled
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK!

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The public is respectfully informed that this company will appear at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, April 8th, 1867, in the successful Comedy of "SOCIETY;" recently purchased by Mr. Thomas Maguire of Lester Wallack, Jr.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....,$1 00		Orchestra $1 00	
Parquette.....	50	Upper Circle.....	25

☞No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

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Art Gallery, Museum,

CONSERVATORIES, AND ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,

On Mission and Valencia streets.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.

A Museum of Natural History containing over four hundred specimens of Zoology has just been opened.

NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.

Admission to all parts of the Gardens and Museum 25 cents. Children under 12 years of age, half price.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars.

☞Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
Between lifornia and Pine

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMSHIPS FOR NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR APRIL.

April 10th—MONTANA, Capt. Jos. Sutton, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
April 18th—SACRAMENTO, Capt. H. Cavarly, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Harris.
April 30th—CONSTITUTION, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on July 31, for Hongkong via Kanagawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

HOUSEKEEPERS'

HARDWARE,
CUTLERY,
TINWARE,
WOODENWARE,
WILLOW-WARE,

And all the innumerables required by Housekeepers.

THE ONLY STORE IN SAN FRANCISCO OF THE KIND.

GOODS DELIVERED IN ANY PART OF THE CITY

THOS. CORBETT,
131 Kearny street,
Between Sutter and Post.

DRY GOODS AT POPULAR PRICES!

MEAG ER, TAAFFE & CO.
ARE OFFERING

Large Line of Plaid Delaines, at 12½ cents per yard.
Fonlard Delaines, at 25 cents per yard.
Empress Cloths, at 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cents per yard.
Alpacas at 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cents per yard.

ALSO,

Large Lots of Scotch and French Ginghams, Prints, Organdies, Lawns, Grenadines, Hosiery, Linen and Cotton Shirts, Flannels, Blankets, Quilts, etc., etc.,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
LICK HOUSE.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,
No. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.

BLACK SILKS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.

ARE OFFERING AT A

REDUCTION

OF

FROM 20 TO 40 PER CENT.,

THEIR

LARGE STOCK

OF

SUPERIOR BLACK SILKS,

SUITABLE FOR

DRESSES, CLOAKS AND MANTILLAS.

9 Montgomery Street, Lick House.
WHOLESALE HOUSE,
No. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT HAVING BEEN imitated (poorly, however,) by an inferior and pernicious article, and sold in this market for the genuine, the Proprietor of HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT has made an alteration in the general trade-mark, and also substituted for Rheumatic Liniment, CURATIVE OIL. This great remedy will be known hereafter as HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL.

HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL,

For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.

For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dollar per bottle.

☞Sole Agents—CRANE & BRIGHAM and R. H. McDONALD & CO., San Francisco.

IF there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

THE BOOMERANG.

The extraordinary weapon used by the natives of Australia puzzles the most scientific men in the world. It can be thrown a distance of three hundred feet, and will return and fall at the feet of the thrower. As the Australian boomerang is confessed to be one of the greatest things ever invented, so is the San Francisco BOOMERANG, at the corner of Washington and Dupont streets, acknowledged to be one of the greatest institutions of the city. The snug bar, the glorious Staffordshire Ale, the hot punches, made from the finest Scotch Whisky and the oldest Jamaica Rum—in fact, everything about the Boomerang is perfect.

ABSCONDED!—The wife whose husband supposed she had absconded was freely forgiven, when he found she had only been down to the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY to see HOWLAND, and get one dozen of those beautiful Card Pictures, THE BEST ever made in this city. Come early, if you want to get a sitting. Remember the Place—Nos. 25 and 27 Third street, east side, near Market street. B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

UNION INSURANCE COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 416 *and* 418 *California Street.*

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - $750,000

The California Lloyds,

HAVING CONSOLIDATED WITH THE UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, JANUARY 1, 1866, THIS COMPANY ARE NOW PREPARED TO EFFECT MARINE AS WELL AS FIRE INSURANCE UPON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

LOSSES PROMPTLY AND EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PAID IN GOLD COIN.

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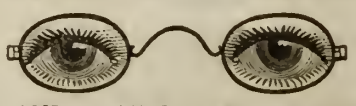

317 AND 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,

OPTICIANS

THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT Establishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined.

SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.

Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.

Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
317 *and* 319 *Montgomery Street,*
SAN FRANCISCO.

Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

THE SIGN OF THE BIG GLOVE.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets.

J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA FOR THE HAIR FOR SALE.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF HORACE COLE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of HORACE COLE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within nine months and twenty-one days after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator with the will annexed, at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated April 4th, 1867.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Horace Cole, deceased. ap6-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF FRANCIS S. WOOD, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against FRANCIS S. WOOD, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, JOHN G. HODGE, at Nos. 418 and 420 Clay street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated April 6th, 1867.

JOHN G. HODGE,
Administrator with the will annexed of Francis S. Wood, deceased. ap6-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 6th day of May, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated April 5th, 1867. ap6-5w

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of PATRICK GAFFNEY, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 4th day of April, A. D. 1867, notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 23d day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said PATRICK GAFFNEY, deceased, and for hearing the application of Wm. A. Quarles, Public Administrator, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters of Administration with the will annexed, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGHENS, Deputy Clerk.

Dated at San Francisco, this April 5th, A. D. 1867.
J. F. FINN, Esq., Att'y for Petitioner. ap6 3w

JOHN HAGAN,

Marble - Worker,

MARKET ST., OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

P. A. FINIGAN'S

NORFOLK STABLES,

ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN POWELL AND MASON,
SAN FRANCISCO.
THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.

Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

PHOTOGRAPHY

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
Executed in a Superior Style, at
GEO. D. MORSE'S
NEW AND ELEGANT ROOMS,
No. 315 Montgomery Street, corner of Summer.

Photographs retouched in India Ink or Water Colors, and copied from daguerreotypes or ambrotypes to any size. All work guaranteed and perfect satisfaction given. Call and see specimens before going elsewhere.

MRS. WINSHIP,

Fashionable Milliner.

NO. 23 POST STREET,
Between Kearny and Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.

Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.

☞Goods received by every steamer, from New York and Paris.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

The California

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 21
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 13, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: The First Cruise of the Avitor, by John Clerk; The Newspaper Mania, by John Clerk · Physical Education. LION'S MOUTH: Spirited Opposition to the Literary Weeklies; A Good Word for Beecher: A Hint to the Supervisors; How it Shocks Us, Measuring Charity. Literary Gleanings and Gossip; Book Notices; Dramatic Affairs; Paragraphs, etc. Poetry—Springtime, by Dennar Stewart. SELECTED: The London O. P. (Old Price) Riots; Yankee Humor; Alexander Smith; "Black Sheep," etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Unassuming Charity.

Californians are, as a rule, very modest in the manner in which they bestow charity Many follow out the scriptnal precept, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand giveth." Many old Californians do nn immense amount of good in secret, and would not only "blush to find it fame," but would punch the head of any one who mentioned it. There are others who are young in this State, who are inclined to proclaim their charity on the house-tops, and to set an extraordinary value on its extent. While the majority of the offers of assistance to the Southern Relief Fund were couched in modest terms, nnd evinced a heartfelt desire to nssist this good cause, others savored too much of the shop. One gentleman advertised that the proceeds for one day of his shaving establishment, or something of that kind, would he devoted to this fund, and heads his advertisement "Charity nnd Cleanliness." Another gentleman inclined to advertise himself nt the smallest possible cost, offers to allow persons to open his place of business, the Metropolitan Music Store, and sell on Sunday as much stock as they choose to put into it at their own cost. Another gentleman wrote as follows: "I know that numbers of persons desire to hear my performance on the banjo. I will allow them to do so. I will play for an hour on the banjo. They shall hear me. Issue your tickets. I know the thing will cause a *furore*." Somewhat of the same species is the charity of the tobacconist who is too much of a Christian to call the conduct of the Southerners "more than indiscreet," and "indorses the movement to the extent of a quarter-eagle." He writes to the *Times* and *Bulletin* a snd story of a wounded Union soldier who has a famine in his house, and thus gets a gratuitous advertisement of his name and plnce of business in two papers. He might have laid this case before the Snn Francisco Benevolent Association and it would have been attended to, but had he done so, he wonld not have gained the advertisement of himself and his cigars in two newspapers, nnd the public might not have been generally aware that he had "indorsed" the Southern Relief Fund to the extent of a quarter-eagle.

A New Field for Emigrants.

It is gratifying to learn that although Supevisor Clement did not succeed in passing his resolution in the Board last Monday, the purchase of the Russian Territory has been ratified. Although the Supervisors of San Francisco did not express their willingness to consent to this purchase, it has been made. As the United States is now a larger country than it was before, there will be more room for its terribly crowded inhabitants to move about in. No doubt an immense emigration will take place from California to this fertile region. The telegraph brings the intelligence that "The soil is excellent and produces barley, turnips and cabbages. There is also gold, copper, iron and coal, the latter being abundant." This is a chance not often presented. There is certainly gold in the Russian Territory—the telegraph has brought the news Let some of our unfortunate half-starved inhabitants of California, who cnunot make more than $2 50 a day, and who require at least half of that for whisky emigrate to this land, and luxuriate on barley, turnips and cabbages, while they prospect for gold. It is a long way off, and this is a great recommendation in the eyes of Californians.

Cheap Pills.

Beef is very high at present, mutton also, but—thanks to the great Law of Compensation, which ordains that every evil sent on the world shall he accompained by a blessing!—pills are cheap. In behalf of suffering humanity we publish the following advertisement which we find in the *Bulletin*, free of charge:

NOTICE.—Wright's, Brandreth's, Moffatt's, Jayne's, Lee's, Ayer's, Bristol's, Mott's, Hooper's, McLane's and Spalding's Headache Pills—only 20 cents a box, or 6 boxes for a dollar.

A man can thus indulge in Wright's, Brandreth's, Moffatt's, Jayne's, Lee's, Bristol's, Mott's, Hooper's, McLane's, and Spalding's Headache pills for the small sum of two dollars. Wha a glorious assortment of pills! What disease could remain in the system after taking say even one box of each? Only 20 cents a box. These are happy times we live in; eleven varieties of pills may be obtained for two dollars, and a burial lot in Lone Mountain Cemetery now costs only five dollars. Out upon the croakers who complain of "hard times."

Spirited opposition to the Literary Weeklies.

The daily papers of San Francisco have been for some time past engaged in attempting to drive the literary weekly papers from their field, and leave it to be occupied by the newspapers in addition to their own. They have been publishing supplements filled with pretty stories derived from ancient English magazines and other sources, and have given these supplements to their subscribers without extra charge. We don't object to this. We should offer no remonstrance did the *Alta* advertise that its daily issue for one week and the first three nnmbers of "Claude Duval, the Dashing Highwayman," could he obtained on the payment of four bits. But when this paper publishes an *original* story, such as that which appeared in its supplement of Sundsy last, we feel the opposition. "Reminiscences of the War, written for the *Alta California* by a Union Soldier," is the sort of thing which any literary paper wonld be happy to pay handsomely for. The following extract will give an idea of the beauty of this thrilling sketch:

"Having arrived at Annapolis, we were duly quartered in the 'Square' of the Naval Academy and bivouacked in the open air. As I lay that night on the young grass, how strange my thoughts were; my first time from home; the fact of armed legions approaching with deadly intent, in a land, heretofore, for many years at peace; that brother was about to imbrue his hands in his brother's blood; my own indefinite fate—all crowded on my mind and gradually mixed in confusion with the misty stars, until the *reveille*."

We have no hesitation in pronouncing the above to be one of the finest pieces of composition which has ever appeared in the *Alta*. What a touching picture is drawn of the young soldier "lying on the grass," and how vividly are the thoughts which crowded on his mind portrayed! What a splended climax is presented in the image of the aforesaid thoughts having "gradnally mixed in confusion with the misty stars until the *reveille*!" No wonder that the young soldier "dropped into poetry" after his thoughts had been all night "gradually mixing in confusion with the misty stars." He says that he wrote the following lines as he stood on the bridge over the Potomac, between Georgetown and Arlington Heights; but it was, we are sure, that first night on the young grass which made him a poet. We regret that we can only afford space for two verses of this beautiful patriotic poem:

"The calm round moon on that still May night,
Fringed all with its silvery sheen,
As we left our fort on the Georgetown Height,
And marched down the college green.

No sound broke in on the stilly air,
Save the wave of the tramp, tramp, tramp,
And a hushed suspense was along the line,
As it surged from rank to rank."

We hoped when the *Alta* shut up its Poet's Corner that it would henceforth leave the literary weeklies in undisturbed possession of their own proper field; but alas! we now perceive that this unscrupulous sheet intends, engaging descriptive talent such as "A Union Soldier's," critical talent such as that of its dramatic critic, and reviewers like those who write its criticisms of new books, to force the weekly papers to publish daily or quit the field entirely.

Education for the Young.

Public schools have long been established in California, and our rising generation is well instructed. The *Banner of Progress* is affording most valuable aid to the cause of education. It has on its fourth page a "Lyceum Department," which will, we are sure, do much towards training up children in the way in which they should go. A beautiful Spiritual hymn, which was, if we mistake not, written by King James I since his passing away into the Spirit World, expressly for the "Lyceum," is published in its last issue. We extract the following verses:

"I'll never use tobacco, no;
It is a filthy weed;
I'll never put it in my mouth,'
Said little Robert Reid.

'Why, there was idle Jerry Brown,
As dirty as a pig,
Who smoked when only ten years old,
And thought it made him big.

'O, no, I'll never smoke or chew;
'Tis very wrong, indeed;
It hurts the health, it makes bad breath,'
Said little Robert Reid."

It may he wondered at, hy those who remember His Majesty's famous "Counterblast against Tobacco," that he should write in so much milder a manner at present, but just reflect what mild verses Poe, Shelly and others send from the Spirit World!

Caudal Grafting.

A few miles out of Sacramento, an industrious, persevering and ingenious man has been successful in grafting a coon's tail on the stump of a dog's vertebral column. This description of grafting may become fashionable yet, and we may then see all sorts of cnudal amalgamations.

The Avitor.

There is a mistaken idea prevalent as to the appearance of the Avitor. Many suppose it is something like a bird; we are assured by a gentleman who has seen it that it is "very like a whale."

How it Shocks Us.

O! it's disgusting, atrocious, horrible, beastly—a blemish and a disgrace to our boasted civilization." "A brutal exhibition." "It is time that such exhibitions were put n stop to in civilized communities," says the *Bulletin*. And yet that respectable sheet devotes nearly a fourth of a column in giving quite a lively and graphic description of the manner in which the combatants have been trained, how Chandler has blackened the eyes and pummelled into raw beef the countenances of innumerable of his fellows, how "both have been fed on raw meat as bull dogs are to make them savage," how "if one fell short in weight he was compelled to eat raw beefsteak and other bull dog food."

The unction with which the individual dwells on the "raw beef" is a little suspicious. So he speaks of the "pulling," the "banging," "eyes puffed up like India rubber balls," etc. All this description is quite a help to a vivid imagination, and might create a little of the bloody, raw beef taste where none was felt before.

It's very shocking and disgusting, yet after all it seems to be rathe interesting. Onr two boys have private "mills" in the back yard, and have actually been dieting on rare beef. The young ladies have been heard to ask if any of their sex were ever present at these nineteenth century outrages. It is not such an easy matter to find anything which can outrage this nineteenth century, and when found we are all apt to make a note of it; nnd after being sufficiently shocked we go and see the monster.

"Shied his castor in the ring," read Matilda Ann in the morning paper; "what does that mean?" "That," said we, gratified nt being able to display our knowledge, "that means, in pugilistic parlance throwing his hat into the ring."

"The combatants were scaled yesterday." Sarah Jane read this.

"Scaled?" said she, with rising inflection denoting inquiry, and "Scaled? Why——"

Sarah Jane had visions of Dooney Harris being scraped like a big sea bass.

"That means being weighed," we remarked.

"I think it's shameful, Pray how came you to know so much nbout it?" said Matilda.

We said we had been to several affairs of this description. And for that we were condemned and temporarily put under an extinguisher, Bnt the young ladies read all the shocking details notwithstanding.

A Good Word for Beecher.

"Mark Twain" having said in one of his letters:

"Beecher is a remarkably handsome man when he is in the full tide of sermonizing and his face is lit up with animation, but he is as homely as a singed cat when he isn't doing anything."

The editor of the Grass Valley *National*, a Democratic paper, comes thus valiantly to the defense of the libelled divine:

"We disagree with Mark Twain as to the 'singed cat' assertion. We saw Mr. Beecher in a railroad street car, when he was utterly at random in everything he said or did, and he was a noble looking man all the time. We are sorry that he was driven back into the rear of his nobility, by the radical, uncompromising, malignant, and unchristian spirit of his congregation, to say nothing of that *runt* of the Beecher family, Henry Ward's brother, who published a vehement, shallow, tailend protestation against the views of the head of the Beecher family, in reference to the policy of President Johnson."

The editor of the *National* no doubt thought Mr Beecher was much handsomer when he was "utterly at random in everything he said or did" than when he was preaching horrid blood-thirsty "political sermons" with a direct object. "Handsome is as handsome does." We think we remember the time when the editor of the *National* would have thought he insulted the worst singed cat that ever was seen in saying it looked as hideous as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Beecher does appear to have got a little singed, and as a burnt child—or a singed cat—dreads the fire, and has not of late been very earnest in his support of President Johnson's policy.

A Hint to the Supervisors.

Don't the honorable members of the Board of Supervisors think it is about time to put a stop to the slaughter of dogs which has been for some time past going on in this city? Three hundred and sixty-two dogs were killed last month, and probably not half that number had ever bitten a human being. No children have been torn to pieces lately by ravenous poodles or bloodthirsty terriers; no weak-minded men have been frightened into convulsions in consequence of being barked at The dogs are evidently reforming. Let n few dogs remain alive. Begin on the cats. The cats of San Francisco are notoriously dissolute in their habits, have the worst voices of any cats in the Union, and scratch terribly. If a war is once commenced on these dangerous animals, we are sure that the newspapers will within a week be full of well-authenticated accounts of children who have died in consequence of being scratched by rabid cats. If the Poundkeeper must be provided with occupation, let him be empowered to catch all the cats found at large with their claws uncut. The dogs have had their day of tribulation, let it cease, and give the cats a turn.

False Hair.

Late London papers contain terrible disclosures concerning chignons and water-falls. We have had many reports of the state of the false hair market. We regret to state—it is a *positive fact*, no joke about it—the last report ran thus: "False hair is lively!"

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XI.—ANOTHER RECOGNITION.

THE same day which had witnessed the departure from Homburg of Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, and the commencement of the journey which had London for its destination, beheld that city in an unusually agreeable aspect in point of weather. The sun was warm and bright; the sadness and sweetness of Autumn filled the air, and lent their poetical charm to the prosaic streets, and impressed themselves sensibly and unacknowledged upon the prosaic dwellers therein. People who had no business or pleasure, or combination of both, to call them abroad, went out on that day, and rode or drove, or walked, because the rare beauty and charm of the day imperatively required such homage. Women and children were out in the parks, and, but for the fallen leaves upon the ground, and the peculiar sigh which made itself heard now and again among the trees,—a sound which the ear that has once learned to distinguish it never fails to catch when the Summer is dead,—the Summer might be supposed to be still living.

The brightest thoroughfare in London, Piccadilly, was looking very bright that Autumn day, with all the windows of the few houses which can lay claim to anything of the beauty of grandeur glittering in the sun, and an astounding display of carriages, considering the season, enlivening the broad sloping road. The Green Park was dotted over with groups of people, as in the Summertime, and along the broad path beyond the iron railings, solitary pedestrians walked or loitered, unmolested by weather, just as it suited their fancy. The few and far-between benches had their occupants, of whom some had books, some cigars, and some babies. Perambulators were not wanting, neither were irascible elderly gentlemen to swear at them. It was happily too hot for hoops.

This exceptional day was at its best and brightest when Harriet Routh came down the street in which she lived, crossed Piccadilly, and entered the Park. She was, as usual, very plainly dressed, and her manner had lost none of its ordinary quietude. Nevertheless, a close observer would have seen that she looked and breathed like a person in need of free, fresh air, of movement, of freedom; that though the scene, the place in which she found herself, was indifferent to her, perhaps wholly unobserved by her, the influence upon her physical condition was salutary.

Her face bore an expression of intense thought,—the look of one who had brought a subject out with her in her mind, which subject she was resolved to think out, to look at in every aspect, to bring to a final decision. She kept a straight, clear course in her walk, looking neither to the right nor to the left, pondering deeply, as might been seen by the steady tension of her low white forehead and the firm set of her lips. At last she paused, when she had traversed the entire length of the walk several times, and looked about her for an unoccupied seat. She descried one, with no nearer neighbor than the figure of a boy, not exactly ragged, but very shabby, extended on the grass beside it, resting on his elbows, with a fur cap pulled down over his eyes, leaving the greater portion of a tangled head exposed to view, and a penny illustrated journal, whose contents, judging by the intentness with which he was devouring them, must have been of a highly sensational character, stretched out on the ground before him. Harriet took no notice of the boy, nor did he perceive her, when she seated herself on the bench by which he lay. She sat down noiselessly, folded her hands, and let her head fall forward, looking out with the distant absorbed gaze which had become habitual to her. She sat very still, and never for a moment did the purpose in her face relax. She was thinking, she was not dreaming.

After a while she looked at her watch, and rose. At the first step which she made on the grass, and toward the railings, her silk dress rustled over the outspread paper from which the boy was reading. She looked down apologetically; the boy looked up angrily, and then Mr. James Swain jumped up, and made the movement which in his code of manners passed for a bow to Harriet.

"Ah, is it you, Jim?" she said. "Are you not busy to-day?"

"No, mum, I ain't," said Jim. "Mr. Routh hadn't no messages this mornin', and I ain't been lucky since."

"It's a nice day for you to have a little time to yourself," said Harriet. "I hope you got all the commissions I left for you."

"I did, mum, and thank'ee," said Jim. Harriet had remembered the street-boy when she was leaving home, and had charged her servants to employ him. She had not the slightest suspicion of the extensive use which Routh was in the habit of making of his services.

"The windows is to be cleaned," said Jim, suggestively. "There warn't time, mum, you come home so unexpected."

"Very well," said Harriet. "I suppose you can clean them, can't you?"

"Mr. Harris said as I might try," returned Jim. Mr. Harris was the irreproachable man servant attached to Routh's modest establishment in Mayfair.

Harriet moved on, and Jim Swain stood still, looking after her. She was a puzzle to him, and an object of constant interest. By little and little Jim had become to know a good deal about Stewart Routh and his daily life, and he had abandoned the first theory which had presented itself to his mind, and which had owed its inspiration to the illustrated penny literature which formed his intellectual food. He no longer believed Harriet a persecuted victim of her husband's groundless jealousy. For reasons of his own, equally strong and secret, Mr. James Swain had taken a lively interest in George Dallas, had experienced certain emotions on seeing him, and had taken very kindly to the business of espionage in which Routh had engaged his services, without affording him any indication of its purpose. At first the boy had conceived an idea that Dallas was the object of Harriet's supposed preference and Routh's supposed jealousy; but he abandoned that notion very speedily, and since then he had not succeeded in forming any new theory to his satisfaction. From the conversation of the servants, Jim had learned that Mr. Dallas and Mr. Felton, with whose personal appearance the boy was equally familiar, had gone to the same place in foreign parts as that to which Mr. and Mrs. Routh had gone, a little later, and, knowing this, Jim thought more and more frequently over certain circumstances which he had kept to himself with extraordinary discretion, discretion indeed, which nothing but the strongest possible sense of self-interest, as inseparable from its observance, could have enabled him to preserve.

"He don't like him," Jim would say to himself, with frequent repetition, "he don't like him, can't bear him; I know that precious well. And he can't be afraid of him, as I can see, for he certainly warn't neither in nor near *that* business, and I'm blest if he knows anythin' about it. Wotever can he want to know all about him for, and keep a-follerin' him about? It ain't for no good as *he* follers anybody, I'll take my davy." And Mr. James Swain's daily reflections invariably terminated with that formula, which was indeed a simple and accurate statement of the boy's belief.

His abandonment of his theories concerning Harriet had worked no change in his mind concerning Routh. His familiarity with Routh's servants, his being in a manner free of the house—free, but under the due amount of inspection and suspicion justified by his low estate—enlightened him as to Harriet's domestic position, and made him wonder exceedingly, in his half-simple half-knowing way, how "the like of her could be spoony on sich a cove as him," which was Mr. James Swain's fashion of expressing his sense of the moral disparity between the husband and wife.

This was the second time that Jim had seen Mrs. Routh since her return from the trip which he had been told was specially undertaken for the benefit of her health. The first time was on the day of her arrival, when Jim had fortunately been "handy," and had helped with the luggage. He had made his observations then upon Harriet's appearance with all his native impudence: for though the element of suspicion, which lent his interest in Harriet something tragic, had died out of it, that interest continued lively, but he had admitted that it was pardonable that she should look "precious blue and funky" after a journey.

But looking at her more attentively on this second occasion, and when there was no journey in the case, Jim arrived at the conclusion that whatever had "ailed" Mrs. Routh before she left home ailed her still.

"Uncommon ill she do look, to be sure," he said to himself, as he crumpled up the exciting fiction which he had been reading, and which "let off" at a peculiarly thrilling crisis, and wedged the illustrated journal into his cap: "uncommon ill. Wot's the good of all them baths and things, if she's to come back lookin' like this—a deal worse, *I* call it, and much miserabler in her mind? Wotever ails her?"

At this point in his cogitations Jim began to move on, slowly indeed, and keeping his eye on Harriet, who had reached one of the gates of the Park opening into Piccadilly, had passed through it, and was just about to cross to the opposite side. She stood for a moment irresolute, then turned came through the gate again, and rapidly approached Jim, beckoning him toward her as she came.

She stood still as the boy ran up to her, and pointed to one of the smaller but much decorated houses on the opposite side of the way.

"Jim," she said, "you see that house, where the wide windows are, all one pane, and the bright balconies there, the house with the wide door, and the heavy carved railings?"

"Yes, mum, I see," said Jim.

"Go to that house, and ask if anything has been heard from Mr. Felton. Ask when he is expected—he has taken lodgings there—whether any other gentleman is expected to come with him—and, Jim, be sure to ask in particular whether any letters have been received for Mr. Felton and sent on to him."

Jim Swain looked at Harriet. There was something strange as well as intelligent in the look, but she saw only the intelligence. It harmonized with the thought in her own mind, and she replied to it—

"You think, perhaps, they may not like to tell you," she said. "Perhaps they may not. But you may tell whoever answers you that Mr. Felton's sister wishes to know——" Jim still looked at her, and Harriet felt that he did so, but this time she did not catch his eye. "Be quick," she said, "and bring me the answer yonder." She pointed to the bench on which she had been sitting, and was beyond the reach of observation from the house she had indicated, and walked away toward it as she ceased speaking. "It cannot be helped," she said. "The risk is a trifling one at worst, and must be run. I could not put Harris in communication with any one on a false pretext, and I can trust this boy so far not to say he has asked this question for me. I cannot bear it any longer. I must know how much time there is before me. I *must* have so much certainty; if not, I shall go mad."

She had reached the bench now, and sat down in the former attitude.

"Once before I asked myself," she muttered, "if I was going mad. I did not feel more like it then than now—not so like it, indeed. I knew what he was doing then, I had found him out. But I don't know now—I don't know now. I am in the dark, and the tide is rising."

Jim came back from his errand. He had been civilly answered by a woman-servant. Mr. Felton was expected in a few days; the exact day was not yet named. No letters had been received for him. He had sent no orders relative to the forwarding of any. Having delivered the message so far, Jim Swain hesitated. Harriet understood the reticence, and spared a momentary thought for passing wonderment at this little touch of delicacy in so unpromising a subject for the exhibition of the finer emotions.

"Did the person who answered you ask you any question?" she said.

"No, mum," said Jim, relieved. Harriet said no more; she knew he had not made the false statement which had proved needless, and something assured her that there was no necessity that she could caution Jim to say nothing concerning this communication. Now she went away in reality—went home. She ascended the stairs to her room, and looked at her face in a glass as she took her bonnet off, and thought, "I wonder if people can see in my face that I am turning into a coward, and am going mad? I could not knock at that door and ask that simple, natural question for myself—*I could not;* and a little while ago, *since*—ay, *long since*—I could have done anything. But not now—not now. When the time comes, when the waiting is over, when the suspense is ended, then I may be strong again, if indeed I am not quite mad by then; but now—now I cannot do anything—I cannot even *wait*."

The fixed look had left her face, and was succeeded by a painful wildness, and an expression almost like that of some present physical terror. She pressed her hands upon her temples and rocked herself to and fro, but there was no wild abandonment of grief in the gesture. Presently she began to moan, but all unconsciously; for catching the sound after a little she checked it angrily. Then she took up some needlework, but it dropped from her hands after a few minutes. She started up, and said, quite aloud, "it's no use—it's no use; I *must* have rest! Then she unlocked her dressing-case, took out a bottle of laudanum, poured some of its contents into a glass of water, drank the mixture, and lay down upon her bed. She was soon in a deep sleep, which seemed peaceful and undisturbed. A servant came into the room, but did not arouse her, and it was understood in the house that "master" would probably not return to dinner.

Mr. James Swain turned his steps in the direction of the delectable region in which his home was situated. He was in so far more fortunate than many of his class that he had a home, though a wretched one. It consisted of a dingy little room at the back of the third story in a rickety house in Stretton-Ground, and was shared with a decrepit female, the elder sister of the boy's dead mother, who earned a frightfully insufficient subsistence by shoe-binding. More precarious than ever was this fragile means of living now, for her sight was failing, as her strength had failed. But things had been looking up with Jim of late, odd jobs had been plenty, his services had reached in certain quarters the status of recognized facts, and the street-boy was kind to his old relative. They were queer people, but not altogether uninteresting, and, strange to say, by no means unhappy. Old Sally had never been taught anything herself but shoe binding, or she would have imparted instruction to Jim. Now Jim had learned to read in his mother's lifetime, and before his father had "come to grief" and been no more heard of, and it was consequently he who imparted instruction to his aunt. She was as fond of penny romances as the boy himself, and was wonderfully quick

at discovering the impenetrable mysteries and unwinding the labyrinthine webs of those amazing productions. So Jim, cheered by the prospect of a lucrative job for the morrow, purchased a fresh and intensely horrible pennyworth by the way, and devoted himself for the evening to the delectation of old Sally, who liked her murders, as she liked her tea and her snuff, strongly flavored.

The pennyworth lasted a good while, for Jim read slowly and elaboratcly, and conversational digressions occurred frequently. The heroine of the story, a proud and peerless peeress, was peculiarly fascinating to the reader and the listener.

"Lor, Jim," said old Sally, when the last line had been spelled over, and Jim was reluctantly obliged to confess that that was "all on it"—"lor, Jim, to think of that sweet pretty creetur, Rorer,"—the angelic victim of the story was known to mortals as Aurora—"knowing as how her ladyship 'ad been and done it all, and dyin' all alone in the moonshine, along o thinkin' on her mother's villainy."

Ordinarily, when Jim Swain lay down on his flock bed, in the corner, he went to sleep with enviable rapidity; but the old woman's words had touched some chord of association or wonder in his clumsily arranged but not unintelligent mind; so that long after old Sally, in her corner of her little room, was sound asleep, Jim sat up hastily, ran his hand through his tangled hair, and said, aloud—

"Good Lord! that's it! *She's sure* she knows it, she knows he did it, and she hidin' on it, and kiverin' of it up, and it's killing her."

The stipulated hour in the morning beheld Jim Swain engaged in the task of window cleaning, not very unpleasant in such weather. He pursued his occupation with unusual seriousness; the impression of the previous night remained upon him.

The back parlor, called, of course, the "study" in Routh's house, deserved the name as much or as little as such rooms ordinarily merit it. The master of the house, at least, used the room habitually, reading there a little, and writing a great deal. He had been sitting before a bureau, which occupied a space to the right of the only window in the apartment, for some time, when Harriet came to ask him if the boy, who was cleaning the windows, might go on with that one.

"Certainly," said Routh, absently; "he won't disturb me."

It would have required something of more importance than the presence of a boy on the other side of the window to disturb Routh. He was arranging papers with the utmost intentness. The drawers of the bureau were open; on either side, the turned-down desk was covered with papers, some tied up in packets, others open; a large sheet, on which lines of figures were traced, lay on the blotting-pad. The dark expression most familiar to it was upon Stewart Routh's face that morning, and the tightly compressed lips never unclosed for a moment as he pursued his task. Jim Swain, on the outside of the window, which was defended by a narrow balcony and railing, could see him distinctly, and looked at him with much eagerness while he polished the panes. It was a fixed belief with Jim that Routh was always "up to" something, and the boy was apt to discover confirmation in the simplest actions of his patron. Had another observer of Routh's demeanor been present, he might, probably, have shared Jim's impression; for the man's manner was intensely preoccupied. He read and wrote, sorted papers, tied them up, and put them away, with unremitting industry.

Presently he stretched his hand up to a small drawer in the upper compartment of the bureau; but, instead of taking a paper or a packet from it, he took down the drawer itself, placed it on the desk before him, and began to turn over its contents with a still more darkly frowning face. Jim, at the corner of the window farthest from him, watched him so closely that he suspended the process of polishing; but Routh did not notice the cessation,

Presently he came upon the papers which he had looked for, and was putting them into the breast pocket of his coat, when he struck the drawer with his elbow, and knocked it off the desk. It fell on the floor, and its contents were scattered over the carpet. Among them was an object which rolled away into the window, and immediately caught the attention of Jim Swain. The boy looked at it, through the glass, with eyes in which amazement and fear contended. Routh picked up the contents of the drawer, all but this one object, and looked impatiently about in search of it. Then Jim, desperately anxious to see this thing nearer, took a resolution. He tapped at the window, and signed to Routh to open it and let him in. Routh, surprised, did so.

"Here it is, sir," said Jim, not entering the room, but sprawling over the window-sill, and groping with his long hands along the border of a rug which sheltered the object of Routh's search from his observation—"here it is, sir. I see it when it fell, and I knowed you couldn't see it from where you was."

The boy looked greedily at the object in his hand, and rolled it about once or twice before he handed it to Routh, who took it from him with a careless "Thank you." His preoccupied manner was still upon him. Then Jim shut down the window again from the outside, and resumed his polishing. Routh replaced the drawer. Jim tried very hard to see where he placed the object he had held for a moment in his hand, but he could not succeed. Then Routh locked the bureau, and, opening a door of communication with the dining-room, Jim caught a momentary sight of Harriet sitting at the table, and went to his breakfast.

The seriousness of the previous night had grown and deepened over the boy. Abandoning the pursuit of odd jobs precisely at the hour of the day when he usually found them most plentiful, Jim took his way homewards with headlong speed. Arrived within sight of the wretched houses, he paused. He did not wish any one to see what he was going to do. Fortune favored him. As he stood irresolute at one end of the narrow street, his aunt came out of the door. She was going, he knew, to do her humble shopping, which consisted, for the most part, in haggling with costermongers by the side of their carts, and cheapening poor vegetables at the stalls. She would not be coming back just yet. He waited until she had turned the opposite corner, and then plunged into the open doorway and up the dark staircase. Arrived at the room which formed his sole habitation, Jim shut the door, and unceremoniously pulled away his flock bed, rolled up neatly enough in a corner, from the wall. This wall was covered with a paper once gaudy, now dreary with the utter dreariness of dirt charged on bright color, and had a wooden surbase about a foot in depth. Above the surbase there was a hole, not so large as to be easily remarked in a place where dilapidation of every sort was the usual state of things, and into this hole Jim insinuated his hand.

There was suggestive dexterity in the way he did this; the lithe fingers had suppleness and readiness, swiftness and accuracy of touch, which, if there had been any one to care for the boy, that one would doubtless have noticed with regret. If he were not already a thief, Jim Swain possessed some of the physical requisites of that profession. Presently he withdrew the lithe hand, and looked steadfastly at the object which it had extracted from the hole in the wall. He turned it over and over, he examined it within and without, then he put it back again in the hiding-place, and replaced his bed.

Old Sally was much surprised, when she returned from her "marketing," to find her nephew at home. The apparition of Jim in the daytime, except on stray occasions, when, fortune being unpropitious, he would come home to see what his aunt could do for him in the way of dinner, was exceedingly rare. But he explained it now by saying he was tired, and had been well paid for a job he had done that morning. He proposed that he should get something choice that day for dinner, and stay "in" until evening.

"There's a new play at the 'Delphi to-night," said Jim, "and there'll be plenty of jobs down that way, callin' cabs, and helpin' visitors to the hupper circle, as can't afford 'em, across the street. They're awful bewildered, mostly, when they come out of the theayter, and dreadful timid of the 'busses."

Very silent, and apparently sleepy, was Mr. James Swain all day; and as his old aunt sat patiently toiling by the window, he lay upon his bed, with his knees up, and his hands crossed on the top of his tousled head. Allowing for the difference created by refinement, education, and the habit of thinking on a system, only possible to the educated, there was some resemblance in the expression of the boy's face to that which Harriet Routh's had worn yesterday, when she had carried the burden of her thoughts, under the clear sky and the sunshine, in the Green Park. Jim Swain, too, looked as if he alone, unaided as she, was thinking it out.

The new play at the Adelphi was very successful. The theatre was crowded; the autumnal venture had turned out admirably; and though the audience could not be called fashionable, it was perhaps rather more animated and satisfactory in consequence. Jim Swain's most sanguine hopes were realized. The night was fine; people did not mind waiting a few minutes; good humor and threepenny-pieces were abundant. A tolerable sprinkling of private carriages relieved the plebeian plenitude of cabs, and these vehicles were called up with an energy to which, in the season, human nature would hardly have been equal. Jim was extremely active in summoning them, and had just returned breathless to the portico of the theater to catch another name, and rush away again to proclaim it to the listening flunkies, when he was arrested by the sight of a gentleman whose face he knew, who was standing under the garish light of the entry with a lady, whose hand rested on his arm, and whose face was turned upward towards him, so that the full glare of the light fell upon it.

Her tall figure, the splendor of her dress, the careless grace of her attitude, the appearance of unconsciousness of the general observation she was attracting, even in that self-engrossed crowd,—pardonably self-engrossed, considering that it was occupied with the care of getting home as soon as possible,—would have made her a sufficiently remarkable object to attract Jim's attention; but there was more than preception of all these things in the look which he fixed upon her. He stood still, a little in the shade. Routh did not see him. The lady was looking at him, and he saw nothing but her face,—nothing but he brilliant dark eyes, so bright for all the world, so soft for only him; nothing but the crimson lips, which trembled; the rose-tinted cheek, which paled only at his words,—only under his glance.

Her carriage was called. She walked towards it with her dress sweeping round her, and the other people fell back, and let her pass, naturally, and not by the urgency of the dingy officials who brawl and fight on such occasions. When she had taken her seat in the carriage, Routh followed her, and then Jim started forward. There was no footman, so the man with the badge and the lantern, well known and prized of unprotected females with a taste for theater-going, asked, "Where to?" Jim, quite close, and totally unobserved, listened eagerly. The lady's voice replied, "Home."

"Home," said the man with the lantern, and instantly turned his attention to the next departures. Jim Swain glanced at the carriage; it had no rumble, only a footboard. As it drove off slowly, for the Strand was crowded, he dashed into the jumble of cabs and omnibuses and followed it, running desperately, but dexterously too, and succeeded in keeping up with it until, at a point of comparative obscurity, he clambered up on the footboard.

"The carriage rolled westward, and carried Jim Swain with it, until it reached one of the small so-called squares which are situated between Brompton proper and Chelsea. Then it stopped before a house with a heavy stone portico and a heavy stone balcony. Jim slid lightly to the ground, and hid himself in the shelter of the heavy stone portico of the adjoining house. Routh got out of the carriage; and when the house-door was opened, and a flood of light issued from it, he handed out the lady. She stood breathing the sweet air a moment, and the light once more touched her face and her dress with a rich radiance.

"It's her," said Jim. "It's her—*her* and *him*."

"What a lovely night," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, and then the door closed on her and Routh, and Jim stood still in his hiding-place until the carriage had slowly departed to the adjacent mews. Then he emerged from the portico, went up the steps of the house the lady and her companion had entered, and looked at the number on the door, distinctly visible by the light of the gas-jet within.

"Number four," said Jim; "now for the name of the square;" and he crossed the road, skirted the railings of the enclosed patch of brown ground and stunted shrubs, and took the opposite side of the way. The night was clear and bright, and the name of the square was distinctly legible.

"Hollington Square," said Jim. "They called Mrs. Bembridge's carriage. I have not a bad head for names, but I'll get Teddy Smith to write these down. And I can't stand it any longer; I must do something. I'll try and get Mr. Dallas to let me speak to him when he comes from abroad, and then I'll tell him all about it. I suppose," said Jim very ruefully, "if he thinks right to tell, they'll lag me; but it can't be helped. Almost every one as I've knowed gets lagged some time or other."

To be Continued.

SOME DAY.

You smooth the tangles from my hair
With gentle touch and tenderest care,
And count the years ere you shall mark
Bright silver threads among the dark—
Smiling the while to hear me say,
"You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!"

I do not scorn the power of time,
Nor count on years of fadeless prime;
But no white gleams will ever shine
Among these heavy locks of mine.
Ay! laugh as gaily as you may,
You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!

I know how long your loving hands
Will linger with these glossy bands—
When you shall weave my latest crown
Of their thick masses, long and brown.
But you will see no touch of gray
Adorn their shining length that day—
Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot
Upon the lips which answer not,
You'll take from these one treasured tress,
And leave the rest to silentness;
Remember that I used to say,
"You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!"

A Michigander and a Michigoose were joined in wedlock last month, who had not seen each other until the day they were married. The courting was done entirely by mail. There seemed (after the wedding) to be a probability of their liking each other as soon as they become acquainted.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything.

He who speaks, sows. He who listens, reaps.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

THE BRADDON CONTROVERSY.

THE question as to whether the novel entitled *Nobody's Daughter*, now in course of publication in the New York *Sunday Mercury*, is, or is not by Miss Braddon. does not seem to be yet settled. The London *Athenæum* "respectfully counsels" Miss Braddon herself to come forward and put an end to the squabble. Says the *Athenæum*:

"At this present time the proprietors of the New York *Sunday Mercury* are publishing in their paper a novel, entitled *Nobody's Daughter; or The Ballad Singer of Wapping*, which they announce in highly sensational advertisements as an original work from the pen of Miss Braddon, of whom they observe, with characteristic magniloquence and capitals—'*Two Worlds* have indorsed Miss E. Braddon as a novelist of transcendent power—the Old World and the New. The English reviewers have carped at her works—probably because they had not soul enough to appreciate them; but the very magazines in which their pettifogging criticisms are published have since found it to their interest to beg for stories from her pen, paying her such price therefor as she thought fit to demand, and she queens it to-day in the department of *Sensational Romance* wherever the English language is spoken.' Whilst they thus proclaim Miss Braddon's royal status, these same masters of sensational advertisements speak tall words about their own merits, stating very distinctly that they are citizens of whom the Union has every reason to be proud, and that their *Sunday Mercury* is 'the newspaper that *occupies the throne* of Sunday journalism.' Next to personal possession of a throne, the sole and unlimited possession of that which occupies a throne may be regarded as the highest object of mere worldly ambition; and we congratulate their Majesties one-degree-removed of the *Sunday Mercury* on their tenure of royal rank—although their throne is nothing more splendid than the editorial chair of a Sunday newspaper. Nor do we warmly censure the enthusiasm, though we may question the judgment, which they display in fighting for Miss Braddon's crown. Since they have 'soul enough' to admire her novels, by all means let them put to shame those English reviews 'which carped at her works, probably because they had not soul enough to appreciate them." But if upon inquiry it should be ascertained either that they have been induced to regard as Miss Braddon's work a story of which she never wrote a line, or that they have conspired to hoax the public for their own private advantage, what will be thought of these several occupants of thrones?"

SAINTE-BEUVE ON COUSIN.

The estrangement between those two illustrious Academicians, Victor Cousin and Sainte-Beuve, originated in Cousin's invasion of a literary field which his colleagues considered that he had appropriated. Sainte-Beuve looked upon the reign of Louis XIV as exclusively his own domain, and when Cousin, in his *Duchess de Longueville*, showed that he had discovered new treasures in what was supposed to be an exhausted field, and brought to light hitherto unpublished documents, the former was naturally annoyed. "Mutual friends" reported to Cousin the sharp and witty comments of Sainte-Beuve upon his work, and did not fail to carry back the retorts they elicited. Thus an estrangement was produced between them. Happily, these two eminent men were reconciled before Cousin's death, of which we have recently received intelligence. The following remarks of Sainte-Beuve on the mental characteristics of the philosopher, derive the greater interest from the relations that existed between the two. We extract from the Paris correspondence of the Philadelphia *Literary Gazette*:

"But what a singular organization was that individuality named Cousin; what an original colleague! Did you ever see and hear him? He remains for me, and, I am persuaded, for a great many of them who know him best, a problem and an enigma. But you will say to me, what man is not an enigma? In him 'twas with eclat everything was produced, and with a temporary sincerity which looked like enthusiasm, and which, when one was warned and accustomed to it, admitted something comic, but comic of the highest character. In his youth he for a long time produced a complete illusion upon his first friends and disciples. He reigned over them, he pushed them towards grand things, grand works, noble thoughts, nay, even generous conspiracies. When I entered the literary world (1825) my masters were some of these first friends of Cousin. I in the beginning learnt from them to judge him, and I must say they were even then half-undeceived, but only half, and they still bore him noble vestiges of admiration and respect. As you have indicated, he oscillated a little in philosophy in those days; he embraced more clouds than he subsequently kept in possession; he did not seem clear to everybody, and was not absolutely anxious to appear so. The great literary man veiled himself a little, and hid under the hierophant. It would be curious then to see him judged by his peers. He was so judged in secret by Maine de Biran. The latter's *Journal* contained at first a good many of his opinions about Cousin, who belonged to the small circle formed by Ampère, Roger Collard, etc. But these passages were prudently suppressed, when the *Journal* was in press, by the editor (M. Naville), who thought it would be wrong on his part to publish them. If I except four or five survivors, we have only seen Cousin, the philosopher, of the second epoch; the Cousin who was more of an orator than a philosopher, and who was at last an accomplished writer. He was under these last forms sufficiently prolific and inexhaustible. We had been so intimate from a time, even then very distant, that despite our rupture, in consequence of incidents which it is best to bury, whenever we met—and the Academy made our meetings frequent—we irresistibly began to talk almost as we used to do, to discuss, to appeal to each other for a witness on common grounds. He knew my admiration at bottom for the talented nature, and that with him, while sometimes taking the liberty of contradicting him, I observed the difference in our ranks." M. Sainte-Beuve has given in another place a sketch of M. Cousin in the Academy: "I have never heard literature better treated in our private meetings of the Academy, no matter what might be the question suddenly raised; but this was during the first half hour; the monologue was spoiled as it lengthened. It was entirely too intemperate. This sweeping speech could prevent itself from going too far, from exaggerating in one sense or another. M. Guizot said: 'No mind more needs an embankment.' But when it consented to receive an embankment the river flowed admirably."

HOW LAMARTINE USED TO "EXTEMPORIZE" LANDSCAPES.

The same correspondent, in another letter, tells the following amusing, but rather extravagant story of M. De Lamartine:

"While M de Lamartine was in life's sunny hours he was accustomed to issue weekly an invitation somewhat in these terms: 'M. de Lamartine begs Mons. N. or M. to do him the honor to spend the morning of the —— inst. with him. M. de Lamartine will extemporize a landscape.' His large drawing-room, beautifully furnished and decorated, was rather sombre. The guests were seated in chairs placed in parallel lines. M. de Lamartine sat on an arm-chair under a sort of velvet canopy, and was wrapped in meditation. Near him was a black ebony easel and a painter. When all the guests were in their places, a servant carefully and noiselessly closed the doors, and M. de Lamartine rose. The painter likewise rose and stood in front of his canvas. M. de Lamartine fixed his eyes on an imaginary horizon, and began to say: 'On the right of the landscape a series of small hills—as it were waves of sand—planted with vines—crowned with nothing but some wild peach-tress, which throw no shade upon the vines.' The poor painter's hand went as fast as a stenographer's, while perspiration rolled down his forehead. On M. de Lamartine went, throwing in the sun here, a rock there—yonder a waterfall, hard-by a cottage; beyond it the full moon—clouds all around. At last, almost breathless, M. de Lamartine exclaimed, 'Look on this landscape, and tell me if it does not invite thought to spread its wings, and bear the soul as far as hope can fly, imagination soar!' The landscape was shown to the guests. They all poured holy water on it One vowed Raphael had never painted anything half so beautiful; another declared no museum possessed anything like it (which was true); this one begged for it: another said 'twas worth its weight in gold. M. de Lamartine strutted backwards and forwards, bowing, in his stately way, to the compliments paid him. It turned out afterwards that the artist, who so greatly exceeded Raphael, was a poor wretch of a house-painter, who received a dollar and a quarter for his pains, and who has, since M. de Lamartine discontinued his excursions into the realms of art, earned his living by painting signs. Is not all this French and funny?"

AMERICAN HUMOR.

The New York *Tribune*, in an article on American Humor, briefly alludes to several Californian writers, scarcely doing justice to Mark Twain, and making no mention whatever of Frank Bret Harte, some of whose sketches evince as much genuine humor as anything ever written in California. The vein, however, is delicate, with just a tinge of sentiment held in severe restraint lest it should verge upon sentimentality, and a dash of subtle satire, that occasionally reminds one of the inimitable touch of Thackeray. This, of course, is not the style of humor to be appreciated in a backwoods settlement or on a Mississippi flatboat; it is not droll or whimsical, or rollicking, but we are sure that if Mr. Young, the writer of the *Tribune* article, had read "Bret's" "Venerable Impostor," or his "My Newfoundland Dog," he would not have made allusion to Californian humorist, without honorable mention of Mr. Harte. Mr. Young thinks that at the West is more prolific in humorists than any other section of the country. He says:

"The humor of to-day is not that of Irving, nor is the humor of America like that of England. The English are fond of Artemus Ward. Mr. Lowell's most ardent admirers are in England, just as Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray find the most enthusiastic admiration in America. When the negro minstrels went to London, with their blackened faces and crisp, curly wigs, and quaint, humorous song, they drew crowds. We have no humor more sweet and natural than that which came from the poor slave, and we trust that some writer will do it justice. With the exception of Hosea Biglow, our humorists are Western. Artemus Ward comes from Ohio. (?) The writer called "Mark Twain," who has not done much beyond showing promise, is from California. Mr. Webb, who did some clever things when in New York, and from whom we expect much cleverness again, is from the West, we believe. Mr. Nasby, although professing to have come from New Jersey, is a resident of Ohio. The humor of the West is larger and broader than that of the East. We might say it was coarser; but this would imply an injustice we are far from intending. Perhaps we may say that in the West it is natural, in the East it is artificial. The writer known as John Phœnix had, perhaps, more natural power as a humorist than any other American. Had he lived, we might have had one writer who would have been, as a humorist, what Poe is in our poetry, and Irving in our prose. The few things he wrote were crude, hasty, exaggerated, but with genius. We know few things so intensely, wildly humorous as the account of the young man who was accidetally shot on the banks of the Pecus river. The very wildness of that writer's humor tended so strongly to the burlesque that it became unnatural, a fault which we see in Mr. Nasby at times, for instance, when he gives us his 'dreams,' which are the least meritorious letters of his collection."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE London *Athenæum* is manifesting an unusually conciliatory spirit toward this country. It says:

"Two nations like Great Britian and the United States, speaking a common language, and each possessing a copious literature, have no excuse for not knowing one another, and ought to be preserved from many of the misunderstandings which are likely to disturb the intercourse of countries that have not the same means for arriving at a state of intimacy and mutual confidence." It adds: "There is an imposing roll of American authors who have been thoroughly adopted as captains of thought by the intellectual rank and file of this country. Longfellow is not less popular in London than Tennyson in New York or Boston; Cooper is read in Old almost as widely as Walter Scott in New England; the novels of Washington Irving are as much works of universal and permanent interest in the cities and villages of Great Britian as the tales of Charles Dickens are affairs of familiar conversation throughout the Union; Prescott, Bancroft, and Holmes are names that glitter on the shelves of every well-furnished library on this side of the Atlantic.'

The *Spectator* says: "It seems within the region of the probable that, in the vexed question of literary copywright, an author's name will have to be registered, as well as that of his production, to keep him safe from pirates. As matters now stand, there is nothing to prevent a second, but pseudo, Mr. Dickens or Mr. Tennyson from appending their names to any trash, and getting it published as 'the new novel by Mr. Dickens,' or 'the new poem by Mr. Tennyson,' and, on the strength of the name alone, disposing of some hundreds of copies to unwary and credulous purchasers. Even when no fraud is intended, two similar names often lead to confusion, as in the cases of the novels by the two Kingsleys and the two Trollopes. And it now appears that there are two Mrs. Woods who produce three-volume novels; for Mrs. Henry Wood writes to all the daily papers that she must not be confounded with that other Mrs. Wood who appears in public without her Henry—and Mr. Bentley advertises to the effect that a new Mrs. Wood has arisen who knows not Bentley, and that the publisher of this second 'Mrs. Wood's new novel' has never published any work by the author of 'East Lynne.' Furthermore, Mr. T. C. Newby writes to say that Mrs. Henry Hastings Wood is equally anxious with Mrs. Henry Wood that the public should not be misled as to the authorship of 'Sir Cyrus of Stoneycleft.'"

ROBERTS BROTHERS are about to publish a work which is likely to excite some comment. The title is "Ecce Deus: Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ." With Controversial Notes on "Ecce Homo." The style of "Ecce Deus" is said to be like that of "Ecce Homo," and such readers as accept the doctrine of one book will like that of the other. The anonymous author of "Ecce Deus" states in his preface that it is not an answer to "Ecce Homo." It is hinted, by those who ought to know, that both books are by the same author, one being published in London, and the other, "Ecce Deus," having just appeared with the imprint of an Edinburgh firm, perhaps the better to disguise the *ruse*.

TWELVE copies of a volume entitled the "Hundred Guinea Bible" have been printed by Mr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow. The "Bookseller" says: "It is the most sumptuous and best printed Bible ever produced in this country. The size is atlas folio, the type used is beautiful, sharp-cut great primer, set up in two columns, with two narrow central columns of references; a thick red border line is printed outside the text; the paper made use of is very thick, made specially by Dickenson, costing, we believe, as much as fourteen pence [British] a pound.

RARE COLLECTION OF AMERICAN COINS.—Messrs. Repiton & Bumpus, of No. 626 Montgomery street, have perhaps the only complete set of American coins in the hands of private individuals in the United States. They have the American silver dollar for every year, from 1794 to 1866, half dollars from 1794 to 1867, quarter dollars from 1796 to 1867; dimes from 1796 to 1861, half dimes from 1794 to 1867; cents from 1723 to 1867; three-cent pieces from 1851 to 1867; two cent pieces from 1863 to 1867, and half-cents from 1793 to 1857. This collection has occupied more than fifteen years of Mr. Repiton's time, and cost about twenty thousand dollars. As an instance of the rarity of some of the coins, we will state that the silver dollar of 1804 costs $950, and Mr. R. had, before he succeeded in finding one he could purchase, made an unsuccessful tender of fifteen hundred dollars for one in the possession of a gentleman residing in Salem, Massachusetts. Of the silver dollar of 1838 only eighteen were minted, and consequently they are very rare. The silver dollar of 1852 is also very rare, and is rated by numismatologists at from $300 to $500. Besides this collection of American coins, Messrs. R. & B. have specimens of the coins of nearly all nations, and some coins over two thousand years old. The coins are a great curiosity, and their owners could readily sell them for fifty thousand dollars.—*Morning Call.*

B. C. HORN & CO.—The name of this old firm must mingle with every California pioneer's oldest recollections, and must unevitably be allied with that of the choicest brands of Tobacco and Cigars, most of which they have been for many years the sole agents for. With the opening anew of the Virginia Tobacco trade and the increase of business facilities at Havana, Messrs. B. C. Horn & Co. come again proudly before the public with a full columned catalogue of old Virginia and Havana's best productions—known and varied brands of the choicest fluvor of "the weed." Turn to their advertisement in to-day's CALIFORNIAN and see the list of the good old familiar brands once more in market.

ÆTNA IRON WORKS.—This establishment is one of the most complete of our numerous foundries and machine shops, and is doing a very extensive business not only in engines, mill and quartz machinery, but in the especial line of ornamental iron work for stores public edifices, etc. Messrs. Hanscom & Co., the proprietors, are punctual workmen, who are proficient in and pay especial attention to this class of work. The Ætna Iron Works are located on Freemont street, corner Tehama.

ELECTRICITY.—The use of Dr. Bourne's powerful and superb battery may be had at a charge of only four bits—10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

THE SICK ARE CURED without medicines better and quicker than with them, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

[For the Californian.]

THE NEWSPAPER MANIA.

A FRENCH writer, enumerating the achievements of the representative American man before attaining middle age, states, among other things, that he (the American—not the writer) "has run for Congress and away with another man's wife, and published a newspaper." We suspect that our Gallic friend formed his estimate of the versatility of Yankee genius and enterprise from observations made in California; for, although our countrymen everywhere are prone to run for Congress, and are too apt, upon serious provocation, to run away with other men's wives (an exploit which would be entirely unnecessary and only provoke ridicule in France), it is in this State alone, and especially in San Francisco, that the *cacoethes publicandi* has been developed into an epidemic, afflicting all classes of people. In the Eastern States journalism is recognized as a distinct profession, and few engage in it without the preparatory training which is considered essential to the successful conduct of every legitimate pursuit. Here, everybody considers himself capable of conducting a newspaper, and nearly everybody expects at some time or other—or has expected, or will expect, if he does not happen to die suddenly—to be connected with a newspaper, either as editor, publisher, or proprietor. He may not have the remotest conception of the duties of an editor, or the responsibilities of a publisher, or the expensiveness usually attending the condition of newspaper proprietorship—it matters not; with the proverbial recklessness of the true Californian he embraces the first opportunity to sport his name at the head of a newspaper. He may have been raised to the honorable occupation of a shoemaker, or pursued the luerative voeation of a corner-groceryman, or acted as constable for a wooden-headed justice of the peace, or *professed* law or medicine, or preached, or mended dilapidated tinware, or extracted corns, or blown the bass viol in a melodeon orchestra, or even groomed horses in a livery stable—whatever his calling may have been, his experience in it has eminently qualified him, in his own opinion, to conduct a newspaper. Men who have been successful in any kind of honorable but unaristocratic business—men whose fashionable garments and splendid equipages are not free from the odor of the distillery, the soap factory or the leather store, and who are therefore looked down upon by their neighbors who have become rich and respected through courses of legalized knavery—combine together to publish a newspaper, hoping through the "power of the press" to obtain that position and influence which they could not otherwise. It is so easy to publish a newspaper! Types cost but little more than a dollar per pound, paper only ten or twelve dollars per ream, composition but seventy-five cents per thousand ems, and editorial labor—why that will cost but a mere trifle; reporters can be hired at ten to twelve dollars per week, and an experienced publisher of this city has been heard to boast that he "can hire the best editorial talent for fifteen dollars per week!" There will be something to pay for office rent, clerk hire, gas-light, etc.; but the receipts from subscriptions and advertising must be large in proportion to the expenses. "The new candidate for public favor" is always "designed to supply a want which has long been felt in this community," and its "success is not problematical"—never; there is no such case on record. It is creditable to the modesty of the wealthy projectors of "first-class" daily papers, that they do not expect to make any clear money from such an enterprise for the first four or five months: expenses are always so heavy at starting, and it will take some little time to get the paper fairly before the public and secure for it the patronage it deserves. Of course, with the trifling exception of the necessary outlay incident to the commencement of a new enterprise, newspapers always pay a handsome dividend on the capital invested in them; everybody knows that. The reason why so many journals have expired in this city is, that their publishers were too easily discouraged, and did not continue them long enough. Otherwise those papers might have been published at this day.

The man who has been unsuccessful in everything else he has undertaken finds at last his true vocation in publishing a newspaper. It is an easy enough business—as easy as keeping a hotel. We never yet saw a man who was not prepared to volunteer some advice concerning not only the editorial conduct but also the business management of a newspaper. Every man has a novel, unique and entirely original plan of his own for "making people subscribe," and another for "making them advertise." Briefless lawyers are particularly happy in devices of this kind. They know just what is wanted in a good newspaper though they do not always know what is essential to a good case. They can supply at short notice the very style of article that will take with the public, though they are often unable to prepare the style of argument that will take with the court and jury. They have an eternal longing to "wield the tripod," as one of our country contemporaries has happily expressed it; but their energy does not keep pace with their aspirations wherefore we are deprived of the daily perusal of a large number of first class papers, conceived in fertile brains, but never brought forth. We fear the world will never know what it has lost from this cause. Sometimes young men have abandoned the law for the profession of journalism with astonishing results, to wit: some thirty or forty newspapers added to the bills of journalistic mortality.

The form of newspaper mania most prevalent in this latitude is that which is developed in the direction of specialties. The number of journals started in this city to "advocate the rights and dignity of labor" and "repel the encroachments of capital" is almost incredible. Considering the extremely liberal manner in which our laboring population as a class support daily newspapers, it is not astonishing that they have had so many volunteer organs, but it is a little singular that so few of them have survived. The same remark will apply to journals devoted to blarneying our fellow-citizens of Celtic birth, of which there have been three or four published in this city at once, though two only survive out of a large number that have been ushered into existence. Ministers have a mania for publishing church organs, and they generally succeed better in sustaining their specialties than other publishers, since it is considered a part of a church-member's Christian duty to contribute to the support of his denominational organ, and contributions for the same purpose are pretty extensively levied upon "publicans and sinners," who are willing to compound for their daily transgressions by aiding in the dissemination of religious literature. If our temperance friends could induce the liquor dealers to make a similar compromise with conscience, they also would be able to maintain an organ. By the way, it is strange that no one has thought of publishing an organ of the liquor dealers—a numerous class on this coast, and generally very liberal. It would probably pay quite as well as some other newspaper specialties.

We have three or four "anti-coolie" organs in this city—a large number, considering that there are no coolies. One would think that the anti-coolie newspaper mania had reached its limit; but it appears that it has not. There are rumors of a new daily and goodness knows how many weeklies to be devoted to this specialty.

Some individuals betray a morbid propensity to publish "commercial" and "business" papers. These require no particular talent in their management, being composed of a single page of advertisements, with a list of fire-alarm boxes in one corner, and a broad alley-way down the middle in which, under six-line pica date lines, the hour of sailing of the Sacramento and Stockton steamers is announced. This type of the mania seems to be quite profitable, there being a large class of persons in this city who are interested in knowing that the aforesaid steamers sail every day, Sundays excepted, at four o'clock P. M., and that the fire alarm boxes remain undisturbed at their respective corners.

There are some men so resolutely bent on publishing newspapers and periodicals, to advocate certain favorite ideas or subserve peculiar interests, that they are willing to pay a large share of the expenses out of their own pockets. To this insane liberality are owing several political newspapers and a number of professional organs, which will probably survive as long as their proprietors' money holds out, or printers will work for nothing.

It is a characteristic feature of the prevailing mania, that even a successful newspaper is a standing object of feeble rivalry. The *Bulletin* and the *Alta* have not maintained their enviable position at the head of our city press without some difficulty. The *Call* has had a host of rivals, and is threatened with yet others. No "new field" is discovered by an enterprising explorer in the domain of journalism, but that half a dozen publishers are ready to contend for its occupancy. It is curious to reckon up the number of utterly worthless newspapers—unprofitable to both publishers and patrons—which have been ushered into existence under the insane delusion that "the public demands just such a paper," or that "the public is disgusted with the *Bulletin*"—or the *Alta*, or the *Call*, as the case may be—"and must have another and more reliable organ." It is amusing to note the number of papers which were "going to get the auctioneers' advertisements," and failed to get them, and died of disappointment, because, the auctioneers' advertisements being withheld, existence had for them no further object. Auctioneers have proved ungrateful—cruelly and persistently so—to the enterprising maniacs who have started nowspapers expressly to serve them.

On Thursday last, when this article was put in type, the number of newspapers and periodicals published in this city was fifty-one. How many have been commenced or discontinued in the meantime we have not ascertained; but the mania is unabated. Several new journals are announced shortly to appear.

JOHN CLERK.

THE disastrous effects of quinine, and all other vegetable and mineral medicines (poisons), in daily use by the medicine doctors, eradicated by the use of DR. BOURNE'S BATHS, 10 Masonic Temple, Post st. *

MERCURY, and all other mineral and vegetable poisons removed from the system: and at the same time, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., are cured by DR BOURNE, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

RHEUMATISM CURED.—Cures warranted for a definite fee, and at the same time mercury and all mineral poisons removed from the system, by DR. BOURNE, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday the Opera House company was translated to the Academy of Music, in consequence of the scenic artists and carpenters requiring full possession of the Opera House, in order to make the preparations necessary for the grand event of Monday, and the comedy of *Society* was produced. This is a decidedly clever play; and had it had full justice done it at the Academy of Music might have attracted good houses, even in San Francisco where modern English comedy is not the popular kind of dramatic diet. Mr. Edwards, who plays everything well, was quite at home in the part of "Sydney Daryl," though his love-making is always a little heavy. Mrs. Sophie Edwin, as "Maud Hetherington," had but few opportunities afforded her of displaying her pathetic power. Mrs. Harry Jackson was absolutely perfect in her Jackson, whose forte is low comedy, made people laugh by his rendition of the character of "Lady Ptarmigant." Harry impersonation of the high comedy part of "Tom Stylus," but failed to give the true idea of the character, as might have been expected. Willie Edouin played the snobbish "John Todd, Jr.," very well, with the exception that he rather overacted it; the contortions of the body which he indulges in are funny sometimes, but he exhibits them too often. H. D. Thompson, as "John Todd, Sr.," acted very well. In a comedy such as *Society* it is absolutely necessary that *every* character be well played, and as there are not twenty-three clever comedians in this company, many of the parts in which there was not much talking to do were committed to incompetent persons. Pierpont Thayer's "O Sullivan" was a very clever piece of acting, and E. Russell's "McUsquebaugh" did him credit. This piece was played every evening during the week. On Wednesday the proceeds of the entertainment were given to the Famine Relief Fund, Mr. Charles Tibbets having offered the house and the services of the company on that occasion to the committee. This evening the Academy of Music will remain closed in order to afford the company more time to rehearse the famous *Black Crook*, which will be produced in gorgeous style on Monday. The most extraordinary preparations have been made for this piece. Innumerable bewildering effects will be produced, and Heller's "wonders" will sink into insignificance when compared with the supernatural appearances in the scene of the "Devil's Glen." At the back of the stage rushes a torrent of real water which in an instant turns to blood, the air is filled with phantoms, and Death and the Devil hold high carnival. The scene of the "Grotto of Stalacta" is as beautiful as that of the "Devil's Glen" is horrifying, and the transformation scene is the most splendid ever produced on the Stage. Miss Sallie Hinckley will make her reappearance in this piece. Miss Rosa Siegrist and Miss Emma Miles will appear with an immense *corps de ballet*, and the cast will be filled by members of the Opera House Company.

The exhibitions given by the San Francisco Olympic Club at their rooms have always been attended by the beauty and fashion of the city, and thousands of the uninvited have envied those who had received tickets of admission. The Olympic Club have at length yielded to outside pressure, and have consented to give a grand public exhibition of their skill on Tuesday evening, April 16th, at the Metropolitan Theater. Many of the members of this club are equal in gymnastic and acrobatic talent to the most experienced professionals. The feats of the Japanese gymnasts, which were thought so astonishing, are performed with the utmost ease and grace by members of the Olympic Club. The box office is now open for the sale of tickets. A large and fashionable audience may be expected to attend.

To-morrow evening a grand sacred concert will be given at the Metropolitan Theater, in aid of the Southern Relief Fund, the Management having in the most generous manner tendered the use of the theater free of charge to the committee, provided that they could get up a concert. A place to sing in was all that our generous musical artistes required. They immediately set to work to get up a concert, and volunteered their services. The concert had to be a sacred one, as the theater brought in rent on any other day except Sunday. A glorious programme has been prepared, comprising some of the finest compositions of the great masters of music; and all our leading operatic and vocal artistes and a full orchestra, together with the U. S. Artillery Band, have volunteered and will participate in the holy service of charity.

On Monday evening Mr. E. G. Bert, of the Olympic Theater, will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit, at the Metropolitan Theater, in which the Olympic and Metropolitan Companies will combine. On this occasion Miss Grace Darley, who is far too good an actress for the Olympic, will make her first appearance at this theater. Miss Charlotte Crampton, who has been for some time past in retirement, will appear. Harry Courtaine will put in an appearance; Miss Kathleen O'Neil, the favorite Irish ballad singer, will make his first appearance on the Metropolitan boards. Joe Murphy, Lew Rattler and a host of volunteers will assist in this testimonial to Mr. Bert. The chief members of the ballet of the Martinetti Troupe will execute some of their favorite dances.

Heller closes his engagement at the Metropolitan Theater, to-night, and next week goes on a professional tour through the interior.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy's first lecture at the Mechanics' Institute Hall, last Sunday evening, was quite a success. To-morrow evening Mrs. Cuppy will reply to the sermon preached against Spiritualism, by the Rev. Mr. Dwinelle, of Sacramento.

TOUCHSTONE.

THE LONDON O. P. (OLD PRICE) RIOTS.

THEATRICAL riots have not been unfreqnent in English theaters.

There was a great riot at the Portugal-street Theater in 1721, in Rich's time, when Quin and his brother actors flashed out their swords and drove out the wild young rakes who had threatened to pink the manager. There was a great scuffle before this at the same house when, wishing to insult the brazen Duchess of Portsmouth, some tipsy gentlemen drew their blades in the pit, and flung blazing flambeaux among the actors on the stage.

There was the Footman's Riot in 1737, and the prodigious mutiny, too, in Garrick's Drury Lane. in 1854, about those foreign dancers. The pit thrashed the boxes, jumped on the harpsichord, broke up benches, slashed the scenery, and pelted poor Davy's windows in Southampton street. And that terrible evening, also, at the Haymarket, when thousands of enraged tailors threatened to surge into the theater to prevent old Dowton playing "The Tailors, or a Tragedy for Warm Weather." One of them was actually bold enough, without even the help of his eight partners, to fling a pair of heavy shears at the great comedian. But as the minuow is to the whale, so were all these popular effervescences compared with those tremendous yet ludicrous disturbances in 1809, which, for no less than sixty-one nights, under the name of the O. P. Riots, agitated London, divided society, and convulsed Covent Garden.

The old Covent Garden Theater had been burnt down September 20, 1808, by the wadding of the musket of one of the Spanish soldiers in Pizarro. Twenty persons perished in trying to save the building. Handel's organ, Munden's wardrobe and Miss Bolton's jewels were all consumed. The new building cost fifty thousand pounds, besides the forty four thousand five hundred pounds insurance. The Duke of Northumberland generously lent Kemble ten thousand pounds, and sent him the receipt to burn on the day when the first stone was laid by the Prince of Wales and the Freemasons, of whom the "ne'er-do-weel" was Grand Master. Mr. Robert Smirke, jun., built the new theater to resemble the great Doric Temple of Minerva on the Acropolis. The roof was one hundred feet long and one hundred and thirty feet wide. The pit had its old twenty benches. The chief obnoxious novelty was that the third tier of boxes, letting for twelve thousand pounds a year, had small ante-rooms opening into a saloon reserved at three hundred pounds a year each for annual renters only. This especially exasperated the democratic town. A person seated in the back row of the two-shilling gallery was eighty-six feet from the stage door; in the upper gallery the spectator was one hundred and four feet distant. The house was lit by glass chandeliers in front of each circle, two hundred and seventy wax candles a night being consumed, while the stage and scenery had their three hundred patent lamps. The prevailing color of the house was white; the ornaments gold on a light pink ground. So far so good, but no further.

The season of 1808 had been a specially interesting one. Miss Pope, the "chambermaid" par excellence for fifty years, had retired. In the same month, Madame Storace, the unapproachable buffa of English opera and musical farce, had also taken her leave; and soon after Mrs. Mattocks, for nearly sixty years the gayest of stage widows, and the most inimitable of M'Tabs, had made her final curtsey. In the meantime the management had not been idle. They had got Liston, that fine *farceur*, as a comic dancer, and Young for nervous tragedy; Incledon for noble sea-songs; Munden for extravagant drollery, and Fawcett for harsh comic force. Mrs. Dickons was also a favorite with the Covent Garden public for good sound acting; and, above all, not to mention the grace and majesty of Mrs. Siddons, there was that *cheval de bataille*, that beautiful Roman lady, Madame Catalani, whose voice could follow a flute through all its ripplings, and a flute through all its windings.

John Philip Kemble, the son of a Staffordshire manager, was born in 1757, and has made his first appearance on the London boards as Hamlet, in 1783. He had been the sovereign idol of the public, and hitherto had reigned supreme in their favor. Age had not yet made him hard, dry, cold nor pedantic, as that fine critic, Hazlitt, afterward thought him. Kean's thunder-storm of passionate genius had not yet shaken old Drury to its center.

The town was menacingly silent. The young men in the public offices (great theater-goers) alone openly denounced the new prices, the boxes being raised from six shillings to seven shillings, the pit from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings, the galleries alone being left at their former rates of two shillings and one shilling. The extension of aristocratic and exclusive privileges, the new ante-rooms where the Phrynes, Chloes and Aspasias of the day would flaunt their newly-acquired finery, especially irritated the virtuous town. The Tory papers advocated the new prices, the Whig papers, without exception, the old. Advertisements, letters and paragraphs, urging combination and resistance, had appeared long before the fatal day of opening. London was ripe for a theatrical mutiny.

Mr. Kemble, proud as Coriolanus, and conscious of the enormous outlay of the proprietors that had compelled the temporary high prices, was defiant and confident. On the morning of the opening, he was seen walking like a Cæsar down Bow street on his way to the newspaper offices with letters and paragraphs to influence and direct the public mind in the way it should go, and to assure theater-goers that it was not by any means the engagement of Madame Catalani that had induced the obnoxious alteration.

It was Monday, the 18th of September, 1809. The new theater, which had been built in nine months, opened with Macbeth—not one of Kemble's finest performances—and the musical farce of the Quaker. The house was crowded, and a great and suspiciously expectant crowd collected also around the street doors. The people in the pit shook down into their places, but were wrangling, argumentative, jostling and restless. The pretty but rather high colored faces in the obnoxious upper tiers looked down anxious and alarmed; and among the rustling silks and glossy satins there were rough, angry-looking men, determinately buttoned up in great, uncouth box coats. The turbulent democracy in the galleries complained bitterly that the "rake" of their seats was so steep that of the actors at the back of the stage they could see only the legs. Still, quite unconscious of their doom, the little victims played. The apparitions behind the curtain took their pots of beer quite cheerfully with the army in Macduff. Liston joked; Munden twisted his mouth in extravagant drollery; and "black Jack," as the greatest Roman of them all was irreverently called in the green-room, remained imperturbable, statuesque and imperial.

The bell rang—"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell" The musicians advanced to the attack in their unmoved mechanical way, and the music began. The audience rose and took off their hats, as the whole vocal power of the house appeared and sang—"God save the King." All went well. Kemble was right—there was nothing in it after all.

The music ceased, and Mr. Kemble, with his fine heroic face, strode forward in that strange Macbeth attire of his to speak the poetical address for the reopening. Then broke forth the storm—chaos had come again, chaos and old night. It was like Prospero's island, when Ariel's pack came hurrying to chase, in their wild hunt, Trinculo, Caliban and Stephano. The men in the drab coats turned their broad backs to the stage, or jammed their hats and leaped upon seats. They barked like dogs at the full of the moon; they groaned, they shouted, they screeched through excruciating cat calls; they roared, "Off, off—old prices!" They yelled execrations; they foamed like the people of Ephesus when the worship of Diana, hat brought them all their money, was denounced by St. Paul. They showed, in fact, violently and loudly, what absence from the theater would better have shown, their dislike to the new prices and the new constitution of the house. There is no gratitude in the populace. The public has many pockets, but no heart.

Those strong, black brows of Kemble's compressed, those dark luminous eyes clouded; but the proud actor, valuing the "sweet voices" no more than the "reek of the fen," went on reciting, in his thoughtful, deliberate way, a prosaic address that claimed the credit of illustrating Shakespeare better than of old, by finer scenery:

> Thus Shakspeare's fire burns brighter than before,
> And may the stage that boasts him burn no more.

The play went on in dumb show; the witches' thunder was drowned by John Bull's. But whether Macbeth planned Banquo's murder, presided at the banquet, listened to the knocking at the south entry, put harness on his back, slashed desperately at the pertinacious Macduff, or fell dead on his face, no one listened, no one cared. When Mrs. Siddons exulted cruelly in the proposed murder of the royal guest, or glided on in her ghastly sleep-walk, the malcontents hooted and clamored louder than before; nothing could pacify them.

In vain, too, Munden distorted his irresistible face in the afterpiece; the cat calls grew shriller, the yells for old prices still fiercer. When the dark curtain fell, two magistrates from Bow street came forward to the footlights as if they had been engaged for a lecture, and tried to catch the ear of the house. One of them drew out a paper supposed to be the Riot Act, but retired before the threatening hisses of the enraged hydra. Once or twice the police made raids into the upper gallery, and took up outrageous democrats, who were held to bail for appearance at the next sessions. Hours after the curtain fell, the rioters continued in the house, calling in vain on the obdurate manager to return to old prices. In vain fifty soldiers, on duty at the doors or in the lobby, stormed violently into the upper gallery to capture the humbler and more demonstrative rioters; but the "gods" foiled Mars by clambering down into the lower gallery, where they were cordially received by friends mad as bulls at the sight of the scarlet cloth.

The *Times* next morning was patriotic and indignant. "It was a noble sight," it said, "to see so much just indignation in the public mind," and it derided the idea that prices were to be raised to flatter the vanity of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, who must, forsooth, swagger and strut on the boards "with clothes on their backs worth five hundred pounds." The club critics, the men about town, the idle quidnuncs of all ranks, followed suit. Cruel catalogues of the great actor's faults were bandied from mouth to mouth, and one or two really clever men barbed the arrows that were shot at the inflexible manager. Any fool can shoot the arrow, but it takes clever malice to shape the arrow-head and to poison the barb. Kemble was no genius, the ingrates shouted over their wine and grog; he was artificial, formal, slow, self-conscious, self-approving. He was always throwing himself into Roman statues, There was no spontaneity, ardor, or generous impulse. His Sir Giles Overreach was tame and insipid, his King John studied, his Hamlet severe and inflexible, his Macbeth iron-bound, his Richard the Third deliberate, his Brutus dry. Faithless herd, they chose to forget the grand dignity of his Cato, the dark rancor of his Pierre, the intense despair of his Stranger, the dignified melancholy of his Penruddock, the heroic fervor of his Rolla, the inspired energy of his Coriolanus—in a word, his energetic and elaborate art, his unrivaled concentration and intensity. Actors are often vain. Kemble was proud as Coriolanus. Surely no proud man was ever so tortured by butterfly wits and mosquito critics. For once industrious, these satirists, with the malice of Red Indians, collected into one bantering dialogue all John Philip's oddities and obstinacies of pronunciation. The terrible list included the following eccentricities, acquired from superficial studies in old books, cognate languages and etymology.

First and foremost, *aitches* for aches. *marchant* for merchant, innoc*int* for innocent, cons*chince* for conscience, *tar-chue* for virtue, *furse* for fierce, *bird* for beard, *the* for thy, *ojus* for odious, *kijus* for hideous, per*fijus* for perfidious, m*airc*y for mercy, *airth* for earth, *quellity* for quality, sent*imint* for sentiment, *etair*nally for eternally.

The conspiracy grew so fast that Kemble's friends began to believe that Sheridan and the rival house (three hundred thousand pounds and more in debt) were at the bottom of it. "A plague on both your houses," thought the quiet play-goers, who only wanted to be allowed to tranquilly enjoy Fawcett's chatter, Liston's wonderful unctuous face, Munden's inimitable grimaces, and Dowton's full-blown irritability. Hot and fast as the lava on Pompeii fell showers of epigrams.

The third night the riot grew more systematic; the rioters had now organized themselves. The moment the curtain rose on the witches and the foul night, the hissing, whispering, and cat-calling broke out in a perfect hurricane. People in the boxes screamed in trumpets and roared through bugles. The performers took it calmly, feeling the storm must rage itself out. "They did not," says a contemporary newspaper, "seem to feel in the slightest degree disconcerted or offended, but rather, indeed, relieved, as there was no necessity for speaking. Occasionally different persons among the audience addressed them, with the assurance that there was no intention to offer them any offense; and this we were happy to hear, particularly with respect to the ladies, some of whom, upon their entrance, exhibited signs of timidity. So little did the performers feel it necessary to attend to dialogue or ordinary forms, that the whole of the performance, both play and farce, had terminated by half-after nine o'clock. Throughout the night every box on the first and second tier presented placards of

"'Old prices.' 'Opposition—persevere and you must succeed.' 'John Bull against John Kemble.' 'No foreigners to tax us; we have taxes enough already.'" etc., etc.

Soon after the farce concluded, Mr. Kemble, in consequence of reiterated calls for the manager, made his appearance upon the stage, and, after some uproar, obtained a hearing. He said that he came forward to assure the audience of the anxious solicitude of the proprietors to accommodate themselves to their wishes, which declaration was received with applause; but when he added the following sentence, "Ladies and gentlemen, I wait here to know what you want," the hissing was universal, mixed with cries of "What ridiculous and insulting affectation." The house, indeed, became stormily indignant, and Mr. Kemble felt it convenient to retire. The audience was then addressed by two gentlemen—a Mr. Leigh and a Mr. Smyth, a barrister—then Mr. Kemble again appeared, and attempted to justify the new prices. He retired amidst hissing and some slight applause. The latter, however, soon subsided, and after about an hour spent in venting their discontent, the audience gradually dispersed. The managers of Covent Garden Theater asserted that the average profits for the last ten years had not exceeded six per cent on the whole capital employed. It would be candid in them to state the whole truth. Did they separate the actual expenses from the annuities and other payments for incumbrances laid at different times on the establishment?

All was in vain. Nothing moved the man whom friends called "firm," and enemies "obstinate." Caius Marcius all over, he remained "whole as the marble, founded as the rock." Better to die, better to starve, than beg Hob with the cat-call, and Dick with the horrible watchman's rattle, for their "sweet voices." "The night is long that never finds the day," he said to himself, and thought,

> I am half through;
> The one part suffer'd, the other I will

quite forgetting, on the other hand, that

Things bad begun make themselves strong by ill.

(Are there not aphorisms in Shakspeare for every moment of life and for all possible conditions of events?) The Coriolanus of Drury Lane was not entirely on the defensive; he sent orders to all his partisans and friends, (and they bled freely at the nose for him;) he hired tough-armed fighting watermen to repress the pit; he made the stage machinery rumble to frighten the bugle-players, and, as a fine theatrical *coup d'état*, he opened all the trap-doors on the stage suddenly when the pittites seemed prepared to storm it and tear the scenery into shreds.

On the fourth night, a gentleman, after the close of the farce, observed, from one of the boxes, "That this was the fourth night on which the most obstinate perseverance was made in these most obnoxious charges; yet neither the staves of constables, the arms of fighting watermen, the riot act, the presence of magistrates, the menacing noise of engines, nor the odious exposure of secret trap-doors, could intimidate the audience to comply with the manager's unjustifiable demand. One proprietor, who was also an actor, had passed by the voice of the audience with more insult and more contumacy than was ever shown by a minister to the voice of the people."

The rioters boasted loudly that that night they were not insulted by constables, riot acts, or threats of the Bastille, and that they had obtained an apology at the bottom of the bill the night before. This announcement was succeeded by the usual concord of sweet sounds proceeding from shrill penny whistles, squeaking trumpets, raving watchmen's rattles, etc., interrupted by frequent calls for "Managers! managers!" and "Kemble! Kemble! come forth.

Several placards were, as usual, suspended from the boxes and held up in the pit. One of them had inscribed on it, in large letters:

"Old prices, without any further insult or evasion." "No Catalani. Native talents," etc.

After a considerable interval Mr. Kemble came forward. A great tumult then took place. The placards were more conspicuously waved and shaken, and some time elapsed before silence could be obtained. Mr. Kemble was still stiff-necked, and his speech was drowned in fresh surges of noise. He had hoped previous explanations would have satisfied the public.

On the 22d, the audience were more numerous and, if possible, more clamorous than on any preceding night.

Appropriate and pungent placards were exhibited, which, joined with the material tempestuous music of trumpets and bugle-horns, and the frequently repeated challenge of the great belligerent power, rendered it at last necessary, on the part of their opponents, to make an overture of negotiation.

Mr. Kemble appeared upon the stage: there was instant silence. He proposed that the affairs of the theater should be submitted to a committee of gentlemen; and this proposition, which appeared to the audience to have the complexion of a trick, was very ill received by them.

On the 23d, Mr. Kemble came forward and stated that a committee of gentlemen was appointed to inspect the accounts, and to decide if the old or the new prices were the most fit and reasonable, and that, till that report was sent in, the theater would be closed. The whole audience rose at this triumph, and shouted and hurraed for Kemble. He announced that Madame Catalani had relinquished her engagement, and retired amid counter-storms of applause and disapprobation.

The new sensational placard that night was one with a coffin and cross bones on it, and the words, "Here lies the body of *New Prices*, who died 23d September, 1809, aged 6 days."

The following epigram appeared a few days after:

John Bull has gained one point, that's flat;
For Kemble has *whipt* out the CAT,—
Shut up his house and gone to bed,
With *fewer* AITCHES in his head.

The enraged and stubborn English public had no mercy for its dogged opponents.

The report of the committee stated that they were fully satisfied that the future profits of the new theatre at the proposed advance in the prices of admission would amount to no more than three and a half per cent per annum upon the capital expended upon the theater, if the same were insured; and that upon the supposition of insurance, at the former prices of admission, the proprietors would, in the judgment of the committee, annually sustain a loss of three-quarters per cent per annum on their capital.

Notwithstanding, however, the commissioners were men of business, used to accounts, and hence not likely to be deceived themselves, and of a respectability which seemed to preclude the presumption of their deceiving others, their report was very far from proving satisfactory to the public. On re-opening the theater on the 10th of October, therefore, the same discordant and hideous noises were resumed, with cries of "Old prices." "Items." "Imposition." "You don't hoax us." "No garbled extracts to humbug John Bull." Placards were exhibited inscribed with:

Mr. Kemble, lower your prices; for no evasion
Will suit John Bull on this occasion.

No private boxes for intriguing.

A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether for old prices.

John Bull, be very bold and resolute! Never depart from your resolution, but firmly keep your noisy station.

For the first two or three nights after the reopening, these disturbances began at the commencement of the play; but afterwards the rioters, becoming tired of paying the full price, and more wary, did not begin till the half price. The "wild waters" were still in a roar. The rioters now began to clang dustmen's bells, blow coachmen's horns, hiss, and clack watchmen's rattles. The mob had grown stark staring mad upon the O. P. question. All the herds of Circe were let loose, and the mob ran riot in their partisanship with the Whigs and the Reformers. The O. P. rioters laughed, sang, groaned, and wore the letters O. P. in their hats and on their waistcoats. They formed rings and got up mock fights in the pit, which terminated in roars and shouts of laughter. The special moment of the evening was when a simultaneous rush was made from the back of the pit down upon the orchestra. "Artillery whistles" screeched in the air. The placards and banners (a hint from pantomimes) broke out again a hundred strong and turned the boxes into booths. The inscriptions now were:

Mountain and Dickons,
No cat, no kittens.

"Britons who have humbled a prince, will not be conquered by a manager."

The O. P. dance, the rioters' favorite nightly diversion, was a performance as noisy and almost as demoniacal as the Carmagnole of the French revolutionists. It consisted of an alternate stamping of the feet, accompanied with the cry of "O. P." in regular and monotonous cadence. It began calmly, and increased in violence and rapidity till it ended in frenzied leaping, maddened confusion, and Bedlam broke loose.

The races up and down the pit benches were also very popular, while ruffians with false noses, or dressed as women, grimaced about the house or insulted the ladies in the obnoxious private boxes. Kemble and the managers at last lost their temper at all this, and took a false step. They got the Bow-street magistrates to lend them old Townsend and a band of runners armed with bludgeons. Mendoza, the prize-fighter, rallied a crowd to help him against the O. P. party, and beat them into submission. Another pugilist led also into the arena a threatening regiment of gallows' birds, broken-nosed, bull-necked, and scarred rowdies, with low bumpy foreheads and pig-like eyes; fellows with arms like Hercules and backs like Atlas. Lord Yarmouth, conspicuous by his flaming red whiskers, and Berkely Craven proved their Norman descent by fighting side by side with these greasy, large-nosed, black-haired bruisers.

The pit bore this and the constables' staves pretty well till half-price time the second night, when, with an Indian yell of rage, a hundred fists were at once clenched, and the rioters fell dauntlessly upon the hired legions, felling them and drubbing them on every side. Eyes grew black, mouths puffed and noses bled.

Everybody exulted when Charles Kemble fell by accident in the very height of a mortal combat with George Frederick Cooke as Richard Crookback. A gentleman in the boxes played "Colleen" on the flute all through the piece; bitten apples were thrown at Mrs. Charles Kemble when she was playing Lucy, in the Beggar's Opera. Mr. O'Reilly denounced the sort of ladies who frequented the privileged boxes. In vain Townsend and his myrmidons dashed into the pit and galleries, tore off the placards and banners, or arrested the ringleaders of the evening, while the indefatigable Brandon had men taken up for continually coughing or even crying "Silence" in an aggravating way.

Hard-lined, high-colored, gross caricatures represented Sarah, John, and Charles Kemble as sturdy, impudent beggars, with John Philip in front exclaiming, "Pity our ach-es, and our want-es." The O. P. dance grew so popular, that even princes of the blood came to see it. One night a lady who was seen lending a pin to fasten an O. P. placard in front of the boxes received an ovation from the whole house.

Kemble was a man of temper, nerve, and firmness. His speeches reached the ears of the crowd, and were often reasonable, and full of common sense. He told them the proprietors for ten years past had not received six per cent on their fluctuating and precarious investment. He assured them that actors did benefit by the receipts, and that their salaries were three times as large as their predecessors'. He ended by a generous outburst that ought to have touched the English heart:

"This," he added, "I declare to you upon my honor—I, *who would not tell a lie for all that this theater is worth!*"

The tumult and riots still went on. The O. P. rioter had now reduced things to a system. In his enormous seven-caped great-coat he had nightly to squeeze himself through the iron hatch under the jealous scrutiny of Brandon and the money and cheque takers, his dozen feet of placards wound round his body, a rattle, a dustman's bell, a post-horn, drum, or a trombone, and his white nightcap, and short bludgeon pent in his pocket. He had to "roar himself as hoarse as a night coachman in winter," to stamp the fierce O. P. dance, to join in real and sham combats, and to risk his limbs in the rushes down to the orchestra. To reward such arduous service, four hundred and forty-five pounds were collected.

The chief rioters usually left the theater in procession, howling at the offices of the opposition newspapers, or shouting Horace Smith's song of "Heigh ho, says Kemble," under the very windows of the unbending manager. On one occasion, when the mob had threatened a visit to the manager's house, the magistrates ambushed soldiers close at hand, and gave orders what to do in case the doors were forced or set on fire.

A fresh cause of offense occurred. Brandon, the box keeper got Mr. Clifford apprehended outside the theater as a rioter, and carried before a magistrate at Bowstreet, by whom, however, he was immediately discharged. Mr. Clifford then indicted Brandon for an assault and false imprisonment, in which indictment Brandon was cast for five pounds. When the jury came in with their verdict for the plaintiff, a burst of applause and uproar broke forth in such a manner as to entirely destroy the decorum of a court of justice. Cries of "Huzza!" by hundreds at once were communicated like electricity to the multitude in the open hall, and echoed on the instant in Palace-yard.

In consequence of the issue of this trial, a dinner of about three hundred people took place on the 14th of December, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Mr. Clifford in the chair, and a committee was formed to defend the persons then under prosecution for the like conduct. The symptoms of a regularly organized opposition, added to the late decision of the jury, showed the proprietors the necessity of an immediate compromise. Mr. Kemble requested admission to the meeting, and striding in like Coriolanus into the house of Aufidus, the following resolutions were amicably agreed upon; "That the boxes should continue at seven shillings; that the pit should be lowered to the old price, three shillings and sixpence; that the tier of private boxes, in the front of the house, should be thrown open and restored to the public at the end of the season; and that all prosecutions on both sides should be stopped."

The night of the Strand dinner they performed at Covent Garden the Provoked Husband and Tom Thumb. At half-price, as usual, the O. P.s poured in, with bugles, bells, and rattans, and began their charivari as usual, till Mr. Kemble appeared in his walking-dress, half-boots, great-coat, round hat, and cane, just as he had come from the tavern. After half an hour's endeavors to obtain silence, he acquainted the house with the treaty he had just signed. He retired amid incessant cries of "Dismiss Brandon!" "No private boxes."

In vain Mr. Munden, as the King, bowed and scraped, made the most conciliatory grimaces, and talked confidentially to the nearest rows of the pit. The rioters called out, "It is from your master we want an answer." At last some one flung a paper on the stage, Munden took it up, read it, bowed, and retired. He returned, leading in the abashed, humbled, and penitent Brandon, who tried to read an apology; but the storm grew to a whirlwind, and oranges and sticks were thrown at the over-zealous box-keeper till he withdrew, disconsolate enough. It was in vain that Mr. Harris came forward, scratching his crop uneasily, and pleaded for his faithful servant. The howl still was, "He must be dismissed. It's a sine qua non."

On the following night, Kemble, as Penruddock, surrendered, and poor Brandon retired from office. He also apologized for the introduction of the fighting men. He was sorry for what had passed. It would be his first pride to prevent anything of the kind occurring again. Then broke forth a thunder-burst of cheers, and the O. P.s in the pit hoisted their final placard three times. It was inscribed:

"We are satisfied."

Looking calmly back, there can be no doubt that Kemble, although stiff necked, arrogant, and imprudent in his way of treating the rioters, was in the main right. If the public objected to the new prices, they had their remedy in their own hands; they could have stopped away. According to the opinion laid down by Lord Mansfield, the riot was a distinct conspiracy, and should have been punished as such.

Can we doubt that Kemble went home from the reconciliation dinner still, in his inner soul, inflexible as Coriolanus, and muttering in his grand academic manner, and in his asthmatic voice, those bitter words of Caius Marius:

It is a proposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility;
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

—*All the Year Round.*

THE TESTIMONY OF EXPERIENCE.—Miss Hannah D. Grinnell, 523 Spruce street, Philadelphia, who has used a Grover & Baker Machine for eight years, and is familiar with the Wheeler & Wilson, Florence, and Singer Machines, says of the Grover and Baker: "I have used it on all kinds of work, and my customers prefer it to any other. I like it better than any other; the stitch is more elastic and more perfect than any other; and after washing, it presents a better appearance than the work of any other machine. The tension adapts itself immediately to every varying thickness of fabric, and the cotton can be used without rewinding. In quilting, it makes a perfect stitch, and no other machine embroiders but this."

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

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The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867.

"PHYSICAL EDUCATION."

THE prize-fight which was to have taken place in an adjoining county a few days since, but which, owing to the timely interference of the officers of the law, has been postponed to a more convenient time and place, excited a degree of friendly interest among those who have hitherto been regarded as moral, law-loving, intelligent and refined citizens, for which we cannot account on any received principle of philosophy. We are at a loss to reconcile the finer feelings of a gentleman with the bloodthirsty instincts of a bulldog. We cannot conceive of any gratification which a well-bred man can derive from witnessing a contest the disgusting brutality of which is aggravated rather than mitigated by the ferocious pluck and pertinacity of the combatants. We cannot perceive any moral difference between a low street brawl, which every respectable citizen denounces as an outrage, and a ring fight, which many respectable citizens patronize, except that the former often involves some real or fancied point of honor, which invests it on the part of one if not both the combatants with some degree of true manliness, while the latter is a cold-blooded degradation of manhood, without worthy motive—thoroughly base and brutal from its inception to its denouement. There is some excuse for men who give and take blows in hot blood; but for those who, without even the shadow of a cause of quarrel, deliberately match themselves for a ring fight, and train themselves for it, in order that each may be able to inflict and endure a great deal of bodily punishment before one, beaten to a jelly and defaced beyond the recognition of his most intimate friends—perhaps crippled for life—is forced to acknowledge that he can bear no more, there is only the palliation of bestial instincts and vicious education.

The respectable patrons of the prize-ring contend that the cultivation of the science of pugilism promotes the general physical education of our young men, which, physiologists say, has of late been too much neglected. The old Roman boxers, and after them the British pugilists, were supposed by their patrons, noble and plebeian, to be somehow instrumental in preserving and cherishing the national spirit and pluck. Yet Rome never declined more rapidly from virtue, courage, truth, energy and all manly attributes than during the time when her vast amphitheaters were thronged by her citizens eagerly watching the combats of the gladiators and the boxers, who belabored each other bravely, and usually fought it out to the death. Even the employment by the *pugiles* of brass knuckles to give greater force to their blows and enhance the effect upon the noble Romans of the moral spectacle which they were privileged to witness, failed to arrest the decadence of Roman greatness. England has fared no better. British pluck and energy have not received any stimulus from the national pastime of boxing and the national institution of ring-fighting; but, on the contrary, British manners have deteriorated, British morals have decayed, and British energy is flagging. Pugilism infallibly begets dissoluteness, and dissoluteness is the inevitable parent of effeminate degeneracy. Long ago our English cousins ceased to regard the prize-ring as the conservator of the national spirit, and dropped it to the lower dignity of "the manly art of self-defense." They contended that a knowledge of boxing was necessary to complete the education of a gentleman, to enable him to defend himself against assault and that the maintenance of the combats of the prize-ring was essential to the production of competent professors of the noble science. But it has come to be admitted, even in England, that the *gentlemanly* proficients with the gloves often prove themselves notable blackguards, and that the tendency of pugilism is demoralizing and degrading in the extreme. It is also no longer considered an indication of gentle breeding to provoke a friend or a stranger by insulting language or conduct to the aggressive point, merely for the sake of "polishing him off" scientifically. Pugilism has at length fallen so low in England and has become so utterly disreputable, that the British people are making a manly effort to rid themselves of it. In this country pugilism has never until recently been countenanced but by a low class, composed chiefly of expatriated English thieves and cracksmen. Fighting, except in defence of honor, person, or property, has always been considered disreputable in America, and a "bully" which is our common synonym for a professional bruiser has been with us classed in the same category with thieves. But the art of bruising, having fallen into disfavor in its former home, and being threatened with expulsion thence, is now seeking to establish itself in this country, where it finds advocates upon the ground that it promotes physical development. Our people have lately manifested a spasmodic tendency toward muscular development, and, as usual with them whenever they embrace a new idea, they are carrying it to extremes. Within a few years Winship the lifter and Heenan the hitter have engrossed a large share of popular attention and admiration, and have been held up as models for the emulation of our growing youth. It is this new fancy that has invested the prize-ring with a popularity in certain quarters which it could not otherwise have gained. It is this which induces ministers, lawyers, physicians and members of our Educational Board to lend their presence and countenance to the combats of the prize-ring—certainly this, and not that they have wagered money on the result. But the truth is, that the training which fits a man for the ring is not conducive to the best general health. It serves for the occasion, and no longer. Pugilists are short-lived as a rule. So are acrobats, and those men of wonderful strength, who lift immense weights. Even when they escape injury from over-exertion, which they are so apt to indulge in, they do not live longer than other people, or enjoy greater immunity from the ills that flesh is heir to. Physical strength is not to be despised when it is useful, and is conferred by nature, or gradually developed by moderate exercise; but when obtained at the expense of good digestion, as is not unfrequently the case, it is a curse rather than a blessing.

That the mere exercise of boxing may be beneficial to the health and muscles we have no doubt. That it is more so than sawing wood, or swinging an axe, or playing base ball, we do not believe. Least of all will we admit that pugilism can exert any real benefit upon either health or morals, merely because it furnishes an occasional exhibition of two well-trained brutes in human form, pummeling each other almost to death, for a few paltry dollars and the applause of a ruffian horde.

[For the Californian.]

SPRINGTIME.

The Springtime is coming, to many
As merry as merry can be;
But to me, who am saddest of any—
Why comes there no Springtime for me?

Sweet birds in the forest are singing,
I hear them from thicket and tree;
And yet, though the greenwood is ringing,
Not one of them all sings for me.

The sun shines on acres of flowers,
And bright buds unfolding in glee;
But in wide Earth's myriad bowers
There blooms not a flower for me.

And hopes that are sweeter than singing,
And brighter than daisy-starred lea,
In how many hearts they are springing!
Why comes there no promise for me?

Will a May-day come to me never,
In some region over the sea,
Where they love and are loved forever?
Oh, waits there no Springtime for me?

DENNAR STEWART.

THE triumph of moral over mere brute courage was signally exemplified in the "twenty-four foot ring" at San Mateo the other day, when Sheriff Lathrop and Judge Templeton, by their firmness and decision, maintained the majesty of the law and prevented the consummation of a criminal act, in the face of threats and actual demonstrations of violence by a crowd numbering hundreds of armed, enraged and reckless men. Had Sheriff Lathrop attempted to arrest the proceedings by physical force, the probability is that he would have been defeated and badly treated—perhaps killed. The members of the Bruisers' Fraternity will yield to none in brute courage, especially when the advantages are all on their side; but the moral heroism of the Sheriff overawed them; it was something so far above their comprehension that they were cowed and dispirited by it; and the muscular outlaws who went out in the morning boasting that "no officer would be such a fool as to attempt to stop the fight," returned in the evening sadder and wiser, but we fear not better men.

CHARITY.—It is pleasant to note the promptness and heartiness with which our citizens have generally responded to the call upon them for aid to the Southern Famine Relief Fund. The direct contributions have been quite large, and much has indirectly been added to the fund in the shape of patronage of the various entertainments gotten up for its benefit. The managers of the theaters, the musical and dramatic artistes, and the purveyors of public amusements generally, have acted with their accustomed generosity on this occasion, and their gratuitous entertainments have brought a considerable augmentation to the fund. If the charge be true that our citizens are somewhat vain of their reputation for charity, they are not so without some reason.

BOOK NOTICES.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens, with Original Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr., Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1867. From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

This elegant little volume in green and gold, is the second of the Diamond series of Dickens's novels. The illustrations by Eytinge are spirited, and evince a sympathy with the genius of the writer, and an appreciation of the traits and characteristics of the various personages of the story, that an author does not often find in the artist who undertakes the difficult task of bodying forth to the external sense the creatures of his imagination. Mr. Eytinge has proved, in the sixteen drawings for this volume, that he possesses a keen sense of humor, and no mean share of the imaginative faculty. He has been especially happy in his attempts to give outward form to Lizzie Hexam, in the first drawing; to the "literary man with a wooden leg," in the fifth; and particularly, to the "Chernb and the Lovely Woman," and the "Bad Child and the Person of the House." Mrs. Wilfer is also notably rendered, while Podsnap was altogether too much for the artist's skill, and the embodiment he gives us is a disappointment.

OUR MUTTAL FRIEND. With forty-two Illustrations, from Original Designs by Marcus Stone. T. B. Peterson & Brothers: Philadelphia. From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

This is the first of a new edition of Dickens's Complete Works. The publishers promise that the edition shall contain over five hundred illustrations in the best style. The present volume is in octavo form, printed in double columns, and in type large enough to be read with ease. The publishers entitle the series of which this is the first, "The Author's American Edition of Dickens," claiming that they, in connection with Harper & Brothers, are the only publishers in the United States who have ever paid Mr. Dickens for the manuscript or advance proof-sheets of his works. The second of the series, David Copperfield, was to have been issued in March, and the other novels are promised in rapid succession.

MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE; Or the Story of a Plebeian Family for 2,000 Years. By Eugene Sue: Translated by Mary L. Booth. New York: Clark, Publisher, 448 Broome street. 1867. From H. H. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

In its conception and plan, this is certainly entitled to be considered "a great work." In eight "series," each complete in itself, the author proposes to give the entire romantic history of France. The present volume, of 177 double-columned pages, constitutes the first series, and covers the period from 57 B. C. to 10. A. D. The translator, in her preface, expresses the opinion that this is Sue's most brilliant and powerful work, and tells us that it depicts "the inner life of the French people from the remotest ages" with "Pre-Raphælitish fidelity." Not having found time to read more of it than the introductory portion of some fifty pages, we must take Mrs. Booth's word for the merits of the remainder. But the "inner life" of the Lebrun family as "depicted" in the fourteen introductory chapters devoted to them, is something that we are quite unable to form any conception of as a reality. It is stated, we don't know with how much truth, that the book has been suppressed in France "on account of its Democratic principles."

SPANISH WITHOUT A MASTER; In four Easy Lessons. A Course of Lessons In the Spanish Language on the "Robertsonian Method." By A. H. Monteith, Esq., Author of French Without a Master, etc. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER; In Six Easy Lessons. By A. H. Monteith, Esq., Author of Italian Without a Master, etc. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

The above publications, and others of the same series, are too widely known to call for extended comment. Of course the idea of acquiring a foreign language without a master, in six lessons, is preposterous, and it would be doing great injustice to the author of these useful and very ingenious manuals, to suppose that he intended to encourage such an expectation. The real value of these publications consists in the help they afford to persons not habituated to rigorous study, and who would be repelled and disheartened should they attempt to master a language in the ordinary way, by the use of the grammar and lexicon. By the use of these manuals according to the instructions they contain, any person of ordinary intelligence can acquire an elementary knowledge of the languages they respectively teach, in a comparatively short time—a foundation upon which, by subsequent exercises in reading and speaking, it is much easier to build, than upon a mere acquaintance with the grammar, gained at the expense of much time and labor.

HE is the most thoroughly educated man who derives his knowledge not from books alone, nor from men alone, but from the careful and discriminating study of both. A truly learned man is liberal toward opponents, tolerant of error, charitable toward frailty and compassionate toward failure. Only the ignorant and half educated are dogmatical, illiberal and intolerant.

[For the Californian.]

THE FIRST CRUISE OF THE AVITOR.

ON the night of Saturday, the 30th of March, ultimo, Thomas Brown, William Jones and Edward Robinson, gentlemen connected with the San Francisco press, casually met at Maguire's Opera House. The play was the new local farce, *The Curse of Our Country*; and its wild waggery, compelling incessant explosions of heart-reuding laughter from the most indifferent spectator, had such an exhausting effect upon our friends that, when the agonizing merriment was ended by the fall of the curtain, they were fain to recruit their wasted energies and restore the tone of their shaken nerves by means of a mild stimulant, which they found at the bar of a convenient saloon. As they appeared to derive some benefit from the first exhibition of the very popular remedy for physical and mental depression prepared hy the skillful and gentlemanly harkeeper, they repeated the dose, and continued to repeat it to an extent not only unnecessary but positively hurtful; for they soon showed symptoms of nervous excitement, talked loudly and with rather confused utterance, and, I am sorry to say, expressed sentiments which, though natural and proper enough to sordid men of business, were discreditable to attaches of our respectable city press.

"Jones," remarked Brown, "I didn't see you at the laying of the corner-stone this afternoon. What was the matter?"

"Well, you see," responded Jones, "I was coming round: but I heard of a first-rate runaway out on Mission street between Eleventh and Twelfth—horse stove all to pieces, wagon mashed into kindling wood, womau run over and both legs broke and a baby killed—that's what the fellow reported; and of course I hurried out to get the particklars. Well, would you believe it, when I got out there and inquired round, at first I couldn't find anybody that knowed anything about it; hut at last I struck a man that seen it, and found out that it was only a commou runaway—no baby killed nor woman hurt, aud the damage wouldn't amount to more'n fifty dollars! Never was so disappointed and disgusted in my life—never; upon my honor."

"You was in bad luck that time," said Robinson; "but I can sympathize with you, for I got badly sold myself this evenin'. I heard that the police had picked up a murdered man on Pacific street, and I rushed up to the dead-house to see the corpse and find out all about it, but there wasn't no corpse there. So I went round to the station-house to make inquiries, and found that the man was only dead drunk. He'd fell agin a curbstone or something and cut his forrard and was bleedin' a little, but there wasn't any chance of his dyin', for he snored as healthy a snore as I ever heard. I'll git even on *him* when he gits sober enough to give his name—I'll give him the benefit of a half a stickful as a 'd. d.' I ain't goin' to be bilked altogether. But you didn't miss much, Jones, by not bein' at the layin' of the corner-stone—it was mighty sick old perceedin's, and not very comfortable standin' out there in the rain."

"What did they do, anyhow?" inquired Jones. "What did they deposit in that there corner-stone?"

"Well," answered Robinsou, "they hove in a lot of gold and silver coins, and some greenbacks, and some noospapers and things."

"How much money did they put in?"

"As near as I can reckon it np there must ha' been about sixty dollars, greenbacks and all. Don't you think there was, Brown?"

"Yes, about that, I gness."

"Well, now, gentlemen," said Jones, "I consider that a shameful waste of money. Sixty dollars! Let me see—it would buy four hundred and eighty drinks, pervidin' a fellow didn't put on airs and go to a two-bit house; or it would buy two hundred and forty square meals; and there it's all throwed away in that idiotic manner, where it won't do anybody any good."

"I wonder, now," said Robiuson, "if we couldn't hit on some plan to raise them spondulicks. They won't do no good where they are, and we might as well he spendin' and enjoyin' them.

"Yes," said Brown, "if we had a good crowbar we might fetch them."

"No use, gentlemen," said Jones. "We ain't got no crowbar, and I don't think there's money enough in the crowd to buy one; and as for stealin' it, you know, that wouldn't be honest: and besides, I don't know where there's one to steal if we wanted to. And then, you can bet your life them Mercantile Library fellows has got a policeman watchin' them premises mighty sharp. That money's safe enough, so far as we're concerned. Let's take another drink and go."

This proposition was readily assented to. Having fortified themselves with a final gentle stimulant the party left the saloon, and walked down the street until they came to the office of the *Patriotic Conservative* (Robiuson's paper), which they entered, and sat down to smoke their meerschaums before going home to bed.

"I tell you what it is," said Robinson, "it's geitin' so confouuded dull and stupid in this here city that I'd like to do something just for an excitement. I've thought seriously of orgauizin' a company to break into the Bank of California, but after takin' a view of the premises I concluded it wouldn't work. I've deliberated ahout settin' fire to the Occidental Hotel; but that imposin' structure ain't built to any great extent of combustible materials, and they've got water on, and fire-hose, and buckets and things all over the house, so that they'd put out a fire before it could get a decent start. Now if old What's-his-name would ever get his confounded 'Avitor' ready, I'd like to go on her the first trip. There'd be some sensation about a cruise through the air on that there machine, and a fellow could get up a purty good article about it—it would admit a good deal of hifalutin description, you know."

"I wouldn't like to go the *first* trip," said Jones. "They say the engineer himself's a little duhious ahout how the thing'll work, and I'd rather he'd experiment, and get used to the craft, before I risked my neck ahoard of her."

"Risk be hanged," said Robinson, who was in a very courageous mood just then. "I'd go in her the first trip, if the devil himself was engineer. Even if a fellow got his neck hroke it would immortalize him, and if he come down all safe it would he the makin' of his reputation. I'd give all my chances of salvation for the opportunity, anyway!"

"Oh! yes," said Brown, sneeringly; "You're very brave now; but I kind o' think that abont the time the Avitor gits ready to sail you won't be quite so anxious to git aboard. You'd forfeit your fare if you'd paid it in advance, though you wouldn't lose much if you only swapped your chances of salvation for a passage."

Then ensued a half-jesting, half-earnest discussion of the merits of the Avitor and the probable chances of its success, in a style more expressive than elegant. The average San Francisco reporter is not distinguished for the purity of his conversational style, although he manages to write with tolerable accuracy, blundering only when he attempts a compound sentence. What would you have? You cannot reasouably expect an accomplished scholar to perform a reporter's duties for a reporter's wages. In the langnage of Mr. Gradgrind, "What we want *is* facts;" and if they are stated with sufficient clearness to enable us to understand them, we can pardon a few grammatical errors.

The discussion was prolonged until midnight, when Brown and Jones took their leave, Robinson remaining behind to make a note of some circumstance which had suddenly recurred to him. Having performed this duty he relit his meerschaum and assumed a comfortable if not graceful attitude, by tilting his chair hack at an angle of forty-five degrees and placing his feet upon the desk where he could regard them through the wreaths of thick smoke which he blew from his pipe, while his thoughts reverted to the suhject of the Avitor, which had taken a firm hold upon his mind. After a few moments' silent contemplation he said. aloud:

"By all that's lovely, I *would* go on the first trip of the Avitor if I had a chance; and I'd go, as I said, even if the devil himself was engineer."

A slight noise in the direction of the door cansed him to look aronnd. There stood a stranger, who had entered without knocking and unperceived. The intruder was a tall, slender, sharp-featured, dark-looking man, with small, black, sunken eyes, which twinkled not unpleasantly. He was quite respectably dressed in sober black, with elaborately neat shirt-front, collar and cravat, glossy hat and irreproachahle boots. His appearance was on the whole rather prepossessing, aud he was evidently a person of spirit and resolution.

"Well, sir," said Robinson, eyeing the stranger sharply, "can I do anything for you to-night, sir."

"Pardon my intrusion at so late an hour," replied the stranger, blandly. "I came to see you on business—in fact, in regard to the very matter which occupied your thoughts when I entered. You would like to accompauy me on the first trip of the Avitor?"

"May I ask, sir, if you are the captain or the engineer of that ærial craft?" said Robinson.

"Neither; but I propose to take charge of her on the first trip, and if you like you can come along."

"Have you—ah—that is to say—are you—ah—acquainted with the mode of working one of these machines? Did you ever have any experience in one of them?"

"Not at all; hut I think I can manage it very well."

"Oh! the devil—"

"Stop, young man—a little more polite and less profane, if you please. Will you go?—or were you only hoasting to yourself when you made the remark I overheard just now?"

"Well, by ——"

"Come, now," said the stranger, hastily interrupting, "if you expect to travel in my compauy you must eschew profanity. I fear that you were about to pronounce a name that would have shocked me inexpressibly. If there is anything I can't tolerate it is profane swearing. Now answer me—are you coming?"

"Yes, I'll go. When do you start?"

"Immediately."

"Not to-night, cortainly?"

"Yes, to-night. Hurry up. Put on your hat, turn ont the gas, and come along."

Robinson, who had drunk just enough liquor to make him reckless, obeyed without further parley or hesitation. As they stepped into the street together the stranger took him by the arm, and, although they seemed to walk at only an ordinary pace, in a few moments they had reached a high hoarded enclosure far outside of the city. The stranger took a key from his pocket, unlocked a large gate, and they entered. A lamp being lit disclosed the Avitor—a car furnished with a small engine and boiler, and with immense wings and tail, rndely modeled after those of some awkward bird, projecting from its sides and stern; the whole machinery being partially covered by a large oiled canvas bag, intended to contain the elevating gas. The stranger proceeded to inflate the bag by blowing into it with his mouth, and as it filled it became buoyant, insomuch that it would have mounted upward with the car, if the latter had not been securely fastened down with stout ropes. Then he placed some combustible materials in the furnace under the boiler and fired them, and in a few moments steam was up, and everything in readiness for the trip. "Now," said he to Robinson, who had been watchiug the proceedings with much interest but without any tokens of astonishment, "get aboard."

"What do you want with a board? Where shall I find one?" asked Robinson.

"Now, don't stand there repeating those stale jokes. Your name isn't Fitz-Smythe, I hope—because if it is I'll break your neck before you get down. Get into the car and let's be off. We've a long way to go."

Robinson jumped in; the stranger cut the ropes, and as the Avitor gracefully mounted aloft he set the engine in motion, and the huge, unshapely wings began to flap, and the machine moved in a horizontal direction. As the stranger performed the duties of engineer aud pilot, as well as captain, fireman, and all hands, Robinson had nothing to do but sit still and enjoy the ride. They passed rapidly over the city, and the next instant Robinson exclaimed:

"Why, here we are at Angel Island."

"What?" exclaimed the stranger, giving the helm a convulsive turn, which caused the Avitor to swerve from its course and to tremble violently, as if it had been struck by a sudden heavy squall. Then he put the helm so hard to the other side that the craft was almost capsized. He was terribly agitated, and his face, as he turned it toward the furnace fire, was overspread with a horrid bluish pallor, while a fierce, unnatural light glared from his sunken eyes. Robinson, overcome with terror, shrieked:

"Great God, deliver me!"

Instantaneously upon tho utterance of these words there was a fiendish yell, and the sound of a tremendous explosion, accompanied by a sulphurous smell, and followed hy a sensation of falliug through the darkness. Theu Robinson remembered nothing more. until he found himself iu bed, bruised and sore. His friends told him that he had fallen down stairs while intoxicated, and that it was a mercy he was not killed. He knew better, but kept his own counsel. Only to me did he impart the truth, under injunctions of secresy, which I hope the reader will not violate. He assures me that it is his intention to join the church, eschew strong potations, and, by leading a respectable life, to try to elevate the character of the San Francisco Press.

It has been announced that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, the trial trip of the Avitor has been unavoidahlp postponed until a more convenient season. JOHN CLERK.

RUMORS OF WAR.—The sound af warlike preparation is heard from beyond the wide Atlantic. All Europe is arming, and at any time we may hear of the commencement of a struggle, the result of which will determine whether Louis Napoleon or Bismarck is the abler politician and the bolder general—whether France or Prussia shall control the map of Southern Europe; or whether Russia will overmaster them both. War is a terrible thing, but it is a great educator. It is less brutalizing than inglorious peace, and therefore less to be deprecated. Only through war can Europe be enfranchised; and therefore, while we regard it as an evil in itself, we welcome it for the good results which must attend it.

ASPHALTUM SIDEWALKS.—Every one knows that sidewalks made of asphaltnm are the best, smoothest and most durable; bnt every one is not generally aware that they are also the cheapest, which they are when durability as well as cost is taken into consideration, for they will outwear half a dozen relayiugs of any other kind of walk. The owners of Montgomery Block are now having the Washington street sidewalk of that building laid iu asphaltum by the Pacific Asphaltum Co. under the personal supervision of Mr. M. E. Fitzgibbon, the mauager, which is a sufficient guarantee that the work will be done in the best manner.

BAKER & HAMILTON.—This firm that have so long held the command of the agricultural trade of Sacramento, and whose name is so well known to the agriculturists of interior and foot-hill counties, have established a house in this city in the fine new stores, No 17 and 19 Front street, near Market. Those in want of agricultural implements, machines, hardware, etc., will meet with especial inducements by calling on Baker and Hamilton before purchasing elsewhere. Their stock is one of the largest on the Pacific coast—See catalogue on 16th page

ABOUT GOVERNESSES.

THE London *Queen* has a long article on "The Governess," containing many judicious observations, some of which are quite as applicable on this side of the Atlantic as in England, although, owing to the different constitution of our society, the relative social position of the governess is much higher with us.

The principal cause of the low salaries paid to governesses is said to be, that "teaching is an occupation to which all women imagine they can turn without any special education or preparation. No mistake is greater than this. Many women take to teaching who have themselves had a very superficial education, and 'never thought they would have to go out in the world.' These are amongst the worst of that large class which we must term the incompetent. Some have been well taught, but have not the least capacity for imparting instruction, and still less for inspiring children with a love of knowledge, or for training them to obtain it for themselves. Such teachers as these are often a weariness to themselves and to the children over whom they are placed. Governesses who know both what to teach and how to impart it are, indeed, comparatively rare. This state of things would not, we believe, continue, if parents were more alive to the need of good education for their daughters, and had made up their minds a little more as to the points in which good teaching and thorough education consist.

"As a rule, governesses of the present day are better treated, and some of them better paid than they were forty or fifty years ago. But there is great room for improvement in both particulars. A woman who is fit to train the children of a house is fit to be treated better than as a kind of upper servant. Upper servants, indeed, as a rule, would not think of enduring the circumstances which surround the position of the governess. We wish that it were less often stated as a matter of wonder, and, on the whole, of congratulation, that here and there some people treat their governess 'as if she were one of the family.' We wish that it could be truthfully said that it is the exception, when this does not take place. We are perfectly well aware that the work of a governess makes her proper place to be in the schoolroom. But, when lessons are over, is there any good reason why the governess should be made to feel that her position in the family makes her less a lady, or renders her a person unfit to be conversed with, or to partake in the ordinary courtesies of life?

"Unfortunately governesses themselves, in many cases, do not possess all the qualifications which they ought to have, or all that they make a pretence of possessing. Everybody can judge at once of the manner and bearing of a woman who seeks the position of a governess; and, unfortunately, it is too often simply by these points that her qualifications for the office are determined by those who are to employ her. We constantly hear it inquired—has she a good manner? But how rarely—is she possessed of good principle, of self-control? It is asked—does she play well?—can she draw?—does she speak French, German, Italian? but very seldom—what solid acquirements has she?—is she thoroughly acquainted with her own language?—does she know how to teach?

"Even in quarters where one would expect better things, we find that governesses are expected to know and impart everything. Of course there is perpetual disappointment. Parents cannot get well educated and accomplished women to come to them for very small salaries. They therefore take what they can get for the money they offer; and the consequence is that on the one side is incompetence and on the other discontent. Then there comes change; and as a result of all, the poor children suffer, and are neither taught nor trained.

"The fault appears to us to be the result of several causes. People who want governesses never seem to realize that a governess who knows everything well is a non-existent person. For instance, we have known a lady who was an excellent English scholar, a first-rate musician and a competent teacher, rejected over and over again because she could not teach French. However otherwise accomplished and capable a woman may be, she has no chance nowadays unless she not only knows something of music, but can play. It seems impossible to persuade some people that, if their governess can do some things really well, that is all they can in reason expect; and that it would be better for the children that the parents should supplement by masters the deficiencies of a governess competent in some points, than that they should insist on obtaining a profession of everything—the reality is impossible. Again, for a good article you must pay a good price. One would imagine that in our highly commercial country this statement would be axiomatic. But, with regard to governesses, its application is certainly not realized. We see it constantly stated in the advertisements of people seeking situations as governesses, that to them 'salary is not so much an inducement as a comfortable home.' That such a statement can be made, as a kind of inducement which will be tempting to intended employers, implies that these latter persons are little aware of the value of that which they obtain at apparently so small a cost. No woman seeks to be a governess from love of the work. If she seeks such employment, she does so because she must earn her living; and, if she has anything of value to offer, she will desire to sell her labor for the highest price she can obtain for it. If she can obtain nothing, it must be simply because her work is worth nothing. If she be willing to exchange it for little or nothing, it is worth just that and no more."

A CRAYON SKETCH OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

A PLEASANT glimpse of the late Alexander Smith is afforded in the following extract from an article in the February number of *Macmillan's Magazine*: "Those who have in their minds a certain ideal of the look and physical appearance to be expected in poets, who fancy them as personally weird, ecstatic and wind-blown, would have had their ideal somewhat discomposed by their first sight of Alexander Smith. Even people who had no such ideal for all cases, but who had formed a preconception from Mr. Smith's early poems, found in him, when they came to know him, a very different sort of being from what they had pictured. He had a full sense of this himself. A tight-built, modest youth of middle stature, or nearer the short than the tall, with lightish-brown hair worn close, a round but nowise singular head, a placid and shrewd expression of face, and a distinct but not disagreeable cast in one of his eyes—such was the Alexander Smith one saw just after he had become famous. Latterly he had become stouter about the shoulders, and more manly looking, with a tendency to baldness over the forehead, which gave a better impression of mental power. But the most remarkable thing about him was his wonderful quietness of demeanor. There was never a quieter man, one who would sit longer with others and obtrude himself less. People meeting him casually complained of this, and wanted more conversation, more of the poet. They might try him on this track and that, but he foiled them, listening pleasantly to what was said, but keeping his own contributions to a minimum. When he was really known, one came to like this quietness, as but the social form of the mind of the most perfect good sense, incapable of flummery or pretence, and sagacious in taking the measure of persons and things around it, but kindly-humorous and acquiescent rather than explosive or aggressive. There was something even formidable in this power of at least never, in the midst of other people's rubbish, saying anything that was silly or untrue. With his familiar friends, however, in a walk or in a snug room, he was, though still far from loquacious, chatty enough. He talked racily and simply, but generally with a flavor of shrewdness and humor. 'So-and so,' he would say, 'is the finest fellow in the world, and I never came away from him without feeling rebuked by the contemplation of so lofty a standard; but then, you know, he's a great ass.' Or, again, speaking of the reaction that had taken place against his own poetry, and of the ferocious onslaught upon him as a plagiary which had so much to do with the reaction, 'One does feel these things,' he said, 'and it is queer to come out in the sunlight and walk along the street after you have read such a review of your book; but I find that all such chagrins pass off in exactly twenty-four hours.' His fancy apparently was that every rotation of the earth brings things round again to the *status quo*. Nor was this mere talk. As the first sudden burst of applause had never turned his head, so the contrary blast had no more than a twenty four-hours' effect upon his equanimity. He would have gone on to the end quietly, modestly, and like a man of the soundest sense."

Friend, do not cronch to those above;
Friend, do not tread on those below;
Love these, they're worthy of thy love;
Love these, and thou wilt make them so,

LIFE AT SUMMIT CITY.

[The following versicles, which we clip from the Grass Valley *National*, furnish a glimpse of the winter life of those whose lives have fallen to them in *snowy* places, high up in the Sierras. The last two lines refer to snow-shoe skating, in which some of our mountaineers have made better time than was ever made on skates.]

Storming, storming, storming,
Storming, while the snow,
Thirty feet already,
Ceases not to grow!
Hidden so our city
None outside could know,
Like a new Pompeii
Buried in the snow!

Though the storm winds bluster,
What for them care we,
As we daily muster
Full of jollity?
Music, dancing, reading,
Thus the minutes go,
Jolly lives we're leading
Buried in the snow.

When the sun is shining
On the glittering snow,
Other games resigning
To the race we go;
Gents and ladies in it
Off like lightning go—
A mile in half a minute
Skimming o'er the snow.

S. C. J.

PITY is a thing often avowed, seldom felt; hatred is a thing often felt, seldom avowed.

ELOQUENCE is vehement simplicity.

YANKEE HUMOR.

ONE of the earliest, most obvious, and most easily illustrated characteristics of Yankee humor is its lusty hyperbole and power of bonndless exaggeration. It is great in "throwing the hatchet," and "pitching it strong;" mighty in drawing the "long bow" for a flight unparalleled. In this respect it shows some traits of kinship to the old Norse humor, with its immeasurable broad grins and huge, uncontrollable laughters. We catch a far-off echo from the back woods of the new world of that Brobdingnagian humor which once delighted the Norsemen in the old. The story-tellers are not the simple men of the Sagas; they have acquired a few more "wrinkles" of knowledge; the laugh has lost somewhat of the old hearty ring; the imagination is seldom sublime; still, we recognize the instinct of race working on and asserting itself; and in defiance of time, and change, and shape, we find an affinity here to the broad humor of the blithe Norsemen.

We can trace certain types of Norse humor in some of the Yankee stories. Also in expression there is yet a speaking likeness. At the gate of Utgard, says the Norseman, you found it so high that "*you had to strain your neck bending back to see to the top!*" In the Norse tales we have a character who listens and listens until "*his ears are fit to fall off!*" Another is in such a passion he "*does not know which leg to stand upon.*" Another had such a bush of beard that the birds come and build their nests in it. Speaking of a very long distance, the North Wind attempts to indicate it by saying that "*once* in his life he blew *an aspen leaf* thither, but it made him so tired he could not *blow a puff for ever so many days after.*" And surely the American Eagle, of which we hear such astounding things, must be one with that *great Giant of the Edda*, who sits "*at the end of the world in eagle's shape, and when he flaps his wings all the winds come that blow upon man.*"

This tendency to humorous exaggeration has run to riot in the Yankee mind, especially in that which is a dweller somewhere "down East" or "out West." In comparison with its faculty for "stretching it" when "spinning a yarn," the "going in for it," the "piling of it up," the Norse originals are left far behind. In no domain does it "go a-head" more rapidly than in "running a rig" with that species of humor which depends on enormous lying for its success. Something vast in this way might have been anticipated from a people born and bound to "whip all creation;" the children of "Nature and of Freedom," half horse and half alligator, with a dash of earthquake, whose country is bounded "on the East by the Atlantic ocean, on the North by Aurora Borealis, on the West by the setting Sun, and on the South by the Day of Judgment." *The geography has been too much for the brain.* Thus we meet with a Yankee in England who is afraid of taking his usual morning walk lest he should step off the edge of the country. Another, who had been to Europe, when asked if he had crossed the Alps, said he guessed they did come over some *risin' ground.*

It is related of one of this class which nothing astonishes, nothing upsets, that he wanted to send a message by telegraph, something like a thousand miles, and on being informed that it would take ten minutes said *he couldn't wait.*

Akin to which is the story told by Mr. Howells, in his recent work on Venetian Life, of a "sharp, bustling, go-ahead Yankee," who rushed into the Armenian convent one morning rubbing his hands, and demanded that they should *show him all they could in five minutes.* The Yankees pride themselves on this trait of their character. They consider themselves much quicker and "cuter" than the slow, unwieldy English.

Here are bits of Yankee humor really worthy of the Norse imagination. They are so ridiculous as to be within one step of the sublime. A traveler called at a hotel in Albany, and asked the waiter for a bootjack. "What for?" said the astonished waiter. "To take off my boots." "Jabers what a fut!" the waiter remarked, as he surveyed the monstroity, for the man had an enormous foot. At length, we may say at full length, he gave it as his opinion that there wasn't a bootjack in all creation of any use for a "fut" like that, and if the traveler wanted "them are" boots off he would have to go back *to the fork in the road to get them off.*

It may have been "out West" that the thieves were so "smart" they stole a felled walnut tree in the night-time; drew the log right slick out of the bark, and left the five watchers sitting fast asleep astride the rind! Kentucky must have the credit for that wonderful curative ointment, which was so effective that when a dog's tail had been cut off, they had only to apply the ointment, whereupon a new tail instantly sprouted; and a youngster, with a genuine Yankee turn of thought, picked up the old tail and tried the ointment upon it, when it grew into a second dog, so like the other that no one could tell which was which.—*London Quarterly Review.*

BOOKS, like friends, should be few and well chosen. Like friends, too, we should return to them again and again—for, like true friends, they will never fail us, never cease to instruct, never cloy.

THE BOOMERANG.

The extraordinary weapon used by the natives of Australia puzzles the most scientific men in the world It can be thrown a distance of three hundred feet, and will return and fall at the feet of the thrower. As the Australian boomerang is confessed to be one of the greatest things ever invented, so is the San Francisco Boomerang, at the corner of Washington and Dupont streets, acknowledged to be one of the greatest institutions of the city. The smoking har, the glorious Staffordshire Ale, the hot punches, made from the finest Scotch Whisky and the oldest Jamaica Rum —in fact, everything about the Boomerang is perfect.

Absconded!—The wife whose husband supposed she had absconded was freely forgiven, when he found she had only been down to the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY to see HOWLAND, and get one dozeo of those beautiful Card Pictures, THE BEST ever made in this city. Come early, if you want to get a sitting. Remember the Place—Nos. 25 and 27 Third street, east side, near Market street. B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

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MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furnituro dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

Medical.—"Young Man's Friend and Protector," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the Actuary, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.

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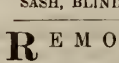

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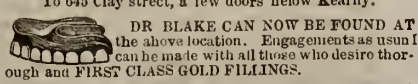

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Domes and minarets and towers—
Turrets which can kiss the sky,
Grottoes cool, and leafy bowers
Clad in buds that never die,
These, and beauties twice as fair,
Deck my castles in the air.

Flecks of clouds, all bright and golden,
Hover round their shadowy walls;
Strains and voices, sweet and olden,
Echo through these spectral halls,
Many an angel lingers where
Float my castles in the air.

But when I approach them nearer
And their beauties fain would clasp,
Neither more distant nor clearer—
Ever they elude my grasp,
And I turn in sad despair
From my castles in the air.

WOMEN.

Who shall limn for us the picture of a true good woman?—the pride and the paragon of her own sex, and the admiration of the other—of the woman young, beautiful, healtbful—well-formed, but not pedantic; who can talk well, listen well, sing well, play well, walk well, dance well, and dress well; who is neither flirt nor prude; who knows neither too much nor too little—whose lips are innocent of slang, and whose heart is pure from evil thonght; who is polished in manners, and affectionate in disposition; beloved of the old—the darling of the young; shy, modest, retiring; and commanding all the world's homage, without demanding tbe homage of anybody? It must not be considered that the yonthfulness of such a womau is absolutely necessary to her loveliness. Youth is a great blessing, and a great charm; but age is also a blessing—(do we not all wish to grow old?)—and a great adornment if it be combined with goodness. The beanty of the mind grows with the revolving years, and makes a woman of seventy, with mind and manners and innate gentleness, more beautiful than sweet seventeen can be, if the mind and the manners are wanting, and the tenderness that sbould be in every womanly heart is displaced by a masculine tone of thought, bebavior, or conversation. Though all women are not sucb as every man, at the poetical period of life, has pictnred in bis imagination, tbere are tbousands in every country who resemble the ideal, if not in accomplishments and education (for these are not witbin the reach of every one), but by outward grace of person, and inward purity of soul. All the flowers that bloom in the fair garden of humanity are not of equal delicacy and brilliancy; for Nature, that has room for the magnolia, tbe camelia, the rose, and tbe lily, has room also for the violet, the blue bell, and tbe daisy, and loves her humblest children as well as her proudest. Nothing in the world—at least to the male eye—eqnals in pleasantness the face and form of a bashful, virtuous woman, looking up to a man for snpport and gnidance, and giving him her true affection in return. Nothing on the other hand, is more disagreeable than the bold virago, womanly in form, but not in spirit, who would storm the citadel of your politeness to extort your bomage *vi et armis*, and who, by every movement of her features and glance of ber eyes. even if she do uot utter a syllable, betrays that she is puffed up witb conceit and selfishness, and is too ignorant to distinguish between a churl and a gentleman, or to accept the place that properly belongs to her in the social system.

Roman Dressing.—The fasbionable ladies of Rome carried artificial styles of dress and ornament to an excess which has no parallel in modern times. They spent large sums of money and a considerable portion of their time in the articles and operations of their toilet, and particnlarly in their baths. Lengthy descriptions of the details oonnected with them, have been given by several ancient autbors, which exhibit a degree of folly, vanity and voluptuousness scarcely compatible with the commonly-received opinion of the Roman character. Among the higher classes, each department of the toilet had its particnlar operations. Each portion of the body, even each limb, separately commanded attention; and to every one of these duties was assigned a separate servant or slave. The capriciousness of the female taste and temper were, perhaps, never exhibited in a more unfavorable light than in the persou of a Roman lady of distinction and fashion at her toilet.

THE GREAT

New England Remedy!

Dr. J. W. POLAND'S

White-Pine Compound,

IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery Street, cor. Clay, San Francisco.

MASONIC TEMPLE,
Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!

Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years (15th (1866) in San Francisco,) enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
EVERY TWENTY DAYS!
Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE OPPOSITION STEAMER
AMERICA,
EDGAR WAKEMAN.....Commander
Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
MONDAY, - - - APRIL 15th, 1867,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEVADA, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.
☞ The MOSES TAYLOR will sail May 4th.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
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One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

THE CALIFORNIA
Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE, HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at one per cent. per month.

Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.

Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rate, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,
Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

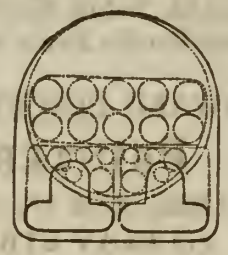
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establisment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN,
JAS. AITKEN, } Proprietors.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF
HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

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CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Manna,
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

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Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam tight, without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Bought, sold, or exchanged. Belt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

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MEEKER, JAMES & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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The Largest Establishment on the Pacific Coast for the supply of materials for

WAGONS, TRUCKS,
CARTS, OMNIBUSSES,
CARRIAGES, COACHES,
EXPRESS WAGONS,
BUGGIES, SULKIES, Etc.

Also, Importers of

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Hub Boring Machines, Thimble Skeins for Wood Axles, Hub Bands, Axle Clips Shaft Shackles, Malleable Iron Castings, Concord Axles and Springs.

☞ Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. MEEKER, JAMES & CO.

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Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor.

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SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Stell, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

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Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

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P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Jolnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

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Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
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Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOODAND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

WORKMEN'S HOMES IN SCOTLAND.—Edinburgh numbers 1530 one-roomed houses, of which 825 contain each six inmates and under, whilst no one of the remaining 705 contains less than that number of occupants. In Glasgow the state of things is still worse; for there the number of one-roomed houses is 2212, of which number 1253 shelter seven human creatures, whilst each of the other 959 dwellings has more than seven inmates. There are in all Scotland no fewer than 7964 houses—if they can be called houses—without windows, and 226,723 houses of only one apartment; proving that nearly 1,000,000 of the people of Scotland, or nearly one-third of the entire population, are living in houses—places improperly so-called—in which neither the comforts nor decencies of life can be secured, and which are thus totally unfit for human habitation. What wonder that working men like to spend as much of their leisure as possible in public houses, and as little of it as possible in their homes?

A LADY on one occasion, traveling in a railway carriage, was much annoyed by a cockney companion continually embellishing his conversation with "This 'ere" and "That 'air." A few moments afterwards she quietly requested him to close the window, remarking, "This ear is affected by that air."

HE keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company.

WHY is an orange like a church tower? Because we have a peel from it.

A LOVE SONG.

[The following beautiful love song was found in the dining room of the Occidental Hotel. It is supposed to have fallen from the pocket of the handsome and accomplished T—— D—— Esq.]

TO ——

I loved you once, I must confess,
And I might love you once again,
If you would but what's wrong re-dress
And cease to give my eye-sight pain.

Your eyes flash with an eagle's glance,
Your figure's good—the mould of form—
Your gloves are neat—direct from France—
Your temper's good, your heart is warm.

But, oh! one grievous fault appears,
Oh, why not wear a handsome tile?
One made by MEUSSDORFFER so famed—
His latest Spring and Summer style.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK BREWERY,
CORNER POWELL AND FRANCISCO STS.

Capital Stock $200,000, divided in Two Thousand Shares of $100 each.

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FABIAN JOOST — HENNING KOSTER,
HERMANN WENDT, — FREDERICK BRUNS,
HERMANN SCHWARZE, — PETER MEYER.

The above Company intend to establish a reputation for making the best

Ale, Porter, and Lager Beer

In the country, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally.

☞ All orders from the country promptly filled and delivered free of charge in the city.

HOWE'S NEW STYLE
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines halve is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all grades of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A. DEMING,
137 Kearny street, S. W. cor. Sutter, San Francisco, Cal.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT HAVING BEEN imitated (poorly, however,) by an inferior and pernicious article, and sold in this market for the genuine, the Proprietor of HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT has made an alteration in the general trade-mark, and also substituted for Rheumatic Liniment, CURATIVE OIL. This great remedy will be known hereafter as HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL.

HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL,

For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.

For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dollar per bottle.

☞ Sole Agents — CRANE & BRIGHAM and R. H. McDONALD & CO., San Francisco.

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

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317 AND 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,

OPTICIANS

THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT Establishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined.

SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.

Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.

Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
317 *and* 319 *Montgomery Street,*
SAN FRANCISCO.

Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

THE SIGN OF THE BIG GLOVE.
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets.

J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA FOR THE HAIR FOR SALE.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
STEAMSHIPS FOR
NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,
WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR APRIL.

April 10th—MONTANA, Capt. Jos. Sutton, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
April 18th—SACRAMENTO, Capt H. Cavarly, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Harris.
April 30th—CONSTITUTION, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on July 31, for Hongkong via Kanagawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

HOUSEKEEPERS'
HARDWARE,
CUTLERY,
TINWARE,
WOODENWARE,
WILLOW-WARE,
And all the innumerables required by Housekeepers.

THE ONLY STORE IN SAN FRANCISCO OF THE KIND.

GOODS DELIVERED IN ANY PART OF THE CITY

THOS. CORBETT,
131 Kearny street,
Between Sutter and Post.

JACOB SHEW,
Pioneer Photographer
612 CLAY STREET,
North side, four doors above Montgomery.

Takes all kinds of Photographs in the very best style of the Art. Would especially invite attention to the superiority of the "Cabinet Photograph," or new size, taken at this establishment.

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

OF
MACCARONI, VERMICELLI,
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706 SANSOME ST. 706
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DOCTOR DEMAREST'S
Private Medical Office,
617 KEARNY STREET,
Near Commercial, San Francisco.

OFFICE HOURS: From 9 A. M., till 4 P. M.

JOHN LOCHHEAD'S
STEAM ENGINE WORKS
Beale Street, near Mission, San Francisco.

STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.
HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,
Portable Engines of all sizes,
Donkey Pumps, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The attention of the parties engaged in shipping or inland navigation is called to the
SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP
of Mr. LOCHHEAD, who has been in the business in San Francisco for the last fourteen years and enjoys the reputation of having built ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN STEAM ENGINES.

Screw Propellers of all kinds, and Steam Boat Machinery generally, made to order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in every particular.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

AT THE REGULAR
WHOLESALE PRICES.
RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.

☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

THE BEST FAMILY WINES
IN THE CITY
—Are to be found at—
HOADLEY & CO.'S,
533 Merchant street, under Pacific Fruit Market.

☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE,
No. 223 Bush Street,
Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.

☞ HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.

Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
W. DUNBAR, Proprietor.

FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,
Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
San Francisco.
A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - Proprietor

ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.

FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

L. G. SCHORD,
SUCCESSOR TO
WILLIAM P. LORING & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fine
Wines, Liquors and Segars,
NO. 534 MERCHANT ST.,
Between Montgomery and Sansome sts.

Good Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Families and Clubs supplied on Short Notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets, San Francisco.

ASTREDO EXCHANGE,
No. 635 Washington Street,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House,
FINE IMPORTED WINES, LIQUORS
Native Wines and Bitters, English Ale and Porter.
Hot Lunch Served from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.
A. ASTREDO, - - - PROPRIETOR

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

WILLIAM BRODIE,
California Foundry,
FREMONT STREET, NEAR MARKET,
San Francisco.

LIGHT AND HEAVY CASTINGS
Of every description, made to order.
Special attention paid to all kinds of HOUSE WORK, PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

IS A CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF THE CHOICE root, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effectual antidote for diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. Such a remedy is surely wanted by those who suffer from strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove, as this has, of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found in the following complaints:

Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, etc.

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left in comparative health.

Female diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are often soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

Do not discard this invaluable medicine, because you have been imposed upon by something pretending to be Sarsaparilla, while it was not. When you have used AYER'S—then, and not till then, will you know the virtues of Sarsaparilla. For minute particulars of the diseases it cures, we refer you to Ayer's American Almanac, which the agent below named will furnish gratis to all who call for it.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, for the cure of Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Heartburn arising from Disordered Stomach, Pain, or Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, and for a Dinner Pill.

They are sugar coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best Aperient in the world for all the purposes of a Family Physic.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers.

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner!

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her,
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder.

My child, who reads this simple lay
With eyes dropt down and tender,
Remember, the old proverb goes,
That pretty is which pretty does,
And that worth does not go or stay
For poverty or splendor.

'Tis not the house and not the dress
That makes the saint or sinner.
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner!

—ALICE CAREY.

COUSINS.—It is a favorite dodge with a fashionable widow to get you to look into her eye, to find the particle of dust that is irritating that delicate organ, but the man who looks is a "goner." Handsome young ladies inclined to flirt don't resort to that mode exactly, to entrap a fellow, but they will manage to get you to call them "Cousin," and under this assumed and tender relationship, they will play the deuce with one's unsophisticated affections. One can get along so rapidly in love making under the cloak of pretended cousinship; for you can make the most serious protestations and show the most assiduous attentions, as i in the merest fun, just to keep up the character of "cousin," you know. Oh! the untold mischief that has been occasioned by a youth recklessly proposing himself to a confirmed flirt as cousin.

It is very pleasant at first, we grant you. You call to see your fictitious relation, and she meets you smilingly at the door, saying, "Oh, I'm glad to seeyon, consin Charles;" and she looks so handsome, and smiles so bewitchingly at the joke, that yon are quite entranced, and ready to die for her at once. When, on leaving, you salute her good night with "Adieu, sweet coz," and laugh as if it was all a joke, and the kiss you had received in fun wasn't going to keep you staring, broad awake all night, in downright earnest.

You are bewildered by the rapid manner in which everything appears to be advancing, and some fatal evening you are weak enongh to fall npon your knees and declare your love in strains particularly turtle-dovy, to have your fictitious consin (who, being a flirt, is tired of the farce by this time) draw herself up with offended dignity, assure you, in a tone that brings you to your senses and your feet at once, that "you are presuming altogether too much on a mere jest, *Mister* Brown!" This is a clincher, and if you are not a ninny you will be very careful how you call a bewitching flirt "cousin" again.

To be a woman, nowadays, appears to be the most difficult thing in the world. To be a creature bewigged, bepowered, bepuffed, rolled, coiled, padded, bagged, stuffed, frizzled, curled, tied, tortured, strained, dyed, beaded, dotted, streamered, fringed, trimmed, ruffled, plaited, trailed, jetted, jeweled, frilled, rouged, jerked, smirked, till the very fashion-plates hide their diminished head, is one thing; to be a human soul, with an eternity to live, with other human souls to help, with actual working and suffering, self-denying, conquering, learning, and ennobling before it, is another.

The other day a teacher at a lady's school, while putting a company of juveniles of the gentler sex through their spelling, came to the word "lad," of which, in accordance with the modern method of tuition, she asked the signification. One little pnss, on the question being put, with a sidelong look, blushingly answered: "For courtin' wi."

WHEN is butter like Irish children?—When is made into little pats (Pats).

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

UNION INSURANCE COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 416 *and* 418 *California Street.*

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - $750,000

The California Lloyds,

HAVING CONSOLIDATED WITH THE UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, JANUARY 1, 1866, THIS COMPANY ARE NOW PREPARED TO EFFECT MARINE AS WELL AS FIRE INSURANCE UPON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

LOSSES PROMPTLY AND EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PAID IN GOLD COIN.

DIRECTORS.

J. Mora Moss,	Benjamin Brewster,
James Otis,	Lloyd Tevis,
Wm. E. Barron,	Thos. H. Selby,
J. G. Kittle,	Nicholas Luning,
Joseph A. Donohoe,	John Parrott,
M. J. O'Connor,	J. Underhill,
I. Friedlander,	M. D. Sweeny,
Moses Heller,	C. N. Felton,
Lafayette Maynard,	James Phelan,
Charles L. Low,	Gustave Touchard,
Jacob Scholle,	Michael Castle,
James Dows,	Nicholas Larco,
Joseph Seller,	N. G Kittle,
L. H. Allen,	Wm. C. Talbot,
Wm. Hooper,	Patrick McAran,
C. Temple Emmet,	Geo. C. Johnson,
Joseph Brandenstein,	Caleb T. Fay,
B. F. Hastings, Sacramento.	
L. Cunningham, Marysville.	William Smith,

CALEB T. FAY, President.
CHARLES D. HAVEN, Secretary.
GUSTAVE TOUCHARD, Marine Director.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Monigomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

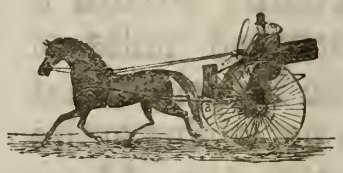
Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.
R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

JOHN HAGAN,
Marble - Worker,

MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Head-stones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

P. A. FINIGAN'S



NORFOLK STABLES,

ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN POWELL AND MASON, SAN FRANCISCO.
THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.

Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

DEXTER STABLES,
Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES, - - - - - PROPRIETOR

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, - - Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
PRICE 50 CTS

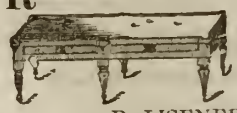
A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.
PRICE 50 CENTS.
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
Cor. Sansome & Commercial streets.
Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
DOWNY PULU, CURLED HAIR, MOSS, AND WOOL MATTRESSES.
—ALSO—
The sole right to manufacture FULLER'S PATENT SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESSES, admitted by everybody to be the BEST, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.
A full assortment of FURNITURE, SHEETING, BLANKETS, etc., at extremely low prices, for cash.
JACOB SCHREIBER,
Nos. 121 and 123 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine, San Francisco.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

WM. WORTHINGTON,
House and Sign Painter,
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c., &c.,
735 Market street,
Between Third and Fonrth streets, San Francisco.

REMOVAL.—FIRST PREMIUM



Billiard TABLE MANUFACTORY.
P. LISENFELD,
Has removed from 612 Battery street to 537 Sacramento street, a few doors below Montgomery,
Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements.
Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description.
All goods sold are warranted.

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

CANTY & WAGNER,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors.

SAUL & McARRON,
Carriage Manufactory,
NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,
Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.
A general assortment of new and second hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.
Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

Pollard & Carvill,

Dealers in and Manufacturers of
LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
37 and 39 Webb street,
Between Sacramento and California.

Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

A Rare Chance.

THE UNDERSIGNED, INTENDING TO RETIRE from business, desires to call the attention of the public to a LARGE STOCK OF CARRIAGE MATERIAL at his store, No. 506 MARKET STREET, and No. 7 SUTTER STREET, which he will SELL AT COST. Until said goods are disposed of, he will BUILD TO ORDER, at his factory, corner of FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, all kinds of
WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c.,
A good assortment of which can always be found on hand, and at a less price than can be had at any other place in the city. Will keep about 50 workmen employed to complete all unfinished work and contracts, in order to close business by the first day of July next. Has on hand and for sale, Six First-class Concord style 9-Passenger STAGE WAGONS, and a good assortment of LUMBER or FARM WAGONS EXPRESS WAGONS, CARTS, &c.
Also, will soon have finished FIFTY BUGGIES.
H. CASEBOLT.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,
No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

GEO. T. CASEBOLT & CO.,
Importers of
Hardwood Lumber,
ALL KINDS OF

Carriage and Wagon Materials, Coach Trimming and Hardware.
315 PINE STREET,
es corner of Sansome, San Francisco.

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist,
No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.
Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel.
Containing 500 *Volumes of Standard Works,*
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.
THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

MRS. WINSHIP,

Fashionable Milliner,

NO. 23 POST STREET,

Between Kearny and Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.

Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.

☞ Goods received by every steamer, from New York and Paris.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Headley's Great Work!

The only book issued on our NAVY during the Rebellion. Agents find no competition.

FARRAGUT AND OUR NAVAL COMMANDERS,

Comprising Popular Biographies of our Naval Heroes, by Hon. J. T. Headley, the distinguished Author and Historian—complete in one large volume—handsomely illustrated in steel. The best paying Agency of the day.

In connection with this work our Agents can take orders for five of Headley's Standard Works, Call or send at once for Circulars and Terms.

E. E. SHEAR, General Agent,
No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate ahould not he made.

It appearing to the said Court, hy the petition this day presented and filed hy J. W Brumagim, the Administrator of the estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased nnd the dehts, expenses and charges of the administration;

It is therefore ordered hy the said Court, that all persona interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Mondny, the 6th day of May, A. n. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of Sau Francisco, to show cause why an order should not he granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceaaed as shall he necessary;

And that a copy of this order ho published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated April 5th, 1867. ap6-5w

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of PATRICK GAFFNEY, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 4th day of April, A. n. 1867, noticc is hereby given that Tuesday, the 23d day of April, A. n. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the City Hnll, in the city nnd county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said PATRICK GAFFNEY, deceased, und for hearing the application of Wm. A. Quarles, Public Administrator, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters of Administration with the will annexed, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Dated at San Francisco, this April 5th, A. n. 1867.
J. F. FINN, Esq.. Att'y for Petitionsr. ap6 3w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF HORACE COLE, deceased. Notico is hereby given hy the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of HORACE COLE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within nine months and twenty-one days after the first publication of thia notice, to the said Administrator with the will annexed, at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated April 4th, 1867.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Horace Cole, deceascd. ap6-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, Stnte of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN P. HILL, deceased.

Order to show cansc why order of sale of real estate ahonld not he made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Michael Lynch, the Administrator of the estate of JOHN P. HILL, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of admiuistration;

It is therefore ordered hy the said Court, that all poraons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear hefore the said Probate Court on Monday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Prohnte Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show canac why an order ahould not be granted to the said Administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shnll be necessary;

And that a copy of this order ho published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and pnblished in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30-5w

R. W. HENT, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of J. C. BEIDEMAN, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of the Judge of said Court, made this day, notice is hereby given that Mondny, the 22 l day of April, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, being a day of a regular term of said Court, to-wit: of the April Term, A. D. 1867, at the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been appointed for hearing the petition, this day filed, of Bernard Kennedy, praying for a decree authorizing and directing John W. Brnmagim, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate left unadministered of J. C. Beideman, deceased, to eonvey to the snid petitioner certain real estate situnted in said city and county, and particularly deacribed in said petition, upon the payment to said Administrator of the balance of the purchase money of said real estate; at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said petitiod by filing their objections in writing.

Dated March 22d, 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. Drake & Hent, Attys. for Petitioner.
mar23-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als, Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE. Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No 5 of the 100 vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may he determined by a decree of this Court; that hy said decree it he declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of laud, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, he forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th dny of Februnry, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on tne 10th day of September, A. D. 1866, in the matter of the estates of David Whipple and Will am Whipple, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of aad minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, nnd subject to confirmation hy said Probate Court, on TUESDAY, the 23d day of April, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors, David Whipple and William Whipple, of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pine street, 111½ feet easterly from the south-east corner of Pine and Taylor streets; running thence easterly along said line of Pino street 26 feet; thence at a right angle southerly and parallel with Taylor street 137½ feet; thence at a right angle westerly 26 feet, and thence at a right angle northerly and parallel with Taylor street 137½ feet to the point of beginning.

And offers or bids for said property, in writing will he received at said place, No. 6 Montgomery Block, in said city and county, from this date till Tuesday, the 23d day of April, 1867, at twelve o'clock, noon, hy the undersigned. ROBERT L. HARRIS,
Guardian of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors
Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30-4w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not he made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed hy Thomas Breeze, the Administrator of the estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased, praying for an order for the sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts of the deceased and the charges and expenses of administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear hefore the said Probate Court on Monday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cnuse why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall he necessary;

And that a copy of this order he published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 29th, 1867.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Adm'r. mh30 5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not he made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of James Edwin Reas, deceased, praying for an ordor of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell a portion, and would ho most for the interest of all concerned to sell the whole of the real estate to pay the family allowance, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration;

It is therefore ordered hy the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear hefore the said Probate Court on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Prohate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, to show canse why an order should not he granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of tlds order be published at lenst four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN J. TAYSEN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given hy the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN J. TAYSEN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persona having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the store of A. Crawford, No. 27 Market street, San Francisco, that being the place of the transaction of business hy said Executors of said estate.

A. CRAWFORD, } Executors.
D. N LUNDT, }

Dated March 30th, 1867. mh30-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of NAYLOR C. DAVIS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John H. Madison, Administrator of the Estate of Naylor C. Davis, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to he divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Naylor C. Davis, deceased, appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 15th day of April, A. D 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not he made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs at law of the said Naylor C. Davis, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order he published for four successive weeks before the said fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 11th, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city nnd county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to he a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of March, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM LOEWY, Clerk.
m16 5t By WM. LEDLIE, Deputy Clerk.
CHAS WITTRAM, Esq., Attorney for Administrator.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintills, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant; You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, hnt in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to he due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the snid complaint, as above required, the snid Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDIcial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you hy the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, hnt in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by defanlt will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the honds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City nnd County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHANN GEORG MOELLER, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 27th day of March, A. n. 1867, Notice is hereby given, that TUESDAY, the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said Johann Georg Moeller, deceased, and for hearing the application of Louise Moeller, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Dated at San Francisco, this 29th March, A n. 1867.
J. F. FINN, Attorney for petitioner. mh20-3w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY A. WALSH, deceased. Notice is hereby given hy the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at at the office of Crane & Boyd, Attorneys at Law, in the city and county of San Francisco, the place of his transaction of business.

Dated at San Francisco, March 25th, 1867.

JOHN TOWNSEND,
Administrator of Estnte of Mary A. Walsh, deceased.
Crane & Boyd, Att'ys, S. W. cor. Clay and Montgomery streets. mh30-5w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUdicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMIN S. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al., defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovenamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Jndicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, hnt in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment hy default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to he $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers, incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and he put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. } By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j19-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate shonld not he made.

It appearing to the said Court, hy the petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Courtis, Administrator of the estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the claims against the estate, and the expenses of administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear hefore the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the twenty-second day of April A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco to show cause why an order should not he granted to the said Administor to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspuper printed and published in said city and county.

M C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 22d, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to he a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 22d day of March, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp 50 cts., canceled.]
WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
F. A. Fahens, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
mar23 4t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELLEN NERAC, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Ellen Nerac, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the devisee named in the Will of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate to the party entitled thereto:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Ellen Nerac, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the devisee of the said Ellen Nerac, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order he published for four successive weeks, before the said sixteenth day of April A D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated March 14th, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK Of the City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to he a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the snid Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 14th day of March, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
[Seal and stamp.] By A. J JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. J. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. m16 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF FRANCIS S. WOOD, deceased. Notice is hereby given hy the undersigned, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against FRANCIS S WOOD, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, JOHN G. HODGE, at Nos. 418 nnd 420 Clay street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated April 6th, 1867.

JOHN G HODGE.
Administrator with the will annexed of FRANCIS S Wood, deceased. ap6-5w

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ROBERT CARTER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratix of the estate of Robert Carter, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratix, at the place of transaction of her business, at the office of her attorney, John F. Finn, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

GRACE CARTER,
Administratix of the Estate of Robert Carter, deceased.
Dated April 12, 1867. ap13 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate left unadministered of THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator as aforesaid at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated April 12th, A. D. 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of Thomas A. Kimball, deceased.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Administrator.
ap13-5t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CHARLES MITCHELL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Charles Mitchell deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated April 11th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of Charles Mitchell, deceased. ap13-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF LUDWIG IGEL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of LUDWIG IGEL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated April 11th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Ludwig Igel, deceased. ap13 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB R. MAYER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Jacob R. Mayer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his place of business, No. 523 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Dated April 13th, A. D. 1867.

A. W. BOWMAN,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Jacob R. Mayer, deceased. ap13 5t

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 2-
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 20, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: A Whaling Port, by Prentice; Snodgrass on Poe; Local Architectural Notes; Local Art Items, by Astræa. LION'S MOUTH: The Case of Rook vs. Crook; Charity Concerts; Spring Gardening; A Jewish Rabbi in a Christian Pulpit; England Threatened; Muscular Christianity. Literary Gleanings and Gossip; Book Notices; Dramatic Affairs; Paragraphs, etc. Poetry—Cable Hymn, by John G. Whittier; Lines on the Bust of Dante, A Love Song, etc. SELECTED: The Story of Rose Blackett and her Lovers; Candace, a Story; "Black Sheep," etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Spring Gardening.

"About this time expect much flurried gardening" might safely be written in the almanacs, and with much better chance of correctness than the weather prophecies. When the buds are sprouting, birds mating and hives incubating, a large proportion of the women of America are taken down with the flower garden fever. There is a putting on of garden gloves, a seizing of garden trowels, a dropping of garden seeds and a prodigious amount of ineffective scratching in the garden beds. The weeding and watering are performed at or about the same hours of time. The horticultural enthusiasm so suddenly developed by the first mild rays of spring gives out prematurely. Weeds will grow also. They seem to thrive better in our gardens than elsewhere. While the legitimate plants are often of slow and sickly growth the weeds pop out in every direction. They appropriate our water and the richness of our soil in a most audacious manner. We are going to have roses, pinks and violets, dasies, fuchsas and hyacinths mignionette, sweet peas and morning glories, oleanders, lilies, and geraniams. Then we have a number of other strange plants with strange names. We have a beautiful garden in imagination. Ten days since ten papers of seeds were sown and none up yet. We have dug several times to see if they had sprouted. For several days after planting we watched the groad to see them protrude. Their tardiness is very provoking.

We have a hose and a garden sprinkler, and we drench our garden every morning. It is so nice to hydraulic. A neighbor has remarked that we keep the ground too wet—and that there is such a thing as being too aquatic in horticultural matters. But he is simply envious. He has no garden hose or sprinkler. He is obliged to go round and ladle out water on his plants and flowers with a prosaic old pail and tin dipper. Yet his garden looks well, nevertheless. One goat has been in our garden. He made sad work and made it in a very few minutes. Goats seem quite impervious to pounding. There is also a hen who makes an occasional foray. But the nurserymen, who go about during the day when the man of the house is absent, tempting the American women of San Francisco with pots of hot-house plants, constitute the greatest and most expensive trial. Then these female people commence buying flowers they know no such word as stop.

The American Flag,

The world must confess the American flag has come out of this war undamaged—the stars are all there. But the *American Flag* newspaper was sadly damaged by the cessation of war. After the war came the sheriff, and the *Flag* went in. On Thursday last the *Flag* appeared again and again asserted that it was not established for a campaign but "for all time," It knew it would be welcomed by thousands who, during the time of its suspension, had been longing for an independent newspaper, and all that sort of thing. We fear that the *Flag* in its present shape, will not be as useful at it was formerly. An intelligent Chinaman who formerly took thousands of copies of the *Flag*—at $1 a hundred—thus expressed his dissatisfaction at its present appearance—"*Flag* no good now, too little; some time *Flag* was good, no good now; some time, put flee shirt in *Flag*; now no can. *Flag* all same *Morning Call*, too little." Under these circumstances we cannot, in spite of the flattering notice which D. O. McCarthy's circular has received from the Red Dog *Bulletin*. The murderer's Cañon *Gazette* and other flourishing papers, prophesy that it will achieve a success. It has as yet, since its resuscitation, done very little towards creating a sensation. It has not pitched into the Irish; it did not on Good Friday curse the Jews as being responsible for the event which took place on Calvary; it has not thrown out hints to the effect that all the banks in San Francisco are unstable; it has not—oh! bah, it has done nothing.

Flowers of Literature.

The new local-items of the *Alta* gets up his police reports in an even more florid style than did the lamented Fitz-Smythe. He calls "drunks," "bacchanals arrested for festive imprudence."

A Jewish Rabbi in a Christian Pulpit.

Under the above heading, the *Bulletin* of Wednesday last, published the following from the Cincinnati *Gazette* of March 4th:

"Many persons, no doubt, had their sense of propriety somewhat startled, on Saturday morning at reading among the religious notices for Sunday that the Rev. Dr. Max Lilienthal, the elderly Rabbi of the Jewish congregation that worships in the synagogue on the southeast corner of Broadway and Sixth street, would preach to the First Congregational (Unitarian) society, in Hopkins's Hall, in the absence of the pastor, on the following morning. Such a pulpit exchange—or courtesy, rather, for we presume that Rev. Mr. Vickers would hardly have been admitted to the altar of the Broadway synagogue, as an expounder of the law and the prophets as he understands them—has never been known before in this city, if anywhere. And when it is remembered that this Congregational society professes to be one of the advance outposts of the Christian church, and that the Jewish religion is the most ancient known to accepted history, this circumstance seems a striking confirmation of the adage, 'Extremes meet,'

Many persons have expressed their astonishment at this remarkable instance of liberality on the part of a "Christian Church." A little reflection on the subject will perhaps lead them to think that there is nothing very extraordinary in the fact of a Unitarian congregation inviting a Jewish Rabbi to preach before them. The Unitarians utterly deny the divinity of Christ but consider him a teacher inspired by God; the Jews deny the divinity of Christ and believe him to have been in no way inspired. Had a Jewish Rabbi been invited to preach in a Christian Church—that is a church whose members believe in the divinity of Christ—then indeed the members of the Christian Church throughout the world might have been astonished; but for Unitarians, who believe only in the Father—the God of the Hebrews—to invite a Hebrew to preach for them is nothing strange. We do not think that the Rev. Dr. Max Lilienthal, the elderly Rabbi of the synagogue, when he preached in a Unitarian church, could be justly described as "A Jewish Rabbi in a *Christian* pulpit."

Charity Concerts.

Too many concerts are given in San Francisco "for the sake of charity." On Thursday evening a concert was given at Platt's Hall for the sake of charity; the lessees charged nothing for the hall and *O, mirabile dictu!*—the San Francisco Gas Company charged nothing for their gas. Here was a hall and several feet of gas at the service of the Committe of the Southern Relief Fund. For the sake of charity, Mrs. Lizzie Parker Northup volunteered to sing a song, Miss Ella Kemp also volunteered to sing a song, the Second Artillery Band volunteered to play three tunes. Wilils's Quadrille Band also volunteered to provide music for the "ball" which was to follow the concert. We had almost forgotten to state that a Mr. Bosworth also volunteered to sing a song, or make himself useful in some other way. The press, for the sake of charity, hoped that the concert would be well attended, and assured the public that the entertainment offered was a very good one. The public declined suffering itself to be swindled out of its money, preferring to give its dollars directly to the Committee of the Southern Rolief Fund to having—for the sake of charity—to endure a concert of three fair artistes and a small ball. We don't believe in charity which takes such a shape as this. About thirty people attended the concert on Thursday evening—two down-stairs and twenty-eight up-stairs. It is not necessary to attempt to swindle the liberal public of San Francisco out of its money. Give the public a fair entertainment and it will respond liberally without considering whether the amusement offered is fully worth the price demanded for admission to it; but when two or three unknown artistes of third or fourth rate ability volunteer to "get up" a charitable concert in order that the public may, without cost to themselves, be aware of their existence, it is not be lamented that the public refuse to go to hear them even "for the sake of charity."

A Final Decision in the Case of Rook vs Crook.

It is not only in the U. S Circuit Court that the great case of Black Rook vs Black Crook is tried. The public are trying the case themselves. Every evening the Faust Cellar becomes a court room, and George, like a learned judge, charges the jury and the advocates with lager until they froth up to an alarming extent. A worthy Teuton last night, after being charged several times, delivered the following decision, which must be accepted as final by every unprejudiced man:

"I sees through dis affair. Der management of der Metropolitan gets some fellow to steal der *Black Crook* in New York and der management of der Opera House gets some fellow in New York to steal der *Black Crook* andt dey both gets der same fellow, andt when Maguire finds out that he can't make business that way, he thinks it is not honest and he has combunctions visitings of conscience, andt is troubled mit his mind, and he becomes honest, andt he pays Mr. Barras for his copy right, and tells der management of der Metropolitan that they are dishonest, andt that he wouldn't steal from Mr. Barras but pays him for der copy right of his play, which gives him der right to copy all der bogus *Black Crooks* of which he can get hold." A knowing man, upon hearing the above, remarked that "he believed the Dutchman was about right, and that if a certain theatrical agent were put on the stand and forced to tell from whom he received the copy of the play produced at Maguire's Opera House under the title of *The Black Crook*, another theatrical agent in New York would be in a bad way." The case will be settled, we suppose, shortly after we go to press, but we shall take care that Judge Deudy does not get a copy of the CALIFORNIAN, as we wish him to give an original and unprejudiced decision.

Muscular Christianity.

The term muscular Christianity originated in England, where physical training is deemed an important adjunct to intellectual and religious education. Muscular Christianity takes an unpleasant form in the Eastern States of America. Not long ago a Christian clergyman carried his practise of Muscular Christianity to an unwarrantable extent: he beat his little boy to death because he would not say his prayers. A somewhat similar case has occurred in Indiana. B. F. Mead, residing in Johnson Township, Gibson county, a muscular Christian, a zealous member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, brutally beat his daughter because she had her hair shingled and refused to lead in prayer. The young lady is about seventeen years old; has been for some years a member of the General Baptist Church; has the reputation of being a very pious and devout Christian, often leading in prayer at the family altar, and generally obedient at the request of her parents. But her father, in a strange freak of nature, forbid that she should have her hair "shingled" and she did not, until about three weeks since, when, in her father's absence, she had her hair cut off. Some five or six days after that her father requested her to lead in prayer, which she declined, saying she did not at that time feel in a proper mood The next morning, while she was engaged in making up the beds, her father entered the room with a large black-jack switch four or five feet long. He ordered her to stand before him, saying he was going to whip her for cutting her hair off and not praying last night. He then plied the black-jack to her back in real ox-driving style until he was satisfied. Then turning, he threw the butt of the stick into the fire, in order that it might not appear in Court against him.

Mahomet spread his religion by means of the sword, but we doubt if Christianity can in these days be beaten into boys and girls with clubs and whips.

England Threatened.

England is claimed. The haughty Briton totters. Now can be seen the beginning of the end. Progress is made by the Fenians not merely in proposing warlike measures, but in taking action thereupon. At a recent Fenian meeting in New York city, a Mr. Griffin proposed sailing up the Thames with two Dunderbergs and demanding the unconditional surrender of Windsor Castle. The moral effect of the capture of Winsor Castle might be great although it is not now considered the key to the British Empire. As a contribution toward this enterprise one individual handed in a musket, and the "Window Bowers," not to be outdone in patriotism, handed in another musket and forty-five rounds of cartridges! Will not the English government keep an eye on this formidable "Window Bowers," and prevent, if possible, these supplies of ammunition—the initiatory steps toward the capture of Windsor Castle. Well may England tremble, actually threatened as she is with two muskets, forty-five rounds of cartridges, the "Widow Bowers," and two rams in prospective.

What to do With Them.

The Indians are likely again to make us a great deal of trouble, and various suggestions are made from time to time as to their final disposition, One individual, in view of the great expense which the Indians are to the Government, suggests that the whole race, as an economical measure, be boarded at first-class hotels. Another reasoning from an observation which has been repeated several hundred thousand times, to wit; that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" advises the administration of an extensive course of music to the noble red man. The Owhyee *Avalanche* remarks that a certain neighbor of theirs, could his services only be obtained "for one night only," would answer every purpose required in a campaign. As executed by him every fifteen minutes on a cornet, one strain of "Home, Sweet Home" would make a "savage breast" sick for a week. With a view to a military end a campaign of boarding school misses practicing on the piano is hinted at. The gentle savage, did he realize the distress of such a demonstration, would probably prefer extermination.

Sporting Intelligence.

We do not know how much truth there is in the rumor to the effect that Tommy Chandler will fight again; we are uncertain as to the time fixed for the fight between Doony Harris and Con Mooney; but, in the meantime, we can assure our readers that Benjamin Todd, the champion of the heavy weights, still challenges the clergy of the Pacific Coast. Benjamin's usual style of fighting is rough and tumble, but he is willing to fight in a ring if compelled, and as far as in him lies conform to rules. The champion possesses not only a plentiful store of hard words, but also much endurance. He proposes to "discuss two days." We will bet on Benjamin. We trust that the Right Reverend Bishop Kip will not accept this challenge to "discuss two days," as the event would surely be that he would be found dead, with Todd on his knees at his side, shouting in his ear.

Business Rivalry.

The *Alta* evidently wishing to hear the *Bulletin* stock, announced yesterday that two of the editors of that paper left on the steamer of Thursday. Mr. L. Pickering did embark on the steamer, but "Samael Williams, Esq. another of the talented editors of the *Bulletin*," as the *Alta* expresses it, did not go. The *Bulletin* still has a few editors left. If some of the numerous editors of the *Alta* were to go East its readers would probably be much benefitted.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XII.—THE FALLING OF THE SWORD.

STEWART ROUTH left his house in Mayfair at an early hour on the day following that which had witnessed the eccentric proceedings and subsequent resolution of Jim Swain. Things were prospering with him; and the vague dread which had fallen upon him had been dissipated. Hope and defiance divided his mind between them. His speculations were all doing well; there was money to be had—money easy to be realized, on which he could lay his hand at very short notice—and there was triumphant, successful love. So much had hope to feed on—assuredly no insufficient aliment. Defiance reared itself against Fate. The time was drawing near, approaching with fearfully rapid strides, when the contingency, long contemplated, successfully eluded for a period beyond his expectation, kept off by such unlikely accidents and combination as might almost have justified his daring faith in his luck, but recognized of late as inevitable, must be realized, when the identity of the murdered man must be known, and the perilous investigation must begin. So be it, he was ready to meet the danger if it must be met; but he hoped no such necessity would arise. His influence over the beautiful woman whom he now really loved with all the passion he had at first feigned was becoming every day stronger and more complete. He knew that the strength of his nature had subdued her; she had no pride, she had vanity; and Stewart Routh made the mistake to which selfish and interested natures are prone. He forgot to calculate upon the influence of selfishness and calculation when their employ must necessarily be in opposition to him. His egotism injured the balance of his intellect, and now he had not the aid of Harriet's calm, cool, unerring judgment in his scheme to restore that balance. His position in regard to Harriet was the most troublesome topic of his thoughts just now. He tried to forget it often, but he did not succeed; not that any sentimental obstacle to the most complete oblivion presented itself.

Routh never bestowed a backward glance upon the life of self-sacrifice and devotion to him, of fidelity which, however depraved in its manifestations, was still fidelity, fond and true as the best man who ever lived an honest and virtuous life in the face of heaven and earth might be proud to inspire, which had been that of the woman whom he had deliberately betrayed, and was now prepared deliberately to abandon. He would have sneered at such a suggestion as a contemptible weakness. Harriet had been undeniably useful to him. He did not attempt to deny the fact to himself; but circumstances had arisen which prevented his making use of her in the future, and consequently, as this instrument was unfortunately living, intelligent, peculiarly acute, and animated by one of the strongest of human passions, it had become dangerous. Harriet had been agreeable to him too—it has been said that he loved her after his fashion; but this had been all over months ago; and the deadest of all mortal things to a man of Stewart Routh's stamp is a dead love; it has not even the dreary faculty of ghostliness—it cannot haunt. The uncomplaining, active, hard working, inventive, untiring comrade, the passionately loving wife, the shrewd, unscrupulous, undaunted, steel-nerved colleague, was nothing more to him now than a dangerously sharp-witted, suspicious woman, who knew a great deal too much about him, and was desperately in his way. The exhilaration of his spirits and the partial intoxication of his new passion had done away with the fear of Harriet which had taken possession of him, but they had intensified his dislike, and one thought presented itself with peculiar distinctness to Stewart Routh as he went Cityward that morning. It was—

"If it was only to get out of her sight, to be rid of her forever, what a relief it would be."

He had been at some pains to keep up appearances with his wife since their return to London. To the step which he meditated a quarrel with her was in no way necessary; and in the event of his failing to bring his plans to maturity before the inevitable discovery, it was all important that they should be agreed on the line of action to be taken. Harriet could not, indeed, oppose him successfully in his determination, if the occasion should arise, to throw the charge of the murder upon George Dallas; but she might render his position extremely perilous if she did not second him. What reason had he to fear? The estrangement between them had been growing wider, it was true, but it had not been exclusively of his making; she had held aloof from him as much as he from her, and he acknowledged that, if no infidelity had existed upon his part, it would still have taken place. From the moment they ceased to be comrades in expedients, and became accomplice in crime, the consequences made themselves felt. Routh did not believe in blessings or in curses, but he did not dispute the inevitable result of two persons finding out the full extent of each other's wickedness,—that those two persons, if obliged to live together, will find it rather uncomfortable. The worst accomplice a man can have is his wife. he had often thought; women always have some scruple lurking somewhere about them, a hankering after the ideal, for the possibility of respecting a man in some degree. While he had been forced to see and to believe in the intensity of his wife's silent sufferings, it had occurred to him more than once to think, "she would not be so miserable if she had done it herself; she would have been much jollier. Nothing ever will cure some women of sentiment."

Did it ever occur to him that it had not been worth his while to do what he had done? that, on the whole, it had not paid? No, never. Routh had been angry with Harriet when the matter had been brought up between them, and complained that it was always "cropping up;" but the truth was, he thought of it himself, much more frequently than it was impressed on him by any allusion from without; and he never ceased to remind himself that the deed had been necessary, indispensable. It had brought him money, when money must have been had, or all must have ended for him; it had brought him money when money meant a clearing and brightening of his sky, an utter change in his life, the cessation of a hazardous and ignoble warfare, the restoration to a peaceful and comparatively safe career. He was in a difficult position now, it was true,—a position in which there was peril to be surmounted only by dauntlessness, prudence, and coolness; but he was dauntless, prudent, and cool. Had all this never been, what might have been his position? When Deane and he had met, his luck had been almost at its lowest; and, in the comradeship which had ensued, there had always been burning anger and intense humiliation on Routh's part, and cold, sneering, heartless boasting on Deane's. Routh was the cleverer man of the two, and incomparably the greater villain; but Deane had elements of rascality in him which even Routh had felt himself entitled to despise. And he had hated him. Routh in his cool manner of thinking things over, had not failed to take this feeling into due account. He would not have killed Deane only because he hated him; he was too true to his principles to incur so tremendous a risk for the simple gratification of even the worst sentiment, of even sentiment intensified into a passion, but he allowed it sufficient weight and influence effectually to bar the entrance of a regret when the larger object had also been attained.

He had no pity for his victim, not even the physical sensation which is experienced by men whose organization and associations are not of the brutal kind, when temper, circumstances, or sudden temptation have impelled them to deeds of cruelty; he had hated Deane too much for that. He never thought of the crime he had committed without dwelling on the conduct which had made him resolve upon it. How the man had played with his necessities, had tricked him with compromising confidences, had duped him with false promises, had led him to the very brink of the abyss, and there had struggled with him,—with him, a desperate man! Fool,—fool! one must go over the brink, then; and who should it be but the weaker? who should hold his ground but the stronger,—but he who had everything to gain? He thought over all those things again to-day, methodically, arranging the circumstances as they had occurred in his mind. He recalled the hours of suspense through which he had lived on that day when Deane had promised to bring him a sum of money representing his own interest in the mining company, which sum was to secure to Routh the position he had striven hard to attain, and rescue him from the consequences of a fraudulent transfer of shares which he had already effected. It had come to a question of hours, and the impatience and suspense had almost worn out Routh's strong nerves, almost deprived him of his self-command. How well he remembered it; how he lived through all that time again. It had never been so vivid in his remembrance, with all the vitality of hate and anger, often as he had thought of it, as it was to-day.

The heartless trifling, the petty insolence of the rich rascal, who little guessed the strength and resolution, the daring and desperation, of the greater, if worse, villain, came back as freshly to Stewart Routh's vindictive memory as if he had not had his ghastly revenge and his miserable triumph months ago, as if he had suffered and winced under them but yesterday. And that yesterday! What a glorious day in his life it had been! Presently he would think about that, and nothing but that; but now he must pursue his task of memory to the end. For he was not his own master in this. Once set to thinking of it, to living it all over again, he had no power to abridge the history.

He had to remember the hours during which he had waited for Deane's coming, for the payment of the promised money; he had to remember how they waned, and left him sick with disappointment, maddened with apprehension; how he had determined he would keep the second appointment with Deane: he did not fear his failing in that, because it was for his own pleasure; and then, for the first time in his life, had felt physically unable to endure suspense, to keep up appearances. He had to remember how he had shrunk from the coarse insolence with which he knew Deane would sport with his fears and his suspense in the presence of George Dallas, unconscious of their mutual position; how all-important it was that, until he had wrung from Deane the promised money, he should keep his temper.

He had to remember how the idea that the man who had so far broken faith with him already, and might break faith with him altogether, and so ruin him utterly, (for if he had failed then, and been detected, hope would have been at an end for him), was within a few yards of him, perhaps with the promised money in his pocket at that moment, had occurred to him with a strange fascination. How it had intensified his hatred of Deane; how it had deepened his sense of his own degradation; how it had made him rebel against and curse his own poverty, and filled his heart with malediction on the rich man who owned that money which meant safety and success to him. He had to remember how Deane had given no answer to his note, temperately worded and reasonable, (Harriet had kept to the letter of the truth in what she said of it to George Dallas,) but had left him to all the tortures of suspense. He had to remember how the desire to know whether Deane really had had all day in his possession the money he had promised him, and had kept him expecting, grew imperative, implacable, irresistible; how he had hung about the tavern, had discovered by Deane's boasting words to his companion that he had guessed aright, had followed them, determined to have an answer from Deane.

He had to remember how he strove with anger, with some remnants of his former pride, which tortured him with savage longings for revenge, while he waited about in the purlieus of the billiard-rooms whither Deane and Dallas had gone. He remembered how lonely and blank, how quiet and dreary, the street had become by the time the two came out of the house together, and parted, in his hearing, with some careless words. He had to remember how he confronted Deane, and was greeted with a taunt; how he had borne it; how the man had played with his suspense, and ostentatiously displayed the money which the other had vainly watched and waited for all day; and then, suddenly assuming an air of friendliness and confidence, had led him away Citywards, without betraying his place of residence, questioning him about George Dallas. He had to remember how this had embittered and intensified his anger, and how a sudden fear had sprung up in his mind that Deane had confided to Dallas the promises he had made to him, and the extent to which their "business" relations had gone. A dexterous question or two had relieved this apprehension, and then he had once more turned the conversation on the subject in which he was so vitally interested. He had to remember—and how vividly he did remember—with what an awakening of the savage fury it had called into life, how Deane had met this fresh attempt,—with what a cool and tranquil assertion that he had charged his mind, had no further intention of doing any business in Routh's line,—was going out of town, indeed, on the morrow, to visit some relations in the country, too long neglected, and had no notion when they should meet again.

And then,—then Stewart Routh had to remember how he had killed the man who had taunted, deceived, treated him cruelly; how he had killed him, and robbed him, and gone home and told his wife,—his comrade, his colleague, his dauntless, unscrupulous Harriet. He had to remember more than all this, and he hated to remember it. But the obligation was upon him; he could not forget how she had acted, after the first agony had passed over—the first penalty inflicted by her physical weakness, which she had spurned and striven against. So surely as his memory was forced to reproduce all that had gone before, it was condemned to revive all that had come after. But he did not soften towards her that day, no, not in the least, though never had his recollection been so detailed, so minute, so calm. No, he hated her. She wearied him; she had ceased to be of any service to him; she was a constant torment to him. So he came back to the idea with which his reflections had commenced, and, as he entered on the perusal of the mass of papers which awaited his attention in his "chambers" in Tokenhouse Square,—for he shared the business abode of the invisible Flinders now,—he repeated,—

"What a relief it would be to get away from her forever!"

Only a few days now, and the end must come. He was a brave man in his evil way, and he made his calculations coolly, and scanned his criminal combinations without any foolish excess of confidence, but well grounded expectation. For a little longer it would not be difficult to keep on fair terms with Harriet, especially as she had renewed her solitary mode of life, and he had taken the precaution of pretending to a revived devotion to play, since the auspicious occasion on which he had won so largely at Homburg. Thus his absence from home was accounted for, and as she had not the slightest suspicion that Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge was in London, had never displayed the least jealousy, except on the one occasion when he had shown her the locket, and had unhesitatingly accepted his explanation of their sudden return to England, he had no reason to trouble himself about her. To sedulously avoid excit

ing her suspicion and jealousy now, and, when the proper time should arrive, to confirm the one and arouse the other so effectually by desertion, infidelity, and insult, as to drive her at once to free herself from him by the aid of the law,—this was his scheme. It looked well; he knew Harriet, he thought, thoroughly. and he might safely calculate upon the course she would adopt. It was strange, if human inconsistency can ever be strange, that Stewart Routh, a man of eminently vindictive disposition, entirely forgot to take into account that the woman thus desperately injured might also seek her reveuge, which would consist in declining to take her own freedom at the price of giving him his.

Perhaps if the depths of that dark heart had been sounded, the depths beyond his own consciousness,—the unvisited, unquestioned, profound,—it would have been discovered that this man was so entirely accustomed to the devotion of the woman who loved him with a desperate though intelligent love, that even in her utmost despair and extreme outrage of wrong he felt assured she would do that which it was his will she should do.

During all this mental review he had hardly bestowed a thought on George Dallas. He would be safe enough in the end, if the worst came to the worst. It had suited him to magnify the strength of the coincidences, which looked like evidence, in discussing them with George, and he had magnified it; it suited him to diminish that strength in discussing them with himself, and he diminished it. A good deal of suffering and disgrace to all the "Felton-Dallas-Carruthers connection," as he insolently phrased it in his thoughts, must come to pass, of course, but no real danger. And if it were not so? Well, in that case, he really could not afford to care. When he had wanted money, Deane (he still thought of him by that name) had had to give way to that imperative need. Now he wanted safety, and Dallas must pay its price. There was something of the sublime of evil in this man's sovereign egotism. As he turned his mind away from the path it had been forced to tread to the end, he thought, "there is a touch of the whimsical in everything; in this it is the demi-semi-relationship between Harriet and these people. I suppose the sensitive lady of Poynings never heard of her step-father Creswick's niece."

A letter for Mr. Routh, a delicate, refined-looking letter, sealed with the daintiest of monograms, the thick board-like envelope containing a sheet of paper to match. on which only a few lines were scrawled. But as Stewart Routh reads them, his sinister dark eyes gleam with pleasure and triumph, and his handsome, evil face is deeply flushed.

"Bearer waits." Mr. Routh writes an answer to the letter, short but ardent, if any one had been there to judge by the expression of his face while he is writing it. He calls his clerk, who takes the letter to "bearer;" but that individual has been profiting by the interval to try the beer in a closely adjacent beer-shop, and the letter is laid upon a table in the passage leading to Stewart Routh's rooms, to await his return from the interesting investigation.

Another letter for Mr. Routh, and this time, also, "bearer waits." Waits, too, in the passage, and sees the letter lying on the table, and has plenty of time to read the address before the experimenting commissionaire returns, has it handed to him, and trudges off with it.

Presently the door at the end of the passage opens, and Routh comes out. "Who brought me a letter just now?" he says to the clerk, and then stops short, and turns to "bearer."

"O, it's you, Jim, is it? Take this to Mrs. Routh."

Then Stewart Routh went back to his room, and read again the note to which he had just replied. It was from Harriet, and contained only these words:

"Come home at the first possible moment. A letter from G. D., detained by accident for two days, has just come, and is of the utmost importance. *Let nothing detain you.*"

The joy and triumph in his face had given way to fury; he muttered angry oaths as he tore the note up viciously.

"All the more reason if the worst has come—or nearer than we thought—that I should strike the decisive blow to-day. She has all but made up her mind—she must make it quite up to-day. This is Tuesday; the Asia sails on Saturday. A letter from Dallas only cannot bring about the final crash: nothing can really happen till he is here. If I have only ordinary luck, we shall be out of harm's way by then."

A little later, Stewart Routh, made certain changes in his dress, very carefully, and departed from Yokenhouse-Yard in a hansom, looking as unlike a man with any cares, business or other kind, upon his mind, as any gentleman in all London. "Queen's-Gate, Kensington," he said to the driver, and the last words of the letter, daintily scaled, and written on board-like paper, which was in his breast-pocket at that moment, were,—

"*I will wait for you in the carriage at Queen's-Gate.*"

"I'm glad I seed that 'ere letter," said Jim Swain to himself, as, deeply preoccupied by the circumstances of the preceding day, he faced towards Routh's house, "because when I put Mr. Dallas on this here lay, I needn't let out as I spied 'em home. I can't 'connt for knowin' on the place perfectly miscus." And then, from an intricate recess of his dirty pocket, much complicated with crumbs and fragments of tobacco, Jim pulled out a crumpled scrap of paper. "Teddy wrote it down quite right," he said, and he smoothed out the paper, and transferred it. for safer keeping, to his cap in which he had deposited the missive with which he was charged.

When Jim Swain arrived at his destination, and the door was opened to him, Harriet was in the hall. She seemed surprised that he had brought her a written answer. She had expected merely a verbal reply, telling her how soon Routh would be home. Jim pulled his cap off hastily, taken by surprise at seeing her, and while he handed her the note, looked at her with a full renewal of all the compassion for her which had formerly filled his untaught but not untender heart. He guessed rightly that he had brought her something that would pain her. She looked afraid of the note during the moment she held it unopened in her hand; but she did not think only of herself, she did not forget to be kind to him.

"Go down to the kitchen, and cook will give you some dinner, Jim," she said, as she went into the dining-room and shut the door; and the boy obeyed her with an additional sense of hatred and suspicion against Routh at his heart.

"I'm beginning to make it all out now," he thought, as he disposed of his dinner in a most unusual silence. "The other one put Routh up to it all, out of spite of some kind. It was a plan of *hers*, it was; and this here good 'un—for she *is* good—is a-sufferin' for it all, while he's a carryin' on." Shortly after, Jim Swain took a rueful leave of the friendly cook, and departed by the area gate. Having reached Piccadilly, he stood still for a moment, pondering, and then took a resolution, in pursuance of which he approached the house at which he had made a similar inquiry the day before, and again asked if there was any news of Mr. Felton. "Yes," the servant replied; "a telegram had been received from Paris. The rooms were to be ready on the following day. Mr. Felton and Mr. Dallas were coming by the tidal train."

"I've a mind to go back and tell her," said Jim to himself. "She must want to know for some particular season, or she wouldn't have sent me to ask yesterday, and she wouldn't have let me catch her out in tellin' a crammer if there warn't somethin' in it. But no," said Jim, eagerly, "I won't. I'll wait for Mr. Dallas; there ain't long to wait now."

Jim Swain's resolution had an important consequence, which came about in a very ordinary and trifling way. If the boy had gone back to Routh's house, and had been admitted into the hall, he would have seen a piece of paper lying on the doormat, on which his quick eyes would instantly have recognized the calligraphic feat of his accomplished friend, Teddy Smith; and he would have regained possession of it. But Jim did not return, and the paper lay there undisturbed for some hours,—lay there, indeed, until it was seen by the irreproachable Harris, when he went to light the gas, picked up, perused by him, and taken to his mistress, who was sitting in the drawing-room quite unoccupied. She looked up as the servant entered; and when the room was lighted, he saw that she was deadly pale, but took no notice of the paper which he placed on the table beside her. Some time after he had left the room her glance fell upon it, and she stretched out her hand wearily, and took it up, with a vague notion that it was a tax-gatherer's notice. But Harriet Routh, whose nerves had once been proof against horror, dread, suffering, danger, or surprise, started as if she had seen shot when she saw, written upon the paper,—

"Mrs. Bembridge, 4 Hollington Square, Brompton."

To be Continued.

A LOVE SONG.

She who sleeps upon my heart
Was the first to win it;
She who dreams upon my breast
Ever reigns within it;
She who kisses oft my lips
Wakes the warmest blessing;
She who rests within my arms
Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come,
Days that may be dreary:
Other hours shall greet us yet,
Hours that may be weary;
Still this heart shall be thy home,
Still this breast thy pillow,
Still these lips meet thine as oft
Billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart,
Since thy love hath won it;
Dream, then, on my loyal breast—
None but thou hast done it;
And when age our bloom shall change,
With its wintry weather,
May we in the self-same grave
Sleep and dream together!

BENNETT, of the New York *Herald*, is engaged on a history of his life on newspapers, to be published after his decease.

MORE ocean telegraphs are still talked of. The more the merrier, if they only do cheaper work.

LINES ON A BUST OF DANTE.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How sterm of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

'Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his hook,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim-guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.*

Peace dwells not here; this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth:
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O, Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other VIRGIL now:
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of *Dante's* mind.

—THOMAS W. PARSONS.

* 'It is told of Dante that when he was roaming over Italy, he came to a certain monastery, where he was met by one of the friars, who blessed him, and asked what was his desire; to which the weary stranger simply answered, '*Peace.*"

THERE has lately been a great increase in the quantity of English and American literature, but the quality of it seems to have deteriorated. Namby-pamby is in the ascendant, and a good new book appears only at rare intervals. The literary field in this country, as in England, has been captured by an army of young men and women who have taken to book-making because they are not capable of doing anything else; and the consequence is that publishers' catalogues are like the bills of fare at certain restaurants—very long, but not particularly inviting.

MR. LOCKE (Petroleum V. Nasby) has reason to be proud of the success of his first book, "Swingin' Round the Cirkle," of which—notwithstanding that it is a compilation of matter that had attained a wider newspaper publicity than anything else ever written—already more than ten thousand copies have been sold. Mr. Locke, it is said, although a Western man by birth and education, purposes shortly removing to New England and making his future home there.

TRUE FELICITY.—The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations, to understand our duties towards God and man, to enjoy the present without any anxions dependence upon the future, not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so wants nothing.

TIME, patience and industry are the three grand masters of the world—they bring a man to the end of his desires; whereas an imprudent and turbulent murmur oftentimes turns him out of the way to his proposed ends.

CARPENTER's picture of President Lincoln reading the Emancipation Proclamation to his Cabinet has been placed over the last door of the rotunda of the Capitol.

DICKENS bothers compositors terribly with his corrections.

MRS. Stoddard will shortly have another novel ready.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLIES.

WITHIN the last two years there has been a very notable advance in New York weekly journalism. The *Nation* and the *Round Table* are, so far as we are aware, the first weekly papers in the United States modelled upon the idea and plan of such English journals as the *Saturday Review*, and *Spectator*. Like their London prototypes, these weeklies publish no stories, no poems (except such as are quoted in their critical articles) but occupy their space with essays on political, literary, and social subjects. The *Nation* is able dignified, and severely critical; while its rival the *Round Table*, affects the sensational vein, and seems in its choice of topics and its style of handling them. The *Citizen*, another New York weekly, edited by "Miles O'Reilly"(Charles G. Halpine) claims to be *par excellence* the "representative literary paper" of the American Metropolis, It evinces considerable ability of a certain kind, a vast deal of self-assertion, together with a certain dash and vivacity that are more popular with the majority of American readers than higher literary qualities. The *Citizen* thus complacently "reckons up" its contemporaries:

"Our weekly press is very painfully deficient in literary talent of a high order. Contrasted with the great literary weeklies of England, we have no representive weekly here, for instance, if we except *the Citizen*. The *Nation* is ponderous and wants enterprise. It goes round and round, making fifty-two revolutions a year, and sails under the colors of a lot of Boston people who may be great at the hub, but whom nobody knows nor wants to know. The *Round Table* suggests veal. It is green and young, and wants directness of purpose, going pell mell into everybody and everything, and saying the most meaningless things in large handsome type. The *Round Table* lacks genius. Compare it with *The Saturday Review*, or the *Athenæum*, and see how far it is from realizing the scholarship and taste of those great journals At the same time there is every chance for the *Round Table's* becoming a prosperous and useful paper, if it only remembers that there are some things in the world besides the dishes on its own table. A national weekly in New York would be a great enterprise. As it is we print nothing to equal the weekly publications of the New York dailies.

SOUTHERN JOURNALS.

If the prosperity of the South can be inferred from the number of its newspapers, it must be highly prosperous. In Richmond alone, there are no less than *seven* dailies. all of which judging from their appearance, are highly prosperous. The Richmond *Times* is a large and handsome paper of eight pages, issuing once a week a "double sheet," or more properly an edition with a supplement, of twelve pages. Speaking of the Virginia papers the New York *Citizen* says:

"The *Enquirer* is as large as ever, but more sprightly. It represents Old Virginia, and is intensely aristocratic. The *Examiner*—the great paper of the South during the war—and before the war, according to Theodore Parker, the best paper in America—has been reconstructed. Daniel is dead—Daniel the boldest, most gifted, most unrelenting of all the rebels. He was as a general of cohorts. and was of more use to the Confederacy than any man except Lee. How he fired the slumbering Southern hearts, and poured oil upon the flames, and made Jefferson Davis himself eat many a sad breakfast. Among Daniel's eccentricities was a contempt for Yankee spelling. He would have nothing to do with Webster or Worcester, and so went back a hundred years and followed Johnson. Public became "publick,"—Atlantic, "Atlantick,"—hour, "honour"—connection, "connexion,—labor, "labour," making the paper look very quaint. His successor, Mr. Pollard, an assistant of Daniel, follows his master's spelling absolutely. We can pardon eccentricities in men of genius—we smile at the mimicries of small men, and think of Kinglake's extremely sarcastic comment on Louis Napoleon: "Conscious that in point of hat and coat and boots he was the same as the Emperor Napoleon, he imagined that the great scion of 1815 between the man and the men of a hundred fights could be acted over again." Pollard in the hat and coat and boots of Daniel, makes an awkward figure. His paper is a good one, and bad spelling does not improve it. All these Richmond journals show signs of thrift. The people seem to be holding on to their land. The columns of "plantations for sale" have disappeared, and we find every indication of prosperity and wealth. In Charleston there are three newspapers. One before us have eight pages, and every one is filled with advertisements with the exception of a little space for news. Savannah sends us supplements telling us where all the Christmas luxuries of New York and London may be purchased. Augusta has large dailies. When we go to Mississippi we find the small town of—Corinth with a large daily—Corinth, from which Beauregard ran away. The town of Lelma—a country town—in Alabama, has an eight-paged daily. Memphis prints daily papers as large as *The Citizen*. Natchez has a brisk dailey; while New Orleans prints the largest paper in the United States. Take up any one of these journals—broad white, neatly-printed, rich teeming with evidence of prosperity and advancement—and compare them with the small, dingy, greasy, seven-by-nine straw sheets that spies were wont to carry in the heels of their boots and sell to pickets for whiskey, and we can see how much more advantage the Union is to the South than was the Rebellion. The South now learns that Union is wealth and strength.

THE PORTER-HOUSE STEAK HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

The following rather odd historical sketch of the Porter-House Steak, is from a new curiosity in literature, entitled *The Market Assistant*, which we find among a number of recent puplications just received from A. Roman & Co:

"Martin Morrison was the proprietor of a long-established and well-kept 'porter-house,' located and known at that period at No. 327 Pearl street, New York, near the 'Old Walton House.' We introduce him in 1813, where we find he opens a 'porter-house' at No. 43 Cherry street, which became a popular resort with many of the New York pilots for his prepared hot meals at any hour, at their call; they being occasionally detained on shipboard until their vessels were safely moored.

The 'porter-houses' in those days were not so devoted to tippling, dram-drinking and the common nests for the loafing, or the manufacturing of politicians and corrup officials, as at the present day; but served to accomodate the hungry and thirsty travelers, old and young bachelors, seamen and others, with a cold lunch, after the English custom—'a pot of ale [or porter] and a bite of something.' Some 'porter-houses' prepared a hot meal of one or two dishes; among these was Morrison's, who must have been quite famous for his excellent broiled beefsteaks, which were universally called for at his place.

On one occasion (at the above period, 1814), Morrisen having had an unusual call for steaks; he had cooked his last steak, and, as fortune would have it for all future partakers of beefsteaks, an old favorite, but a rough pilot, made him a late visit, both hungry and thirsty, having been several hours without food. Not caring for the salt junk aboard the vessel which he piloted in, he had concluded to wait until he got on shore, that he might cast his anchor at Morrison's, where he could enjoy his 'hot steak and mug of porter.'

In his honest language, the pilot gave his usual order. Morrison had nothing but his family dinner for the next day, which consisted of a sirloin roasting-piece, from which he offered a cut, if the old pilot would have it. 'Yes, my hearty, anything—so long as it is a beefsteak—for I am as empty as a gull!' exclaimed the pilot. Morrison cut off a good-sized slice, had it dressed and served. The pilot ravenously devoured it, and turning to the host (who had been expecting a blast from the old tarpaulin) to his astonishment, renewed the order: 'Messmate, another steak just like that—do you hear?' Having finished his steaks and the second mug of porter, the old pilot squared himself towards his host, loudly vociferating: 'Look ye here, messmate, after this I want my steaks off the roasting-piece! do ye hear that?—so mind your weather-eye, old boy!'

It was not long after this when the old pilot's companions insisted upon having these 'small loin steaks' served to them. Morrison soon discovered that these steaks were more suitable in size to dish up for single individuals, and he ever after purchased the sirloin roast-pieces, from which he cut off the small steaks as they were called for; the large sirloin steaks becoming less in demand.

Morrison's butcher—Thomas Gibbons—in the Fly Market, one morning put the question, after he, (Morrison), had selected several sirloin pieces, 'Why he had ceased purchasing the usual quantity of sirloin steaks?' Says Morrison, 'I will tell you the reason. I cut off from the sirloin roasting-pieces a small steak which serves my pilots and single patrons best; but as it is now cold weather, I wish to have these roasting-pieces cut up as I shall direct every morning.' After this, Morrison's sirloins were daily cut up by Mr. Gibbons, with his order to 'cut steaks for the porter-house;' hence, the sirloin was changed into 'cut the porter-house steaks.' Their appearance attracted the attention of other butchers and keepers of porter-houses, who admired their appearance and convenient size; in a few years their name and character became quite common to the butchers of the Fly Market, from which the name has spread to the several principal cities of the United States, and I doubt not that the name, *porter-house steak*, has reached across the Atlantic."—*From the Market Assistant.*

ART AT WASHINGTON.—THE SENATOR FROM OREGON THINKS HE IS A JUDGE OF STATUARY.

Most people who are in the habit of reading the Congressional debates, understand pretty well how, and upon what principles "Art-jobs"—for the furnishing of a picture or a statue for the Capitol is regarded like any other contract for work—are "given out" at Washington. The statue of Mr. Lincoln, for which $10,000 is to be paid, is not to be the work of any known American artist; but the contract was awarded to Vennie Ream, an amateur of sixteen years, the daughter of a department clerk, whose friends were powerful with the lobby. It is in this unintelligent and barbarously ignorant spirit that nearly all the ornamental work for the Capitol is assigned, and there is reason to fear that the statue decreed to General Scott will furnish another example of the taste and culture of our national legislators. Speaking of the debate in the Senate on the Vennie Ream bill, the New York *Nation* says:

"The ignorance displayed by honorable Senators in the debate upon this bill was most astounding, and would have been ludicrious had it not been so saddening. What, it may be asked, is to be hoped for art in a nation whose highest representatives can speak, as did Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon, in reply to Mr. Sumner? 'Mr. President, it this were a mere matter of research, I should be very much inclined to defer to the judgment of the Senator from Massachusetts; but as it is not, and as it requires no great learning, no particular devotion to reading, to discover what is an exact imitation of nature, I claim that my judgment on such a subject is as good as his own. My mind has never been perverted by the extensive reading which the gentleman from Massachusetts has had, or by that vast amount of lore in which he is so accomplished, but I claim to be equally as good a judge as he is of any mere matter of art which is an imitation of a natural object.' There is an effrontery about this truly magnificent; an utter ignoring of the fact, which we should think scarcely needed demonstration, that a knowledge of art is to acquired only by study and observation, just as a knowledge of any other branch of learning. Just as well, surely, might Mr. Nesmith claim to be naturally an entirely competent judge of music or Greek prosody. A knowledge of art and its laws is not to be required of members of Congress. It may be a question whether or no the 'condition of the Senator from Massachusetts,' which seems so irritating a thorn in the sides of many members, be necessary to the faithful fulfilment of their trusts, though we are inclined to think that it might do no harm even to the worthy Senator from Oregon; but we are not disposed to ask of them an intimate acquaintance with art. We do ask, however, that they should acknowledge the fact that there are many others in the land, men whose lives have been devoted to the study of art, who are more competent to judge in this department than they, and to whom the purchase of works of art should, and the adornment of public buildings, might well be committed, that the public money may not be squandered in works which can be but an eyesore to all cultivated persons, and whose only tendency must be to depress the public taste."

BORES.

THE tunnel through the Alps is a gigantic bore, but not of the kind we are going to describe now, though the very mention of it recalls an old story which will still bear repeating. An old gentleman having caught a listener, was detailing at frightful length how he had been trying in vain to make an Artesian well, and the luckless hearer was in utter despair. "Well, sir," he continued, impressively, "I bored, and I bored—" "Oh!" ejaculated the tortured one, "that you did, I'll be bound—I am sure you bored."

A bore has been defined as "somebody who doesn't know when it is time for him to leave off doing something," and this is right as far as it goes. But a man may bore by *beginning* something which is inopportune. When Bob Sawyer described over the breakfast table the extraction of a tumor from a gentleman's head, illustrating with a loaf and oyster-knife, he was an unmistakable bore.

I was on a country visit not long since, writing against time one morning. Enter housekeeper, with a countenance half dismayed, half amused, and announces Mr. Boggley. He came in, looking like *Punch's* picture of John Bull, and sat down for three hours and ten minutes, and recounted how he had made a speech at the last vestry. I don't think there was much in it, but it began thus: "Gentlemen, I says—just as it might be to you, now—Gentlemen—Squire Oaks was a settin' as might be there—Gentlemen, I says, two and two makes four, leastways they allus did when I went to school." Boggley thought this so neat that he repeated it a dozen times in the course of his monologue. What suffering I endured! I threw myself into attitudes, I drew portraits of Boggley behind my desk, I read the paper, but still he bored. I related my sufferings next day to Farmer Wuts, who told me that once, as he was driving out of Colchester to go home—eleven miles—he overtook Boggley and offered him a lift. Boggley related then the measures he had taken to remove an obnoxious wagon which had been pulled up opposite his window. He had dilated on the attendant circumstances, and was nearing the crisis of his story, when they reached home. "I'll tell you next time what I done," said Boggley, as he got out. "But he never will," added Wuts, confidentially.

Boring does not necessarily mean talking on distasteful subjects. One has to do that sometimes, whether people like it or not. But a bore is of necessity a selfish person. Boggley was inconsiderate of our feelings, therefore he bored. On the other hand, it would be hasty and uncharitable to say so of the hero of a beautiful drawing which comes into my memory as I write. One of Leech's sketches displays Jacky Troublesome, a pickle from school, in a room with his sister Lucy and her betrothed lover, Mr. Whitey Brown. Master Jacky relates at length how Boodle's dog worried Cobley's rabbits. You may guess, if you do not remember, their misery-stricken faces. Now certainly Jacky was boring, but he is not a Bore proper, because he is talking in all innocence, thinking the listeners enjoy it. If they had given him a hint to go he would have taken it, being a good-natured fellow. As, however, people in like circumstances often have not courage to do it, we will give the hint for them. Never make a *third* in a conversation. If you see two people talking, don't go near them. The chances are a thousand to one that if you do you will bore.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday the *Black Crook* was produced at Maguire's Opera House. A rush ensued as might have been expected, and nearly every seat in the house was secured before the opening of the doors. Hundreds were content to stand during the whole of the performauce, rather than miss the first representation of the *Black Crook*. The audience were called upon to applaud the very minute after the curtain rose, for the pretty Miss Sallie Hinckley immediately appeared in the character of "Rodolphe." She received a hearty welcome back to San Francisco. Miss Hinckley proved, by the improvement which she evinced in her acting, that she had made good use of her New York experienoe.

The *Black Crook* is a piece of the same style as the *Sheep's Foot*; the literary portion of the play is even more silly and ungrammatical than that of the piece which proved the greatest success ever achieved on the San Francisco stage. In the matter of scenery and startling effects the *Sheep's Foot* is qnite eclipsed by the *Black Crook*, as produced at Maguire's Opera House. The "Grotto of Stalacta" is a magnificent scene, one of the finest ever put on the stage in this city. Andrew Torning and son have surpassed their previous productions, in this play, and these scenic artists are probably equal to any in the United States. Miss Olivia Rand made a fine appearance on the stage, and sang "Naughty Men" and other songs pleasingly. Miss Rand possesses such a beautiful, natural voice that all must regret that it has not already been properly cultivated; there is time, however, if this promising artiste possesses sufficient indnstry and perseverance,for her to achieve eminence as a singer. Mr. Edwards played "Black Crook" very impressively, and made all he could out of the part. Mrs. Sophie Edwin looked charming as "Stalacta." The comic business was woll managed by Mrs. Judah as "Dame Barbara," H. Sinclair as "Don Puffinquintz," Harry Jackson as "Greppo" and Willie Edouin as "Dragonfin." Harry Jackson caused much laughter by the manner in which he impersonated the woe-begone "Greppo." Willie Edonin came near carrying off the honors of the piece by the wonderfully funny manner in which he played "Dragonfin;" his skill in gymuastic feats evidently took the audience by surprise, and they applauded heartily. H. D. Thompsou grossly libelled the Devil in his characterization of "Zamiel." No respectable fiend—far less an arch-fiend—ever indulged in such absurd contortions as does Mr. Thompson, who evidently thinks that it is no use having wings unless you flap them continually. Moreover, Zamiel was a German devil, and it is incongruous to represent him as an Irish devil with a bad brogue. If Mr. Thompson will realize the fact that the Devil is a gentleman, and not an Irish process-server, he will do the character more justice. I was grieved to see E. Russell--the cherub-like E. Russell--in the *role* of a demon. It is too bad. However, he played his part very well. The *ballet* performed capitally when allowance is made for the fact that it was composed of young California girls who made their first appearance on the stage on this occasion, in place of veuerable dancers of thirty or forty years' experience. There are several pretty faces in the *ballet*; the Misses Corcoran are included, and performed their respective parts very well. The two leading danseuses, Miss Rosa Siegrist and Miss Emma Miles, received much applause for their artistic and graceful dancing. These young California artists are nearly as clever as and far prettier than any of the fine, well-preserved old ladies of the French stage. The *Black Crook* is bouud to have a long run. It is very doubtful whether the "Black Rook" can produce sufficient caws to preveut the public from flocking to see the *Black Crook*. There is a "bogus" sound about "Black Rook" which is apt to frighten the public and act as a scare crow. The public knows that *The Black Crook* is magnificent, and its success is secured. The egg which the magagement of the opposition theater have been sitting on for so long *may* produce a black rook, or on the other hand it may be addled.

The management of the Metropolitan anxiously await the decision of the Courts. An injunction may be issued which will prevent them from producing the very weak affair which they call *The Black Rook*, and the management of the Opera House call *The Black Crook*. Of course in such case they need not lose the immense sum of money and the skill and labor they have bestowed on the scenery. A new play can easily be written introducing all the scenes, and scenic effects, and the merest tyro in the art of play-writing could not fail to produce a play more acceptable to the public in a literary point of view than the farrago of nonsense called the *Black Crook* —or *Rook*.

Mr. Maguire's operatic artistes, Madame Stella Bonheur, Signor Lamberti and Signor Milleri. left New York on April 11th, and on their arrival will commence a season of Italian Opera, supported by Signorina Brambilla, Signor Mancusi and other artistes.

The Guatemala Opera Troupe have not yet arrived.

The Sacred Concert given on Sunday last at the Metropolitan Theater, netted $750 for the Southern Relief Fund. The programme was well carried out by the following artistes who volunteered on the occasion: Elvira Brambilla, Signora G. Bianchi, Miss Louisa Tourney, Miss Emma Howson, Mrs. S. W. Leach, Miss Clelia Howson, Miss Ella Kemp, S. W. Leach, R. Wunderlich, John Allen, Signor E. Bianchi, Signor G. Mancusi, Signor C. Morley, Frank Howson, Henri Herberte, Geo. T. Evans, Chas. Schultz, M. Roncovieri, Jas. F. Swift, H. H. Stevens, members of "The Twelve," ladies and gentlemen of the San Francisco Chorus Society, a full orchestra, every one volunteering, together with the United States Second Artillery Band. Such a concert as this was worthy of the cause in which it was given, but sham "benefits" for the Southern Relief Fund can only annoy the public and be of no service save to advertise a few amateur or third rate singers.

The Annual Public Exhibition of the Olympic Club was given on Tuesday evening, at the Metropolitan Theater, before a large and fashionable house. The feats on the "Horizontal Bar," with which the perfromance commenced, was very good, and served to show to what a degree of perfection muscular education may be carried. "The Japanese Pole Feat" was well performed by Mr. W. S. Lawton and the same gentleman performed many acrobatics feats with Mr. C. E. Elliot, in capital style. One of the most surprising feats of the evening, and one which drew the greatest applause, was "Balancing on a Ladder," by Mr. David Wilder. The performance on the "Swinging Rings," by Messrs. J. A. D. Holdredge, H. B. Russ, H. W. A. Nahl and G. S. Brown, exhibited much skill and daring. The "Niagara Leap," which concluded the entertainment, was extremely well performed by Messrs. L. P Ward and N. H. Seligman. This last feat was nearly attended with unpleasant consequences to one of the performers. Mr L. P. Ward, while swinging by the hand from a trapeze held by Mr. Seligman, relaxed his grasp and fell to the stage. Mr. C. A. Bennet, the Hercules of the Club, caught him in his arms and succeeded in partially breaking the force of his fall, but both came down together, and the spectators were much alarmed. Mr. Ward, who was luckily unhurt, sprang to his feet and turned a somersault to assure the spectarors that he had sustained no injury. The gymnastic and acrobatic feats of these talented amateurs were accompanied by fine music, and the entertainment throughout was a most brilliant success.

On Sunday, Prentice Mulford, Esq., whose sketches in the CALIFORNIAN and other papers have achieved a widespread popularity, will read an essay entitled "Street Car Reflections," before the Dashaway Association in their Hall on Post street. Mr. Mulford's lectures which he delivered some time ago were very popular.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy will deliver one of her popular lectures at the Mechanics' Institute Hall on Post street, at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning, and another at 8 o'clock in the evening.

TOUCHSTONE.

LOCAL ART ITEMS.

THERE has been for years a prevailing fashion among our artists to paint pictures of the Yosemite valley, and we have had, consequently, innumerable sketches of its different objects of interest, taken from every conceivable point of view and executed in every conceivable style. In making the reputation of an artist, so much lies in the choice of subjects, that we wonder experience has not taught our artists to confine themselves, at least in the beginning of their career, to such scenes as commend themselves to the people by their familiarity and simplicity—rather than by their strangeness, which lessons their attractiveness and grandeur, which at best can be only distantly approached in art. A stretch of country road, with grass and rocks and clumps of trees, a rustic house, or shady brook, if drawn with any degree of power, makes a much more satisfactory picture for the public eye, and comes more easily within the painter's grasp, than our mountains and valleys, with their magnificent distances and difficult atmospheric effects.

The last instance of misdirected taste is seene in an immense painting of Cathedral Rock, which is notable only for its exceeding dullness--there is a sameness in the drawing of the trees and the coloring of the foliage, an utter stagnation in the water, and a total lack of aerial perfection that cloud, whatever little merit the picture may possess. Whatever charmes the original scene may have are lost in the portrayal here; and yet we do not know but the artist might have made a very decent picture, had his aspirations confined him to something less pretentious.

As an exemplification of the folly of aiming too low, which is quite as bad as the folly to which we have first alluded, we reluctantly call attention to another work lately exhibited; and we believe that every one interested in art must share with us a feeling of intense disappointment in viewing this last piece of portrature by Charles Nahl which has for a week past disfigured Snow & Roos's window. As a likeness of a good-natured negro boy, two coach dogs, a rooster and a hen, had it been painted by one who made no pretensions as an artist, we should have passed it by with a word or two in commendation of its fidelity and careful execution; but as a work of art we hold it quite unworthy the reputation of an artist who has given us such excellent specimen of his power as the "Pack Train Crossing the Mountains," exhibited at the same gallery. There is an unnatural brilliancy in tho atmosphere, an exaggerated coloring in the foliage, and a painful stiffness and lack of grace in the drawing of the figures, every one of which has the appearance of having sat for a portrait. If Nahl must descend so low in the scale on his future paintings we hope our recollections of his work may end with this.

Marple, who has improved very much in his coloring, has had several pictures on exhibition of late, the best being a sketch of Summit Rock, showing much more freshness in color than he has usually exhibited.

Arriola has lately displayed a view of Howard Street as seen through one of our heavy evening fogs. The scene is a tolerably picturesque one of its kind, and the painting, executed with some degree of care, shows considerable cleverness; but it is of rather a low order of art, in our opinion, as is also a representation by the same artist, of the National Guard Armory, with the Synagogue in the back ground. The latter picture is very badly colored and quite as badly drawn. A small painting of Mexican scenery, by the same artist, is noticeable only for its bewildering mixture of gaudy colors and its evidence of reckless handling of the brush.

Keith,who accompanied the Academy of Sciences upon their recent field excursion to Fort Alcatraces, is engaged upon a water color drawing of Tamalpais as seen from that spot. We lately saw a very charming and effective bit of coloring from his hand, representing an Oakland roadside. The picture has passed into the hands of an appreciative admirer of works of merit, of which this is certainly one, and we hope the public may have an opportunity of seeing it before it is consigned to the privacy of the drawing-room.

Denny has a figure-piece at Jones & Wooll's, and also a landscape: both are failures when compared with his marine sketches, which we commend him to confine himself to, and for which he shows much adaption.

Narjot has not been idle, but we have nothing to say in praise of the distasteful figure-piece on exhibition at Snow & Roos's.

Norton Bush has, we have been informed, retired from the profession and sought the more remunerative walks of commerce.

ASTRÆA.

BOOK NOTICES.

WE have received the following new publications which will receive due notice next week:

BACK BONE. Photographed from "The Scalpel." By Edward H. Dixon, M. D., New York. Robert M. De Witt' Publisher, 13 Frankfort street. From A. Roman & Co.

Dr. Dixon, in a tasteful circular, addressed rather familiarly "To Our Brethren of the Press: Gentlemen and Brother Chips," and bearing his own signature, characterizes his book as "the boldest, most insolent, serious, satirical, instructive Mephistophelian affair that has ever been sent forth from the Press." He further assures us that "whatever its merits or demerits, it is the best we can do," and after expressing a desire to receive "a duplicate number, containing your opinion for the purpose of entering your journal on our list for our next number" (of the Scalpel, we presume) subscribes himself "Fraternally Yours." Of course it will not do to speak rashly of a work of which the author entertains so high an opinion, and which comes to us with so frank and peculiar an appeal as "Brother Chips." We shall therefore reserve further notice until we have bestowed upon the volume the amount of careful study commensurate to the claims of so "serious, satirical, instructive, and Mephistophelian an affair."

MY HOLIDAY; HOW I SPENT IT. Being some Rough Notes of a trip to Europe and back in the Summer of 1866. By James N. Matthews, New York. Hurd & Houghton. From H. H. Bancroft & Co. Mr. Matthews is one of the editors of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, and the book consists of letters written for that paper during a hurried trip to Europe, taken as a respite from journalistic labors.

MAGA STORIES. New York. G. P. Putman & Son, 661 Broadway. From A. Roman & Co.

This neat volume is one of the series of Putnam's "Railway Classics." It contains seventeen stories, all of which, except one, first appeared in Putnam's Magazine.

A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA, from the earliest period of its discovery to the present time. By Lucia Norman. San Francisco. A. Roman & Co., 417 & 419 Montgomery street. New York, 17 Mercer street.

This is a small volume of 187 pages, written, as the author brief and reliable account of the progress of this State from the time of its discovery to the present."

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES. By Douglas Jerrold. With illustrations by Charles Keene, Pp. 184. Hurd & Houghton, New York, 1867. From H. H. Bancroft & Co.

THE MARKET ASSISTANT. By Thomas F. De Voe. Pp. 455 1867.

informs us in her brief preface, to supply young persons "a

THE GENIUS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY. A Patriotic Poem. By Fanny Green McDougal. San Francisco. Published by Benjamin Todd & Co., *Banner of Progress* office, 522 Clay street, 1867.

ROSE BLACKETT AND HER LOVERS.

"YES, I suppose it is a good thing," said Fred Whitfield, yawning, a little indifferently, considering the occasion. "You see my mother made it up, so that I don't take much credit to myself in the matter. I dare say I might have gone in and won on my own hook if I had liked; but I left it all to the old lady. She likes managing. So she and Mrs. Blackett laid their heads together, and Rose and I said yes."

"Well, Fred, you certainly are the most extraordinary fellow," said his friend, laughing; "I don't think many people would imagine you were speaking of your marriage."

"Dessay not," returned Fred. "People go in for such a jolly lot of bosh on such occasion they cannot understand that one should have any common sense in the matter. Time's gone by for blisses and kisses, and Cupids and arrows, and all that rubbish; and it's all very well, you know, to like the girl you are going to marry—but hang it all! one needn't make a fool of oneself about it! I like Rose Blackett very well. She's a nice girl enough; no nonsense about her; can ride well, which is something, and plays croquet first-rate; she is good-tempered, and, I am thankful to say, without sentimentality; so we hit it off exactly; but as for being over head and ears in love, and all that stuff, I am far too used up for anything of the kind, and she is too sensible. We marry because our mothers wish it, and because—as they wish it—we might as well marry each other as any one else. I can't say I particularly want to marry any one; but I suppose I must do my duty that way; and so you see I do it."

"All very well, Master Fred, but I cannot say I think you are in a proper frame of mind," said Harvey Wynn, "and I only hope that when I am going to be married I shall be over head and ears in love with my wife. I don't think I would let my mother make up a marriage for me, however sensible in its outlines."

"All the result of temperament and organization, my dear fellow," said Fred, languidly; "you see you have a big heart and big lungs and big muscles and a big brain, and are a son of Anak altogether. I have a weak heart and weak lungs, and more nerves than muscles, and an irritable brain which has to be kept quiet by the never-to-be-sufficiently-praised nicotine; and so emotion and excitement, and all that sort of thing, bore me to death; and, in fact, I'm not up to them, and that's just it.,"

"One would think you were a poor miserable starveling, to hear you talk," shouted Harvey. "A six-foot life-guardsman not 'up' to anything! and the best cricketer and boldest rider to hounds in the country! Who is talking bosh now, Fred?"

"Perhaps I am, and perhaps you are; but it's too much trouble to decide," yawned Fred, lazily.

And Harvey knew that when his friend culminated to this point there was no good in talking to him any more.

Fred was of the *cui bono* school; good hearted and honorable, generous, brave, affectionate in grain; but he had spoilt himself by the affectation of indifference, by pretending to be so terribly superior to all the weaknesses of enthusiasm or emotion, and by making believe—and it was only make-believe—that there was nothing in life worth living for. In aid of which philosophy he had put on a lazy, lounging, careless manner, inexpressibly annoying to earnest and energetic people, maintaining that the cultus of nicotine, as he called it, was the only thing worth a sensible man's devotion; though he added a kind of hy altar to Byass.

His friend, Harvey Wynn, was a very different kind of person. Tall, muscular, broadly proportioned, his face not handsome so much as honest and strong—(Fred Whitfield was allowed to be the handsomest man in the country, and the most elegant in appearance and manners, when he chose)—full of life and spirits, and animal energy and vigorous thought, impassioned in a strong manly way, and romantic too, always in earnest, and never frivolous—surely it was only by the law of contrasts that he was the friend of languid, used-up, affected Fred—only by the theory of compensation that the conventional club-man about town found anything harmonious in the country doctor who took life in heroic doses, and even then complained of inanition!

But one does sometimes see these odd friendships; and Fred Whitfield loved Harvey Wynn better than he loved any human being, save, perhaps, his mother; and Harvey loved him, but with that sad kind of love which one feels for people who might be so much better than they are if they would but be their truest selves.

So it came to pass that Harvey, who was to be groomsman, was invited to Fred's house for the few days now intervening before the marriage took place. He had only just arrived when they had the conversation given above; and as yet had seen neither the old lady, as Fred irreverently called his mother, nor, of course, Miss Blackett, who lived rather more than two miles from the Hawse—the Whitfields' place.

His introduction to the mother came first. She was a handsome, stately woman, with the mien and manner of a duchess: a cold, courteous, iron hearted kind of person, who wore rich black silks and point-lace caps, and despised poverty as on a par with vice and crime. Conventional, proud, cold, worldly—Harvey understood now whence had come the flaw that ran through, and so pitiably married, the beauty of his friend's nature.

Mrs. Whitfield was very civil, though, to Harvey. She was in too good a humor about this marriage of her planning not to be civil to every one; for Rose Blackett was an heiress, owning now some two thousand a year in her own right, with inheritance yet to come; and she was glad that she had secured so rich a prize for her son, when others, and men of higher social standing (notably my Lord Marcy Masters and Sir James Ventour), were pretendants in the same field; so that Harvey only felt in a general way the ice and iron of her nature; to himself individually she was all graciousness, of a stately sort, not to say grim.

But one thing he did see, and that was, that she was feverish and overstrained, and looked ill, and as if on the point of breaking down. His profession taught him that; besides having by nature the full use of his eyes.

"I am glad that my mother likes you, old fellow," said Fred, when she left the table. "I know her manner so well, I can weigh to an ounce the measure of esteem she gives to any one; and I can tell you—if you care for it—that you are in class number one with her; which makes it more comfortable for me, you know. I hope that Rose will like you, too, and then we shall be all right."

"I hope so, too," said Harvey, laughing. And then they talked of other things.

The next day they went over to Lisson, where the Blacketts lived.

Mrs. Blackett was a meek, mild, inoffensive creature, with weak eyes; always dominated by the last speaker, and given to easy weeping. She had long been under Mrs. Whitfield's influence, whenever that lady chose to exert it; though, since Rose had grown up, there had sometimes been fierce collisions, when the poor lady had been put to terrific straits, not knowing which sovereign to obey.

Fortunately for her, Rose was too fond of liberty to be domineering; and, so long as people would leave her alone, was content to leave them the same. So that, unless when Mrs. Whitfield annoyed her personally, and sought to curtail her individuality, as she chose to phrase it, she let her manage her mamma as much as she liked, and gave no heed to the direction which that management was taking.

It was only when Fred asked her to be his wife, saying, "You see, Rose, the old ladies have made it up between them, but we can't do better, unless you are not for it," that she understood the meaning of the last few years.

"She did not care much about the matter one way or the other," she said; "she liked Fred better than either my Lord Marcy Masters, who was old enough to be her father, or than Sir James Ventour, who was half a fool;" so she said, "Yes, very well, Fred;" and there the thing rested. And that was about the extent of love making they had between them.

While Harvey was "making himself agreeable" to Mrs. Blackett, Fred Whitfield went out on a roving commission to look for Rose, who was never to be found, like any other young lady, in the drawing room; but always where she had no business to be—in the stable, or by the dog kennel, or shooting at a mark with a real pistol, as she used to say, or practicing croquet, or doing something that was not needlework, or anything else essentially feminine. A turn of the scale more, and Rose would have been "fast;" as it was, she was only free.

Fred found her, as usual, in the yard, superintending some tremendous proceedings connected with Fan and Fan's puppies, and after their first off hand greetings (they met more like two young men than a lover and his betrothed), told her who was in the drawing-room, and asked her if she would go and see him.

"That's your friend come to see you turned off?" she asked.

And Fred said "Yes it was."

"Oh, very well! of course, I'll go," cried Miss Rose, with just the shadow of a blush on her face, "but you know, Fred, though I don't care about such things myself, it is terribly like being trotted out for show."

"Oh! nonsense, Rose," drawled Fred. "Harvey's far too good a fellow to have any such disagreeable ideas."

And they went into the drawing-room together.

Certainly Rose Blackett was a very pretty girl. Tall, graceful, and yet with a certain look of personal power about her, which some men like in women, though others repudiate; with large dark eyes of uncertain shade, and thick, rich, glossy hair of the brown that sits next door to black; small hands, now thrust into dog-skin gauntlet gloves; small feet and dainty ankles, which the looped-up purple dress and curt red petticoat showed to full advantage; dangling her hat, with its sweeping feather, in one hand, while sticking the other into the pocket of her short jacket with the big metal buttons, half blushing and half defiant, she was altogether a "girl of the period," after the best models of her kind; just a little too jaunty, perhaps, and a shade too indifferent, but evidently a fine-natured, pure-minded, high-hearted creature, as yet in the block, and unawakened. At a glance Harvey read it all.

"She does not love him," he thought, "and was never loved."

The two young men staid to dinner on Mrs. Blackett's invitation. At first amused, then surprised, Harvey ended by being indignant at the cavalier indifference with which Fred treated his betrothed. Indeed, the whole thing was really painful to him; it seemed to be so little earnest, and so devoid of the poetry and passion of love. And he, who thought of marriage as of an earthly heaven, and who would have given all he had in the world to be loved by such a girl as Rose!

"How often it is that people have what they don't prize, and that others would give their lives for," he said to Fred as they drove home.

"Yes," said Fred, wearily. "Some men like love making and all that bother; I confess I don't."

"You do not give yourself too much trouble about it," said Harvey, secretly nettled, but attempting to laugh. "Of all the indifferent lovers that ever lived I should say you were the most indifferent."

"It suits Rose," said Fred; "and I am sure I do the best I can under the circumstances. It is such a stupid position for a fellow to be in, altogether; and even Rose, though not silly, and not a bit sentimental, dislikes it as much as I do. Did you see how she blushed when she came into the room to see you."

"I saw she looked very beautiful and rosy," replied Harvey; "but I did not notice that she was particularly embarrassed or blushing."

"No, not embarrassed; she is not the kind of girl for that; but she colored up."

Which seemed to have impressed the young man as something wonderful; for he spoke of it again before they got home.

When they reached home they found that Mrs. Whitfield had gone to bed, suffering from a slight attack of fever; by the next morning she was decidedly ill; and in a short time dangerously so. It was an attack of nervous fever, and for a time her life was despaired of. Of course the marriage was put off indefinitely now until she recovered; and, as Harvey Wynn was free, not having yet made a practice anywhere, he agreed to remain in the house in close attendance, until she had passed the crisis, either for life or death. And this was how it came about that he took up his quarters at the Hawse, and, by consequence, became well acquainted with Rose.

Rose was not merely "the jolly girl without any nonsense about her" that Fred proclaimed her, and that she ostentatiously proclaimed herself to be, in deed, at least if not in word.

Harvey, who had no love for "fast" girls, and who had the power of truth to elicit truth, soon found her out, and told her plainly that she was acting a part which neither became her nor belonged to her. "It was all very well," he said "that she should like riding, and be fond of dogs and horses, and even enjoy firing at a mark—though he hoped she might never develop into a sportswoman, clever at killing pheasants, or hares either; but it was nothing but affectation her trying to make herself into the bad imitation of a man, and pretending to be ashamed of herself as a true woman. Women were women," he said, "and not all the big buttons or easy-going slang in the world could make them anything else; and whatever the fast school might say, there was a grace in softness, and a power in love, and an ennobling influence in enthusiasm, not to be had in stables and hunting fields; and womanly work is womanly glory, Miss Blackett," continued the young doctor, warmly; "and home is not merely a 'place to sleep and feed in,' as you say, but the emblem and enclosure of woman's truest life. And all this you ought to feel strongly and enact steadily, because you are strong and steadfast."

This he said earnestly, for he was too thoroughly manly himself to uphold "as truly womanly" incapable or imperfect women; and the thing he liked the best in Rose was her power and the dash of manliness in her, which might be turned to such noble account if she would.

"And when you have made me all these fine things," she said, her eyes kindling as she spoke, but not with enthusiasm, "what will be the good of it? Much Fred will value me! Much the world will understand me! One gets no good by such subtleties, Mr. Wynn; people do not care for them, so what is the good of them?"

"I am sorry you think so," Harvey answered. "I should have expected from one so entire as yourself the recognition of a good for its own sake, quite independent of the sympathy or understanding of the world."

"One must be understood by some one," she answered; "and the more one's nature is called out, the more need of a response."

Then she blushed—cheek, neck, and brow, all one burning crimson—while her eyes dropped, full of thoughts and feelings better left untold.

Harvey felt his own heart beat with strange violence while he watched the lovely face before him; but he was not a man to show what he ought to hide; so, with an effort, he drove the blood back to its calmer current again, and simply answered:

"The response always comes some time in life, Miss Blackett."

She raised her eyes to his.

"Is every one happy, then?" she said; "is every marriage well suited?"

"There are other means of happiness besides marriage, though this is the greatest," he said; "a woman's home has generally other loves and other duties besides the one of the husband; and at the worst there are friends."

"Friends!" she said, scornfully; "what good are friends?"

"You think so? I hoped for a different verdict," said Harvey.

"Oh, you are not a mere friend," cried Rose; "at least, not the kind of friend I meant," she added; and again she blushed,

"No; I am more the brother than the mere acquaintance," Harvey said, in a low voice, altered, too, in its tones, and deep and mellow—"your future husband's brother-friend. I am yours also, am I not?"

"I suppose so," she answered, coldly, and turned away from him, as if offended.

Something not quite so fiery as wrath, nor so happy as mirth, came into Harvey's eyes as he watched her move away discontentedly, perhaps more hurt than annoyed; but he did not follow her, and in a few moments she came back to him, smiling as usual, as if she had done battle with the evil spirit within her, and driven him out.

But when Harvey parted with her that day, she went into her own room and wept as if her heart would break; and he, for the first time in his life, felt inclined to hate Fred Whitfield, and to curse his blindness and fatuity.

Had it not been for the young doctor, Mrs. Whitfield's life would not have been worth many hours' purchase. More than once during her illness he had dragged her out of the very jaws of death, and had now so very far recovered her that the wedding-day was again discussed, and only waited Harvey's sanction for the invalid to risk the fatigue and excitement consequent.

"Oh, bother the marriage!" said Fred, taking his mother's hand. "Rose is a dear, good girl, and will wait till doomsday rather than you should risk anything, mother. There is no hurry, and we can wait quite well until you are strong; can't we, Harvey?"

"Very well, indeed, I should think," Harvey answered, with an almost imperceptible dash of sarcasm in his voice; "but it is not good for your mother to be anxious; and she seems to be anxious to conclude this affair. Of course it can be nothing to me," he added, hastily. "I have no purpose of my own to serve in the delay or the conclusion."

He had though. As it was to be, it was better concluded with all decent speed, he said to himself; and then he, at least, would be out of danger. She, perhaps, needed no such precaution; and yet—those blushes of hers, and that eager, tremulous face, had wakened strange thoughts in him. Hush, he must not dream such dreams. What would he think of himself, a poor, penniless, country doctor, if he came here as his friend's almost bother, and, in return for his love, broke off his marriage with a heiress, and secured her for himself? The thought brought the blood into his face, and made him loathe himself, as dishonored in soul, for even harboring such a vision.

So it was arranged that the settlements should be signed, and that next week the marriage should actually take place. Mrs. Whitfield's health not preventing.

And when Rose was told this, she wept again; and, to her mother's intense dismay, burst out with, "Mamma, I will not marry Fred Whitfield!" an announcement which that fine lady put down to insanity, as the mildest term.

The day following this decision Fred could not go over to Lisson; he was detained on some business or other at home; so the young doctor rode over, with a note containing a request for the two ladies to dine at the Hawse that evening seeing that on this side one was disabled and the other detained, and no intercourse possible unless they would kindly come.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Blackett, a little nervously, glancing at her daughter, who, with her head thrown up, stood sideways to her.

"And you, Miss Blackett?" asked Harvey.

"Oh, by all means!" said Miss Rose, not quite pleasantly, at least to her mother's ears. "I want to speak to Fred very seriously."

"My dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Blackett; and then she left the room.

"What has happened?" asked Harvey, impulsively.

"Oh, nothing," answered Rose; she was standing now in the bay-window, looking out into the garden, so that her face was not seen. "I have only told mamma that I am not going to marry Fred; and she is put out."

Harvey started. Had his senses played him false?

"Indeed!" he then said, after a long pause; "your determination is sudden, Miss Blackett."

"Yes," she answered, with assumed carelessness; but her quivering voice and bashful eyes belied her assumption. "Now that it has come so near, I feel that it will not do; and I am sure Fred will feel with me."

Again Harvey was silent. What could he say? that he thought Fred would consent to give her up, being utterly unworthy his good fortune? that he hoped he would keep her still to her word, when he hoped just the reverse? that she was doing wrong to be honest, when he loved her for it more than he had ever loved her before? What could he say? Truth and honor were on opposite sides, as sometimes happens in life; and if he said what he thought, he would say what he ought not to say. So he kept silence; and Rose was not quick enough to divine why.

While they were standing in this awkward position, both too much moved to speak, a carriage dashed up to the door, and "Mr. Norton" was announced. Mr. Norton was Rose's trustee and guardian, in a way; though that young lady had full power over her own funds, and did not, in general, either ask advice as to what she should do with her own, or defer to it, if given. And being of the school which "goes in" for a great many things better left alone, she "went in" for speculation, on a tolerably large scale; so that, since she came of age, she had placed most of her money out at nurse, she said; but she had chosen, unfortunately for her, the most capricious nurse of all—mining property. However, she would do it; so she had no one to blame but herself.

And when Mr. Norton came Harvey left, bearing with him the promise that the two ladies would come to dinner at half-past six precisely. As much before as they liked, but not a moment after.

When they came it was easy to see that something had happened. Mrs. Blackett was depressed, tearful; her eyes were red and swollen, her face puffed and pale; she spoke as if she had a violent cold, and in every other particular of manner and person showed that she had been weeping bitterly. Rose was flushed and excited, with a certain bravery of manner which trembled too nearly on bravado to be quite as lovely as might have been. But she looked beautiful—perhaps more beautiful than she had ever looked in her life before; and even lazy Fred seemed struck by her, and warmed up to unwonted feeling.

After dinner she asked him to go with her into the library; for she was utterly unconventional in all she did, and would not have minded asking a prince to tie her shoe, or anything else that she might desire, but just a little touched by the self-will belonging to the heiress; and Fred assented, wondering what was up, and what she wanted.

When she had shut the door: "Dear old Fred," she said, in a coaxing voice, "I want you to do me a kindness."

"I am sure I will, Rose," said Fred, naturally, and without his drawl.

"You do like me, don't you, now?"

"Why, yes; of course I do. I think you the best girl going," answered Fred, opening his eyes.

"And would not like to hurt or distress me?"

"By Jove! no," he cried. "I should think not, indeed!"

"Well, I will take you at your word," said Rose.

"I want you to give me up, Fred, and break off the marriage. Come now; are you a good enough old fellow for that?" very coaxingly.

"Break off the marriage, Rose?" cried Fred, all in a maze "Are you dreaming?"

"Not a bit of it," she answered, laughing a little hysterically; "quite serious and wide awake."

"But I cannot give you up, Rose," said Fred. "My mother has set her heart on the marriage; and it is so near, too, now; and I do love you—a great deal more than I have said or shown," he added, stirred out of his affectation. "You know, Rose, how I hate the idea of sentimentality or spooneyism in any one; and I have fought off that as long and as well as I could. But I am not the indifferent beast you may think me. I do love you, Rose, and I cannot give you up."

She had turned quite pale during her lover's speech.

"Well, Fred," she then said, "of course I am much obliged to you, and all that; but I have not been playing a part, and I do not feel a bit more than I have shown; so that we are not on equal terms if you love me as deeply as you say; and I am simply in the old way of good fellowship. Mind that, and never reproach me hereafter; for I have told you the truth, remember. As for your lady mother, I don't think she will make much objection when she knows all, because, dear old Fred, I am ruined!"

"Good God, Rose!" cried Fred; "what on earth do you mean?"

"Well, you know I have been going in for speculating; and so Mr. Norton came down to tell me to-day that all my great expectations are come to nothing; the Bella Juanita mines are drowned; and I have not what will realize two hundred a year instead of two thousand. And so I think the question of Mrs. Whitfield's consent is settled, is it not?"

"Now, then, Rose, I will not give you up for any one in the world," said Fred, in a deep voice. "My mother may say what she likes, and you may say what you like—the marriage shall go on; this day week you are my wife, come what may! I never felt how much I loved you before to day, Rose, when there has been just a chance of losing you."

"But if I don't want to marry you, Fred?" urged Rose, touched in spite of herself by the unusual warmth and chivalry of the man.

"Oh, bosh!" said Fred. "You are not the girl to have been engaged for three months contentedly enough, and then turn round just at the last moment and say that you don't care for the fellow. I quite understand you, Rose, dear old lassie! You think that my mother will not like the match so much now as when you had money, and that you are not the catch you were before you had lost it; and so you would release me. But I will not be released, Rosy; and so I'll tell my mother when she speaks to me about it, if she takes that tone at all."

Upon which Rose did what was a most extraordinary thing for her to do—what Fred had never before seen the slightest inclination toward him—she flung her arms around his neck and kissed him, and then burst into a violent flood of tears, which soon passed into hysterics; when he was obliged to call the servants and Harvey Wynn.

So now the whole thing came out, both to Mrs. Whitfield and to Harvey: Fred had no idea of making mysteries and keeping secrets unnecessarily; but he noticed two things as the result of his communication: that his mother looked decidedly displeased, and as if she had made up her mind in a different direction from his, and, perhaps, with more stability; and that Harvey, whose face had lighted up with strange passion, suddenly became cold, and ashen, and "odd."

But Fred Whitfield was not remarkable for penetration; so the coil coiled itself a turn tighter, and no one seemed likely to get out of the rounds or to be free of its strands. Rose could do no more than she had done; Fred could do no less; and for once in her life his mother was powerless, and he flatly refused to obey her. His nature had been plowed up for the first time, and the weeds had been cut down, and the good seed had sprung up. Rose Blackett, however, and Harvey Wynn were as miserable as it often falls to the lot of people to be by the virtues of another.

If Fred would only have been selfish and narrow-hearted, how many days and nights of suffering would have been saved!

The time was coming very near now: it wanted only three days to the wedding, and none but Fred was content.

Mrs. Whitfield was coldly savage, and declared she would not appear at the church or breakfast either. Conditions were changed, she said, since the engagement was made; and Rose Blackett, who had once been well enough, was no fit match now for the owner of the Hawse; Mrs. Blackett was in a state of chronic tearfulness, which made her poor eyes very bad; Rose was broken up out of all likeness to her former self, and her attempts at the old high-handed "fastness" failed signally; Harvey was moody, irritable, feverish, uncertain; and the whole octave rang with an undertone of discord, which no one saw any means of preventing; it not being always possible for one's fingers to strike the true key.

The three friends were riding along the lane leading up to Lisson; Rose and Fred in front and Harvey at some little distance behind—the lane being too narrow for three abreast.

Fred was talking about Tuesday next (it was Monday now) and talking naturally and lovingly—for somehow he had forgotten his drawl of late—when they heard a terrific plunging in the rear, and then a heavy fall, as Harvey's horse—a wild, fiery, nervous brute—flung him suddenly to the ground, taking him at a moment of inattention when he was riding with a slack rein and his mind far away; so that he was thrown in a second, almost at the first start and plunge the terrified brute made—frightened at an idiot lad of the place starting up from behind the hedge, yelling, and flinging his arms abroad.

In another moment Rose Blackett, throwing her reins wildly to Fred, was kneeling by his side, holding his head against her bosom, and calling him her "Beloved Harvey!" which he, stunned as he was, and unable to reply, was not too insensible to hear and understand.

The carriage was sent for from Lisson, and the poor fellow, bleeding and terribly shaken, was taken to the house to be set to rights as soon as possible; and while they were carrying him through the hall, Rose turned to Fred, who stood leaning against the lintel of the door, and nearly as pale as the wounded man, but a great deal more wretched.

"It has come out, Fred," she said, laying her hands on his shoulder, the tears in her eyes, but with a more contented expression of face than she had had of late. "I am very sorry for you, especially as you seemed to like me so much more really than you did; but I cannot help it."

"You are a dear good girl, Rose," said Fred; "and I have been a fool. But it serves me right. When I was master of the situation I fooled away my opportunity; and now, when I would die to be beloved by you, Rose, you have gone off to another."

He tried to smile, but his lips quivered, and he was obliged to turn away his head.

"Never mind, Fred," said Rose. "You will find some one else better suited to you, and more worthy of you than I am; and, perhaps, you will come to me some day and say, 'Rose you have been the best friend I ever had in my life,' when you have a sweet little wife that you adore."

"I don't quite think that," said poor Fred; "but if you are happy that will be something. At all events, you are a dear, good girl; and I love you more than you know of, or would, perhaps believe. But that is nothing to the purpose now; I have lost you, when I might have won you if I had been wise."

They shook hands cordially, and parted; and the next day Fred left the Hawse, and soon after went abroad.

Rose and he did not meet again for many years after her marriage with Harvey; and when they did, Fred was really married to the "dearest little woman under the sun," and Rose was a handsome matron, superintending her nursery instead of the kennel, and finding her children rather more interesting objects of care than Fan's puppies of olden time.

She had saved altogether about four hundred a year out of the wreck of the grand Bella Juanita silver mines; and so, on the whole, did not do badly in life. Happiness has been found at even a lower "figure."

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867.

SNODGRASS ON POE.

SOME months ago, a Southern lady, Mrs. Weiss, published in one of the New York weeklies some reminiscences of Edgar A. Poe, which were calculated to present the character of this extraordinary genius in a somewhat more favorable light than that in which it has been generally viewed. More recently Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith furnished an article on the same subject and of the like tenor, to *Beadle's Monthly*. In the biographical notices of the poet, published soon after his death, and emanating from those who claimed to have been his especial friends while living, all the more repulsive traits of his character were portrayed with a minute and conscientious fidelity that showed how thoroughly exempt were his voluntary biographers from the partialities and the weaknesses of private friendship They faithfully recorded every five dollars that their deceased friend had begged or borrowed, not forgetting to make due mention of the munificent sums paid him by several of their own number who were publishing periodicals, for his literary productions. Mrs. Weiss and Mrs. Oakes Smith, having somewhat relieved the melancholy gloom of this picture by adding, in the true spirit of feminine charity, a number of brighter and kindlier touches, and the latter having denied that Poe "died in consequence of a drunken debauch," another "friend" of the deceased comes forward as a magnanimous volunteer in the interest of historic truth, and in an article in *Beadle's Monthly* for March, makes a zealous effort to destroy the illusion created by these over-indulgent women, that Poe was not, after all, quite as bad a man as he has been painted. The new witness, who signs himself "J. E. Snodgrass, M. D," evidently has a high appreciation of Poe's intellectual gifts, for he speaks of him as "one of the most remarkable embodiments of genius the world has ever produced in all the centuries of its history—the author of a single poem, which alone has been adjudged by more than one critic, as entitling its producer to a lasting and enviable fame." His tender regard for Poe's memory is also beyond question, for he alludes to the unfortunate poet as "my personal friend," and he furthermore tells us that he "felt resentful" when a relative of deceased spoke of Poe's "rudeness while drunk to the ladies of his (the relative's) household." The delicacy of Doctor Snodgrass's feelings, and his tender loyalty to the memory of his "personal friend," are still further shown by the shock which he tells us he experienced, when on the occasion of the poet's burial, he observed that the hard-hearted "relative" who had charge of the funeral arrangements, had neglected to provide "the customary box as an enclosure to the coffin itself, or even the commonest boards to prevent the direct contact of the decomposing wet earth with it." Says the sensitive and eloquent Snodgrass, in this connection: "I shall never forget the emotion of disappointment mingled with disgust and something akin to resentment, that thrilled through my whole being as I heard the clod's and stones resound from the coffin-lid and break the more than ordinarily solemn stillness of the scene, as it impressed me. It seemed as if heartlessness, too often found directing funeral rites of the poor and forsaken ones of earth, had suddenly become personified into a malign goddess, and that she had ordered those awful discordant sounds as best befitting her own unhealthy mood." But notwithstanding the suggestions of personal friendship, Mr. Snodgrass feels that his paramount allegiance to "the cause of truth," requires him to come forward and bear testimony that Poe died dead drunk, and also to give all the sad and repulsive details of the closing scenes which he claims to have witnessed. "In *Beadle's Monthly*," says the poet's friend, "I find some statements respecting the cause and manner of the death of Edgar Allen Poe, and as a possesser of the facts of the case, I feel it to be due to the truth of history that I should narrate them." The conscientious Doctor then proceeds to state, "with due respect to the author of this assertion"—the assertion that Poe died sober—"and at the same time to the memory of one who was my personal friend, that it is, alas! too true," meaning evidently, not what his language implies, but the contrary, since we cannot suppose that he would cry "alas! too true," because obliged to bear witness in his friend's favor. After this not particularly lucid assertion—or denial—the Doctor gives the public what he alleges to be the full particulars of Poe's last debauch, and [illegible] he so skillfully disguises the pain it must have cost him, and so thoroughly controls his feelings, that one is almost impressed with the notion that he rather enjoyed the work, instead of being revolted by it.

In the course of his narrative, the Doctor takes occasion to let his readers know, that he is himself a literary man, and had at one time the distinguished honor of editing a journal entitled the *Saturday Visitor;* and we fancy that certain peculiarities in his style are the result of a consciousness that in telling his melancholy story, something in the way of fine writing would be expected from a gentleman of his pretentions. Accordingly, he speaks of the saloon where he found Poe, as a "Bacchanalian haunt;" mentions a "company of unsymphathetic tipplers who stared at me as I entered," and instead of telling us that the poet was drunk, he picturesquely characterizes him as "a strangely metamorphosed being" whose "*tout ensemble* was well calculated to recall his own so frequently hinted doctrine of the *metempsychosis*." Morever his face was "haggard, not to say bloated and unwashed;" his hair was "unkempt;" and that "full-orbed and soulful eye" was now "lustreless and vacant." In his unflinching loyalty to "the truth of history" and "the memory of his friend," the Doctor does not hesitate to furnish the minutest details necessary to complete his picture. The poet's hat was "a rusty, almost brimless, tattered and ribbonless palm-leaf;" his coat was of "sleezy black alpaca," and was furthermore "ripped more or less at *several* of its seams;" at precisely *how many* the Doctor does not inform us, but that he could have done so, had he chosen, is apparent from the astounding power of memory that has enabled him to recall so many apparently trivial particulars after the lapse of nearly twenty years. We are next informed that "the pants" of the author of the Raven were, on the occasion referred to, "of a steel mixed pattern of cassinette;" also that they were "half worn and badly fitting, if they could be said to fit at all;" moreover "the bosom of his shirt was crumpled and badly soiled," his boots were "of coarse material" and what is worse, they gave "no sign of having been blacked for a long time, if at all." Taking into consideration the circumstances, that the Doctor is writing in 1867, an account of an event that occurred in 1849, no one can fail to be impressed with admiration of a memory, that has been true to its trust through all the intervening years; and has proved equal to the task of reproducing in the interests of historic truth the poet's "rusty, brimless, ribbonless" hat, his "sleezy" alpaca coat, with its "several ripped seams," the "steel mixed" pants, crumpled shirt, and unblacked boots.

In conclusion, we beg leave to congratulate Doctor Snodgrass upon the thoroughness and fidelity with which he has performed the ungracious task he has undertaken. If it was a duty which he owed to the cause of truth, and the memory of his friend, to establish that Poe died in consequence of a beastly debauch, and to spread all the repulsive details before the world, he has discharged that duty with unflinching conscientiousness. Henceforth no one will be able to accept the statements of Mrs. Weiss, or Mrs. Oakes Smith on the subject without calling in question the Doctor's veracity, a thing of course not to be dreamed of.

OUR Foundry and Machine shops have been unusually busy turning out work for the Winter months, mostly from local city orders. Devoe, Dinsmore & Co., of the San Francisco Works, have been engaged on work for the Pacific Distillery and Alta Flour mills, and are now completing an immense quantity of those incomparable Hansbrow pumps for Locke & Montague and other agents. William Brodie at the California Foundry has been busy casting those beautifully finished and ornamented iron fronts for Murphy, Grant & Co's block of buildings, and the new "Sachs's Block" on Battery street, near Bush. John Sochhead—the man who counts the engines he has manufactured in California by the scores and hundreds, has recently completed a number of engines besides the famous little one that did not go up in the *Avitor*. Though that is no fault of the engine.

THE Trustees of the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, have advertised for plan for a new building to be erected in Oakland. The proposed structure is expected to cost about $70,000. We trust that the Trustees may not be prevented by any narrow penny-wise and pound-foolish ideas of economy from obtaining designs that will evince genuine professional talent, and prove a credit to the State. In other words, we hope that they will be wise enough to secure the services of an architect, who is an *artist*, and not merely a carpenter.

IT IS stated that Queen Victoria employs some of her leisure hours in writing a book which will soon be published. And the Loudon *Athenæum* "thinks it probable that her majesty is engaged, with the assistance of her helps, in writing a memoir of the late Prince Consort."

OPPOSITION STEAMER.—The *America* having received a new shaft, will sail on Thursday next the 25th inst. The *America* is one of the fleetest of our ocean steamers, and on her last trip her passengers were landed in New York in twenty-one days.

A WHALING PORT.

BY PRENTICE.

HARPOONS, whaleboats and lances, bungs, barrels and hogsheads, sperm whales' teeth, sharks' jaws and porpoise jaws, sea shells and all manner of marine curiosities, are a few of the articles which my youthful eyes first encountered My ears were regaled with tales of narrow escapes in encounters with the leviathan, of boats upset, and men tossed high in air, of brave sailors carried out of the boat in the twinkling of an eye by the fouling of the line, of adventures with the tattooed and cruel natives of the South Sea Islands, of bitter cold experiences on the "North West" coast, and all the stirring scenes of lives passed in this, the most exciting of all maritime experience.

I have seen something of whaling *in propria persona*. There is no other species of hunting which for real danger and the consequent thrilling excitement can compare with it. By its side lion and elephant killing is dull sport. After the iron is put in the whale's body, you have a free ride of four or five hours' duration. You are rushed through the waves at race-horse speed by the monster maritime locomotive. There is no pulling to be done; the oars are apeak, the crew sit quiet on their seats, and more delightful still, there is always the chance of a collision between the boat and the enraged Cetæson, in which the boat is likely to come out second best.

But it is some of the phases of life in a whaling port that I propose to handle. In the Winter and Spring business of every description in S— H— rested on its oars. Gossip was the principal occupation of our people, male and female. "Oh," we used to say, "there never was such a place for gossip as S— H—." And, by the way, I never yet lived in any place so small as to allow everybody to know everybody else, but that there was a similiar howl from the much abused population. One half of the men were at sea, some on the Brazil Banks, some in Bhering's Straits, some off Cape Horn, some in the South Pacific, some in the Sandwich Islands, and some, perhaps in this very Bay of San Francisco, looking over a dismal vista of sand hills, and little dreaming of the change to be brought forth in twenty-five or thirty years. The Bay of Monterey was also a frequent stopping place for whalers, and I recollect hearing one of our captains, whose four years' voyage had embraced within its limits the commencement and termination of the Mexican war, inquiring what in the world General Taylor's army was doing away over at Monterey? He had heard of the battle of Monterey, and to him but one Monterey was known—that on the Pacific Coast.

Two score years ago the crew of a whaling vessel, while on their voyage, were nearly shut out of the world. About once in six months they visited the Sandwich Islands, or some South American port for provisions and repairs. There were not so many swift sailing merchantmen then to bring news from month to month. So on their return their knowledge of current events was nearly as musty as the fashion of their store clothes. And these fashions looked very queerly to us being so suddenly revived after the lapse of three or four years. The captain always landed some hours before the other officers and crew, and of course before he landed it was incumbent on him to apparel himself in gorgeous array. He put on a narrow-rimmed plug hat when broad brims were only worn, and a long swallow tailed coat when we saw only short skirts, and perhaps a stock when everybody, except some lingering representatives of a sort of old school gentry, wore cravats. And straps too—how we used to laugh when some dandy skipper landed with pants tightly strapped under his boots, when straps had been out of fashion for three years. They looked so ridiculous—much as one of the enormous, flare-monthed, coal-scuttle bonnetts worn by the belles of that period would to-day on Montgomery street.

In those days they wore bustles. "They" refers of course to the women. It must be admitted that there is quite an inconsistency in mixing up whales and bustles, but perhaps the combination may arouse some pleasing reminiscences in the minds of those who had arrived at sufficient age to be interested in bustles and whales—or whalers.

The arrival of some long absent vessel was an exciting event. First it was buzzed about—"A ship in the bay." She would not be visible from the town. The fact was first communicated by the hoisting of a signal on Gull Island Lighthouse, some three miles distant in the mouth of the harbor. Then her guns would be heard firing for a pilot. And finally her topmasts might become visible to the eyes of experienced old whalemen gathered in a group about the North Battery, each one eyeing her in turn through that ancient well-worn, canvas-covered spy glass. The North Battery, by the way, was not a fortification. It was a water-side grocery, where were kept pork, codfish, hams and rum, but more especially rum. The village temperance orators called it by all sorts of hard names, but it was a very comfortable place for all that on a cold Winter's evening. These authorities, who gathered thus together when a vessel was reported coming in, would exchange opinions relative to her name. We

boys listened with respect. They would frequently enter the North Battery and look through another glass. Gradually the ship comes in sight. Her private signal is made out. The owners are in a condition of intense excitement. The agent is beside himself with bustle, and finally goes on board the sloop which carries off the pilot. Various wives, relatives and friends of the returning crew are watching the vessel, and fretting because she comes in so slowly. There are anxious faces among them too, for the boy who sailed away three years ago may be safe on board—or—but that thought is too harrowing to be dwelt on Nothing has been heard of the ship for nearly a year. And the mind of the bronzed, stout youth on the inward hound vessel may be engrossed with similar thoughts, as he coils away a rope and glances occasionally at the distant but familiar church-spires of his native town. Are all well at home?

The sloop comes alongside. Familiar faces appear over the rail. There are moments of hesitation before recognition; but soon is heard the exclamation, "Why, is this you?" and hands are grasped, and, perhaps, more welcome still comes the assurance, "All well at home."

Owing to the shallowness of the water fully loaded vessels could not come directly to the wharf. They were obliged to moor in the channel a mile or so distant, and the cargo removed in lighters. So, in about an hour after anchoring, when everything was snugly stowed away, three or four whaleboats with the ship's crew would he seen pulling for shore. The landing place would be crowded with eager and interested spectators. As the countenances of the returned whalemen became visible there were exclamations and cries of recognition. "Why that's Smith!" and "That's Brown!" Yes, it was really Smith and Brown, clad in variously patched canvas pants and dingy red shirts. Smith and Brown are pulling their last strokes. They leap out of the boat and clamber up on the wharf. The voyage is over. They gaze about with a look of surprised, smiling stupidity and suffer themselves to be shaken, and seized, and pulled and finally hauled into the North Battery, and everybody drinks some more rum.

Brown's parents live in a country village about six miles distant. Of course he is anxious to see them as soon as possible. So in an hour after landing, a horse and buggy is hired. Brown's natural feeling of happiness at returning is still more intensified by the few glasses of liquor he has drank. Unused to stimulant for so many months it has a speedy effect. He does not wait to furnish himself with new clothes. He jumps into the buggy in the old patched garments which have been aired in the sunny tropics and off the boisteroas Horn. Brown shows evidence also of more hoisterous horns within. He has had this self-same ride home in his mind's eye for months. He starts giving his "crab" a lively admonition with the whip. The main street of our town was very wide but it was none too wide for the rickety buggies driven by recently returned sailors. That course was generally of zigzag shape at first, as if the vehicle was beating up the street against a head wind and a very heavy sea. Very often after the lapse of half hour from the time of departure a horse with the shafts and two fore wheels might he seen coming back, making extraordinary time for the stable. The remainder of the establishment might be at intervals along the road, and Brown might be at the "Bridge" taking some more rum. The "Bridge" was a real bridge, but there was a bar-room near it. Sailors have a great passion for horse-flesh, but their skill in handling the reins, after a long cruise, is not always of the first order.

It used to be said that the superanimated buggies and rotten harness were more apt to be placed at the disposal of newly returned sailors than the better class of turn out. If it broke it was charged, and a good voyage was sufficient security for the damage. Well, somehody had to use the old buggies for the last time.

Those were stirring times during the Summer months while some twenty or twenty-five of the fleet were arriving, refitting and departing. Everybody was busy. The long wharf presented a scene of the liveliest activity. There were to be seen ships "hove down" to be caulked and coppered, their main yards quite touching the dock, ships seemingly torn to pieces only to bo made stronger and more sea-worthy, and ships newly rigged and painted, quite ready to set out on another long cruise. The women were employed making coarse sailor outfits. The boarding houses were crowded. Jack was flush. Jack had a high old time if it was brief. There were rows and fights, banged heads and bloody noses. Our constables often had their hands full. Many Portuguese shipped on the whaling vessels, becoming temporary residents among us for a few months. These gathered in knots on the street made a confusion of tongues increased by the gibberish of the South Sea Islander. The pounding of enormous coopers' hammers securing new casks was continually heard. The oil yards were filled with rows of great greasy casks, in which men thrust gauging rods, or drew up samples of oil with testing glasses to ascertain its quality. All the talk was of oil, of the price of sperm, of whale and of hone. It was oil here, there, everywhere. It was a very oily place. In the parlors might be seen carved whale's teeth and miniature ships, the result of some sailor's "schrimshawnderiug" during the monotonous passage home. And the mantlepiece was adorned with shells and coral from the far off sunny isles of the Pacific. Other curiosities, beautifully carved paddles and murderous-looking clubs and spears with edges of sharks' teeth, making one's blood run cold to look at them, were also seen. Ostrich feathers and eggs, skins from Patagonia, Esquimaux garments, kayaks and the skin of the white polar hear lay side by side. Every third resident had a present of a monkey or a parrot, both regarded with delight by the younger portion of the household and detestation by the older. The parrots frequently shocked the people by gross and profane language acquired on shipboard, not speaking much for the efficacy of the bundles of tracts with which the boys were presented on leaving home. The monkeys pursued a career of mischief until the cold weather set in, when they set off for other spheres on the galloping consumption. We took an intense delight in rummaging the cabins and forecastles of the newly arrived ships for curiosities. It was so nice to find shells, whales' teeth, or some partly finished article of sailor workmanship. These homes of tho seamen were very dark and very dirty recesses after the final evacuation by their occupants. The last day or two of a voyage is evidently not devoted to "cleaning house."

In time, some of our school companions went to sea. When it became known they had shipped they acquired new dignity in our eyes. They seemed partly heroes, partly adventurers, and partly martyrs. All of us had an intense desire to go on one whaling voyage—a desire not at all abated by the stories we heard told by the old salts on the long winter evenings, of narrow escapes from ugly whales, and of interesting adventures in the South Sea Islands. But we knew that the maritime rose was not without its thorn. Boys returning from these voyages told us how they fared on shipboard, how milk, fresh meat and vegetables were almost unknown, how they had to stand watch nights, how the captain and mates cursed and swore at the hands when things did not go right, and how they were served by that terrible monster, sea-sickness. We knew much more of the disagreeable pertaining to maritime existence than boys living inland, whose information had been gathered solely from such startling, outrageously defying maritime common sense works as the "Bloody Buccaneer" or "The Pirate of the Gulf." We knew it was at first an inevitable necessity to be a "green hand." We used to wonder how long it would take us to wear this sea verdancy off. In our juvenile discussions on the subject we scouted the idea of ever being homesick, or if we were so we vowed never to show it.

Yet all the privation and hardship (and it was kept prominently before our eyes from interested motives) in no degree lessened in us, but rather increased, the desire for adventure.

I am quite certain of one thing—if a boy has an intense yearning for the sea it is best to let him go. If he is not fitted for that life one voyage will cure him. If the sailor is born in him his place in life is to be a sailor. I have seen all manner of inducements put before boys and young men to prevent their going to sea. They were placed in enviable situations in business, and many of the privileges and luxuries which wealth affords were granted them. Seemingly they resigned all thoughts of such a step, yet the desire was still there. And when opportunity finally offered they gratified it. Some are born with fins and flippers, and it is cruel to keep a fish out of water.

Getting the crew on board previous to sailing was another interesting affair. It was the last chance to get drunk for a long time, and Jack made the most of it. There was much delay in getting him on board. Garrets, cellars, outhouses and all sorts of out-of-the-way places had to be searched for the missing man. And when finally secured he would defy the officers and use very outrageous language towards those autocrats of our burgh, the ship agents. He was not yet at sea, and wanted to make the most of his fast fleeting liberty. Often he tumbled overhoard, and was fished out and stowed away in the bottom of the boat which carried him on hoard, a miserable drunken mass of maritime humanity.

By the last of September, when the first frosts of Fall had commenced to tinge the leaves, the last vessel had departed. The Long Wharf, hut a short time since so busy, was quiet and almost deserted save by a few sloops and schooners. The money-making and money-spending season was over. The grog shops contained none but the old "stand-bys," no longer able to luxuriate in the generosity of the whaleman, once more upon the sea. The stagnation in business extended even to the boys, since we could no longer pick up shreds of old copper sheathing from the wharves and sell them at the junk stores at sixteen cents a pound. If a bolt or large piece occasionally found its way in our stock it was all in the way of business. We were sometimes forced to disgorge our collection of ore, ignominiously driven away, and accused of theft by the "bosses."

Alas! those stirring scenes of Summer are quite over. The wharves have gone to decay or sunk in the shifting sands. The oil-yards and cooper-shops, which during the winter were noisy with the busy hammer of the cooper as he drove on hoop after hoop, are silent, grass-grown and long deserted. The ships are for the most part condemned and broken up. Many of them saw their last of earth or rather of the sea, in this very bay of San Francisco. They helped form a portion of the "Rotten Row"—that dismal line of forlorn hulks familiar to the older residents of San Francisco. Some make the foundations of this city. Within a stone's throw of me reposes the *Niantic*, supporting a cheap lodging house. So also rest the bones of the *Cadmus*, which vessel, previous to her purchase out of the merchant service, brought over Lafayette on his triumpbal visit to this country. And of the boys who expected to be whalemen many are not whalemen—perhaps never saw a whale in their lives. "*L' homne propose et Dieu dispose.*"

We went not down into the sea in ships, barques, brigs and schooners, for whales grew scarce and the few scarce ones grew wild. More and more years were required to make a voyage, and strange fluids were invented to make light. The hog contested with the whale; hence lard oil; the man of science brought us camphene, which showed up things in a brighter light than the nasty whale oil, and blew and burnt up more houses as well as people. The earth, too, was bored and pumped to death, until obliged to disclose the secret of her oleaginous treasures. And for those and some other reasons the glory and life of my native whaling port have departed, and I gain not my bread with the barbed harpoon and the keen edged lance.

LOCAL ARCHITECTURAL NOTES.

DURING the past year a vast amount of money has been spent in the erection of stores, insurance offices, banks, etc., and with three or four notable exceptions very little taste has been displayed by the owners and the architects, who have been employed. This is often no of fault the latter, but too frequently a great deal of capital is thrown away in useless and abortive attempts at ornamentation.

This is especially the case on Kearny street, where there are not more than two of the recently erected buildings which can lay any claim to beauty. Some few are perfectly plain, with no pretensions to ornament, and these have more merit in their simplicity than most of their neighbors which have, as a general thing, a cheap air of shabby gentility. The block last erected, on the corner of Pine and Battery streets, is of the same class, the details (the window caps, brackets, etc,) being very awkward and badly proportioned.

Of the Kearny street buildings, those on the Southwest corners of Sutter and Pine streets have a look of dignity and respectability. The general proportions of both are good; the details and decorations are quite neat, particularly in the former. The store on the Northeast corner of California and Kearny streets has good points, and is a little out of the beaten track. It is one of the best efforts of its architect.

Among the most extensive undertakings in the city, is the the new block for Murphy, Grant & Co., which affords an opportunity (second only to the Exchange) for its architect to distinguish himself. We are very sorry to feel obliged to say that we think it a failure; its extensive frontage on two principal streets, with the large amount of money evidently expended on it, should certainly have produced a grand and noble structure, an ornament to the city. As it stands, it is an immense box like affair, with a very monotonous succession of arches, the columns of which are short and "stumpy." The architraves are too broad and flat, particularly in the second tier, *decorated* with the "Corn Husk" arrangement. Then again, some portions of the cornices are *carved*, a useless expense, for the device makes uglier what would have been unobjectionable if it had been plain. Simple mouldings are certainly much more effective for the projecting members of an exterior cornice.

But the worst feature of all is the main cornice, which does not project more than two feet. The projection should be nearly double that space. This, with the bulky panels and corbels, spoils whatever of dignity or style the building would possess.

The Bank of California and the Insurance Offices are approaching completion. We shall allude to them more fully on a future occasion.

HOLBROOK, MERRILL & CO.—By referring to our advertising columns it will be seen that this importing and wholesale firm which has so long stood at the head of their especial branch of trade, that of stores and house furnishing hardware—in Sacramento and Austin, have established a business house in this city. This firm has done an extensive business with the interior merchants for year past, and without curtailing the business relations of their other houses, they now enter the broader field of San Francisco trade, determined to win their share of it.

LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.—Buyers and sellers, alike rush to the Real Estate and House agency office of Madison & Burke, 316 Montgomery street, for the satisfactory transaction of their various business demands. Those in want of houses are sure to get suited there, and those wanting tenants will there be most likely to obtain them—for Madison & Burke do most of the house-letting in San Francisco.

SPRING BONNETS.—Have you seen them? If not, go at once and inspect the new styles, with the new and seasonable trimmings, just received by Mrs. Butler No. 136 Montgomery street, under the Occidental Hotel. They are extremely neat and tasty.

CANDACE.

BY FREDERIC HOWE MARION.

I LOVED Candace when we went to school together. I loved her as a boy, and as a man, and I shall love her to my dying hour as tenderly, as utterly, as it is possible for one human being to love another. She had a pure, pretty face, with soft, dark hair and hazel eyes. All the color in her face was in the coral red of her little velvety mouth. It was just a child's sweet face all through her young womanhood.

I don't think any one else knew how pretty Candace was. She was one of a large family of children, and the parents were poor, and hard-working people. who, in keeping bread in the mouths, and shoes on the feet of their little ones, had their hands and hearts too full to consider such an unpractical thing as beauty. If the children were sound in limb' that was enough. Then out of her own family Candace was never much known, for she was always shy and retiring. When she came to womanhood, she passed so quickly from a child to a self-poised woman that there was never any opportunity for the bashful boys of Farmland to find her attractive. She was never their equal, and instinctively repelled them. Then her beauty was of too high an order to be recognized by them ; her arch, rosy smile I think she kept for me, and those she loved at home.

I lived on a hill, and she in a hollow, a mile from the village. Her father was the village blacksmith, and mine a farmer. By and by, her father was too old to work at the anvil, and then his oldest son took his place. I was not as ready to succeed *my* father when he tired at the plow. I wanted a literary life. I thought and wrote well for a boy of twenty, and I loved books and dreams. I had always meant to go to the city when I was of age, and learn something of its life, and find my place there. No one but Candace knew this. There was much discussion and some disquietude at home when I announced my intention, and then I went away. I had a father and a younger brother to leave, and Candace. With her there was no marked leave-taking.

I was fortunate enough to obtain, immediately, the situation as copyist to a literary man. I never knew the garret-starving experience of most young authors. I was also fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to immediately become M. Lorraine's protegé. He appreciated my order of talent, and patronized me to an extent that made me dangerously popular. Bohemia welcomed me, and I wrote the home folks that I was becoming as successful in New York as I could wish.

My work for M. Lorraine was not laborious. I had much time to myself, which I spent in luxurious *dolce far niente* in his green-house. The slumberous, perfumy atmosphere stimulated me to the composition of the sensuous, opium-fair, winy little poems which were received so favorably by the public. They were the very concentration of sweets—"sunny" rhymed with "honey," "mist" with "amethyst," and "fancies" with pansies." They were full of wine, and gold hair, and musk. They abounded in poetical metaphors, and were laden with the luxuries of all climes and ages, and meant—nothing. My poems were called gems and pictures, but no one ever accused me of meaning anything. My first critic was Candace.

She had one wealthy relative—an aunt who was rich and fashionable. Reviving a ghost of sisterly affection on hearing that her brother was a poor man, and had eight half grown children, she sent for the youngest girl. This was Candace.

Aunt and neice had never seen each other. Candace's first impression was that her aunt was a painfully unhealthy and tricked-out old woman, while Mrs. Linden was astonished at the beauty of her neice. Candace was only seventeen, and innocent and lovely as a flower, and Mrs. Linden, who had no daughters to show off in society, thought she had found a treasure. How she would triumph over Mrs. Leader, who flaunted her colorless blondes in their diamonds, and assumed that she led society! So Candace was thronged by masters of all the arts, that she might be fitted to come out in a year. She had a good English education—the result of her own efforts ; and Mrs. Linden calculated that another year would enable her to appear with the *savoir vivre* required. She had beauty enough for a queen ; no one need know that her father was a blacksmith, and if the girl pleased her she should be her heiress.

I heard this news from home, and immediately went to congratulate Candace. The Linden mansion was splendid. In the luxurious drawing-room, "a simple maiden in her flower,' Candace sat reading. She wore a plain black dress, a white ribbon looping back her curls, and, excepting the fine material of her dress, had hardly changed at all in a year. When Mrs. Linden, after a protracted but covert scrutiny of me, left us alone together, I said :

"Why do you wear a black dress, Candace? I should think Mrs. Linden would have you in cloth of gold."

"I did not want to change my dress. I wear it for little Ben, you know."

Her little brother was dead, and I had not heard. It made me remember that I had not written to her for several months. I tried to apologize. "I am so busy, you see, Candace."

"Yes, I presume you are. What do you write?"

"Poems," I replied, with a conscious pride. "You remember, I sent you a magazine containing one?"

"Oh, yes—'Spoils and Spices;' I thought at first it was Aldrich's. But what else do you write beside those kind of things, Walt?"

"Nothing else," I answered, somewhat sulkily, being hurt.

"Nothing else!" she repeated.

"No," said I ; "what else would you have me write? They are my forte, and, I assure you, very successful. You don't appreciate them, I think, Candace."

"I think they are very pretty," she answered, gently, seeing that I was annoyed.

"And they are a great deal more brilliant than anything that Aldrich ever wrote ; M. Lorraine told me so himself. I don't think myself they are so *very much* in his style."

"But, Walt," said the clear-eyed little thing, "they make me think of dead-ripe fruit. You eat the pear, or read the poem, and that's all."

"Your comparison is very lame," said I. "There's seeds in pears, remember."

"And there are none in your poems."

"You assume a great deal, Candace. How old are you."

"I'm not pretending to criticize you, Walt," said she ; "I don't know how ; but I do not like poems that are made up of pretty words, and don't leave me anything to think about Whittier doesn't write so.'

I replied banteringly. but she answered with so much spirit and good sense, that I was fairly vanquished, and willingly changed the subject.

I came away thinking that Candace was going to make a smart woman, but that we didn't suit each other as we had once done. I resolved not to think any more about her. There were other people who appreciated me better, and if I didn't suit her it couldn't be helped. I pleased others.

Yet, after all, the sight of Candace's pure face had impressed me very strongly, and I was more disappointed than I could understand by her comments. She only had expected much of me, as I had expected much of myself, and it was not pleasant to meet her and receive not a word of congratulation, especially as I had grown to regard my laurels as quite considerable.

I met her at the opera next, and when she went out early, the glittering crowd grew a hore, and the canzonets and arias palled on my ear. All winter I saw her, beautiful, gentle, alluring, and I went on worshipping her, and connecting with her all the sweet subtleties of love, idealizing her in my poems.

In the Spring, I received a note from Candace :

"DEAR WALT :—I am going from the city. If you would like to see me first, come up this evening. CANDACE.

I immediately went to Mrs. Linden's.

I saw that she had lost much of her girlish look, but she was still marked by a sweet simplicity. How clear her eyes were! Mine fell beneath them. How gentle her voice! Her kindness hurt me.

"Where are you going, Candace?"

"Home."

"Home? Are you going to leave your aunt?"

"Yes. Nelly is married ; there are my three little brothers, and mother getting old, and they need me."

I was appalled. Was it possible that she would leave such dazzling prospects as were hers, and go back to Farmland, with its poverty, and drudgery, and barrenness?

"Why, Candace, what can you be thinking of?"

"Why are you so surprised, Walt? I am sorry to disappoint Aunt Linden, but I cannot think of doing anything else ; it is clearly right."

"Right for you to bury yourself in that place, after what you have learned?"

"I have not learned anything truer than my love for my mother, Walt. Do you think anything here could recompense me for the thought that she was working beyond her strength, or any rule of fashion justify me in leaving her to care unfit for her, while I live in idleness? Walt," putting her hand on mine, "what are *you* thinking of?"

I was silent. She sat looking at me. Perhaps she knew better than I did what thoughts swept across me, and felt that no words would do me any good then. She only rose with me to say good-by, and spoke gently :

"Don't forget me, Walt."

I looked at her, and my face spoke my shameful confession. Her soft cheek paled—both her light hands crept over the one of mine she held.

"You will come home by-and-by, Walt?"

"By-and-by." And then I left her.

Did I go on, after that, with my loose, *blase* life? Yes. If she had been in the city, she might have helped me, but I was not strong enough to resist temptation alone, or break from the network of circumstances which surrounded me. The place I had made, held me. I had but one other, and that I was not true enough to enter. How could I, who was the pet of *salons*, and a fellow of literary popularity, go back to obscurity and the plow? I thought of Candace—yet I *could not* do it. She was stronger and better than I. That I confessed.

The changes that came diverted me from painful thought—though my convictions could hardly be called thought. The theaters, the opera season, the new works of art, new additions to our circle, and the adventures of old habituates, kept my attention employed. Then I was seldom alone. Wherever I might be, I could always find a Bohemian. We dined in squads. We gossiped and boasted in unison. We knew each other's vices, and, all in one boat, we pledged one another success. There may have been pure and earnest men amongst us, but I never knew them, and I do not believe there *were* any.

M. Lorraine was a violent-tempered man. I wondered, sometimes, if his violent displeasure would ever fall upon me, but for a year he always looked upon me good-humoredly. At last a mere accident incensed him, and he flew into a passion. It was simply the loss of some papers which had not been put specially in my care. My blood was young and warm, and words ran high. I considered myself insulted and quit his service. He revenged himself, by announcing that I had been dismissed.

In a few weeks, my funds ran low. I had had a good salary, but it's not the fashion for Bohemians to save any part of their income, and my porte monnaie began to have a very flat appearance. I could not obtain another situation. I made nothing but failures with my pen, and in a few months was wretchedly out of spirits, and completely out of pocket. I lingered along an incredible while, with no visible means of support, but pride incited me to keep up appearances, and I borrowed of Peter to pay Paul, and maintained a strict reserve on the subject of my resources, so that I believed no one knew my poverty, for a matter of months, every day growing more discontented, irritable and gloomy.

One night I stood at the door of a theater, waiting for a man who had promised to meet me there, when two young fellows came into the vestibule, and slowly passed.

"Walt Childreth," said one. "He's had his day. He's overboard."

"I thought Lorraine sounded his praises with a flourish. Seems to me I heard something about his writing an editorial notice of that long poem of his—what was it?—that Sterns published."

"Childreth's out in the cold now," interrupted the other, "and hasn't anything to stand on. It don't do a man any good to be patronized as Childreth was by a *savant* like Lorraine. I always said so, and—"

They were out of hearing. I gnashed my teeth with irritation, and strode away. The next day, I made an effort to have my poems published in book form. I went to Lee & Brown, whom I knew knew me well. Mr. Brown spoke with stinging plainness :

"You'll not get a publisher, Mr. Childreth. I have read your poems, and know them well, and they are not uncommon enough to bring the least profit to you or any one else. A man weighs in this world for what he is, not for what he would be, and the market is always crowded with mediocre matter."

A very round-about and impertinent way of saying "no," I thought ; but three other firms told me the same thing in a different way, and then I relinquished my plan, understanding that there was no hope of any relief for me in that direction. I sold my watch, paid my bills and went home.

I don't think I meant to do any more than to rest on my oars and then take a new start, in returning to Farmland ; but when I saw the old stone house, with the fine black branches of the dooryard oaks outlined against the sky, like a picture drawn in ink, a rush of pleasure went over me unlike anything I had known for a long time. My father met me at the gate. When I saw the smile of recognition on his aged face, I felt ashamed for my desertion of this faithful heart.

It was the return of the prodigal son. The fatted calf was killed, and the guests called in to be merry. Candace came, and with her Mr. Hudson, who had been her teacher, and who had come down with a message from her aunt, desiring her return.

"But I shall never return while my mother lives," said Candace. "My aunt has been more kind than she knows, even ; she has enabled me to brighten and enrich all our lives greatly, and here I must remain. I have my music and books, and mother enjoys singing and reading aloud so much that I wonder how we ever lived without them. I am sorry for Aunt Linden's disappointment ; but, Walt, I think our Will is displaying great musical talent, and if I can only persuade auntie to take him for a *protege*, instead of me, it will be a better thing for all of us."

Dear Candace! I know just how she looked at that moment—so kind, and sweet, and steadfast—for my eyes were full of her face.

"And what are you going to do, Walt? Have you come home to stay?"

"And be a farmer, and have a home and a wife, and make writing incidental to simple, earnest living? Yes, I think so."

"I am so glad!" she answered, looking straight into my eyes. And then I read how fully she knew me, and how she had feared for me, and how much we loved each other.

At Christmas I kissed her, my wife, under the mistletoe. How can the rest of my life be aught but good and happy with her?

THE BOOMERANG.

The extraordinary weapon used by the natives of Australia puzzles the most scientific men in the world It can be thrown a distance of three hundred feet, and will return and fall at the feet of the thrower. As the Australian boomerang is confessed to be one of the greatest things ever invented, so is the San Francisco BOOMERANG, at the corner of Washiugton and Dupont streets, acknowledged to be one of the greatest institutions of the city. The snug bar, the glorious Staffordshire Ale, the hot puuches, made from the finest Scotch Whisky and the oldest Jamaica Rum —in fact, everything about the Boomerang is perfect.

ABSCONDED!—The wife whose husband supposed she had absconded was freely forgiven, when he found she had only been down to the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY to see HOWLAND, aad get one dozeu of those beautiful Card Pictures, THE BEST ever made in this city. Come early, if you waut to get a sitting. Remember the Place—Nos. 25 aud 27 Third street, east side, uear Market street. B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, aud to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determiued to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the Americau Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are takiug the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that Americau manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instrumeuts, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chauce to iuvest your mouey to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spriug Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagous from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evaus fifty per ceut. lower than auy other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examiue their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitau market.

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Associatiou for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputatiou, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatmeut, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
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When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR APRIL.

April 30th—CONSTITUTION, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on July 31, for Hongkong via Kanagawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.

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Have the Largest Office,
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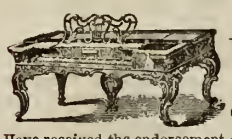

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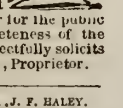
THE NEW BRANCH
OF THE
CLIPPER RESTAURANT,
No. 414 Market street, between Battery and Sansome,
WILL BE OPENED ON
MONDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1867.



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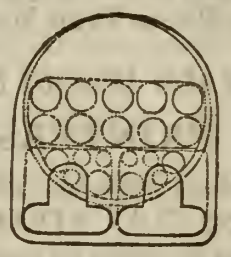

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Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 15 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 634 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS. CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldhush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

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Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

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Century,
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Crumbs of Comfort,
Liberty Boy,
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Savory,
Standard,
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Golden Luxury,
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Big Lick,
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Pride of the Union,
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Star of the West
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Nature's Beauty
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Fruit Juice,
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Jewel of Ophir,
Jesse Hare Reed,
Nectar of Roses,
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Golden Apple,
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They are sugar coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best Aperient in the world for all the purposes of a Family Physic.

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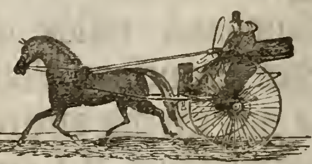

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PRICE: 50 CTS

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Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
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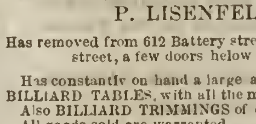

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Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements. Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description. All goods sold are warranted.

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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

CANTY & WAGNER,
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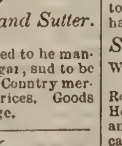
N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,



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SAUL & McARRON,
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Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.

A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

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CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

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LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
37 and 39 Webb street,
Between Sacramento and California.

Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

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THE UNDERSIGNED, INTENDING TO RETIRE from business, desires to call the attention of the public to a LARGE STOCK OF CARRIAGE MATERIAL at his store, No. 506 MARKET STREET, and No. 7 SUTTER STREET, which he will SELL AT COST. Until said goods are disposed of, he will BUILD TO ORDER, at his factory, corner of FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, all kinds of

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c.,

A good assortment of which can always be found on hand and at a less price than can be had at any other place in the city. Will keep about 50 workmen employed to complete all unfinished work and contracts, in order to close business by the first day of July next. Has on hand and for sale, Six First-class Concord style 9-Passenger STAGE WAGONS, and a good assortment of LUMBER or FARM WAGONS, EXPRESS WAGONS, CARTS, &c.

Also, will soon have finished FIFTY BUGGIES.
H. CASEBOLT.

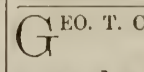
A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,
No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

GEO. T. CASEBOLT & CO.,
Importers of
Hardwood Lumber,
ALL KINDS OF



Carriage and Wagon Materials, Coach Trimming and Hardware.
315 PINE STREET,
corner of Sansome, San Francisco.

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 *Volumes of Standard Works,*

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

Lawrence & Houseworth,

317 AND 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,

OPTICIANS

THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT Establishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined

SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.

Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.

Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

317 *and* 319 *Montgomery Street,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

JACOB SHEW,

Pioneer Photographer

612 CLAY STREET,

North side, four doors above Montgomery.

Takes all kinds of Photographs in the very best style of the Art. Would especially invite attention to the superiority of the "Cabinet Photograph," or new size, taken at this establishment.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CHARLES MITCHELL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Charles Mitchell deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated April 11th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of Charles Mitchell, deceased. ap13-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF LUDWIG IGEL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of LUDWIG IGEL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office, No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated April 11th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Ludwig Igel, deceased. ap13-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB R. MAYER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Jacob R. Mayer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his place of business, No. 523 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Dated April 13th, A. D. 1867.

A. W. BOWMAN,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Jacob R. Mayer, deceased. ap13-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ROBERT CARTER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratix of the estate of Robert Carter, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratix, at the place of transaction of her business, at the office of her attorney, John F. Finn, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

GRACE CARTER,
Administratix of the Estate of Robert Carter, deceased.
Dated April 12, 1867. ap13-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate left unadministered of THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator as aforesaid at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Doro & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated April 12th, A. D. 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of Thomas A. Kimball, deceased.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Administrator.
ap13-5t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY A. WALSH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at at the office of Crane & Boyd, Attorneys at Law, in the city and county of San Francisco, the place of his transaction of business.

Dated at San Francisco, March 25th, 1867.

JOHN TOWNSEND,
Administrator of Estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased.
Crane & Boyd, Att'ys, S. W. cor. Clay and Montgomery streets. mh30-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF HORACE COLE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of HORACE COLE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within nine months and twenty-one days after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator with the will annexed, at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated April 4th, 1867.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Horace Cole, deceased. ap6-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of J. C. BEIDEMAN, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of the Judge of said Court, made this day, notice is hereby given that Monday, the 22d day of April, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, being a day of a regular term of said Court, to-wit: of the April Term, A. D. 1867, at the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been appointed for hearing the petition, this day filed, of Bernard Kennedy, praying for a decree authorizing and directing John W. Brumagim, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate left unadministered of J. C. Beideman, deceased, to convey to the said petitioner certain real estate situated in said city and county, and particularly described in said petition, upon the payment to said Administrator of the balance of the purchase money of said real estate; at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said petition by filing their objections in writing.

Dated March 22d, 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
Messrs. Drake & Hent, Attys. for Petitioner.
mar23-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by J. W Brumagim, the Administrator of the estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 6th day of May, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated April 5th, 1867. ap6-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN P. HILL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Michael Lynch, the Administrator of the estate of JOHN P. HILL, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30-5w
R. W. HENT, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BENJAMINS. BROOKS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS HARRIS, et al, defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to THOMAS HARRIS and CHARLES FORBES, defendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the abovenamed Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree adjudging and ascertaining the amount due to plaintiff from defendant Harris upon the promissory note and mortgage mentioned and referred to in the complaint to be $500 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per month from March 30, 1855, and directing a sale of the premises in said mortgage mentioned, by the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, according to law and the practice of this Court, and the application of the proceeds of sale after payment of costs and expenses to the satisfaction of the amount due to the plaintiff, and that said defendant Harris, and all persons claiming under him subsequent to the execution of said mortgage, to wit: December 30, 1854, either as purchasers, incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof, and that plaintiff have judgment docketed and executed against said defendant Harris for any deficiency which may arise after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable, to the satisfaction of said judgment. That the plaintiff or any other parties to this suit may become purchaser at said sale, and be put into possession, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., canceled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney. j19-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No 5 of the 100 vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 10th day of September, A. D. 1866, in the matter of the estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on TUESDAY, the 23d day of April, 1867, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors, David Whipple and William Whipple, of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pine street, 111½ feet easterly from the south-east corner of Pine and Taylor streets; running thence easterly along said line of Pine street 26 feet; thence at a right angle southerly and parallel with Taylor street 137½ feet; thence at a right angle westerly 26 feet, and thence at a right angle northerly and parallel with Taylor street 137½ feet to the point of beginning.

And offers or bids for said property, in writing will be received at said place, No. 6 Montgomery Block, in said city and county, from this date till Tuesday, the 23d day of April, 1867, at twelve o'clock, noon, by the undersigned.

ROBERT L. HARRIS,
Guardian of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors
Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30-4w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Breeze, the Administrator of the estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased, praying for an order for the sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts of the deceased and the charges and expenses of administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Adm'r. mh30 5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of James Edwin Reas, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell a portion, and would be most for the interest of all concerned to sell the whole of the real estate to pay the family allowance, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why no order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30 5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN J. TAYSEN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned. Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN J. TAYSEN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the store of A. Crawford, No. 27 Market street, San Francisco, that being the place of the transaction of business by said Executors of said estate.

A. CRAWFORD, } Executors.
D. N LUNDT, }
Dated March 30th, 1867. mh30-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Curtis, Administrator of the estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the claims against the estate, and the expenses of administration;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the twenty-second day of April A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated March 22d, 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an Order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 22d day of March, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
F. A. Fabens, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
mar23 4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF FRANCIS S. WOOD, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against FRANCIS S. WOOD, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, JOHN G. HODGE, at Nos. 418 and 420 Clay street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated April 6th, 1867.

JOHN G. HODGE,
Administrator with the will annexed of Francis S. Wood, deceased. ap6-5w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDIcial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS CORBETT, Plaintiff, vs. MARIA CORBETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Maria Corbett, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the children, as particularly mentioned in the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50c, canceled.] j19 3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of PATRICK GAFFNEY, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 4th day of April, A. D. 1867, notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 23d day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said PATRICK GAFFNEY, deceased, and for hearing the application of Wm. A. Quarles, Public Administrator, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters of Administration with the will annexed, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
Dated at San Francisco, this April 5th, A. D. 1867.
J. F. FINN, Esq., Att'y for Petitioner. ap6 3w

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CHAS. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

BLACK CROOK!
BLACK CROOK!!
BLACK CROOK!!!

THE WORLD RENOWNED BLACK CROOK!—SPLENDID COSTUMES AND SCENERY!!

This, the most gorgeous spectacular play ever presented in the United States, will be performed at

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,

This Afternoon.....April 20th,

—WITH—

MISS SALLIE HINCKLEY,
MISS ROSA SIEGRIST,
MISS EMMA MILES,

A full Corps de Ballet, and the Opera House Stock Company.

BLACK CLOOK will be played every night until further notice.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25
☞No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery, Museum,

CONSERVATORIES, AND ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,

On Mission and Valencia streets.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.

A Museum of Natural History containing over four hundred specimens of Zoology has just been opened.

NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.

Admission to all parts of the Gardens and Museum 25 cents. Children under 12 years of age, half price.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars.

☞Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS.

GRAND FESTIVAL

....TO BE HELD....
AT PLATT'S MUSIC HALL,
....ON THE....
Evenings of May 22d and 23d, 1867,

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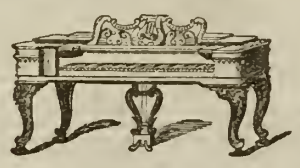

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STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CITY AND COUNTY OF San Francisco. In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased.

Order of Publication on application for order of sale.

On reading and filing the petition of William A. Quarles, administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 20th day of May, 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated April 17th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court, this 19th day of April, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Petitioner. ap20-5t

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Tristan. A Novel. By Edward Spencer.
Bankrupt Law of 1867.
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The Good Report: Lessons for Lent. By Alice B. Haven.
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The Diamond Cross. By Wm. B. Phillips.
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Our Convicts. By Mary Carpenter.
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Angular Curvature of the Spine. By Benj. Lee, M.D.
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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 23. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 27, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Spiritism Practically Viewed; Glimpses of Bohemia, by an Old Stager; Literary Gleanings and Gossip; Local Architectural Notes. LION'S MOUTH: Black Crook and Black Rook; The Old "Bulletin" Office; Captain Worden's Reception; Aid for the "Flag;" Spring; A Letter for a Sinful Hebrew; Dramatic Affairs, etc. SELECTED: The Legal Profession; Cockney Writers; Plays and Players; Honeymoonshine, etc. Poetry—Cable Hymn, by John G. Whittier; Nonfulfilled, Saturn.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

A Settler for a Sinful Hebrew.

Dr. Streutzel having advertised for sale 1,000 acres of land adjoining the Rancho del Pinole, Mrs. Mary B Cornwall expresses her opinion of his conduct in so doing, and enters an objection to his possessing the land "on account of his sins." She publishes the following:

"We would say that land is all taken up, improved by lawful settlers, who have settled there in good faith, knowing that the land was outside of all exterior boundary of ranches, and was the public domain. So, if persons want to bring themselves into trouble, we want them to do it with their eyes open. As Moses viewed the Promise Land from Mount Pisgah—but on account of his sins, God said he should never possess the land—it is our opinion as a body of settlers, and many others too, that that Hebrew, on account of his sins, will never possess the land at the Straits; but as it is very mountainous, he need not go to Pisgah to view it; he can get a peep at it from Mount Cornwell, on the same land." MRS. MARY B. CORNWALL.

We do not think that Mrs. Mary B. Cornwall's reasoning is sound. There is a great deal of difference between Moses and Doctor Strentzel. If her only hope of the Doctor's failing to gain possession of the land, rests on the special interposition of the Almighty, "on account of his sins," that hope is a broken reed. We would earnestly advise Dr. Streutzel *not* to go to Mount Cornwall if he values his personal safety; Mrs. Mary B. Cornwall, although she reads her bible, is evidently not the kind of woman to trifle with, and the Doctor might meet with a settler sufficient to send him the other side of Jordan—the Spiritual Jordan—to give an account for his sins.

General Kiernan.

We fear the *Call* is backing down on its best subscribers, the Irish. On Tuesday evening, General Kiernan was announced to deliver a lecture at the Academy of Music. The *Call* thus cruelly reports his appearance at the Academy for the purpose of apologizing to an audience "principally composed of the Irish Battalion:"

"General Kiernan, who is quite a well-dressed young man, appeared on the stage, and announced that both his manuscript and wardrobe were destroyed at the Cosmopolitan fire, and, consequently, he could not make the appearance or deliver the lecture he expected."

And isn't that a nice way to be speaking of General James L. Kiernan, United States Consul to China? It's him the *Call* does be calling "quite a well-dressed young man." And next it says "General Kiernan spoke ten minutes, and not in an effective manner.", It's mighty reasonable the *Call* is to expect a man who has lost his senses in a raging fire, and who hasn't a line of writing of the elegant lecture he had prepared, or a shirt to his back left him, to speak in an effective manner. There's a place which, maybe, is a trifle hotter than the Cosmopolitan Hotel was on Tuesday evening, and if the landlord takes a paper, sure the first journal he'll be axin' for will be the *Morning Call*.

Oppressive and Irritating.

The following thoughtless paragraph which we find going the rounds of the press, will probably lead to scores of divorces:

"It is said that a portion of a raw onion, eaten just before retiring to rest, will insure refreshing sleep to persons suffering with lungs overburdened with oppressive and irritating matter."

There is no denying the fact that any wife whose husband eats raw onions before retiring to bed, will complain of "suffering from lungs overburdened with oppressive and irritating matter." We can imagine few substances with which the lungs can be charged, more oppressive and irritating than is the peculiar odor of the onion. The action recommended in the above paragraph would, if persevered in, be deemed excessive cruelty and sufficient grounds for a divorce in a great many courts of law in California.

Waterfalls Doomed.

Since the terrible news from England with respect to chignons and waterfalls, many of the ladies of San Francisco have discarded their dead hair ornaments. It is shocking to think of a lady having "gregarines"—or other insects—in her head. and the *Lancet* declares that all the dead hair which is made into chignons and waterfalls is liable to be infested with unpleasant things. It is all nonsense for the ladies to boil their chignons—boiling won't kill gregarines.

Black Crook and Black Rook.

The event of last week was the production of the *Black Crook* at Maguire's Opera House on Monday. The Metropolitan management claimed that this so-called *Black Crook* was really their *Black Rook*, a play which they had written for them in New York by James Schonberg, and on Tuesday applied to Judge Deady of the U. S. Circuit Court, for an injunction. The case was set for Friday, and in the mean time the piece was allowed to be played at the Opera House. The Opera House management applied for an injunction to restrain the Metropolitan management from playing the *Black Rook*, which they claimed was a pirated copy of the *Black Crook*, the sole right to play which, Mr. Maguire had purchased in New York from the author, C. M. Barras. Judge Deady denied the motion of the Metropolitan magagement on the grounds that their *Black Rook* was really a stolen copy of the *Black Crook*. He also denied the motion of the Maguire's Opera House management, giving a very weak reason for so doing. It is a well known fact that C. M. Barr is owns the copyright of the *Black Crook*, and is entitled to the protection of the law for his property; but Judge Deady denies this protection on the grouud that the *Black Crook* is an improper play. He says:

"This Court does not pretend to be the conservator of the public morals in this respect. This is a matter for the local legislatures. But in giving construction to the constitution and laws, when legitimately called upon to do so, it is the duty of all Courts to uphold public virtue and discourage everything that tends to impair it. It cannot be denied that this spectacle of the *Black Crook* merely panders to the prurient curiosity by very questionable exhibitions of the female person. The lawfulness of such an exhibition depends upon the laws of the place where it is exhibited. But when the author or proprietor of the spectacle asks the power of this Court to protect him in the exclusive right to make such an exhibition, under the copyright law of Congress, the matter assumes a very different aspect I am strongly impressed with the conviction that an injunction should not be allowed in this case, on the ground that the spectacle is not "suited for public representation" —not *fit* to be exhibited—within the meaning of that word as used in the Act of Congress, and on the further ground that it is not within the scope of the power of Congress to encourage the production of such exhibitions, as they neither promote the progress of *science* or the *useful* arts.'

Now the fact of the matter is that neither the *Black Crook* nor the *Black Rook* is in the slightest degree immoral. The ladies of the ballet are rather over-dressed than otherwise, and these plays depend for their attractiveness on their gorgeous scenery more than anything else. It is represented that Judge Deady, when a boy, promised a maiden aunt on her death bed that he would never go to a theater, and that he has kept his promise. He read sad accounts in the New York papers of the very short dresses worn by the ladies of the ballet in the *Black Crook* when it was produced at Niblo's, and jumped at the conclusion that the play was in itself immoral.

The Old "Bulletin" Office.

That venerable nuisance which has for so long blocked up the mouth of Merchant street, the old *Bulletin* office, is demolished. The gain to the community is immense; but irreparable the loss to hill stickers. The lack of veneration for ancient buildings, characteristic of the American people, is evinced by the indifference manifested at the removal of this unsightly pile. There might have been some decent show of respect, on the part of the *Bulletin*, in consigning that rude pile of bricks to oblivion. Great is the stir made at the laying of the corner stone of any public edifice, but who is there to heave a sigh, or, indeed, heave anything, when it is demolished, save bricks and mortar by the hard hands of day laborers. *Sic transit gloria domi.*

Passing by the melancholy, and, withal, slightly oderiferous locality, yesterday, we picked up a brick. So little poetry is there in the minds of our countrymen as not to realize the purpose of an humble individual carrying off a brick. It was for a memento. In time, that brick will be valuable. It will have a place among the relics of the early civilization of San Francisco. Know we not that which we do? Are we not reflective?

Upon this brick is placed the following inscription: "Brick from the old *Bulletin* office, which for years stood like a decayed tooth in the mouth of Merchant street. The time of the foundation of this sepulchre is not positively known, Suffice it to say, Anno Domini ——. Demolished April 26, 1867. May it never arise upon this earth again, save in imagination."

Yet, a practical and mercenary man, seeing the care taken of this future relic, followed us, espied out our motions, wormed himself into our confidence, and now announces his determination of hauling off, in the dead of night, a whole cart load of bricks, the sale of which for relics, in the course of a year or two, will yield him a handsome pecuniary return!

Divorces.

Eight women were granted divorces from their husbands, in the San Francisco Courts. One of these injured females got rid of a drunken husband, four had been willfully deserted, one proved that her husband had been unfaithful to her, one had been cruelly treated, one whipped and deserted. It is quite probable that six out of these eight desolate females will be married next week.

A Luxury.

The intensely Democratic Colusa *Sun*, declares that "laboring men will learn very soon that 'loyalty' is a luxury they can ill afford." Probably the editor will next suggest that "honesty" is also too expensive a luxury for hard times.

Spring.

The weather has been warm during this week. Perspiration has been considerably indulged in. An occasional zephyr raises a cloud of dust which, settling on the moist cuticle of men and women, induces irritability and a disposition to profanity. Occasional linen coats gleam among the array of sombre black garments ever surging up and down Montgomery street. There is a tropical luxuriousness in the atmosphere. But it is liable to be chased away by one of our home-made cold blasts. Delightful weather, this, for laziness. Delightful to recline under shady trees, the freshness of the Spring verdure meeting the eyes, the warbling of birds the ear, and the perfume of Spring flowers the nose. In remarks of a poetical nature mention of the eye and ear is always allowable. The olfactory organ is alluded to in a round-about way, 'perfume' 'fragrance,' etc. Give the nose a show. Too long has this useful, and often prominent, member been denied admittance to the poetic page. After all, there is a vast amount of humbug in pastoral laziness. Go forth into the country and recline under a shady oak. Ten to one you sit on a nest of ants, or a nasty worm lets himself down on you from above by a line which he spins out of himself, or you see a snake, or a bull or an ugly cow eyes you from afar in a suspicious and dangerous manner; or you are contaminated with poison oak, or the grass is damp and the dampness whispers "rheumatiz." Spring is quite endurable in a cosy, little parlor, the windows opened to admit the fresh air, the blinds closed denying admittance to the glare of the sun, the room mildly scented with the perfume of flowers, the last periodical and the morning papers convenient, also a widow and lunch. That will do for Spring.

Aid for the "Flag."

Everyone loves the *Flag*. The *Flag* receives presents from everyone: from the banker to the lowly vender of peanuts, who, with a voice choking with emotion, exclaims "God bless you, sir," as he thrusts a sample of his stock into the editor's hand. On Thursday, the *Flag* received three presents. J. J. Knowlton, so well-known so many newspaper men and printers in this city, presented an "historic inkstand" to the *Flag*, an inkstand into which, the *Flag* says, pens had been dipped by such shining lights of literature as Frank Soule, Rockwell, C. B. McDonald and John R. Ridge. We understand that the *Flag* does not intend to send this "historic inkstand" to Washington, but will "hang on to it." It intends to abolish jugs in the office, and depend entirely for inspiration on this "historic inkstand." It says:

"Be it, then, for the present owner to keep down the Tartarean imp that may be lurking within, ready to pop out and let fly his stinging darts to wound the sensibilities and embitter the existence of those who deserve to be happy. Be it rather the well-spring whence may flow the gentler sentiments of Friendship, Love and Truth; of Faith, Hope and Charity, of Peace on Earth and Good will to men."

The next present the *Flag* received, this lucky Thursday, was some delicious "national ink" to put in its "historic inkstand," and finally it received a bunch of flowers from a little girl called Lillie. The *Flag* is now reaping the reward of its quiet behavior, and we feel assured is convinced it is much more comfortable to be "good" than to be wicked. Thoughtless and cruel people say that the *Flag* is so sick that it ought to be "good."

Captain Worden's Reception.

Captain Worden, the hero of the *Monitor*-fame (we *will* not repeat the description of this naval engagement which has been worked into so many notices of Captain Worden) has experienced the honor of being reviewed by the citizens of San Francisco, But why should the reporter of the *Alta* work himself up into a fit of glorification, and deliver himself regarding, not the gallant captain, but San Francisco and her noble people thus:

"He now revisits under very different circumstances the rich and powerful city which has so magically sprung into existence from the rude hamlet it was when he first saw it.

San Francisco, never a laggard in testifying its appreciation of genuine merit, through her chief dignitaries placed at his disposal the use of her civic temple, in which to receive the congratulations of the people, who nobly availed themselves of the opportunity."

In an article apparently devoted to the naval hero, how skillfully is a eulogy thus worked in of the citizens of our noble city. "Citizens who nobly availed themselves of the opportunity!" How noble on the part of our noble citizens! Not a word is said either regarding the captain's personal appearance. But this deficiency is amply atoned in the mention made of Sergeant Blitz "in dress coat, lilac gloves and bearing his official baton." Who is particular about hearing aught of Captain Worden when Sergeant Blitz chooses to make his appearance in a dress coat, lilac gloves and official baton? The city first and her distinguished guest afterward. Always look out for number one.

Mysterious Disappearance.

Wide-spread affliction and dismay has been caused by the mysterious disappearance of one of the most respected members of the Eureka Typographical Union. For the past three weeks his many friends have sought him and have been utterly unable to gain any clue to his fate It is feared that he may have been murdered. Jack, George J. Foster's dog, was the handsomest, most intelligent and gentlemanly dog in San Francisco. He never passed an old friend without recognizing him, and, on the other hand, was ready to use his teeth when insulted by some degraded biped's venturing on undue familiarity with him. If the Pound-master has slain Jack, let him never pray more. There is no pardon for such a sin. "Gentleman Jack" is no more seen on the street, and his many friends mourn his loss. At the time of his disappearance, he was between five and six years of age.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

AMONG the most entertaining of recent publications, is the volume containing the memoirs and correspondence of Madame Récamier. Besides furnishing very agreeable reading, the book is exceedingly valuable for the new light it sheds upon the characters of many distinguished men. The correspondence consists, in great part, of letters from personages who are now historical. Victor Hugo, Queen Hortense, Madame de Stoël, General Bernadotte, Wellington, Chateaubriand, and Lucien Buonaparte, are a few of the great names that figure in these memoirs and correspondence. As may be imagined, the volume abounds in anecdote and gossip, but the anecdote possesses a value beyond its power to interest or amuse, and the gossip is of the quality that helps us to a better understanding of history.

Madame Récamier (*neé* Bernard) was born in Lyons, in the year 1777, and was the daugther of a notary, who is described as a man of "handsome person, narrow capacity, and of feeble character." Her mother was a singularly beautiful blonde, lively and *spirituelle*, clever and graceful; she had a great faculty for business, engaging in successful speculations, and amassing a fortune. The daughter was sent to a convent to be educated, where she remained until her parents removed to Paris. When a mere child, the little Julie gave promise of the rare beauty for which she was afterwards distinguished, and it is to be wondered at that she was not spoiled by the admiration which it inspired.

HER MARRIAGE.

Of her mysterious marriage, Madame Récamier's biographer thus speaks:

"In 1793, M. Récamier asked for the hand of Juliette Bernard. He was forty-two, and she but fifteen, yet she received his addresses without either fear or reluctance. Madame Bernard thought it her duty to lay before her daughter all the objections to a marriage involving such disparity of age. But Juliette had known M. Récamier for several years; he had always been kind and gracious to her as a child—giving her her prettiest playthings; and, having no doubt that he would prove to her a very indulgent husband, she accepted the future that was offered her, without the least apprehension. Moreover, the tie between them was never anything but a nominal tie. Madame Récamier received from her husband only his name. This fact may create astonishment, but I am not bound to explain it. I have only to bear witness to the truth of a statement which could have been confirmed by all M. and Madame Récamier's intimate friends. M. Récamier's relations to his wife were of a strictly paternal character. He treated the young and innocent girl who bore his name, like a daughter whose beauty charmed his eyes, and whose celebrity flattered his vanity. They were married in Paris, the 24th of April, 1793.

This marriage took place at the hight of the Reign of Terror, at the darkest hour of the revolution, the very year of the murder of the king and queen. All society was then broken up, and all relationships annihilated. The sole care of each person was to bury himself in oblivion, so as to escape, if it were possible, the fate incessantly overtaking his friends and neighbors."

HER WONDERFUL BEAUTY.

For four years after her marriage, Madame Récamier lived in seclusion, not going into society. During this period she seemed to have emerged from childhood into the full splendor of early womanhood. Her personal attractions, and their effects, are thus described:

"A figure, flexible and elegant; a well-poised head; throat and shoulders of admirable form and proportions; beautiful arms, though somewhat small; a little rosy mouth; pearly teeth; black hair, that curled naturally; a delicate and regular nose, but *bien-francais;* an incomparable brilliancy of complection; a frank, arch face, rendered irresistibly lovely from its expression of goodness; a carriage slightly indicative of both indolence and pride, so that to her might be applied St. Simon's compliment to the Duchess of Burgundy:

'Her step was like that of a goddess on clouds.'

Such was Madame Récamier at eighteen.

Wherever she went, her beauty called forth a murmur of admiration, curiosity, and enthusiasm. The success of a woman did not depend at that time on the decision of an exclusive society that the revolution had swept away. *Salon* life no longer existed. People met each other only in public, at the theaters, in gardens, and subscription balls; and at all the places, Madame Récamier's presence was looked upon as an event. It was the epoch of a very decided revival of art, which, through the influence of David and his school, had extended to all ranks, affecting, in its idolatry of beauty, pagan forms. All these circumstances will serve to explain the quickness with which the beauty of Madame Récamier became not only famous but popular. Among many instances of the enthusiasm she excited, I shall cite but one.

When public worship was re-established, Madame Récamier was solicited to hand around the purse at St. Roch, for some charitable object. She consented; and, when the time came for the collection, the church was crowded to overflowing. People mounted on chairs, pillars, on the altars of the side-chapels, and it was with the utmost difficulty, that the object of all this excitement, protected by two gentlemen, could penetrate the crowd, and hand round the purse. The collection amounted to twenty thousand francs."

The first time she saw Napoleon was on the occasion of a triumphal *fête*, given by the Directory in 1797, in honor of the return of the conqueror of Italy, when she divided the attention of the crowd with the hero of the day, a circumstance which seems to have excited his jealousy. "She was greeted," says her biographer, "with a long murmur of admiration. This sound did not escape Buonaparte. He turned his head quickly to see what it was that could divert attention from him, the hero of the assembly. He perceived a young woman dressed in white; and he gave her so harsh a look, that she hastily sat down."

SHE FASCINATES THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

No one, who is not an Englishman, can read the life of the accidental victor of Waterloo, without being disabused of the idea that he was in the better sense, a great man. Some of his characteristic traits are well illustrated in the following incidents narrated by Madame Récamier's biographer:

"Madame Récamier was undoubtedly flattered by the homage paid her by the Duke of Wellington; but all his military glory and political importance could not make her think him either animated or interesting, and, no matter what Madame de Staël may have said, she did not try to exert an influence which, without a doubt, she could have easily obtained over the English general.

When he called to see her the day after the battle of Waterloo, she confesses that this unexpected visit disturbed her. It was her patriotism that was wounded; and this feeling was the more honorable in one who, having been proscribed by Buonaparte, had a right to rejoice in the defeat of her persecutor. The duke mistook the cause of her emotion; he attributed it to enthusiasm, and, therefore, said to her, alluding to Napoleon, 'I have given him a good beating.' This remark, from the lips of a man like Lord Wellington, disgusted Madame Recamier; and she closed her door upon him. A boastful temper, it must be acknowledge, was not a characteristic of the duke; but, at this period of his career, he did not escape the intoxication of success. It may, perhaps, be remembered, that, after the battle of Waterloo, he had the royal box of the opera opened, from which he, with his *aides-de camp*, would have witnessed the play, had not the indignant murmurs of the pit warned him af the impropriety he was committing.

I find among the notes, rightly termed 'insignificont,' from the conqueror of Waterloo, the one referring to M'lle de Lespinasse's letters. The style and spelling do not show in this hero any great command of the French language:

Paris, October 20 1814

J' étais tout heir á la chasse, madame; et je n'ai reçu votre billet et les livres qu'á la nait, quand c' était trop tard pour vous répondre. J'espérais que mon jugement serait guide par lo votre dans ma leclure des letires de M'lle Espinasse et je désespèrce pouvoir le former moiméme. Je vous suis bien oblige pour la pamphlete de Mme. de Staël. Votre très-obeissant et fidèle serviteur. WELLINGTON.

[TRANSLATION.]

I was away hunting all day yesterday, madame; and I did not receive your note and the books until evening, when it was too late to reply to you. I was hoping that my judgment would be guided by yours in reading M'lle Espinasse's letters, and I despair of being able to form one myself. I am very much obliged to you for Madame de Staël's pamphlet,

Your very obedient and faithful servant,

WELLINGTON.

LUCIEN BUONAPARTE ENAMORED.

The woman who could venture to "shut her door" upon the Duke of Wellington, just after the battle of Waterloo, was, of course, an exceptional member of her sex. But she had long before repelled the advances of a still more embarassing admirer.

"In the Spring of 1799, Madame Récamier, already established at Clichy, accepted an invitation to dinner for her husband and herself from M. Sapey, at Bagatelle Among the guests was Lucien Buonaparte, who was immediately impressed with Madame Récamier's beauty, and made no effort to disguise his admiration. He accompanied her in a walk through the gardens of Bagatelle, and, when she left, asked and obtained permission to visit her at Clichy. He presented himself there the next day.

Lucien Buonaparte was, at that time, twenty-four years old. His features were regular, but less strongly marked than those of Napoleon, whom he resembled. He was taller than his brother; and, though he was near-sighted, his smile and expression were pleasant. Bambastic and every consequential. he showed, by his manner, that he was sensible of the growing greatness of his family. He did everything for effect; and while his dress was carefully studied, it was not in good taste.

His passion for Récamier developed rapidly, and he was not slow in devising a means to express it. There is something in extreme youth and innocence that daunts the boldest man. Madame Recamier had not only never loved, but this was the first time that she saw herself the object of passion. On receiving a first love-letter, she was for awhile a little disturbed; but her instinct of womanly dignity, and the complete indifference she felt for Lucien, almost immediately suggested to her the proper line of conduct to pursue.

Lucien had given to his declaration the form of a literary composition. Madame Récamier determined not to understand the epistle of *Romeo's*, and gave it back to him the next day, in the presence of others, praising the talent of the author, but advising him to reserve himself for higher objects, and not waste in works of imagination, the time which he might more usefully devote to politics. Lucien was not discouraged by the ill success of his romantic fiction. He renounced his borrowed name, and wrote letters to Madame Récamier, in which he spoke openly of his ardent passion. She then saw, that the only thing for her to do was to show the letter to her husband, and ask his counsel and support. She wanted to forbid Lucien Buonaparte the house, and proposed to M. Récamier to do so. He commended the virtue of his young wife, thanked her for her confidence, and begged her to continue to act with the same prudence and wisdom she had already shown; but represented to her, that to close his door upon the brother of General Buonaparte, and openly to break with a man in so high a position, would seriously compromise, and perhaps ruin his banking house. He concluded by saying, that it would not do to drive Lucien to despair; yet, at the same time, she must not grant him nothing."

SNODGRASS IMPEACHED.

A gentleman signing himself "W. A. Chandos Fulton, writes a letter to the New York *Weekly Review*, in which he says: 'In an exceedingly interesting and graphic, though rather highly-colored account of 'Poe's Death and Burial,' which appeared in the March number of *Beadle's Monthly*, as a sort of addendum to Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith's able and valuable paper on his his life, character, and genius, Dr. Snodgrass says he 'was one of only three, or perhaps four, persons—not counting the undertaker and the drivers of the hearse and a single carriage, which made the entire funeral train of the author of 'The Raven'—who followed the body to the grave.'

Poe's biographers have little to say on the subject of his death and burial. What have they much to say about, save that which might well have been left unmentioned? It is quite probable, therefore, that Mr. Snodgrass' account will be accepted by future biographers; and, if report be true, there are no less than half a dozen gentlemen engaged, at the present time, upon the life of Edgar Poe.

[Accept, dear readers, Mrs. Oakes Smith's suggestion, and hereafter drop the name Allan. The late Mr. Willis never mentioned it. Why, I fancy, is obvious.]

There is another account of Poe's burial, from which it would appear that Mr Snodgrass took no part in the obsequies at all. This account is furnished by Henry Herring, in a letter to the editor of the Baltimore *American*. Mr. Herring (undoubtedly the 'Mr. H——' alluded to by Dr. Snodgrass, in the first part of his letter) was an uncle of Poe; he married Eliza Poe, the sister of David Poe, Jr., father of the author of "The Raven." Mr. Herring says: 'I furnished a neat mahogany coffin, and Mr. Nelson Poe the hack and hearse. Mr. Nelson Poe, Judge Nelson, and myself, together with Charles Suter, the undertaker, were the only persons attending his funeral.'

Clearly one of these gentlemen is cursed with a treacherous memory. Or is there some ill-will between Messrs. Herring and Snodgrass—that causes the former to ignore the latter, and the latter to merely indicate the former by his initial?"

THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

It seems that Miss Augusta J. Evans, the "great Southern authoress," has been accused of being "an infidel." A reverend gentleman, from the peculiarities of whose style, and the felicity of his Latin quotations, we should infer that he too might be one of the luminaries of Southern literature, comes to the rescue of the lady in an article in the Louisville *Journal*, and emphatically denies the charge. He says:

"Some of my friends have suggested that Miss Evans is an infidel, or inclined to be one.

No! no!! no!!! She is no 'beautiful tyrant! fiend angelica!!' She is a Christian, and 'Beulah' is a Christian book.

Go on Sabbath to St. Francis street Methodist Church, Mobile, Alabama. You will find an elegant church, a fine, intellectual looking congregation, in the pulpit, a man whose *personnel*, voice, rhetoric, logic—all will impress you, and a fine choir led by Miss Augusta J. Evans.

Instead of her being an infidel, such as DeQuincy depicts in Mrs. Lee, making her scepticisms 'buoyant by the gay feathering of many splendid accomplishments,' she is a meek Methodist—a Martha at the feet of Jesus. There is nothing transcendental about Miss Evans. She don't affect to be an angel. She is purely humanly—womanly.

She dresses plainly, talks unaffectedly, suits her conversation to her company, and overwhelms you with the idea of her exceeding common sense. She can talk to you in all the modern language and all the terminology of metaphysics, but she won't unless you have an ear for it. She can give a man of antiquarian taste an inkling of all the traditionary lore of Tarquius, Korans, Richter, etc.; but if you prefer she will talk to you about the morning paper or the raising of vegetables. She will sit down to the piano, if you like music, and sing psalms or ballads, or play funeral marches or quicksteps, as you may prefer. She is one the very finest performers on the piano. Miss Evans rises with the lark, and is fully as cheerful. She helps her mother adjust the household, and has an eye to the domestic literary education of her younger sisters, of whom there are several.

A life-like portrait of our rare talented countrywoman will grace the American department in the grand Exposition at Paris. Thither, too, our authoress, in *propria personnæ*, will bend her steps, herself the noblest contribution America can make to the World's Fair. Miss Evans is now a fine healthy woman, about twenty-seven years of age. Possessed of a high order of intellect, a refined taste, a softness of manner, a tenderness of heart, and a trustful Christian faith, she is, indeed, a queenly woman."

The reverend gentleman further states that Miss Evans is now "devoting the high energies of her nature" to the erection of a monument (to cost $20,000) to the memory of the Confederate dead; also, that her home, "though not palatial, is tastefully rural," and that it is "the literary Mecca toward which high and noble natures turn their footsteps." All this doubtless is highly creditable to the qualities of Miss Evans' "head and heart," but it would seem as though, in consideration of the starving multitudes of the South, it might be as well to "devote the high energies of her nature," and the $20,000 alluded to, to the relief of the Confederate living, rather than the glorification of the Confederate dead.

SATURDAY notes—our salaries.

SATURN.

'TIS noon's bright stillness—on the cliff he lies;
Within his dreamy ears a hushing sound
Of distant waves; the air and arching skies
Seem breathing ceaseless sighs that die around.

Far down, a summer plain of waters spreads,
Blue from the deep horizon to the bay,
Where the white marge of ocean's mantle sheds
In lacy folds the seeming silent spray.

Round him the solitudes of sun-warm downs,
The close minute-flowered turf, more soft than moss,
Whose breeze-blown wilds the blazing day embrowns,
Haunt of the light blue wing that flits across.

O'er the wide pavement of the seas below,
No eyes but his with such lulled pleasure look;
Time knows no other of his shinging brow,
His life on Time's vast sands the single brook.

What shall he do who ne'er beheld his like,
But watch the deep to violet change and green;
Or note the sudden gust descend and strike,
Setting the fretted swell with diamonds keen.

Approaching voice or step he ne'er hath heard;
The chalk's white hastions huilt upon the sea
Send forth the skimming, glossy purpled bird,
The night-black cormorant, or velvet bee.

The rush of some sea-monster breaks the deeps
Into white flashes of the quarried blue;
The shoal in darkly-rippling thousands leaps,
Or stoops on long gray wings the snowy mew.

And this is all.—Within his mind he turns,
Pacing its mighty courts, a silent life,
A searching soul, the lonely flame that burns
Before great Jove, or earth's Titanic strife.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A READER.

A WELL-KNOWN American actor, sojourning in London, sends home a description of a reading by the great novelist, from which we take a brief extract. The letter was first published in the Boston *Transcript*: "The personal appearance of the man was an object of the greatest curiosity to me, and I was somewhat surprised when, with a nervous, hurried step, yet easy, self-possessed manner, a gentleman, with grayish hair and eyes, a deeply-lined face, with heard and moustaches of gray, appeared upon the rostrum before me. My heart was in my throat, and I was so fully contented with the sight of the man, that I could have accepted that pleasure alone as my entertainment. There was a slight buzz of inattention from the numerous and very fashionable house; but it would have done you good had you seen how, with a look and a long pause, he silenced and subdued even the haughty aristocrats to who Mr. Dickens is 'not a gentleman.' He was *their* lord, then. He began with his Christmas story of 'Dr. Marigold,' which, I am happy to say, I had not before read (thus I had a *double* pleasure), and I cannot pretend to describe how gracefully and charmingly he passed from the humorous to the serious parts of the story, causing a laugh, or drawing a tear at will. He seemed himself to enjoy the good points, and at times paused to laugh, with the most winning of faces, at a good point, or to wipe away a tear, as he told of the return of 'Sophy' and her child. Had you heard the expression he threw into the words, 'in a cart,' it would have given a new meaning to the story.

"Critically speaking, I should say that Mr. Dickens is not an elocutionist. His voice lacks moderation, and is harsh in the upper notes; his great merit consists in the enthusiasm with which he reads—a certain facility of expression about the mouth and eyes—and, of course, a thorough knowledge of the subject; he does not consult his notes at all, but recites from memory. The audience was a tremendous one, every part of the vast hall was filled, and the toilets of the nobility were very fine. Altogether, neither Morly or myself will soon forget this evening's pleasure. I could not go to bed without sitting down to say to you all I felt on seeing and hearing a man we both so much admire."

BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE.—Men and women make their own beauty, or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and, if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking, or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisel of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty, which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists.

THE young Lord Belgrave, grandson of the Marquis of Westminster, is thirteen years old, and, if he lives to inherit his patrimony, will be *the richest man, by far, in the world.* When what is now the fashionable section of London, known as Belgravia, was but a sheep-farm, the first marquis was leasing lots at ninety-nine years. By the time the heir to the Westminster estates attains his majority all these leases will lapse, thereby adding an almost incomputable amount of ground rent to the estate. The present income of the property is said to be £1,000 a day; ten years hence, it will be worth ten or twenty times this amount!

HONEYMOONSHINE.

A PROSE BALLAD.

My own!

Well, I'm not so sure of that. Of course, I don't mean to say that there was anything incorrect about the bans, or that there is any flaw in the contract; but you see Clara never would give up the portrait of that insipid idiot, Cousin Gus Not that I am jealous of Gus; but Clara has never asked me to give her my *carte de visite;* and then there is Clara's sweet-tempered maternal, who is continually hinting, since we came back from Geneva, that I shall be her daughter's death. Why did I not at first make sure that Clara was an orphan before I followed her cab home from that ball?

It was a charming ball all the same. or I should say, anyhow. When you know that a girl's card is full for every dance, and when the girl—who must be pretty, or her card would not fill—gives you to understand that she will throw over any number of waltzers rather than leave you outside, it is enough to make any man's head turn. And on that occasion wherever she went my eyes followed; and as my eyes were only capable of limited volution, my head turned, and no one came in or out of the ball room without my looking up to see if it was Clara. Of course, I did not call her Clara then. I think it was the lemon-ice so happily married to a glass of champagne that did it.

My own! my beautiful!

Well, I am not so sure about that, either. I thought any quantity of false, black hair, would fail to deceive me. But Clara had a way of towzling her chignon which would have caught Truefitt himself; and when I first discovered that hairy lump of vanity attached to that very comb I had so often wished, in sportive mood, to pull out surreptitiously, that I might behold in all their wavy splendor those locks that—those locks that were a continual feast to my craving eyes—when, I say, I discovered the feast to be a movable one, I felt much as I do on arriving at the sea shore on some sunny day, when I have pictured to myself a calm sea and a prospcrous voyage equal to Mendelssohn's, and find a nasty droppy swell that would upset an East Indiaman or unhinge a black cook.

My beautiful! my true!

Well, I am not altogether certain of that either. What a fuss Clara's mother used to make about her girl's complexion! I never felt the force then of her lamentations about what it had cost her—Heaven knew—to bring up her girls. It will cost me a great deal more to bring Clara down. By the way, my wife said that was tooth-powder which I saw in the drawer where that ghastly back-hair was lying; lying is the word. Now, I've a shrewd notion tooth-powder ought not to be labelled, "Madame Leah's Blush-reviver." That reminds me, I never saw till the other day that miniature of Clara in her girlish days. Why, her hair was nearly black then! Can it really be that living in the country and going out without a hat on can turn black hair to gold? Gold! Well, I don't know that I should call it gold now, but it certainly is an unhealthy straw color. I have observed, toward the end of the week, the roots of her hair seem darker. I must find out that, too. After all, I may be doing her a wrong.

My own! my devoted one!

Am I quite certain of that, too? Of course, I never supposed wives were created to look after buttons. Adam, lucky dog, had no shirts to want them. That's a mere joke that those funny writers who are still bachelors will have; but I had expected—I've no doubt is was foolish—that some one would think now and then, say on Sundays, about making my tea in the morning, I had so often pictured to myself the domestic charm of a breakfast *tete a tete*—you will say it was weak of me—pressing her to take this, and being amiably forced to try that. Of course, it would be unreasonable to expect to have everything. Then there's Clara's health; so I must not complain if she does breakfast in bed; at least so the doctor says. And then again, how I enjoy a little music in the evening, just when a good glass of claret and a slice of saddle have put me into a good-humored calm, which a little more would turn to a siesta! Clara will sing when that irrepressible obstacle, Cousin Gus is here. He is a connoisseur; but I don't understand music. No; but I used to adore Clara when she sang "*Per che*" something, and still could go on my knees to her when she condescends to open her larynx; but she never does when we are alone—at least not musically.

My treasure still! my ever-loved!

Well, I think it is not quite so. I am sure I was much more spooney on—well, I won't mention names; but if she hadn't thrown me over—heartless creatures they all are—I should never have followed Clara's cab home from the ball. Ah, how different that would have been! But it's no use making oneself miserable. I don't suppose it makes any difference to her; her husband's a baronet now, and she has four horses and a large family. No, Clara, I won't! It is wrong, very wrong. I won't think of her; only of you, dearest. There's *that* mother coming to stay the week. The week! Last time it lasted seven months. That was before marriage. What will it be this time! I fear I am not young enough to apply for a queen's messengership; but I might emigrate to the Salt Lake.

My own forever!

THE CEMETERIES OF PARIS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, writing from Paris, describes the cemeteries of that city:

There are only three cemeteries in Paris, the largest and most celebrated of which is the Pere Lachaise, so called from having been owned by the Jesuit confessor, of Louis XIV., Lachaise, who possessed a country residence on its site. The grounds are about two hundred acres in extent, and, though used as a cemetery only about sixty years, the place is now as crowded as any part of old Paris. The visitor realizes at once the appropriateness of calling it "a city of the dead," for it is laid out with paved streets and little sidewalks, very much like the great live city whose dead it shelters. Over the greater portion of the tombs are built little chapels of marble, with doors of open iron-work or stained glass, and fitted up inside with altar, crucifix and candles, and one or two chairs, according to the size of the chapel.

There are, besides, a great many magnificent monuments, but nearly all the graves, except those with only a simple and unpretending headstone, have the peculiarity I have mentioned. From an eminence at the back of the cemetery we obtained the finest view of Paris, but in the foreground were the crowded streets of the dead city, suggesting reflections which were, I hope, appropriate to the spot. There are over twenty thousand monuments in the grounds. If I were to undertake to mention the names of eminent personages whose remains repose here, I should have no room left in this letter for anything else. We had only time to visit a few of the most remarkable monuments, and I have not room even to speak of all these. The most interesting spot in the place is the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, which is a gothic chapel of considerable size, in the style of the thirteenth century, formed out of the ruins of the Abbey of Paraclete, of which Abelard was the founder, and Heloise the first abbess.

The chapel contains the sarcophagus which was constructed by the order of Abelard shortly before his death. It represents the ill-fated pair lying side by side. It is a practice with lovers to visit this grave and decorate it with fresh flowers and wreaths, and it was thickly covered with these offerings when we saw it. Nearly all the tombs, indeed, were decorated with flowers and wreaths of yellow immortelles. We walked through the quarter set apart as a burial place for the Jews, and stopped at the tomb of the actress Rachel, which, like so many of the others, was a chapel, though of rather larger size than the average. The walls were entirely covered with names of visitors scratched on the stone—a very unpleasant sight; yet I dare say a compliment was intended by every one who took the trouble to inscribe his name.

SCANDAL.—The way in which some good sorts of people are betrayed into scandal is not by forging a false story, but by telling what they do not know to be true. There is not so much lying in the world, as the want of solicitude about the truth. Another tosses the firebrand to us and we toss it along. Let such people remember a sentence of Barrow: "There is no great difference between the great devil that frameth scandalous reports, and the little imps that run about and disperse them."

WHEN the modest Alexander Dumas was about to be examined as a witness at a trial in Rouen, he was asked his name and profession. After giving the former, the meek author added—that were he not in the birth-place of the great Corneille, he would have called himself a dramatist! "Sir," said the finely ironical Judge, "do not hesitate, there are degrees in everything."

OLD Tom, a spirited New York actor, while visiting a brother artist who lodged in the seventh story, at the top of the Thespian House, was internally affected by a sling—not of "outrageous fortunes," but of Schiedam gin. He avowed that the draught was *highly* exciting, andexceedingly mellow-*dram-attic.*

ALL mental growth is organization, not accretion; it comes from within outwards, and does not consist in enlargement by external application—aggregation.

ADVERSITY has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself—particularly, being free from flatterers.

AT Wallack's Theater in New York, a new drama by Boucicault—"The Flying Scud"—is in preparation.

"Speech is silver, but silence is golden." Hence the expression, hush-money.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XIII.—"CRUEL AS THE GRAVE."

HAD Stewart Routh had the least suspicion of the extent or his wife's knowledge of his life at Homburg, he could not have been lulled into the false security in which he indulged on his return to London. He perceived, indeed, that Harriet closely noted the state of his spirits, and silently observed his actions. But he was used to that. Harriet had no one to think of but him, had nothing to care about but him; and she had always watched him. Pleasantly, gayly, before;—coldly, grimly, now; but it was all the same thing.

He had told her little concerning his schemes, but she considered this reticence due to her own withdrawal from her former active participation in the business of his life, and it was an additional inducement to her to hope Routh was taking the resolution which she desired. "When we get back back to London, I will think about it," he had said, and she clung to the hope, to the half promise in the words. He was surely settling affairs, so as to enable him to avoid the bursting of the storm. The tacit estrangement between them would account for his doing this silently; his vile temper, which Harriet thoroughly understood, and never failed to recognize in action, would account for his denying her the relief of knowing his intentions. Many small things in his daily life, which did not escape the quickened perception of his wife, betokened a state of preparation for some decided course of action. The time of explanation must necessarily come; meanwhile, she watched, and waited, and suffered.

The inevitable end drawing near, and Harriet had been utterly unprepared for the second shock, the second unexpected event which had befallen. She had opened George Dallas' letter with the Paris postmark almost without apprehension. The time for the thing she feared had not yet come; and here was a thing she had never feared, a possibility which had never presented itself to her imagination, brought at once fully before her. She had done this. One moment's want of caution, in the midst of a scene in which her nerves had been strung to the highest tension, and this had been the result. Had no other clew existed, these few lines of writing would furnish one leading unerringly to discovery. Supposing no other clew to exist, and Routh to pretend to inability to identify the writing, there were several common acquaintances of Dallas and Deane who *could* identify it, and render a refusal the most dangerous step which Routh could take.

She sat for several minutes perfectly still, her face colorless as marble, and her blue eyes fixed with a painful expression of terror, under the shock of this new discovery. She had had no worse apprehension than that the letter would announce the day of George's intended return, and for that she was prepared; but this! It was too much for her: and the first words she uttered showed that her mind had lost its strict faculty of reasoning: they broke from her with a groan,—

"I — I it is who have destroyed him!"

But, even now, weakness and exaggeration had no long duration in Harriet Routh's mind. By degrees she saw this in its true light, an alarming, a terrible coincidence indeed, an addition to the danger of their position, but not necessarily a fatal catastrophe. Then she saw new light, she caught at a new idea, a fresh, bright hope. This would avail with Routh; this would drive away his irresolution; this would really inspire him with the true conviction of their danger; this, which would throw the whole burden of identification upon him; this, which would establish a strong and intimate link between him and the dead man; for the "articles to be purchased" named in the memorandum of which George had sent her a copy were simply shares in companies, with every one of which Stewart Routh was connected. Only George's ignorance of such matters had prevented his recognizing the meaning of the memorandum.

And now Harriet rose; and as she paced the room, the color came back to her cheek, the light came back to her eyes. A new life and fresh energy seemed to spring up within her, and she grasped George's letter in her hand, and struck it against her bosom with an action of the hand and a responsive movement of the breast which was almost triumphant. This thing which she had done, which had looked like ruin, would be her way of escape.

Routh's refusal to return home immediately annoyed, puzzled, and disheartened her. Why was he so hard to move, so difficult to convince, so insensible to danger? His plea was business; if this business was what she hoped and believed it to be, that of preparation, he should have come home to learn the new and urgent need for its expedition. Why was he so hard to her? Why had he not thought for her wishes, no compassion on her suspense? Harriet could not but ask herself that, though she strove against the deadly suffering the answer brought her.

Thus the time wore on drearily, until Harriet carelessly took from the table the slip of paper which contained a whole revelation for her.

Of the hours which succeeded she could not have given an account herself. How the fury of jealousy, of love betrayed, of faith violated, was reawakened within her, and inflamed to the wildest and most desperate pitch; how she writhed under the shame and the scorn which her husband's baseness forced her to feel. She had had profoundest pity, readiest help, for the criminal; but for this pitiful, cowardly, cruel liar nothing but contempt—nothing. Ah! yes, something more, and that made it all the harder—coutempt and love.

This woman was here, then—here, in London, on the spot to ruin him, lured hither by him. His false heart planned, his guilty hands dug the pit into which he was to fall; and now his feet were close upon the brink. This rendered him deaf and blind; for this he had basely deceived her, his best, his only friend; for this he had come to regard and treat her as his enemy; and now Harriet had to make a desperate effort indeed to rally all her strength and courage. She had to put the suffering aside, to let all her hopes go, to face a new and almost desperate condition of affairs, and to think how he was to be saved. It must be in spite of himself. This time, it must be in defiance of himself.

She had passed through a long period of suffering—if time is to be measured by pain—before Routh came home. She had not nearly thought it out; she had only reached a resolution to be patient and peaceful, and to conceal her knowledge of his treachery if any effort could give her the strength to do so, when she heard his key in the lock, and the next moment his hand on the door handle.

There was confusion in the expression of Routh's shifty black eyes, some embarrassment in the tone of his voice. They were slight; but she saw and understood them. Her heart gave one angry bound under the paper which lay securely in her bosom, but her steady face took no change from the pulsation.

"Sorry I couldn't get back. I got away as soon as I could," said Routh, as he threw aside his coat and put his hat down. Harriet pushed a chair toward him, and he sat down before she answered—

"I am sorry, too, Stewart. I can hardly think any business can have equaled in importance such an occurrence as this."

She put George Dallas' letter into his hand, and eagerly watched him, while, with a face convulsed by anger, hatred, and all unholy passions, he read it.

If she could have seen his heart! If she could have read the devilish project that filled it! If she could have seen that in the discovery of the new and urgent danger he had seen, not blind to that danger indeed, but catching at the chance included in it, a means of realizing his atrocious plot against her! If she could have distinguished, amid the surging, passionate thoughts and impulses which raged within him, this one, which each second made more clear—

"This is my opportunity. All is settled, all is right; *she* and I are safe. I have triumphed, and this cursed letter gives me a better chance than any that I could have formed or made. This infernal idiot is always my curse and my dupe; however, he has done me a good turn this time."

If Harriet, watching the changes in her husband's countenance, could have read these thoughts, she might have interpreted aright the ferocity which blazed in his wicked eyes, while a cynical sneer curled his lip, as he flung the letter violently on the floor, starting up from his chair.

Harriet had seen Routh in a passion more than once, though only once had that passion been directed against herself, and she was not a woman, even when its victim, to be frightened by a man's temper. But she was frightened now, really and truly frightened, not, however, by the violence of his rage, but because she did not believe in it. She did not understand his game; she saw he was playing one; why he feigned this fury she could not comprehend, but she knew it was feigned, and she was frightened. Against complicated deception of this kind she was powerless. She could not oppose successful art to the ingenious skill with which he was courting his own ruin, to save him. She could not disentangle this thought from the confusion in her brain; she felt only its first thrill of conviction, she only shrank from it with swift, sharp, physical pain, when Routh turned upon her with a torrent of angry and fierce reproaches.

"This is your doings," he said, the violence of his assimulated anger hurrying his words, and rendering them almost unintelligible. "I owe it to you that this cursed fool has me in his power, if the idiot only finds it out, and knows how to use it, more securely than I ever had him in mine. This is your skill and your wisdom: your caution and your management, is it? Like a fool, I trusted a woman—you were always so sure of yourself, you know, and here's the result. You keep this pretty piece of conviction in your desk, and produce it just in the nick of time. I don't wonder you wanted me home, I don't wonder you were in such a hurry to give me such a proof of your boasted cleverness."

Her clear blue eyes were upon him; his restless black eyes shifted under her gaze, but could not escape it. She did not release him for an instant from that piercing look, which became, with each word he spoke, more and more alight with scorn and power. The steady look maddened him, the feigned passion changed to real rage, the man's evil face paled.

She slightly raised her hand, and pointed to the chair he had left; he kicked it savagely away. She spoke, her hand still extended. "Stewart, I do not understand you, but I am not taken in by you. What are you aiming at? Why are you pretending to this violent and unreasonable anger?"

"Pretending!" he exclaimed, with an oath; "it is no pretence, as you shall find. Pretending! Woman, you have ruined me, and I say—"

"And *I* say," she interposed, as she slowly rose, and stood upright before him, her head raised, her steady eyes still mercilessly set on his, "this is a vain and ridiculous pretence. You cannot long conceal its motive from me; whatever game you are playing, I will find it out."

"Will you, by —— ?" he said, fiercely.

"I will, for your own sake," she answered, calmly. And, standing before him, she touched him lightly on the breast with her small white hand. "Stop! don't speak. I say, for your own sake. You and I, Stewart, who were once one, are two now; but that makes no change in me. I don't reproach you."

"O, don't you?" he said. "I know better. There's been nothing but whining and reproaches lately."

"Now you are acting again, and again I tell you I will find out why. The day of reproach can never— shall never—come; the day of ruin is near, awfully near—"

"You've taken care of that."

"Again! You ought to know me better, Stewart; you can't lie to me undetected. In time I shall know the truth, now I discern the lie. But all this is vain. Read once more." She took up the letter, smoothed it out, and held it toward him. He struck it out of her hand, and cursed her.

She looked at him in blank amazement for a moment, and then said:

"You are not drunk again, Stewart? Your are not mad? If you are not, listen to me, for your fate is rushing upon you. The time may be counted by hours. Never mind my share in this new event, never mind what you really think, or what you pretend to think about it. It makes my appeal to you strong, irresistible. This is no fit of woman's terror; this is no whim, no wish to induce you to desert your harvest-field, to turn your back upon the promise of the only kind of life you care to live. Here is a link in the evidence against you, if suspicion lights upon you (and it must), which is of an incontestable strength. Here, in Arthur Felton's writing, is the memoranda of the shares which you bought, and paid for with Arthur Felton's money. Stewart! Stewart! are you blind and mad, indeed, that you stay here, that you let the precious time escape you, that you dally with your fate? Let us begone, I say; let us escape while we may. George Dallas is not our only foe, not our only danger—formidable, indeed; but remember, Stewart, Mr. Felton comes to seek his son; remember that we have to dread the man's father!"

The pleading in her voice was agonizing in its intensity, the lustrous excitement in her blue eyes was painful, the pallor of her face was frightful. She had clasped her hands round his arm, and the fingers held him like steel fetters. He tried to shake off her hold, but she did not seem aware of the movement.

"I tell you," she continued, "no dream was ever wilder than your hope of escape, if those two men come to London and find you here; no such possibility exists. Let us go; let us get out of the reach of their power."

"By——, I'll put myself out of Dallas' reach by a very simple method, if you don't hold your cursed tongue," said Routh, with such ferocity that Harriet let go her hold of him, and shrank as if he had struck her. "If you don't want me to tell Mr. Felton what has become of his son, and put him on George's trail myself, you'll drop this kind of thing at once. In fact," he said, with a savage sneer, "I hardly think a better way out of our infernal blunder could be found."

"Stewart! Stewart!" She said no more.

"Now listen to me, Harriet," he went on, in furious anger, but in a suppressed tone. "If you are anything like the wise woman you used to be, you won't provoke a desperate man. Let me alone, I tell you,—let me get out of this as I best can. The worst part of it is what you have brought upon me. I don't want George Dallas to come to any serious grief, if I can help it; but if he threatens danger to me, he must clear the way, that's all. I dare say you are very sorry, and all that. You rather took to Master George lately, believed in his prudence, and his mother, and all that kind of thing; but I can't

elp that. I never had a turn for sentiment myself; but this ou may be surc of,—only gross blundering can bring anything f the kind about,—if any one is to swing for Deane, it shall e Dallas, and not I."

A strong shudder shook Harriet's frame as she heard her husband's words. But she repressed it, and spoke,—

"You refuse to listen to me, then, Stewart. You will not keep your promise,—your promise which, however vague, I have built upon and lived upon since we left Homburg? You will not 'think of' what I said to you there? Not though it is a thousand times more important now? You will not leave this life, and come away to peace and safety?"

"No, no; a thousand times no!" said Routh, in the wildest fury. "I will not,—I will not! A life of peace and safety; yes, and a life of poverty, and *you*—" he added in a tone of bitterest scorn and hatred.

A wonderful look came into the woman's face, as she heard his cruel and dastardly words. As the pink had faded into the white upon her cheeks, so now the white deadened into gray,—into an ashen ghostly gray, and her dry lips parted slowly, emitting a heavy sigh.

He made a step or two toward the door, she retreating before him. And when he had almost reached it, she fell suddenly upon her knees, and flung her arms round him with desperate energy.

"Stewart," she said, in a whisper indeed, yet in a voice to be heard amid a whirlwind, "my husband, my love, my life, my darling, don't mind me! Leave me here; it will be safer, better, less suspicious. Go away and leave me. I don't care, indeed. I don't want to go with you. Go alone, and make sure of your safety! Stewart, say you'll go,—say you'll go!"

While she was speaking, he was striving to loosen her hold upon him, but in vain. A short, brief warfare was waged in that moment in his soul. If he softened to her now, if he yielded to her now, all was undone. And yet what love was this,—what strange, and wondrous, and potent kind of love was this? Not the kind of love which had looked at him, an hour or two ago, out of the rich black eyes of the American widow, that had trembled in the tones of her voice. But a vision of the beauty he coveted, of the wealth he needed, of the freedom he panted for, rose before Routh's bewildered brain, and the strife ended. Evil had its own way unchecked henceforth to the end.

He raised his right arm and struck her heavily upon the face; the clasp of her hands gave way, and she sank upon the floor. Then he stepped over her, as she lay prostrate in the doorway, and left the room. When she raised herself she pushed back her hair, and looked round with a dreary amazement upon her troubled face, and she heard the key turned in his dressing-room door.

The day had dawned when Harriet Routh went gently up stairs to her bedroom. She was perfectly calm. She opened the window-shutters and let the light in before she lay down on her bed. Also, she unlocked a box, which she took from her wardrobe, and looked carefully into it, then put it away satisfied. As she closed her eyes, she said, half aloud, "I can do no more; but she can save him, and she shall."

At one o'clock on the following day, Harriet Routh, attired, as usual, in simple but ladylike dress, and presenting an appearance on which the most impertinent of pages would not have dared to cast an imputation, presented herself at No. 4, Hollington Square, Brompton. Mrs. Bembridge lived there: but Mrs. Bembridge was not at home, and would not be at home until late in the evening. Would the lady leave her name? No; but she desired Mrs. Bembridge might be informed that a lady had called, and would call again at the same hour on the morrow, who had found an article of dress lost, at Homberg, by Mrs. Bembridge, and which she would restore to Mrs Bembridge in person, but not otherwise.

As Harriet was returning home, she walked down Piccadilly, and saw Mr. Felton and George Dallas alighting from a cab at the door of the house in which their lodgings had been engaged.

"Very fair, too," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, when she received Harriet's message from her maid, "and very natural she should expect a reward. Ladies often take advantage of that kind of thing to give money to the poor. I shan't grudge anything she may ask in reason, I shall be so glad to get back my golden egg."

To be Continued.

Warm Swimming Baths.—There is nothing more conducive to health and comfort, at this warm season of the year, than frequent bathing. For this reason we call attention to the superior advantages offered to bathers at the Warm Swimming Baths of Mr. Nash, on the corner of Powell and Filbert streets, opposite Washington Square. They are admirably conducted, and are supplied with dressing rooms, bathing dresses, conveniences. On each Wednesday from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M., the baths are reserved exclusively for the lady patrons. Each lady, by the way, must bring her own bathing dress. See advertisement.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works.—Parties wanting fire-proof Doors, Shutters, Bank Vaults, etc., are referred to the card of Mr. John Upstone in to day's paper, who has had eighteen years of California experience in their manufactory. His works are located corner of California and Drumm streets.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

At Maguires Opera House, the *Black Crook*, though put on the stage in magnificent style, failed to raise the *furore* which was confidently anticipated. We very much fear that the reason why the Opera House was not crowded last week, was this: The *Black Crook*, though a very beautiful scenic spectacle, did not satisfy the public, which had its imagination excited beforehand by long accounts of the immorality of the *Black Crook* as produced in New York. After to-night, this play will be withdrawn. The *Black Crook* excitement will be speedily forgotten. Only one person in San Francisco has discerned anything immoral in the play, and he had not seen it: Judge Deady was sure that a representation of Paradise with "women lying round loose" must be immoral.

On Monday night, Miss Helen Western, of whose talent and beauty such flattering accounts come to us from the East, will make her first appearance in San Francisco at Maguire's Opera House, as "Cynthia," in the Drama of the *Flowers of the Forest*, which will be produced with a strong cast, Miss Kate Denin playing "Starlight Bess," Mr. McCullough "The Wolf," Harry Jackson "The Kinchin," and Willie Edouin "Cheap John." The New York *Tribune*, of July the 13th, thus speaks of Miss Western:

"Miss Helen Western is a young lady who represents a very popular type of beauty, and, therefore, fulfills the principal conditions considered necessary for the effective performance of the *French Spy*; she is tall, supple and plenteously proportioned from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. A large audience awaited her first appearance on Monday evening, and large audiences will, doubtless, continue to attend her during her engagement. Her personation of the character of "Mathilde" does not materially differ from the conventional one. It is of the bold, bounding and brawny style. Miss Western, at periods of particular excitement, intensifies the effects similiar to those which *Edwin Forrest* has inveuted for the expression of emotions too deep for intelligible utterauce. These and other powerful points in the performance were recognized by the audience on Monday night with stormy enthusiasm, and Miss Western was several times called before the curtain to receive pæans from all parts of the house."

The *Black Crook* will be played this afternoon and evening. The chief artistes of Maguire's Italian Opera Company will arrive on the next steamer, and subscription lists will be opened next week.

William A. Birch, whose capital protean entertainment entitled "A Tour of Europe" pleased all who witnessed it, has been requested by many of our leading citizens, who feel that his talent was not properly brought before the public, to give his entertainment at Dashaway Hall. Accordingly Mr. Birch will unroll his "Tour of Europe, and give his capital impersonations of various eccentric characters on next Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings.

On Tuesday evening, Mme. Otille Genee will make her first appearance at the American Theater.

The Guatemala Opera Troupe, otherwise the Bellini Family, arrived by the last steamer. They come consigned to Siguor Bianchi, who will shortly take measures to introduce them to the public.

The Willows Gardens, always a favorite Summer resort, were opened most successfully last Sunday, under the management of Mr. Welch.

During the present oppressively warm weather, the shady groves of Woodward's Gardens are sought by hundreds who are glad to escape from the heat and dust of the city.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy's lectures, at the Mechanics' Institute Hall, are very popular. She will lecture Sunday evening on "The Future State and its conditions from a Spiritualistic Point of View." A lecture will be delivered in the morning, as usual.

The number of visitors to the Anatomical Museum has greatly increased since the advent of fine weather and interior visitors. Strangers seldom fail to visit the Museum.

Touchstone.

California Buggies.—That old established firm, Pollard & Carvill, on Webb street, between Sacramento and California, have been busy for months past in manufacturing to order some of the finest buggies that ever run on wheels for the famed "Dexter" Stables, on Bush street, adjoining the Occidental Hotel. These specimens of California work when placed in competition with the best imported articles received the reward of favorism from the veterans of the turf and the road. They have also received orders from some very fine family and private vehicles.

Philadelphia Brewery.—This, the largest and most complete brewery on the Pacific Coast, is now entering upon its eleventh years' business with a greater popularity than it has ever before enjoyed Messrs. Hoelscher & Wieland, the proprietors, are now brewing near 20,000 barrels of lager beer per month; thus five wagons are scarce y sufficient to deliver their city demand; while orders from the interior and Mexico force them to test the brewing capacity of their immense establishment to its utmost extent. Great is the beverage called "Lager."

The Sick are Cured without medicines better than with them, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

When women vote our stump speakers will have need of change in style. What is to be the salutation? "Fellow-citizens" is too cold: moreover, *citizen* has acquired a masculine limitation, so much so that, prominent as women were in the French Revolution, the distinction of *citoyenne* was never lost. We suggest "fellow-creatures," the sex being already used to *creature* as a term of endearment. The closer the stump orator can bring himself to his audience the better; the formal "ladies and gentlemen" for a beginning would freeze his whole speech to the temperature of a lecture. It will be very necessary to learn, before attempting a political campaign, how women like to be talked to. Married men, especially those who have kept well the respect and affection of their wives, will have the advantage. In fact, the man who has never made love will be good for nothing on the stump. To become a master in the art of stump speaking will need more apprenticeship than passing through the lecture room of a professor of rhetoric. Teachers of elocution will have to revise their rules; Demosthenes and Cicero and Burke and Webster will cease to be useful models, for what is recorded of their sayings were uttered to influence men; if we could get at how these great lights shone in their private homes, what they said when seeking wives or when soothing wives, that might be of some use to us. Cold logic must be banished from the stump; we shall have to impress that unnamed faculty, higher than the reasoning powers, which jumps at conclusions. Appeals to the spread-eagle and to the memories of our Revolutionary grand sires will no longer serve as staple material; one dash in a speech of love for little children will be worth more than any quanty of veneration for great men, dead or alive.—*Round Table.*

General James Longstreet, one of the ablest of the rebel leaders, has written to the New Orleans *Times* on the "political situation." He says that the point to be kept in view is, that the people who fought for the independence of the South, are "a conquered people," and adds, "recognizing this fact fairly and squarely, there is but one course left for wise men to pursue, and that is to accept the terms that are now offered us by the conquerer. There can be no discredit to a conquered people for accepting the conditions offered by their conquerors, nor is there any occasion for a feeling of humiliation. We made an honest, and I hope I may say a creditable fight, but we have lost. Let us come forward, then, and accept the ends involved in the struggle. Our people earnestly desire that the constitutional government shall be re-established, and the only means to accomplish this is to comply with the requirements of the recent Congressional legislation." This is the manly and sensible view of the "situation." But the civilians, especially those who edit Democratic newspapers do not share the frank and soldierly spirit of Gen. Longstreet. They are by no means disposed to "come forward and accept the ends involved in the struggle."

Pay for Magazine Writers.—The Springfield *Republican*, in its literary gossip, tells us: "The *Atlantic* pays generally five dollars per page for prose, though some writers receive much more than this. Edmund Kirk got one hundred dollars for his 'Chicago Conspiracy.' The market value of poetry seems to vary a good deal. One poet says, that for some of his best productions he has received from the *Atlantic* only five dollars, while, for far poorer ones, ten dollars have been awarded him. Those who have had experience in bargaining at this establishment, for the sale of literary wares, opine that the price paid therefor, depends a good deal upon the mood of the editor-in-chief; if he is in good humor, the seller is liberally compensated; otherwise, not. Harper's rates are about the same, five dollars per page for prose. *Northern Lights* (when it lived) paid three to five dollars per page. Fitz-Hugh Ludlow received sixty dollars for his capital story, 'Fleeing from Tarshish.'"

Ladies Water Cure.—The Pioneer, and only Water Cure in San Francisco—No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. It is entirely useless for Ladies to subject themselves to the plague of flies, mosquitos, and other nuisances which abound in the country; and sacrifice the comforts, pleasures and conveniencies of Home to obtain scientific Water Cure treatment. Dr. Bourne's long experience enables him to adapt a successful home treatment even in extreme cases. *

Asphaltum Sidewalks.—The city is adopting these best of sidewalks and have had them laid on the four corners of Sansome and Jackson streets. The work was done in the best manner by M. Bonnet of the north-east corner of Montgomery and California streets. We are pleased to hear that Mr. Bonnet has contracts for numerous other sidewalks in different portions of the city.

Talor's Saloon.—Who among the southenders of the city has not heard of this *rehercle* saloon and its choice beverages, Taylor's has outlived the existence of a half-dozen rival establishments, and is known as one of the few saloons outside of Montgomery street where the "choice brands" can always be obtained

Bargains.—Meagher Taaffe & Co., announce in our advertising columns certain styles of Ladies Dress Goods which they now offer at greatly reduced rates. They have also reduced the prices of certain domestic dry goods. See their advertisement.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia.—Guaranteed cures, for a stipulated fee, without medicine, by Dr. Bourne's pleasant, certain, and rapid method. No. 10 Masonic Temple. *

Electricity.—The use of Dr. Bourne's powerful and superb battery may be had at a charge of only four bits—10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

REMOVING stage and theaters, and the actors and actresses, and the talk about the stage, and the readable books of memoirs, what a blank would be left!

Insensibly the theater influences us more than we imagine. Our novelists and romancists have a hankering to write their chapters in dramatic form, and your true forcible writer, when he comes to an exciting piece of business, will, if he have any skill, conjure up a stage before him, light up scenery and footlights, and see the whole in busy action. Our women dress themselves as for the stage, and for stage effect. Stage talk and stage gossip, proposals for new plays, green-room rumors, critics, who does not love these things? They have a dim and indescribable charm. Above all stage memoirs, the anything but brief chronicles of the time, make almost fascinating reading. For here garrulity, a vulgar vanity and candor, blend with a dramatic abundance of detail, that give a unique value. Some are good, some bad, some utterly worthless, because written with a genteel affection and unfaithfulness. But they are curious nevertheless.

Old Cibber's Apology has been put at the head of the list. It is in truth a book apart from the rest, and of almost a philosophical quality. But, to get well behind the scenes and see all the littleness of that day, we should take up Mrs. or Miss George Anne Bellamy. A more curious, rambling book: purposeless, dateless, yet full of color and detail. Execrable English, the language of a housemaid turned into a fine lady by fine clothes and plenty of money.

The works of actor writers would fill many a shelf. We have Chetwoode, perhaps the oldest, Victor, Hitchcock, Edwin, Reynolds, Michael Kelly, Lee Lewes, and many more; but from them stand out two of remarkable merit, admirable, graphic, honest, accurate, and most entertaining,—Tate Wilkinson and O'Keefe.

Tate is really a remarkable book, and for perfect *genuineness*, and for power of expressing the turns and workings of the human mind, may be set beside Boswell. Even his unconscious perversions of the truth are transparent, and make the book more honest. It is a series of pictures, and we see Foote and Garrick, lords and ladies, London and Dublin. That this unique book should not have been better known is suprising; but it has grown very scarce.

This was the day of strolling companies. England was divided into theatrical circuits, which the country managers "went" regularly, like the gentlemen of the law. Engaged by one of these, Wilkinson, freed from Mr. Garrick's tyranny, found his way to Portsmouth. His picture of the palace is full of drumming and drilling, with the fleet lying out in the roads, and "the gallant Rodney" on shore. It was all drawbridges and lines, and military gates and posts, where the visitor was stopped and questioned. Officers of the navy and army filled the streets. The little theater of the palace was sure to have support from such a constituency.

But the company was a strange and motley one. A Mr. White was *jeune premier*, who lisped, and pronounced Garrick "Gaa-ick;" Moodey, newly come from Jamaica; a stout Mrs. Osborne; a Miss Kitty White, whose mamma was the amusement of the profession for her rambling talk and strange blunders. There were crowded houses. The officers were glad to know the droll Wilkinson, and even "the gallant Rodney" was specially courteous to him. One night, when he was playing Hamlet, and Moody, as Gravedigger, was shoveling away, up to his middle, the manager plucked him by the sleeve, and whispered horridly, "Take care, for Mr. Garrick is in the pit!" We may conceive the sensation behind the scenes, every one thinking that the eye of "the London manager" was on him or her. It was near the end of the play, so Wilkinson could not well make out the great actor in the pit, and went home to supper and bed, thinking the whole was a mistake. But next morning came a message from the Fountain Tavern, with Mr. Garrick's compliments to Mr. Wilkinson, would he come and breakfast with him? Surprised and overjoyed, the actor hurried away, and was greeted heartily at the Fountain Tavern by his old manager. Nothing could have been more charming, or even engaging, than Garrick's behavior. He was out, he told the other, on a little holiday, staying with Doctor Garney, at Wickham, some eight miles off,—an old friend to whom this visit had been promised for years. Doctor Garney was a retired physician, who had made his fortune, and was greatly respected in that part of the country.

Mrs Garrick was there also; and Mr. Garrick said he had been charged by her and the doctor to make Mr. Wilkinson fix his own day, and come out to them. "A visit," added Mr Garrick, kindly, "which we shall all return." After breakfast they went out to walk and see the town, the great Mr. Garrick leaning on Mr. Wilkinson's arm—"an honor I dreamed not of." They went on to the ramparts, saw the dockyards, and all the time Mr. Garrack was asking about his young friend's prospects, and how he was doing, and congratulated him on being such a favorite. Indeed it needs not Mr. Wilkinson to tell us that "whenever Mr. Garrick chose to throw on the dignity and feeling and [illegible] surrounded by business, to perplex him, he had it in his power to render himself a most pleasing, improving and delightful companion." It was in such good spirits that he had a bottle of hock made into a cool tankard for luck.

On the appointed day, Wilkinson drove out to Doctor Garney, dressed in gold lace, like a gentleman. He was received by Garrick, as he says, "like his son." The doctor and his wife were "good" people, and made him welcome. So did Mrs. Garrick. "She was, in truth, a most elegant woman; grace was in her step." Garrick showed him the place, which was charming, "a little paradise," with exquisite views, gardens, conservatories, and a lofty observatory built by the doctor himself. He "ran and skipped like a lad of twenty." He delighted Wilkinson by complimenting him on his dress, only objecting to the buckles, which were too large for the *mode*, and rather like a sailor's. The actor's heart was rejoiced at being treated "like a man of fashion" at dinner. Garrick spoke of the benefit night, and said to the doctor and his lady that he would take it as an obligation to himself if they would give their patronage to his friend, Mr. Wilkinson. At ten o'clock, after a pleasant game on the bowling-green, Mr. Garrick saw him out to his chaise, gave him some parts to study, and said he hoped there would be no impropriety in bespeaking a play for Friday, July 27; "and we desire, Wilkinson, you will fix on a favorite character, and do your best for the credit of both: and damn it, Tate, Mrs. Garrick expects you will have a dish of tea ready after her jaunt, by way of relaxation" (this was an allusion to his Monologue): "and if you disappoint us, Doctor and Mrs. Garney and all the party will be very angry. So take care!" And thus ended a very happy day for the young actor.

We may conceive the sensation Wilkinson's news produced in the company. But Wilkinson was not to have the lion's share, as he had hoped. There was a sort of émeute, each actor being eager to play his favorite and most conspicuous part, so as to catch the eye of the London manager.

Mr. White, the *jeune premier*, very dirty and unshaven about his face, and lord of morning gin, asked, with bitter contempt, "who is Mr. Gaa ick? Mr. Gaa-ick has no command over the Portsmouth company. I think Mr. Gaa-ick cannot be displeased with my Macheath, though I want no favor from Mr. Gaa-ick."

All combined against Wilkinson's monopoly, and the Beggar's Opera was fixed on as giving a fair chance to all. But Mr. Wilkinson was to have his Monologue and the Author, as his share.

All the genteel people of the neighborhood hearing of the "bespeak," and that Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were coming in, crowded to the little box-office; and when Friday night came round there was really a full house. The Beggar's Opera began, but the great party had not come. The first act went by, the second began; and the actors and audience began to grow dissatisfied, thinking they had been led there under a false pretence. In particular, Mr. White was scornful and angry, some of the best bits of his Macheath having been played. But, toward the end of the act, the party from Wickham entered, and took their places with the eyes of the whole house on them. It was noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and party paid the closest attention, and applauded heartily. We may be sure that night was long remembered at the Portsmouth little theater; and it seemed a fresh picture, and its primitiveness and rustic character, coming after the London worldliness, must have been enjoyed by Garrick himself.

After the play, there was a supper at the Rainbow Tavern, at which various local persons of distinction came in and paid their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Before them all, Mrs. Garrick very delicately and kindly thanked Wilkinson for his performance. At some time past midnight she retired, having to sleep at the house of one of Dr. Garney's friends, these good people "not hearing" of her staying at a tavern. Mr. Garrick, who, says Wilkinson, "never failed in attention to his lady," would not suffer her to go with the servant, and wrapping himself in a handsome sea captain's cloak which belonged to Wilkinson, attended her up the street. When he returned, he said he was quite pleased with his walk, as it had made him acquainted with Mr. Wilkinson's snug roquelaire, which he thought would be exactly the sort of thing for him during the Winter months between Southampton street and the theater, and save him many a sedan-chair journey. He therefore commissioned Tate to get him one in Portsmouth, and bring it up to London.

It was a very pleasant night. They sat till past three. Great consideration and homage was paid to the illustrious guest, who never showed to such advantage. The whole of this scene does, indeed, exhibit the guest of the good honest Garneys unrestrained, not "stuck up."

Later the actor, wishing to pay a complimentary visit to Doctor Garney, determined to ride out. His description of his adventure is delightfully naive and graphic.

"I had seldom," he says, "used myself to that mode of traveling; for *though* I had frequently gone from London to Hampton Court and Richmond, yet it was generally in a post-chaise." The ostler of the Fountain brought to the door a very fine-looking horse and asked him if he rode much. The other "assured him the contrary." "Because I beg, then, sir, as you are not a jockey, that I may take those spurs off." He then set off, and for the first mile or so, which was through streets and over drawbridges," "I found it a very delicate matter, either by giving the horse his own way or checking him, to keep him within the power of my art of horsemanship. By degrees, the horse seemed wisely to comprehend that his own self-will and sagacity were superior to his rider's. My ignorance was manifest to the animal, and as he was fully convinced I assumed a government to which I was not by any means competent, he was determined on rebellion, and to himself usurped the reins of power."

Having achieved two miles with safety, the horse suddenly set off with fury, throwing his rider into an abject state of alarm, which was increased by finding it a narrow road, and the London wagon lumbering on leisurely in front, "at which," says Mr. Wilkinson, "this dreadful beast rushed, so that the wheel stopped and checked my right leg, and brought me to the ground, and on my fall the horse's hind hoof struck my jaw, and made it bleed most plentifully. Providentially the men stopped the wagon, but almost against their will, for they could not conceive from the fury of the beast and the supposed misguided rage of the rider, but I was some foolish mad fellow eager to show my horsemanship, neck or nothing." The wagoners were half angry, half amused. "They only damed me for *a feul;* for they were right *sure I mun be mad to ride dumb beast to fright the wagon, like.*" But when Tate explained it *was* an accident, they laughed heartily, and said "I should never win the King's Plate at Newmarket." Wilkinson was then helped on the horse's back, who had been grazing all this time, and reassumed the reins. "I determined to be very steady, and not venture on the perilous canter any more; a gentle trot at the most was to suffice, and that with all precaution. We were jogging on as if by mutual agreement, when an officer, going on to Hilsea Barracks, came flying by, calling out, 'Your friend Scott dines at Hilsea; do come to dinner, Wilkinson,' and went galloping on. My fiery-footed steed, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, obeyed the summons with the utmost swiftness, while, Gilpin like, I held by the pommel of the saddle, expecting every instant my neck would be broke. I was at the last gasp with this devil of a horse, for the officer had no thought but I was determined to outride him, and be at Hilsea the first; but on seeing the turnpike, I cried aloud, 'Shut the gate! Murder! Murder! For God's sake shut the gate!' At first they did not comprehend me; but, on observing my awkward manner of riding on this my flying horse, and my continued cry of 'Shut the gate,' they did so before I got to it; and then another fear arose, which was, that of the horse's despising the barred gate and leaping over it. Fortunately the creature, either in pity to my fears or regard for his own limbs, or from the custom of stopping at the gate (which I cannot pronounce), halted there, and that suddenly, on a supposition, maybe, that the king's duty was necessary to be loyally paid, to which he was possibly daily accustomed, and to my astonishment in the midst of horrors he pleasingly surprised me by so doing, for he seemed equal to any mad exploit whatever.

From the turnpike-man he got a glass of water, and set off again "on the irregular paths of Portsdown;" and here he naturally reckoned the animal had "settled to reason," but on the up hill, down dale, once more he began more swift than ever. "For me to expatiate on the wonders I this day performed in the noble art of vaulting horsemanship might make young Astley fearful of a rival, and dare me to a trial of skill." It ended by horse and rider tumbling down an uneven hill, and rolling over to the bottom. A more humorous description, in which there is quaintness, and *naïveté*, and perfect candor, cannot be conceived. It makes a very fair specimen of this curious actor's memoir.

O'Keefe's recollections appeared in the year 1826, yet they struck back a marvelous distance. He, too, only cares to tell what he saw, and writes without that pomp of words and affectation which is the blemish of the modern personal memoir. He gives a series of little glimpses of life a hundred years ago, which show us the colors and dresses, as if painted pictures. He saw the days of the old Dublin Theater, when old Lord Trimlestown was driven about in a superb chariot painted over with "boys in the Flamingo style," the gift of Marshal Saxe. "Drapier's heads" were still the popular sign, swinging over his head as he walked, and an old Captain Debrisay walked about the street "unremarked" in the dress of Charles the Second's day. In London, he saw the mob attack the Moorish ambassador's house on suspicion of his having put to death one of his slaves, and beat him and his people all down the Haymarket. He saw Churchill walking about, "a large man of athletic make, dressed in black, with a large black scratch-wig." He was in a coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane one morning when the newsman came in and laid No. 45 of Wilkes' North Briton on the table. Later, standing at Charing Cross, he noted a tall slender figure in a scarlet coat, large bag, and fierce three cornered hat, carefully picking his way across the street through the mud. That was

"Jack Wilkes." But his picture of Ireland in those days makes us sigh and look back wistfully. There were no gypsies, no poor-rates, and no pawnbrokers. The great pride of a countrywoman on a Sunday was to have three or four waistcoats. The milkmaid sang as she milked; and if the song stopped, the cow began to kick the pail. They all cut each other's turf, and dug each other's potatoes, lending the car or horse. The grand object was to have the half-penny of a Saturday night, the piper's fee, who played for the jig. In Dublin, so eager were the authorities to encourage the linen manfacture, that the fees for the yearly carriage licenses were set apart to buy spinning-wheels; and once a year these were set out at the top of St. James street, and distributed gratis to every one who came. These were charming times, when "my lord's" or "the squires'" was known as "the big house," and had its fool and running footmen; and O'Keefe often saw these latter skimming along the road in a white jacket, blue silk sash round the waist, black velvet cap and silver tassel, a frill round the neck, and a seven-foot staff, tipped with silver, through whose aid they leaped the ditches. Will those days ever come again for ould Ireland?

Curious in their own way are the stange, rambling, vain, and vulgar recollections of Miss George Anne Bellamy, daughter of Lord Tyrawly. The center of all is, of course, the writer; but this becomes an end and aim to which everything is distorted. Histronic vanity is a special department in the collection of human weaknesses; yet, with this disadvantage, her story is valuable and characteristic from its sheer outspoken vanity, which overcomes every inducement to affectation. We see Garrick in his Dublin town playing at Smoke Alley Theater, and the *recherché* of all *recherchés;* we see "Peg" Woffington in the green-room, and Miss Bellamy and that actress "having it out" in a battle royal behind the scenes, about their dresses as the Rival Queens. We see how, on benefit nights, the stage was "built up" with an amphitheater that reached to the flies, so that when the curtain rose there were nearly as many before the foot-lights as behind. Thus the actor, to "come on," had to force his way through a crowd at the wings; and the charming Cibber, dying as Juliet, had a whole crowd of admirers seated on chairs quite close round the tomb. Did an actor drop his hat or glove, a friendly spectator was seen to go forward gravely, and hand it to him. There was no end to the conventional absurdities of the stage in the last century. When the hero was near his end, two of the stage servants appeared with a small strip of carpet, which they solemnly laid in the center, so that he might die in comfort. But in the case of an inferior actor, writhing and working in agonies, clawing and tearing at the ground, as was then fashionable, it was found that he had quite wrapped himself up in stript of carpet. "Gold tickets"—happy days for actors!—were then in vogue, every man of fashion who patronized the stage sending his ten and twenty guineas on benefit night. We see Doctor Young, Mr. Foote (whom we see best of all in Mr. Forster's essay), Sheridan the actor, Quin, "Counselor Murphy," Doctor Johnson, and a host more. The King of Denmark came to see Jane Shore, and—not so very unnaturally—fell fast asleep. Then the lively Miss Bellamy, putting extra energy into her part, drew up close to his box, and called out, "O thou false lord!" which aroused him, and amused the house. She passed through the strangest vicissitudes; now, being "abducted" at the stage door; now going to Paris and living sumptuously; now, ending miserably in a debtor's prison.

Crinoline in France.—For some months past the much-abused crinoline has been gradually decreasing its dimensions, and the new form of skirt has necessitated a total change in its form. Cages now measure round the edge from two yards and a half to two yards and three-quarters in width; there are no steels whatever at the top, and above the cage a well gored narrow petticoat is worn, and above this a second white petticoat, which is elaborately trimmed. As the fashion of long trains necessitates the frequent exhibition of the petticoat when moving about a room, this second skirt is ornamented with Valenciennes lace and rich embroidery. These under garments prove very costly; so the more moderate substitute for those rich decorations a trellis-work formed with fine white braid, and a star embroidered in satin stitch in the centre of every lozenge of the trellis-work. This ornament is braided and embroidered in the flounce of the petticoat, and is very easily worked. Petticoats for evening wear are made within an inch as long as the dresses, and it should be borne in mind that the train of a skirt now measures at the very least three-quarters of a yard.—*Paris Correspondent of "The Queen."*

Paris, it is expected, will attract at least a million of visitors during the course of the exhibition. Admitting that every foreigner expends an average of five hundred francs while he stays, that makes five hundred millions, which, in the space of a few months, will circulate and fructify.

The Empress of the French, at a recent ball, wore a number of black diamonds, and has set the fashion for these articles. Mount Diablo may take the hint.

UNFULFILLED.

I.

OUR little table is spread for two,
With quaint old china, gold and blue,

Weird things are wrought on the homely walls,
As the conjuring firelight climbs and falls.

In the corner my ready sea chest stands,
Filled to the brim by the busiest hands.

Wife mirrors her face in the silver tongs;
I think of the morrow's rude sea-songs.

"I have pictures, love," she says, "that gleam
From a troubled easel—last night's dream.

"A ship ashore on a cruel reef,
And a woman ringing her hands in grief.

"She kneels in prayer; a whirling wheel
Grows out of the dead ship's plank and keel.

"She stands in the spinner's toiling place,
Till the rose in her cheek hath lost its grace.

"Her lessening form is changed to wool,
Yet the hungering spindle ne'er is full.

"A weed-grown raft keeps company
With a vacant boat on a sailless sea."

How apt is woman's thought to build,
Where a varying dream may darken or gild!

II.

Life flies; my last sea-voyage is done;
Or wind, or calm, to me 'tis one.

Tea things are set for a golden few;
Again our china, quaint and blue.

The conjuring home-light climbs and crawls
O'er dainty laces and India shawls.

Wife mirrors her face in the silver tongs:
I think of yesterday's glad sea-songs.

"Tell, love, I pray, of the ship on the reef,
And the woman wringing her hands in grief;

"Of the spinner whose white arms changed to wool,
And the hungering spindle that ne'er grew full."

There are tears imprisoned within her eyes,
Which are loosened soon, as her voice replies:

"Woman will dream, and man will build,
And each will have prophecies unfulfilled."

—*Hiram Rich.*

COCKNEY WRITERS.

TO a certain set of writers who flourished at the earlier part of this brilliant century, and who were supposed to live in close intercourse with each other, and to have many attributes of mannerism in common, one of the wits of Edinburgh applied the unalluring denomination of the Cockney School. It was a name sufficiently significant of ridicule to frighten away bashful admirers, and had just so much of that kind of one-sided justice which belongs to satire, as not to seem to the ordinary public an unfair definition.

We know not how it is that among civilized nations England stands alone in imputing to that development of the national intellect more peculiarly metropolitan, the defective liberality, whether in the culture of letters or in the survey of men and manners, which in other countries is rather ascribed to the denizens of provinces. Cicero finds a want of "urbanitas," in those writers who lived remote from the Roman capital, and narrowed their views of the world to the limited range of a coterie. It is praise to a French author to say that on life and manners he writes like a thorough-bred Parisian; it is the reverse to praise an English author on such subjects to say that he writes like a thorough-bred Londoner. To him we impute exactly the same spirit of clique—the same partial estimate of himself and the privileged few with whom he lives in sympathy of taste and reciprocity of compliment, which are the alleged characteristics of a provincial genius.

The Cockney is the archetype of the Londoner east of Temple Bar, and is as grotesquely identified with the bells of Bow as Quasimodo with those of Notre Dame. In the men on whom this metropolitan distinction was conferred, including writers not less remarkable than Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb, we cannot honestly affirm that there was no element of cocknification. Though differing much from each other in character and in direction of intellect, they agreed in this—they all so far rejected the urbanizing tendencies of a great metropolis, that they moved in as small a circle as if they had lived in a country town. In their publications they quote and praise, quarrel and make it up with each other, as if, like the Chinese, they confined the map of the civilized world to their celestial empire, and inscribed on the space left outside of the circle, "Corners of earth inhabited by barbarians." The "Waverly Novels" can excite no interest in Lamb: it is a matter of doubt whether he was ever seduced into reading them. Hazlitt, indeed, succumbs to their enchantment, but atones for such praise as he bestows on the fictions by declaring that "he despises their author as the meanest of mankind." Lamb has a lofty disdain for such a comparative pigmy as Byron. Hazlitt does not openly share in that disdain, but he implies it by the sneer with which he accompanies the stinted measure of his praise. According to him, Byron "seldom gets beyond force of style," and "his poetry consists mostly of a tissue of superb commonplaces."

With the contemporaneous literature of the continent the professors of this school reject all acquaintance; among the rising generation of writers in England it is only their own Alumni whom they deem worthy of notice. Those they regard with indiscriminate favor—equally kind to a Sheridan Knowles and a Janus Weathercock. Hunt, the least exclusive of the coterie, in vain commends Shelly and Keats to the cordial welcome of his associates. Hazlitt speaks of Keats, indeed, when Keats was dead, with a certain civility, such as a strong man compassionately bestows on a promising though sickly child. But of Shelley, in Shelley's lifetime, his criticism is that of stern contempt. According to him, Shelley "is not a poet, but a sophist, a theorist, a controversial writer in verse; he gives us for representations of things rhapsodies of words; he paints gaudy, flimsy, allegorical pictures on gauze, on the cobwebs of his own brain" (Hazlitt's "Plain Speaker: On People of Sense")—an estimate of Shelley, from which Lamb does not greatly differ. In fact, when the chiefs of this oligarchy commend to our reverence the men of their own day, they compliment each other—Hunt praises Hazlitt, Hazlitt praises Hunt; Lamb praises both, and by both is praised. We must make one honorable exception to this exclusive co-admiration. The Cockney School acknowledged the genius of the Lake School, and paved the way to that appreciation of Wordsworth and Coleridge which the pertinacity of critics has at least wrung from the passive assent of the general public. But this so-called Cockney School was, in much, an offshoot from the Lake School. Wordsworth and Coleridge exercised a predominant power over the minds of Hunt, Hazlitt and Lamb, and served greatly to determine the point of view from which the two latter regarded the form and substance of contemporaneous poetic creation. And perhaps they found in the homage they rendered to the great Poets of the Lake School an excuse for the depreciation of other contemporaries more popularly admired.

Of the three eminent writers to whom this unlucky appelation of Cockney was popularly assigned, Hazlitt deserved it least in the literal sense of the word, and most in the symbolical. In the literal sense of the word he did not, indeed, deserve it at all. Hazlitt was no Londoner. By origin he was Irish; he himself a native of Shropshire. But in the symbolical sense of the word, he was the most obnoxious to the ridicule it conveyed, partly because, once identified with a set of writers to whom it was applied, he stood forth the most aggressive and the most provocative, and carrying out into the fullest display the sins attributed to the Cockney School. He of the three best answers to his own sprightly and accurate definition of Cockney: "Your true Cockney," saith Hazlitt, "is your only true leveller. Let him be as low as he will, he fancies he is as good as anybody else." The faults of Hazlitt were the more disagreeble because the man was one of those warm-blooded creatures whom we wish to like if they will but let us. And though he does his best to prevent our liking him, it is not in his power to prevent any one who knows the English language from admiring.

The Next Deluge.—A French work recently published maintains that every ten thousand five hundred years the waters of the sea pass from one pole to the other, submerging and overwhelming, in their passage, the earth and all its inhabitants. According to the author of its theory, M. Paul de Jouvencel, the last of these delnges occurred four thousand years ago; the next one is due in six thousand years more. M. Jouvencel recounts this great cosmical drama with the vigor and effect of an eye-witness. Six thousand years—sixty centuries—then only are left to us wherein to do our whole world's work, and to complete and perfect the civilization which has yet hardly dawned upon the greater number of mankind! Sixty old men may touch hands across the interval between the present moment and the last hour of the world as it exists; then all will be finished, all consumed; all will disappear! The sea for ten thousand five hundred years, in its immeasurable depths, will crush out our history, and leave nothing of it all but a few fossils! So, at least, says M. Jouvencel.

What the Cloak Makers Say.—Mr. William Pickford, Cloak Manufacturer, with O. & J. Mowbray, 269 Grand street, New York, uses five Grover & Baker Machines in his business, and considers them superior to any other machines for cloak-making, on account of the elasticity and firmness of the stitch, and the capacity of the machines for embroidering.

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

Lord Dundreary has given his opinion with regard to that much vexed question—marriage with a deceased wife's sister. "I think," says he, "marriage with a detheathed wife'th thither ith very proper and very economical, becauth when a fellah marrith hith detheathed wife'th thithter, he hath only one mother-in-law."

NOTICE.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

SPIRITISM PRACTICALLY VIEWED.

THE belief in the possibility and the actual existence of some sort of intercourse between the material and the immaterial world is not a new one. The question "Do spirits appear?" has been a favorite subject for discussion in the debating societies of many successive generations, and we see no reason for believing that it will ever lose its attraction for youthful disputants, until debating societies shall have become obsolete institutions. Neither does it at present seem probable that the question will ever be removed from the field of controversy, by the discovery of evidences or arguments so conclusive as to leave no room for reasonable doubt.

About the middle of the present century, the subject developed a new phase, in the rise of modern Spiritualism —or more correctly, of modern Spiritism. This system, or belief, has spread with great rapidity, and made numerous converts, but none among the class of minds whose verdicts are potential in the world of philosophy and science. Its proselytes, indeed, are by no means confined to those whom it would be accurate to class as ignorant or illiterate; on the contrary, the great bulk of them consists of men and women possessing a considerable share of intelligence and culture—enough to enable them to take an unaffected interest in questions of an abstract and semi-philosophic character, though not enough to give value to their reasonings or conclusions on such questions. It is from this very class, that a system like that of Spiritism might be expected to draw its recruits. Entire ignorance is often quite as effectual a protection against delusion as great knowledge. It is those who are respectable for intelligence and acquirements, who are readers but not thinkers, whose minds are busy but untrained, and keen rather than powerful or capacious—it is always such as these that prove the readiest dupes of the plausible heirophants of new religions and new philosophies.

In support of the proposition that affirms the fact of intercourse between the living and the spirits of the departed, the champions and teachers of the new system have now, for over a quarter of a century been furnishing such proofs as they could command; and during this time they have accumulated a body of peculiar literature, imposing in bulk, if not remarkable for value or excellence of quality. Yet the evidence adduced seems to have made but little permanent impression upon the world at large, though from its nature, it ought, one would imagine, to be capable of being made decisive beyond question or cavil, if there is any truth in the claims of Spiritism. For nearly thirty years the "phenomena" have been witnessed, in public, and private, in every considerable community in the land, yet nothing has been settled; and the old question, "Do spirits appear?" seems as far as ever from a decisive solution. True, we are assured that hundreds of thousands of proselytes have been made, but among them all there is not a single name that carries, or that ought to carry the weight of authority on such a subject. Judges, and legislators not a few, and even a Congressman or two, are said to be included in the list of the more illustrious converts; but American judges and Congressmen are by no means the class of persons who are best qualified to investigate understandingly and thoroughly the phenomena of a system that occupies a position on the mysterious debateable ground disputed between psychology, physical science and supernaturalism. The opinion, after due examination, of a single man of science and scientific training, like Dr Draper, Dr. Holmes, Professor Agassiz, Dr. Youmans, or any other eminent *savan*, would be more valuable, and would deservedly carry greater weight with it, than that of all the members of Congress and all the members of the Supreme Court of the United States to boot. But no man of this stamp has ever given his endorsement to Spiritism, so far as we are advised. Aside, however, from its thaumaturgic and its philosophic pretensions, Spiritism claims to be "a religion," and as such the sucessor of Christianity.

The more enlightened of the expounders of the the new system do not, indeed, indulge in the scurrilous attacks upon popular orthodoxy to which the less respectable class of itinerant lecturers and table-tippers are so much addicted; but they hold that Christianity has accomplished its mission, as the Mosaic dispensation accomplished its own, before the coming of Christ. They do not assail orthodoxy with coarse vulgarity, nor vituperate its priests as impostors and hounte banks; but they hold up the new system as something purer, higher, and better adapted to the present state of society and the present needs of human nature.

Viewed as a positive religious system, Spiritism offers neither a single new article of belief, nor a single new precept of morality. It has no authoratative teaching of any kind. Its living evangelists differ without end among themselves, each having a creed or a "philosophy" of his own, which he promulgates in a strange and uncouth jargon peculiar to the sect. The messages which it brings us from the unseen world are, if possible, still more confused and contradictory; all are equally silly and unedifying. Professor Hare, the great scientific stalking-horse of the order, is honored with interviews with the august shades of Bacon, Sweedenborg, Washington, and Jefferson; Judge Edmonds communicates freely with a still larger array of the illustrious dead; and all the *Banners of Light* and *Banners of Progress* which are the organs of the new religion, come to us full of communications from some of the grandest intellects that ever were embodied—but they teach us nothing. Not one new fact or principle in science or philosophy; not one pregnant sentence of warning or instruction; not one valuable lesson for the conduct of life, has found its way to us from the farther shore, through the priests of the new faith. Bacon and Newton have spoken—but alas! they have exchanged the noble language habitual to them when in the flesh, for a jargon that could not be distinguished from that of the peripatetic lecturers. Coleridge and Shelly have communicated verses—but they were such as the Sunday newspapers would refuse to publish. Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln have all returned to earth, impelled, it is fair to presume, by the desire to make some worthy or useful communication; but through all the storms of civil war, and the gloomy perplexities that attended and followed it, no wise suggestion for the benefit of the land they loved and the great nation which they helped to found or to preserve has ever found its way from them to us.

The same question propounded at half a dozen different circles, is answered in as many different ways. If you inquire as to the condition of the departed, in the other world, or in regard to any controverted point of theology or philosophy, no two responses agree. No future event has ever been foretold, and we believe there is no authenticated case of any fact being communicated that was not already known to the inquirer.

These considerations are not adduced to show that the phenomena of Spiritism are not valid, or that the alleged communications do not really come from spirits. They are adduced to show that the system can make no just pretensions to the character either of a religion or a philosophy, and that for all practical purposes it is utterly unprofitable. Silly as are the "communications," we cannot logically aver that they do not come from the disembodied dead. We cannot dogmatize about spirits, because we have no knowledge whatever concerning them. They *may*, sad as such a theory seems, deteriorate intellectually after death; or it is possible that the difficulty is in the imperfect power of communication; or finally, the spirits that assume to respond when the great and unforgotten dead are called for, may be meddlesome impostors who try to pass themselves off for their betters. We do not, therefore, undertake to controvert the alleged phenomena of Spiritism, nor deny that they are produced by spirits. Granted that the wonders of table tipping, rope-tying, "spirit-painting," etc., are indubitably real, we insist that they are also indubitably worthless. The spirits do nothing useful that cannot be much better done by those who are still in the body. They paint no pictures that can compare with those of Nahl or Brooks; they give us no poems equal to those of half a dozen of our local writers of verse; their communications on metaphysical and philosophical themes, when intelligible, which is rarely the case, provoke the laughter of all who possess any acquaintance with those subjects; their rope-tying feats are rivaled by the professed thaumaturgists, and in lifting tables, and throwing furniture about, any able-bodied porter can surpass them. The only thing in which the spirits outdo the performances of the most ordinary men is in the quality of the ineffable transcendental twaddle which they talk and write, and the hitherto undreamed of abysses of bathos which they have sounded. In efforts of this particular kind, it must be confessed that the spirits (if we are to accept the "mediums" as their faithful interpreters) have achieved a success hitherto unrivaled by mortal ingenuity.

That "there is something in Spiritism," we will not undertake to deny; that there is anything in it that is practically useful or good, we are unable to perceive. If it has any use or value at all, it appears to be of the same sort possessed by the art of the thaumaturgist or the conjuror. Its feats of rapping, table-tipping, rope-tying, etc., may like those of the prestidigitutor, excite curiosity and wonder, but they are less entertaining, and afford no instruction.

But if spiritism is scarcely respectable as a system of thaumaturgy, it is ridiculous as a philosophy, and utterly contemptible as a religion. Amazing indeed must be the ignorance or the imprudence that can seriously institute a comparison between the religion that Jesus enjoined his apostles to preach to all the world, and the rhapsodical mysticism of Andrew Jackson Davis, Fishbough, and Harris, that can assure a Congress Hall audience that the faith devoutly held by a Gladstone, a Guizot, a Newman, and a Beecher, a faith reverenced if not professed by all the best and greatest intellects of our time, is so absurd and so monstrous as to be a fit subject for the scurril jests of every illiterate and low-bred charlatan whom nature has furnished with just enough of intellect to qualify him for vituperation and table-tipping.

LOCAL ARCHITECTURAL NOTES.

THE new building just completed for the use of the congregation of St. James' Church was opened for the first time for religious services last Saturday evening.

The style of this structure is decidedly English throughout. While it resembles, in its general arrangement the "New Jerusalem Church" on O'Farrell street, it differs greatly from that structure in its details and treatment; presenting some points unlike anything here, though often seen elsewhere.

As one enters, the most noticeable feature is the absence of plastering, the walls and ceilings being finished with boards laid diagonally, exposing to view all the timber of the frame. All the woodwork is unpainted, but varnished, and as there are many windows furnishing ample light, the effect is very good.

The Church is divided into a central nave with side aisles, by clustered columns, supporting the roof with arches in each direction. The open timber truss of the main roof is very good, but all the ribs of the other arches are too thin in section, looking like inch boards, and presenting a very meagre appearance in comparison with the columns of two feet diameter which are the best design in the whole work. The same fault is noticeable elsewhere. The window sash seem to have been cut out of thin boards, all of which tends to produce an effect of cheapness which we think might have been avoided without extra expense. The pews, or benches are open, and of an inelegant pattern.

The architects have evidently been required to do much with very little money, and the church as a whole is very creditable. Had they exercised a little more artistic ingenuity in some few points, the interior would have been a fine one. As it is, the chancel is very bald and shed-like and the ornamentation behind the alter is nothing less than abominable, being in fact strongly suggestive of that of a Chinese Joss House.

The exterior has decided character, and is rather attractive even without the tower, which we presume will be added at some future day.

The entrance form the street is too abrupt, lobbies will have to be provided; for our summer winds and dust must be considered in such buildings.

Trinity Church is steadily advancing toward completion. It will be one of our most prominent buildings, owing to its size and location if to nothing else.

The Eastern critical journals do not speak in very high terms of Mr. Alger's new work, *The Solitudes of Nature and of Man*. The Philadelphia *Literary Gazette* is the only exception that we have noted. The author commences by treating of the solitudes of the desert, the prairie, the ocean, the pole, the mountain and the river. Then, passing from external nature to man, he speaks of the solitudes of individuality, grief, love, occupation, selfishness, genius, and death." The dangers and the uses of solitude are the subject of the third part, while in the fourth we have a series of sketches of lonely characters, beginning with Buddha and Confucius and ending with Comte and Jesus. The characterization of Jesus is substantially the same as M. Renan's, and is evidently inspired by, if not borrowed from him. Mr. Alger admits that "the Nazarine" has probably contributed "more than any other person to aggrandize the idea of man in the human race;" but the gospel narratives of Him are said to contain "chasms, inconsistencies, and incredibilities" which put "insurmountable difficulties in the way of sure knowledge" of what he was, and did, and said. He was "not unlike others in kind, though superior in degree," and "could never have dreamed of the mediæval doctrine of the atonement, could never have expected to be deified, nor have wished to be personally worshipped." The book is not remarkable for force or originality, and the style is diffuse and somewhat too florid for the subject.

The Oakland *News* has made the discovery that a "First-Class Magazine" or "Literary Review" is needed in California. "At present," it declares, "much that would be eminently worthy a place in the pages of a review, is contributed to the daily papers. Surrounded as it is with shallow and senseless articles, it is often disregarded by the intellectual reader, who can expect to find but little gold amid so much dross." The *News* may be correct, but it has not hitherto been our good fortune to find in "the daily papers" any of the kind of articles that would be "eminently worthy of a place in the pages of a review," unless, indeed, an exception me made in favor of the *Times*' famous "book reviews."

[For the Californian.]

GLIMPSES OF BOHEMIA.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

I PROPOSE, in a series of papers, which, however, I will not stipulate to furnish with regularity, to relate some of my experiences as a writer for the press, and a publisher's general utility drudge, at a time when the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease" existed exclusively on the other side of the Atlantic, and when on this side a very moderate share of literary talent could be made to go a great way. To this condition of things I owe the misfortune of having been a professional writer, for had the standard been as high at the time I speak of, as it is to-day and the supply of clever writers as large, I should now, in all probability, be a respectable country doctor, with a reasonable share of prosperity, and a sound constitution, instead of an invalided journalist, prematurely worn out by twenty-five years of drudgery that yielded at best no more than a subsistence, and of which no fruit remains to me, either in money or reputation.

It is the desire to do something toward dispelling the perilous illusions that allure so many young men of fair, but not remarkable ability, from practical pursuits in the hope of gaining literary distinction, that has prompted me to the disagreeable task of narrating a few of my own experiences and reminiscences having some connection with journalism and bookmaking.

This I propose to do in the way that will involve the least amount of trouble to myself, for writing has become more than ever a toil to me, since a few years disuse. You must, therefore, be prepared to find these papers discursive, unconnected. and not always chronological in the order of events; nor shall I make any attempt at that finish of style which is looked for in the CALIFORNIAN, and which is now-a days an indispensible qualification of professional metropolition journalism—even in San Francisco.

In short, I shall tell my story, or so much of it as I think proper to tell—in my own way, writing, as it were, in dressing-gown and slippers, concerning myself solely for the matter; and leaving the manner to take care of itself.

The notions of the outside world, in regard to the practical part of authorship and journalism, and the lives and ways of writers, bear about the same relation to the truth, that a boy's ideas of a first-class desert island, where all the choicer vegetable, floral and animal productions are liberally represented, do to the patch of coral rock covered with its inch or two of soil, and glorying in a score of sickly, scrubby, fruitless cocaonut trees.

And this allusion to deserts island reminds me of the circumstance to which I think I can trace the earliest germ of the mischief that has made my life a practical failure. When I was about eleven years old, and was attending the "Academy," which was the pride and boast of my native village, the excellent, but indiscret Principal offerred a "prize" for the best composition, the field being open to all the pupils great and small, numbering about thirty. Maternal vanity is the blindest and most unreasoning of all mortal weaknesses, and it decreed that I must be a competitor. Help there was none. Because I sometimes became so absorbed in the 'Three Spaniards,' or "Rinaldo Rinaldini," (alas! for the children of our time, who have no fascinating literature of this description) as to refuse to go out to play of a Saturday afternoon, my mother had taken it into her head that I was destined to be a genius, a notion which was confirmed past all possibility of shaking it, by the circumstance of my falling through an air hole in the ice, and being fished out after I had gone down the traditionnl three times. with barely enough breath in me to render restoration possible. It was "a miracle" she insisted, that Jake Darter should have happened to be passing, and that he should have been able to get me out alive. And so she was certain that I was reserved for great things, a conviction which she more than once imparted to my aunt in a confidential whisper unduly audible, considering the presence of the subject of the flattering prophecy.

Accordingly, I was now expected—nay, required, to win the prize. That I could fail, was not viewed as one of the possibilities. The lawyer and the minister were to decide upon the merits of the productions; but I have not a doubt that had they decided against me, my mother would unhesitatingly have attributed it not to my incapacity, but to that of the judges. I, however, by no means felt the same confidence, and I well remember how the sanguine assurance of my mother disturbed and frightened me. There is nothing so dreadful as to have impossibilities expected of you by those who love and over-rate you—unless you are an ass, and share the illusion yourself. Whittier would probably be pained by the assurance from wife or sister that he was a greater poet than Tennyson. But would Mr. Tupper? I suspect not; in fact I can fancy the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" enjoying such reverent and wife-like homage from the partner of his bosom, and accepting it simply as his due. Child as I was, I clearly saw my mother's illusion; and the consciousness that it was an illusion, together with the certainty I felt that I was quite unequal to what was expected of me, caused me more than one nightmare. About the time that this fatal prize was offered, I was reading—or rather devouring—the "Swiss Family Robinson," and when I had finished it, I cried because there was no more to read. That wonderful and impossible desert island, with its utterly preposterous productions, seemed to me more attractive than the orthodox Paradise, and had my Sunday School teachers promised me a heaven after that pattern, I fancy I might have developed into one of those juvenile saints who, like Mr. Brocklebanks's "good little boy" in "Jane Eyre," have a greater enthusiasm for "texts" than for sugar plums. As it was, the glories of the heavenly city of the apocalyptic vision, with its jasper walls and streets of shining gold, were less attractive to my imagination than the earthly and unspiritual charm of the bounteous isle of the Swiss Castaways with its inexhaustible museum of vegetable and animal wonders, its ostriches, "onagers," tiger-cats, flamingoes, bustards and buffalos. But I am availing myself somewhat too early and too liberally of the privilege of being discursive and garrulous, which I have claimed. Dwelling upon the astounding adventures of Fritz and his brothers, my imagination gradually began to shape out variations of the same theme. I feigned to myself that in company with Johnny Martin, my schoolmate and especial chum, I had gone to sea and been shipwrecked upon one of those islands that abound in the story books, where "all the comforts of a home" can be enjoyed without cost or labor. Of course, the "wreck" got conveniently lodged between a couple of accommodating rocks, where it remained until it went to pieces in a gale which washed ashore in the most providential manner, all sorts of articles calculated to promote the comfort of youthful castaways, including divers kegs of powder (which had in some miraculous way escaped damage from salt water,) and a formidable assortment of cutlasses, double-barreled guns, pistols, and blunderbusses. With the traditional luck of all desert islanders whose adventures have been recorded in authentic history, we struck cocoanuts, bread-fruit, oranges, oysters and a long catalogue of luxuries, as fast as they were desirable. We built a hut, explored our island, encountered and conquered the usual variety of wild beasts, and finally, when that sort of thing began to grow tame, the "savages" duly made their appearance to keep up the excitement, and give us an opportunity to bring our fire-arms into play and illustrate our prowess.

This juvenile romance having already shaped itself in my imagination, what more natural than that when at my wit's end for a "composition" I should write it out and submit it to the committee, in lieu of an essay on Friendship, Ambition, or one of the four seasons? I did write it out and send it in; and in an evil hour the prize—a gilt-edged, morrocco-bound copy of *Rassalas*—was awarded to me. This event was the first link in the chain of my destiny, or to use a Hiberuian metaphor, it was the first screw in the coffin of my career. Squire Sharp and the parson having pronounced my performance the best out of a score of rival efforts, and the latter having endorsed upon my manuscript the flattering legend; "The within, considering the age of the writer, is highly creditable, and gives promise of literary talent," is it to be wondered at that under the intoxicating influence of success I should begin to share my poor mother's conviction that I was a genius?

The nearest town boasted a literary weekly, published every Saturday, and entitled the *Rural Repository*, the Poet's Corner of which was sacred to the original effusions of the "Gifted Hopkinses" of the county. It is from the day when my earliest attempt at verse, entitled "Lines Written on the Summit of Academy Hill," (a poetic license for our garret, where in fact said "Lines" were painfully elaborated) appeared in the "Repository" that I date the second momentous epoch of my ill-starred career.

Of course, a youth who had given such brilliant evidences of precocious talent, must have the benefits of a "college education," no matter what self-denial, and pinching economy at home might be necessary to accomplish so desirable an object, and accordingly after having gone through the regular curriculum at the Academy, and received what further preperation in the way of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics as was requisite, at the hands of the minister, I was consigned to the care of an uncle living at Schenectady, and having passed the ordeal of the preliminary examination, was admitted to the full honors of a Freshman at old Union, just as I was entering upon my seventeenth year.

And now, the discipline of the institution, and honest devotion of study might have saved me, and imparted to my mind a healthy practical tone. But as fate would have it, one of the institutions of the college was a monthly magazine, written and published by the students, with occasional contributions from members of the faculty. This was entitled the *Parthenon*, and it must be still well remembered by the old graduates of Union, not a few of whom, by the way, are now residents of San Francisco.

Before the first fortnight of the term had expired my versifying gift was discovered by the junior editor of the college periodical. I am not sure, however, that the discovery was not facilitated by some hint or allusion from me, for already an unwholesome vanity had been developed in me by my precocious village reputation; and the sinister influence which the young artist in Dr. Holmes' new story in the *Atlantic* tells his sweetheart is often exerted by the rhyming habit, was at work.

And so I became a contributor, and gradually a regular contributor to the *Parthenon*, in which I soon found myself taking more interest than in the honest discharge of my college duties. The time that should have been devoted to preparing for recitations was lost in scribbling tales, verses, and miscellaneous disquisitions on every conceivable subject, for I read eagerly and omniverously, and as fast as I gained a little superficial knowledge in any new direction, I brought it into use for writing purposes without waiting to assimilate it. Meantime my neglected studies became every day more distasteful to me, and of course my class standing suffered in consequence. But a spell was upon me, the strange glamour of which I seemed unable to resist: and I became a lotus-eater, and gave myself up to the fatal intoxication with a vague voluptuous consciousness of wrong and evil and impending calamity, that nevertheless failed to rouse the will, or stimulate to resistance.

So a year and a half passed away, during which I read much and variously, studied little, thought less, and wrote reams on reams of rubbish, a small portion of which appeared in the *Parthenon*, the rest being reserved, as of too high a quality for a college magazine, and destined to be used as the germ of something greater—for already I was secretly revolving lofty achievements in literature.

But near the middle of my Sophomore year, I was suddenly recalled to my senses—temporarily at least. A letter came from home, which revealed, but did not tell, by what cruel sacrifices my year and a half of weak self-indulgence and wasted time had been purchased, and what further sacrifices were contemplated in order to enable me to —— go on writing verses and common-places for the college magazine. This roused me from my dream. I was sick of myself, my conduct, and my pursuits. I passed a sleepless and remorseful night, and the next day packed my trunk and set out for home. Thus ended my college career; and here I will conclude this prefatory paper, reserving my first real Glimpse of Bohemia for another communication.

A VERY extraordinary series of papers is now being published in the London *Reader*, reviving the wild and distempered ideas of the Gnostics' God is represented much as in Browning's *Setebos*, or in one of the choruses of Swinburne's *Atalanta*, that is, as "the Supreme Evil."

The "doctrine" of the series of papers seems to be, that the Bible was inspired, and the world is governed by a God who is *not* either "Almighty," or "all-good," an inferior deity, or *demiurgos*, as the Gnostics designated him, who was limited by matter and circumstances. In one of the papers the writer says, "God is prejudiced against some persons, and partial to others. He does not deal fairly. I think he has always had a grudge against my family." The whole tenor of the essays seems to indicate a half serious, or perhaps a half insane desire to revive the intellectual nightmare of Gnosticism.

MAJOR WILLIAM HARNEY has received a highly flattering request, signed by the leading members of the San Francisco Bar without distinction of party, that he would permit his name to be used as a candidate for the office of County Clerk, Wm. Loewy, Esq., having declined to be a candidate for re-election. Major Harney has expressed his willingness to accept a nomination. He has for many years been connected with the County Clerk's office, and the experience thus acquired has well qualified him for the position for which he may now be regarded as a candidate. Backed by the almost unanimous endorsement of the Bar, and possessing great personal popularity, Major Harney will, if nominated, be morally certain of securing an election.

ASTOUNDING!—In the opinion of very many, the periodical literature of England is superior to that of America.—*Oakland News.*

Can this be true? *Are* there in reality persons—nay "very many persons" who hold an opinion so monstrous and so unpatriotic? If so, let a vigilance committee be organized at once, that the disloyal wretches may be hunted down and hanged as traitors.

AN eminent member of the San Francisco Bar, yesterday, compared Judge Deady's decision in the action brought against Gen. McDowell to that of Judge Burnett in the Archy case. The opinion is all in favor of the General, and the *decision* against him. The law is given to the North, and the nigger to the South.

NEW novels are promised, as serials in *Temple Bar*, from the pens of Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Sheridan LeFame. The work of the former will be called "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman." A new novel by Edmund Yates is also to appear in the same periodical.

"WEBFOOT," your communication came to hand too late for publication.

CABLE HYMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O lonely bay of Trinity,
O dreary shores, give ear!
Lean down nnto the white-lipped sea
The voice of God to hear!

From world to world his coursers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of His stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?
"The world's long strife is done;
Close wedded by that mystic cord,
Its continents are one.

"And one in heart, as one in blood,
Shall all her peoples be;
The hands of human brotherhood
Are clasped beneath the sea.

"Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain
And Asian mountains borne,
The vigor of the Northern brain
Shall nerve the world ontworn.

"From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead."

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder! beat
From answering beach to beach;
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each!

Wild terror of the sky above,
Glide tamed and dumb below!
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier dove,
Thy errands to and fro.

Wave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war.

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall
Space mocked and time ontrun;
And round the world the thonght of all
Is as the thonght of one!

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease;
As on the Sea of Galilee
The Christ is whispering, Peace!

—(*From the Tent on the Beach.*)

THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

THERE is a proverb, "that no man departs more from justice in affairs than a lawyer; no man observes less the regimen of health than a doctor; no man bears less the remorse of conscience than a divine." It is said of lawyers that

"For fees to any form they mould a cause,
The worst has merits and the best has flaws!
Five guineas make a criminal to-day,
And ten, to-morrow, wipes the stain away."

Again, "his soul is in fee—his understanding is on the town. He will not swear to an untruth to get himself hanged, but he will assert it roundly by the hour to hang other persons if he finds it in his retainer." So learnedly did Jude Cade discourse about "that parchment" that when his troops entered London they pulled down all the inns of Court, burnt the temple with its libraries, murdered all the students and "practicers" that they could meet with. In times gone by "that parchment" was regarded with as great a horror as "villainous saltpetre." It has been customary "since the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" to make puns upon and to satirize the legal profession. It is told of Ben Jonson that, in going through a church in Surrey and seeing the poor people weeping over a grave, he asked one of the women why they wept? "Oh!" said she, "we have lost our precious Justice Randell—he kept us all in peace, and kept us all from going to law: the best man that ever lived." Thereupon Jonson wrote the follwing epitaph for his tomb:

"God works wonders now and then,
Here lies a lawyer, and an honest man."

The numerous satires that have been written about the lawyers, and the puns made at their expense, were doubtless intended in many cases merely to create a laugh for the time begin. Still it is not to be concealed that they have had the effect of awakening and keeping alive in the mind of the uneducated a prejudice against the whole profession—indeed, not only among the ignorant, but among all those who

——"ne'er advance a judgment of their own
But catch the spreading notions of the town."

It is not uncommon to hear persons say that no honest man can be a lawyer; many regard the profession as repugnant to Christianity and sound morals. Even men of enlarged and liberal views upon other subjects have joined in the crusade against it, and because an advocate accepts a retainer upon either side have characterized such a procedure, as "intellectual and moral prostitution."

No more radical error ever existed than to suppose that a man, in accepting the law as his profession, must necessarily become dishonest and immoral. Many men who adopt it may be so, but it results not from the law. It is an inherent depravity in the particular individuals. They would be rogues in any profession. These qualities are inconsistent with a natural law education. God, to discover and enforce his laws, has made an immediate and direct revelation, which is called the revealed or divine law. "Upon these foundations," says Blackstone, "the law of nature and of revelation, depend all upon human laws." Thus, in order to a correct understanding of his profession, the student must commence with the text book of Christianity, wherein the law of nature is declared so to be by God himself, and follow it up by the moral systems laid down by ethical writers. Macklin at one time intended his son for the bar, and entered him at the temple; "and what book do you think I made him begin with?" said the veteran, in telling the circumstance, "why I'll tell you sir—the Holy Bible!" "The Bible, Mr. Macklin, for a lawyer?" "Yes, sir," replied Mr. Macklin, "the properest and most scientific book for an honest lawyer, as there you will find the foundation of all law and morality."

Without a thorough and well-grounded knowledge of the elementary principles of the law of nature, as of laws in general, no man can become an eminent advocate. It, therefore, becomes an essential part of a law education. But few, we imagine, are disposed to contend that those books which contain natural and divine law, and treat upon moral ethics, are calculated to make man immoral and dishonest. The tendency is the opposite. They lay broad and deep the foundation of morals, of honor, and of integrity. Not only is the beginning, but also the progress of a law education antagonistical to immorality. The law is a study which, in the language of Sir William Jones, "requires the whole man, and admits of no concurrent pursuits."

The lawyer is compelled to labor years and years in the acquisition of knowledge necessary in his avocation. Apart from his legal study, which is almost endless, he is required to profess a knowledge of general subjects embraced within the sciences, the arts, general history, and medical jurisprudence, together with an intimate knowledge of man. The effect of such studies cannot be otherwise than wholesome and salutary upon well-governed minds. They create a healthy tone, liberalize and enlighten the mind. We think, then, there is nothing in the incipient steps that lead to admission to the bar that has an immoral tendency. Whence, then springs this immoral allegation? We can attribute it to no other cause than the circumstance before mentioned: that lawyers allow themselves to be retained on either side of a controversy. Is this right or wrong? We think it is right.

No lawyer has a right to condemn a person arrested for crime without an impartial hearing. His case should only be determined after a full and fair investigation of all the facts and circumstances that can weigh either for or against him This can only be accomplished by giving him the benefit of counsel of equal ability with the public prosecutor. Men are frequently charged with crime who are entirely innocent—some of a higher when they are only guilty of a lesser crime. In both cases a series of connecting circumstances may be brought against the persons accused, that upon ex-parte statements induce many to believe in their guilt, but which an impartial examination, with the aid of practiced counsel, will place in their proper position.

It is a golden rule, "that one side of a story is good until the other is told." It is the duty and province of counsel to elicit truth, which can only be done by bringing to the aid of a prisoner all palliating circumstanees, and subjecting to a severe and rigid cross-examination the witnesses for the prosecution. Neither is a lawyer nor a public justified in assuming a man to be guilty because he is charged with crime. Strong circumstances are frequently presented, preliminarily contained, perhaps, in a single affidavit, upon which a party is arrested. Now it may be, and is not unfrequently the case, that the accuser is a person who, when his true character is developed, is found to be utterly worthless and depraved, and prompted to the act by a revenge for some private grievance, and is not entitled to belief. In such cases, nine times out of ten, without the benefit of counsel, the accused would be unable to disentangle the web which surrounded him.

Lord Erskine has justly said that "if the advocate refuses to defend from what he may think of a charge or defence, he assumes the character of a judge: nay, he assumes it before the hour of judgment, and in proportion to his rank and reputation puts the heavy weight of, perhaps, a mistaken opinion into the scales against the accused. Such a course surely could not be just. It would defeat the benevolent presumption of our law that every man is presumed to be innocent until found guilty."

"There is, undoubtedly," says Coleridge, "a limit to the exertions of an advocate for his client. He has a right, and it is his bounden duty, to do everything for his client that his client might fairly do for himself, and to do it with all the effect which the exercise of any skill, talent or knowledge of his may produce."

"Justice," says Sydney Smith, "is found experimentally to beat promoted by the opposite efforts practiced and ingenious men, presenting to the selection of an impartial judge the best arguments for the explanation and establisment of truth. It becomes, then, the decided duty of an advocate to use all the arguments in his power to defend the cause he has adopted, and to leave the effect of those arguments to the judgment of others." This is all the advocate assumes to do. He hears his client's case. Is informed of all the circumstances for or against him. He comes into court and states his client's case to the jury. He watches the progress of the trial with a legal eye, and sees that no irrelevant or improper testimony is admitted, and when the testimony is closed sums up in a clear and logical manner the strong and weak points of the case, and leaves the final determination in the hands of the court or jury. Judges are human, and it often occurs that they err in ruling upon points of law in regard to the exclusion or admissibility of testimony upon which hangs the fate of the prisoner. Without the aid of counsel these errors pass for sound law, and condemn a person to unjust or unmerited punishment.

Deprive an accused of counsel, and accusation would be conviction. It cannot be done until the world grows honest without making our courts of justice despotic engines, and placing the innocent at the mercy of the guilty. The prejudice against the profession for the reason stated is unjust, ungenerous and unmanly. No man, we think, can calmly and dispassionately examine the subject without arriving at the same conclusion.

The importance of lawyers is not properly understood and appreciated. They are not only essential for the promotion of justice, but from the bulwark between despotism and republicanism. Destroy the profession of its character and influence, and you remove one of the principal safeguards of public liberty. They check the approach of tyranny in our rulers, and resist all arbitary exercise of power on the part of our judges. As a tree is judged by its fruits, so let the profession be by its acts. In England, "at the bar and on the bench have been found those who in the worst and darkest times have nobly vindicated the supremacy of the laws, and despite the ambition of despotic sovereigns and the fury of licentious demagogues have defended the rights of the people." To no man are the liberties of England more indebted than to Sir Edward Coke.

In this country our best statesmen and patriots have been and are lawyers. They watch every encroachment made upon the rights of the people, and their voices are first heard in denunciation of all measures having a tendency to subvert their liberties. The history of our country is the history of eminent lawyers. It would be curious to know the number who have risen by the law in this country. The number is great. The people, since the first formation of their government, have been in the habit of bestowing their places of trust, emolument and honor upon lawyers. They have rarely betrayed the trust confided to them. From what we have said, we would not be understood as saying that there are not men in the profession who, in the language of Milton, "are allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavy contemplation of justice and equity, but on the promising and pleasing thought of litigious terms and fat fees," for there are many—but it is contended that a large majority of the bar are not of that class. That for the most part it is composed of gentlemen of ability, courteous and affable in their deportment, and of as high honor and strict integrity as are to be found in any other profession. In this view we are sustained by the history of the past and the present.

EUGENIE AT A BALL.—At the court ball, which took place last month, upward of three thousand guests were assembled in the saloons of the Tuileries. The Empress looked beautiful, and all the more so that, attired in richer and more matronly materials, there was not that appearance of light and flowing drapery, which rather deteriorates from the effects of good looks in middle life, than helps to impart a juvenile appearance to those who adopt them. A magnificient yellow satin robe, looped back over a white satin underskirt, was relieved by *bouillonés* of tulle, over which fell sprays of variegated flowers, feathered, here and there, with diamond knots. Similar flowers and diamonds were placed in the hair, round the bertha, and on the shoulders; and a marvelous compound of flowers, diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, were arranged in a sort of girdle, which formed a basque of a unique description. Says a correspondent: "There were many lovely women around her, and scattered over the handsome suite of rooms; but, without reference to her rank or position, the Empress Eugénie shone more splendid than all; and it seemed no marvel that such a dazzling vision of life and beauty should exercise unlimited power over any poor mortals brought within range of her sphere of influence."

FRENCH(Y) ITEM.—We quote from a Paris paper: "The snow seems to have kept the earth warm, and forced Spring forward like a precocious child. The buds are bursting forth vigorously, and flowers are plentiful and cheap. Epicurean luxury has found a new use for flowers. Violets are eaten with cream and sugar. The other evening, at an Apician dinner, given by a merchant prince, they were forthcoming. They were very nice; the violets taste as they smell."

THE BOOMERANG.

The extraordinary weapon used by the natives of Australia puzzles the most scientific men in the world It can be thrown a distance of three hundred feet, and will return and fall at the feet of the thrower. As the Australian boomerang is confessed to be one of the greatest things ever invented, so is the San Francisco BOOMERANG, at the corner of Washington and Dupont streets, acknowledged to be one of the greatest institutions of the city. The snug bar, the glorious Staffordshire Ale, the hot punches, made from the finest Scotch Whisky and the oldest Jamaica Rum —in fact, everything about the Boomerang is perfect.

ABSCONDED!—The wife whose husband supposed she had absconded was freely forgiven, when he found she had only been down to the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY to see HOWLAND, and get one dozen of those beautiful Card Pictures, THE BEST ever made in this city. Come early, if you want to get a sitting. Remember the Place—Nos. 25 and 27 Third street, east side, near Market street. B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

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MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEMICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR APRIL.

April 30th—CONSTITUTION, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Maury.

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Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

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For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

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THE MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

BY " GRIS," (FAT CONTRIBUTER).

Meerschaum pipes are all made from the foam of the sea. There is no question about it; but, then, there is a great difference in foam. It isn't always a good day for the sea to foam when the pipe-makers go down to the beach to make the pipes, and buyers *foam* about it, but it can't be helped. It seems singular that anybody should want *foam at the mouth*, but there are numbers who do, it seems; paying heavily for this adjunct of madness, and getting madder as they doubt the genuineness of the foam.

There is very little made on meerschaum pipes. It is expensive going to the sea-side to get the foam, and it takes a great deal of it to make a pipe. One hundred and twenty-six gallons make a *pipe*—so if you know how much foam one gallon will make, you can estimate the amount you will require for your meerschaum.

The wooden stems to meerschaum pipes are not made from the waste foam, as many suppose, neither are the cases found floating around on the foamy waste, already liued. The liniug has to be put in afterward.

The cost of meerschaum pipes range any where from what you can buy one for to any sum you are a mind to pay. As a general rule, the more money you pay for one the more money you have squandered, and the least possible sum that you can get one for the better you are satisfied afterward We have had a great many of them, but the one we were the most contented with, all things considered, was one that was given us. It wasn't very good foam, either, but we never uttered a complaint. We wouldu't look a gift pipe in the mouth, and it was in the mouth the most of the time.

While the meerschaum pipe remains white it is not surrounded with a hundredth part of the interest that it commands when it is *colored*, which isn't very different from the estimate certain philanthropists put upon objects of human charity, when appealed to in their behalf. It is a long and arduous process, coloring a meerschaum, aud it requires a heap of perseverance to accomplish it. The perseverance of some people runs only in that direction. We have known men who were discouraged at the slightest obstacles in ordinary affairs exhibit the greatest persisteuce in this.

We once knew a man to struggle for yeers to color a particularly obstinate meerschaum pipe. He smoked incessantly. He tried all the different kiuds of tobacco; put a "button" in it, boiled it in tobacco juice, but all to no avail. It wouldn't color. He grew morose and sour, shut himself up by himself and smoked and smoked, and smoked, muttering savagely from betwen his clenched teeth "*Color! I say, D—n ye. I'll c-o-l-o-r ye!*" He gave up all business, and devoted himself wholly to smoking, determined, as he said, to color that pipe or die in the attempt. One day he failed to make his appearance at breakfast. His room was opened, and there he sat in his chair, dead, the fatal meerschaum clutched tightly between his teeth. The meerschaum was as white as when it first emerged, Venus like, from the foam of the sea, but the man was turned to a rich, dark brown. The meerschaum had colored *him.—Cincinnati Times.*

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Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood. and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kiduey Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

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AMERICA,

EDGAR WAKEMAN.....Commander

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
MONDAY, - - - APRIL 15th, 1867,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEVADA, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

☞ The MOSES TAYLOR will sail May 4th.

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CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE
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One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

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Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.

Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable.

THOMAS MOONEY, President.

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Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,
Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

Manufactorers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

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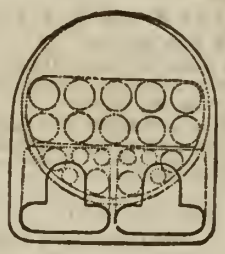

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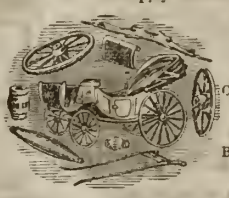

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VENTILATION AND CONSUMPTION.

A physician of long practice writes respecting pulmonary affections:

The lungs are made to breathe cold as well as warm air—indeed, air of any temperature from zero to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, just as the face is made to bear exposure to the external atmosphere. How could the lungs be protected? if they require protection, which they do not. Domestic animals that live out in the open air winter and summer are freer from colds than those who live in warm stables, and men who are much exposed, and constantly breathe air at low temperature, are less liable to colds and influenza than those who live constantly in warm rooms. All who have horses are aware that to keep a stable warm is the surest way for the inmates to suffer from constant colds.

I may mention two facts that aptly illustrate the evils of defective ventilation. Some years ago I was riding in the Highlands of Scotland with a local proprietor, when we came upon a village of well built stone houses with slated roofs, which strongly contrasted with the miserable shanties or hovels generally met with. On my complimenting him on his rebuilt village he told me that he acted for his best in erecting these good weather proof houses for his tenants, but that, singular to relate, they had proved more unhealthy than the miserable dwellings which their occupants previously inhabited. Fever and other diseases had proved rife among the latter. On examination I found that the windows were fastened and never opened; and I have no doubt that their comparative unhealthiness was in reality owing to their being quite weather-tight, and consequently unventilated. In the miserable hovels they previously inhabited, if the rain of heaven came in, so did the pure air.

The other fact is narrated by Professor Hind in a recent interesting work on Labrador. Consumption appears to be all but unknown to the natives living wild in the fastnesses of this desolate region, in tents made of spruce branches imperfectly lined with skins, and more or less exposed on all sides to the external air; although they are exposed to famine and every species of harship. But when these natives come down to the St. Lawrence to take a part in the fisheries, occupy well-built houses, and, being well paid, live in comparative luxury, most of them in the course of a year or two become consumptive and die miserably. I am fully impressed with the idea that the developement of the disease under these circumstances is the result of their living in close houses in a vitiated atmosphere, as it no doubt is in our own towns.

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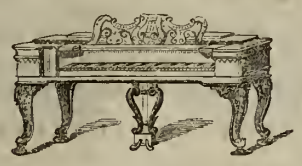
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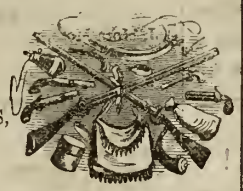
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Now so extensively used in the East and in this State. Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
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The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in running order in two days' time.
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All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.
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Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.
THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT HAVING BEEN imitated (poorly, however,) by an inferior and pernicious article, and sold in this market for the genuine, the Proprietor of HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT has made an alteration in the general trade-mark, and also substituted for Rheumatic Liniment, CURATIVE OIL. This great remedy will be known hereafter as HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL.
HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL,
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STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.
HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,
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AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.
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IF there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

MY PIPE AND I.

We are content, my pipe and I.
  The air is thick with storm to-night.
  The clouds have hid the stars from sight,
And the wind sighs mournfully,
  But in the fire-light's genial glow
  We kiss and bid all sorrow go—
We are content, my pipe and I.

We are content, my pipe and I.
  Out in the stormy world we know
  Here is a friend and there a foe,
And cold neglect goes by;
  But in the warmth the fire-light lends
  We kiss and know that we are friends,
And are content, my pipe and I.

We are content, my pipe and I.
  Let those who will, seek after fame
  And sear their hearts for a sounding name,
That soon enough shall die;
  We will not with ambition soar,
  But kiss and love each other more,
And be content, my pipe and I.

We are content, my pipe, and I.
  Free from friendships false as fair,
  Hid from envy, hate and care,
To-night we build our castles high;
  And in the fire-light's ruddy glow
  We kiss and bid all sorrow go—
We are content, my pipe and I.

A NOVEL IN ONE CHAPTER.—Violetta started convulsively, and turned her tear-drenched eyes wildly upon the speaker; for to her there seemed something familiar in those low, rich tones. Their eyes met; his beaming with love and tenderness, hers gleaming with wild uncertainty.

"Violetta!"

"Allendorf!"

The girl sank from excess of joy upon his noble heart, throbbing with pure, holy, delicious love of other days.

Allendorf bent tenderly over her and bathed her pure, white temples with the gushing tears of deep, though subdued joy.

While doing this, Violetta's father, Rip Van Snort, was seen approaching the lovers with a shillelagh.

Allendorf saw the aged patriarch, and with one mighty leap cleared the banisters, and rushed down stairs. But Van Snort was not thus to be "done." He went after the flying Allendorf: and, just as he was turning the corner of the red barn, gave him a crack with the shillelagh that placed him on the other side of Jordon.

Violetta, driven to distraction, threw herself upon the grass, and, for a long, long hour, was dead to every consolation.

WHY is billiards the most democratic game in the world? Because it brings all players to a *level*.

Rule for a lady billiardists. Always play for a *kiss* when there is a chance for a *score*.

How to renovate a seedy billiard cloth. Go to bed on the table and you will soon have a *fine nap on the cloth*.

Why is a billiard stick like a public prosecutor? Because its duty is that of *a cue sir*—(accuser)

"There's nothing like leather," says the proverb, and certainly for billiard cues it is the only *tip-top* article

When is a fat billiard player not fat? When he *goes to lean* over the table.

When are billiard players like soldiers making a charge? When they give *points* to their antagonists.

What does an affected billiard player strike before he strikes the ball? He strikes an attitude.—*Billiard Cue.*

A. J. SWEETSER,
Dealer in all kinds of Foreign and Domestic
Song and Cage Birds,
CAGES, SEED-SHELLS, GOLD AND SILVER FISH, GLOBES, AQUARIES, ETC.
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CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist
No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.
Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

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Fashionable Milliner.

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All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.
Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.
Goods received by every steamer, from New York and Paris.

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Capital Stock $200,000, divided in Two Thousand Shares of $100 each.
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The above Company intend to establish a reputation for making the best
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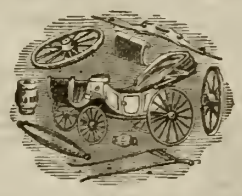
In the country, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally.
All orders from the country promptly filled and delivered free of charge in the city.

A. FOLSOM,

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Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with prompt ness, and at prices to suit the times.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA
IS A CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF THE CHOICE root, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effectual antidote for diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. Such a remedy is surely wanted by those who suffer from strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove, as this has, of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found in the following complaints:
Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, etc
Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left in comparative health.
Female diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are often soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.
Do not discard this invaluable medicine, because you have been imposed upon by something pretending to be Sarsaparilla, while it was not. When you have used AYER'S—then, and not till then, will you know the virtues of Sarsaparilla. For minute particulars of the diseases it cures, we refer you to Ayer's American Almanac, which the agent below named will furnish gratis to all who call for it.
AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, for the cure of Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Heartburn arising from Disordered Stomach, Pain, or Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, and for a Dinner Pill.
They are sugar coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best Aperient in the world for all the purposes of a Family Physic.
Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
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and all Dealers.

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HAVING CONSOLIDATED WITH THE UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, JANUARY 1, 1866, THIS COMPANY ARE NOW PREPARED TO EFFECT MARINE AS WELL AS FIRE INSURANCE UPON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.
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Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

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Furniture Warehouse,

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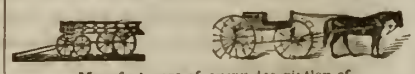
LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.
RETAIL STORE,
Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

A Rare Chance.

THE UNDERSIGNED, INTENDING TO RETIRE from business, desires to call the attention of the public to a LARGE STOCK OF CARRIAGE MATERIAL at his store, No. 506 MARKET STREET, and No. 7 SUTTER STREET, which he will SELL AT COST. Until said goods are disposed of, he will BUILD TO ORDER, at his factory, corner of FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, all kinds of
WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c.,
A good assortment of which can always be found on hand, and at a less price than can be had at any other place in the city. Will keep about 50 workmen employed to complete all unfinished work and contracts, in order to close business by the first day of July next. Has on hand and for sale, Six First-class Concord style 9-Passenger STAGE WAGONS, and a good assortment of LUMBER or FARM WAGONS, EXPRESS WAGONS, CARTS, &c.
Also, will soon have finished FIFTY BUGGIES.
H. CASEBOLT.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.
Larkins & Co.,

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CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

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LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
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The sole right to manufacture FULLER'S PATENT SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESSES, admitted by everybody to be the best, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.
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N. B.—All candles sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

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Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
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FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

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SUCCESSOR TO
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Between Montgomery and Sansome sts.

Good Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Families and Clubs supplied on Short Notice.

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LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

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WINES AND LIQUORS.
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ASTREDO EXCHANGE,
No. 635 Washington Street,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House,
FINE IMPORTED WINES, LIQUORS
Native Wines and Bitters, English Ale and Porter.
Hot Lunch Served from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.
A. ASTREDRO, - - - - PROPRIETOR

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HUBBARD PRIZE MOWER

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This Machine took the FIRST GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM from
EIGHTEEN COMPETITORS,
At the Great Public Trial of MOWERS held at Utica, New York.

Farmers and Dealers, send for a pamphlet, and consult your own interests by examining this Machine before you make your purchases for the season.

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SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.
Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.
Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.
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Billiard
TABLE
MANUFACTORY.

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Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description.
All goods sold are warranted.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CHARLES MITCHELL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Charles Mitchell deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.
Dated April 11th, 1867.
WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of Charles Mitchell, deceased. ap13-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF LUDWIG IGEL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of LUDWIG IGEL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated April 11th, 1867.
WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Ludwig Igel, deceased. ap13 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB R. MAYER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Jacob R. Mayer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his place of business, No. 523 Montgomery street, San Francisco.
Dated April 13th, A. D. 1867.
A. W. BOWMAN,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Jacob R. Mayer, deceased. ap13 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ROBERT CARTER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratix of the estate of Robert Carter, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratix, at the place of transaction of her business, at the office of her attorney, John F. Finn, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.
GRACE CARTER,
Administratix of the Estate of Robert Carter, deceased.
Dated April 12, 1867. ap13 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF FRANCIS S. WOOD, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against FRANCIS S. WOOD, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undereigned, JOHN G. HODGE, at Nos. 418 and 420 Clay street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
Dated April 6th, 1867.
JOHN G. HODGE,
Administrator with the will annexed of Francis S. Wood, deceased. ap6-5w

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CITY AND COUNTY OF San Francisco. In the Probate Court.
In the matter of the estate of THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased.
Order of Publication on application for order of sale.
On reading and filing the petition of William A. Quarles, administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.
It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 20th day of May, 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated April 17th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.
Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court, this 19th day of April, A. D. 1867.
[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]
WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Petitioner. ap20-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Breeze, the Administrator of the estate of THOMAS KEENAN, deceased, praying for an order for the sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts of the deceased and the charges and expenses of admiuistration;
It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;
And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated March 29th, 1867.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Adm'r. mh30 5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by J. W Brumagim, the Administrator of the estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration;
It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 6th day of May, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;
And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated April 5th, 1867. ap6-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF HORACE COLE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of HORACE COLE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within nine months and twenty-one days after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator with the will annexed, at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.
Dated April 4th, 1867.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Horace Cole, deceased. ap6-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN J. TAYSEN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned. Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN J. TAYSEN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the store of A. Crawford, No. 27 Market street, San Francisco, that being the place of the transaction of business by said Executors of said estate.
A. CRAWFORD, } Executors.
D. N LUNDT, }
Dated March 30th, 1867. mh30-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY A WALSH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at at the office of Crane & Boyd, Attorneys at Law, in the city and county of San Francisco, the place of his transaction of business.
Dated at San Francisco, March 25th, 1867.
JOHN TOWNSEND,
Administrator of Estate of Mary A. Walsh, deceased.
Crane & Boyd, Att'ys, S. W. cor. Clay and Montgomery streets. mh30-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate left unadministered of THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator as aforesaid at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.
Dated April 12th, A. D. 1867.
WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of Thomas A. Kimball, deceased.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Administrator. ap13-5t.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.
The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No. 5 of the 100-vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.
And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.
Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven
WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of JOHN P. HILL, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Michael Lynch, the Administrator of the estate of JOHN P. HILL, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration;
It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;
And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30-5w
R. W. HENT, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of JAMES EDWIN REAS, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of James Edwin Reas, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell a portion, and would be most for the interest of all concerned to sell the whole of the real estate to pay the family allowance, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration;
It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of April, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;
And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated March 29th, 1867. mh30 5w

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARS. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

Last two representations of

BLACK CROOK!!!

Will be given at

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This Afternoon and Evening..April 27th,

—WITH—

MISS SALLIE HINCKLEY,
MISS ROSA SIEGRIST,
MISS EMMA MILES,

A full Corps de Ballet, and the Opera House Stock Company.

The Beautiful and Fascinating

HELEN WESTERN

Will appear on

MONDAY EVENING.....APRIL 29th.

In Buckstone's drama of the

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PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette.....50 | Upper Circle.....25

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ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

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New attractions are being constantly added.

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Admission 50 cents. Children under 12 years, half price.

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Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 16th, 1867.

☞**Major William Harney—Dear Sir:**—The undersigned, members of the San Francisco Bar, are informed that the present official incumbent of the office of County Clerk, Wm. Loewy, Esq. declines to be a candidate for another term. As members of a professiou at all times greatly dependent upon the County Clerk's Office for the efficient transaction of business and the protoction of the interests in our hands, we feel that for County Clerk of the City and County there is needed a man of integrity, industry, and experience in the manifold and often perplexing duties of that office. Believing you to be especially well qualified to succeed Mr. Loewy as County Clerk, we hereby request yon to allow your name to be used as candidate for the office referred to, und we fully endorse your claims to it as paramount to those of uny other person.

With respect, truly yours, etc.

Wm H L Barnes,	Hall McAllister,
Cutler McAllister,	S M Wilson,
A P Crittenden,	Crockett, Whiting & Naphtaly,
E B Mastick,	John B Felton,
H H Haight,	John H Saunders,
Edward J Pringle,	Daniel Rogers,
John T Doyle,	Robt C Rogers,
Crane & Boyd,	Thompson Campbell,
Sharp & Lloyd,	J D Hambleton,
Jarboe & Harrison,	Asher B Bates,
E R Carpentier,	Cobb & Tevis,
William Barber,	W W Cope,
William H Sharp,	Wm P Dangerfield,
John B Harmon,	J A Woodson.
Wm C Tompkins,	Gunnison & Beatty,
D P Belknap,	Wm D Piersou,
Jos W Winans,	Charles Wittram,
Sidney L Johnson,	Fredk Wittram,
Churles Sidney Johnson,	J W Brumagim,
Henry B Janes,	John L Love,
S W Holliday,	F E Felton,
Thomas B Bishop,	Theodore H Hittell,
Elisha Cook,	George E Whitney,
James D Thornton,	Clark Churchill,
T J Bergin,	S B Axtell,
Walter Van Dyke,	Wm Hayes,
Henry E Highton,	A N Drown,
Churles McC Delaney,	E A Lawrence,
Campbell, Fox & Campbell,	E A McKinstry,
George G W Hoge,	Grey & Brandon,
C H Parker,	G Frank Smith,
Sydney V Smith,	Gregory Yale,
I N Thorne,	Delos Lake,
James Mee,	P G Buchan,
M H Myrick,	Wm H Culver,
A Williams,	N B Mulville,
J M Seawell,	J T Finn,
J C Stebbins,	George J Wight,
R G Rowley,	R A Redman,
J H Blood,	F A Fubens,
J B Manchester,	W C Burnett,
John Wade,	J H Wade,
F R Larkin,	R F Morrison,
James Nichols,	J P Dumeron,
C G Howard,	George Turner,
F M Smith,	W W Chipman,
R Guy McLellan,	George R Parburt,
Columbus Bartlett,	Edward MacKinley,
Earl Bartlett,	Edward P Bachelor,
H H Byrne,	W P. Moffat,
Frank Kennedy,	W Hastings,
Henry K Moore,	H J Howe,
James McCabe,	Hale Rix.
Washington Bartlett,	

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20th, 1867.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your valued favor of the 16th inst. I beg you to believe that I appreciate the high compliment you have paid me. None can understand better than you the responsible duties of the County Clerk of this City and County, and for that reason I feel the more satisfaction with the preference you have expressed that I should succeed Mr. William Loewy in the event of his declining again to be a candidate for the office referred to.

If my friends nominate me, and the people elect me, I shall be glad to be the next County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and will endeavor to fulfil your reasonable expectations.

Yours truly. &c.,
WILLIAM HARNEY.

To the Members of the San Francisco Bar.

D. A. MACDONALD, } { J. MCGILL,
J. H. MACDONALD, } { H. CHIPMAN.

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SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,

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Address in confidence, MADAME GERTRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, N. Y.

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and old, to great and to small;
The beauty which was once so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of order, by

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Excelsior! Excelsior!!

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HAIR EXERMINATOR, FOR REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

TO THE LADIES ESPECIALLY, THIS INVALUABLE depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensable article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same, leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of an order by

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Auburn, Golden, Flaxen and Silken Curls,

PRODUCED BY THE USE OF PROF. DE BREUX FRISER LE CHEVEUX.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address

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WARM SWIMMING BATHS!

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OPPOSITE WASHINGTON SQUARE.

J. M. NASH.....PROPRIETOR.

WARM AND COLD BATHS from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. daily, with every appliance usually connected with a well-ordered Gymnasium for the development of Health and Muscle.

The only Complete Swimming Bath on this Coast.

Another advantage connected with this establishment, not usually found in Swimming Baths, is, that the water is Continually Changing, Fresh Water running in and out Constantly.

Single Baths, including Towels and Bathing Dress. 25 cts
5 Bath Tickets, " " $1

Call and Try Them. The Kearny Street and Montgomery Street Cars pass the door *every five minutes.*

The Baths are reserved for Ladies every Wednesday, from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. Ladies to supply their own Bathing Dresses.

I will *guarantee* to impart a thorough *practical knowledge of Swimming in one month.* Terms for the Course, $10.

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Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc,

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Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

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REDUCED PRICES!

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Black Silks,
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Linen and Cotton Sheetings,
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Lace and Muslin Curtains,
Flannels and Blankets,
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Kid Gloves,
Cloth for Cloaks and Men's and Boys' Wear,
Cloaks, Basques, Mantillas and Shawls,
Hosiery, suitable for Men, Ladies and Children.

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615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

THE OPPOSITION STEAMSHIP

AMERICA

WILL SAIL

Saturday, April 27th,

AT 11 O'CLOCK, A. M.,

To connect with the Splendid New Steamship

NEVADA

FOR NEW YORK.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELLEN JENNER, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William A. Jenner, the Executor of the last will and testament of Ellen Jenner, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the heirs and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Ellen Jenner, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 3d day of June, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs and devisees of the said Ellen Jenner, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said third day of June, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated April 23d, A. D. 1867.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Att'y for Executor. ap27-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, William Rowan, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said William Rowan, at No 532 Merchant street, Room No. 3, in the City and County of San Francisco.

WM. ROWAN.
Administrator of the estate of Claude Jacquin, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, Aprd 26th, 1867. ap17-tf

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No 24. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 4, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Judge Deady and the Press; Ravages of a Bore, by Prentice; Art Notes, by Astræa; Literary Gleanings and Gossip. LION'S MOUTH: All About a Monkey. Horrors of the Telegraph; Butchers and Snobs: A Gloomy Corner; The Heathen Church of St. James; The "Bulletin" Annihilated, Dramatic Affairs, etc. SELECTED: Skirmishing in the Shenandoah; Wanted! New Poets; Marie Stewart; "Black Sheep." Poetry: A Dream Picture, by Charles Warren Stoddard.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale" IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

The Heathen Church of St. James.

If the *Daily Dispatch* of April 30th may be believed, the new church of St. James which was theretofore supposed by the public to be a Christian institution, is to be a sort of half-heathen, half-Christian establishment—a sort of compromise between heathenism and Christianity. The *Dispatch* tells us that there is in the chancel window a "pelican drawing blood from *his* breast to feed her offspring." Not to speak of the heathenism grammar, the pelican itself whether male or female is not a Christian bird. Then we are told that "on either side is a phœnix." Now a phœnix is most decidedly a heathen bird, a bird which has no right to spread itself in the chancel window of a Christian church. "Thus bad begins and worse remains behind." The *Dispatch* says:

"In the scene of the ascension are pictures of Mercury, who was first to know of her risen Lord, and the apostles who witnessed His glorious transfiguration."

A picture of Mercury is very much out of place in the chancel window of a Christian church. Mercury, the god of thieves, ought not to be introduced in a picture of the crucifixion even for the sake of the thieves crucified on the right hand and on the left. If the *Dispatch* means to insult Mary Magdalene by calling her "Mercury," we can only say that its conduct is indecent and reprehensible, and that even if Mary Magdalene *had* seven devils cast out of her, that is no reason why she should be insulted by the *Daily Dispatch* of San Francisco. We care little about the pelican, we could have passed over the phœnix in silence, but we cannot allow any newspaper to talk of Mercury in connection with Mary Magdalene, without entering a protest.

Reconciled to his Pilgrimage.

It is comforting to know that the reporter of the *Alta* is reconciled to his pilgrimage on this planet. He says in yesterday's paper:

"Last Sunday one of those happy little incidents took place, such as occasionally occur, as if to reconcile us to our pilgrimage on this planet, on the occasion of the presentation by the MacMahon Grenadier Guard of a full-rigged (miniature) propeller to their commander, General T. N. Cazneau, as a token of their appreciation of the services he has rendered them."

Now we believe in a merciful over ruling Providence, but we cannot believe that the MacMahon Grenadier Guard gave General Cazneau a toy boat in order that the reporter of the *Alta* might be reconciled to his pilgrimage on this planet. However, we are glad that he derived comfort from the occurrence, and trust that he may some day be cheered on his journey through this vale of tears by being himself presented with a little boat. As the next paragraph acknowledges the receipt of "A fine mess of trout, both large and small, caught in a neighboring county by a lady contributor," the reporter ought to be quite happy. When lady contributors are fishing for the reporters of the *Alta*, those hard worked gentlemen ought not to grumble about their pilgrimage on this planet.

Horrors of the Telegraph.

The telegraph is terribly short and rough-spoken—if not always plain-spoken—in its utterances. It too often blurts out to a wife, "your husband died to-day," without any accompanying words of condolence Telegraph condolence is expensive. In Thursday's *Bulletin* the following dispatch appeared:

"NEW YORK, May 1.—An old man, a patient at the Charity Hospital, had his eyes gouged out, and was then strangled by his attendant. The latter has been arrested."

This is very horrible. The San Francisco public could well have waited for a detailed account of this occurrence to reach them by mail. It was scarcely worth while to telegraph that an old man, a sick old man, a nameless old man who was an inmate of the Charity Hospital, had his eyes gouged out and was afterwards strangled on the first of May. It is to be hoped that the occurrence is one which does not frequently take place in the Charity Hospital, but its infrequency does not make it worthy of being telegraphed. It is some comfort after reading the above melancholy and horrifying dispatch to come upon the cheerful news, a little lower down in the column: "Plain mess-beef closed buoyant."

A Gloomy Corner.

The corner now occupied by the charred shell of the Cosmopolitan Hotel. It is, indeed, dreary and desolate. The main entrance, once ever resounding with the tread of passing feet, is closed and barred. The reading-room, dimly seen through the dust-stained, plate-glass windows, is no longer filled with strangers. The office, the heart of the immense caravansary, is silent. Bells no longer tingle. Waiters no more rush to and fro, or sit idly in the hall and scan us impertinently as we pass. Upstairs, the spacious halls are no longer filled with the sound of voices of children, romping and playing, or rustling silks. The shoulder straps, the Generals, the Colonels, the Majors, Judge This and Senator That have departed, and expose their boot soles, to the passer by, at the front windows of the Occidental. The ever-waiting coaches and carriages are gone. Above yawn rows of shivered and charred windows. What little is seen is but a glimpse of blackness and desolation, of scathed and blasted apartments, which in turn have been tenanted by many happy and, perchance, unhappy couples. Within these walls the mission of the generally inconvenient chambermaid is over. Her beds are burnt up. There are blackened shreds of lace curtains fluttering by the open windows. The crash of plates, the rattle of knives and forks no longer fill the dining-room. No appetizing sounds are heard. The dinner hour comes and goes, but there is no glare of gas, naught save pitchy darkness. The silent-footed, white-jacketed attendants trot about no more with savory dishes, neither gather they in groups enjoying moments of stolen gossip while in one corner of the apartment some anxious, angry and hungry guest swears internally at their sublime indifference to the pressing needs of his stomach. Fair women no longer sweep in and out, visiting the dining-hall ostensibly for gastronomical purposes, yet much more desiring to see and be seen. No more shrinkingly enters the country bride, catching her first and last glimpse of fashionable life at our fashionable hotel. There is no rattling and rolling of arriving and departing coaches to and from the river boats or the ocean steamers, nor strapping or unstrapping of opulent looking trunks, or the banging of the same on the sidewalk. The guests have all fled. There are no more board bills made out. The Fire King put up at the Cosmopolitan, and, although finally ejected, he left it a ruin!

Butchers and Snobs.

When Mr. McCoppin made a fool of himself last Monday, he said among other foolish things:

"He has been asked to classify his constituents into clean and unclean. To distinguish between the owners of clean shirts and greasy smocks. To choose between the honest butchers and their greasy palms and the snobs who claim superiority over them. According to the report of the gentleman who traveled up Brannan street when the sidewalks were undulating, he should discard those honest hard-working men for the sake of well dressed fops, who dipped their finger nails in scented water every morning before they said their prayers. He should not do it."

Now Mr. McCoppin's nose may possibly be a sufficiently well instructed nose, "to distinguish between the owners of clean shirts and greasy smocks;" but Mr. McCoppin will not—as long as he is a Supervisor, follow his nose. Of course, any man who claims superiority over an "honest butcher" with a "grensy palm"—or a bloody palm for that matter—is a snob. Then Mr. McCoppin repeats as if it were a fact, the *funny* lie concerning the reporter of the *Bulletin*—"the sidewalks were undulating"—and asks whether "he should discard these honest hard-working men for the sake of well dressed fops, who dipped their finger nails in scented water every morning before they said their prayers," and then boldly declared "he should not do it." It would, indeed, have been vile in Mr. McCoppin to have preferred gentlemen who washed their hands with bay rum or Florida water before saying their prayers, to his constituents who dipped their hands in blood and never said their prayers. There is manliness in a greasy palm, there is heroism in bloody hands, there is something grand in greasy smocks. If "well-dressed fops" don't like the smell of putrid blood, let them hold their aristocratic noses. Down with the clean-shirted sweet-scented aristocracy. The butchers are the true men of the country, heroes who are not a bit afraid to tackle the boldest sheep that ever baaed. The sports of ancient Rome are revived in Butchertown. The butchers are our only gentlemen.

The "Bulletin" Annihilated.

At the session of the intelligent Board of Supervisors on Monday, after Mr. Shrader, the butchers' champion, had in the most—not gentlemanly but—Supervisorlike manner, accused the reporter of the *Bulletin* of having been too drunk to walk straight on the occasion when he visited the filthy slaughter houses at the Potrero, Mr. McCoppin took up the cudgel, or the pole ax, for the butchers. He said.

"If the *Bulletin* had not been annihilated that night by Mr. Tittel (Mr. Tittel had blackguarded the *Bulletin* for its very just remarks on his expensive building contracts), he might have something to say about the slur upon a portion of his constituents (the butchers.) If that unfortunate paper was not demolished altogether by the scathing eloquence of the gentleman for the Eighth, (it was not), if it did come out to-morrow, (it did), it would surely be in a mangled form," (it wasn't.) All the brick layers, all the butchers, and all the Supervisors cannot annihilate the *Bulletin*, but they all have the privilege of talking nousense and swearing at it.

All about a Monkey.

While at North Beach a few days since, studying natural history at the free menagerie, we beheld a break in the usual routine of the imprisoned bipeds and quadrupeds. One of the long limbed, long tailed, ring-tailed monkeys worked himself free of his fetters. Finding himself at liberty, his first action was to make a dash at the apple stand and seize an apple. Then he commenced his flight, holding the apple in one claw and making use of the other three as propelling agents. We beheld and admired the foresight and sagacity of that caricature, and perhaps descendant of the originators of humanity. Why, on finding himself free, did he not use all his power and time in getting away? Was it not that reason or instinct taught him that he might need provisions for the long journey to that tropical clime whither he would return? So we argued as we watched him running up the street, taking an occasional bite at the forbidden fruit. We wished he might get away. All our sympathies were with our apple snatching friend. What a fine time he would have had roaming at large over the city, peeping in at garret dormitories, terrifying young men and maidens, giving rise to suspicions of burglaries, foraging in neglected cupboards, rushing along housetops at night, imagined to be a somnambulistic acrobat, and ascending telegraph poles by the light of a waning moon, looking like Puck at work with his girdle.

But this was not to be. This apple proved too great a temptation. He stopped to eat it. He was cornered, caught, and ignominiously dragged back. When thus on his way to prison, he looked neither to the right or left; he seemed neither dejected or downfallen, but gave himself up entirely to the eating of the purloined fruit. The little monkeys and the big monkeys all stood erect and chattered as their brother was brought back to slavery. Even the bears aroused from their usual apathy, regarded him with as much interest as a bear can regard anything, except cake, peanuts, apples and other delicacies. But he didn't care. He didn't seem to regard himself as a martyr, or an unfortunate, on his way to chains and slavery. He devoted himself entirely to the apple. He acted like a philosopher. He had failed to escape, but the apple was left, and he would make the most of that before his angry keeper deprived him of it A man under such circumstances would have looked around and courted sympathy from the bystanders, by putting on an air of suffering, patient resignation. Not he. Figuratively his actions said, "I have failed in this attempt to escape. Better trick next time. The apple is still left however. Let us make the most of the present. Man is inhuman and revengeful. He may take from me this fruit or what is left of it. It is good. Things might be worse. There may be other chances for escape." We admired the wisdom of our ring-tailed friend, and departed amused and instructed by his example.

Struggling to Attain Respectability

The editors of the *Flag* strive hard to convince the public that they are really esteemed by some people. When little girls send them nosegays they publish acknowledgements, and when they are invited to picnics they inform the public of the fact. Yesterday they made the following formal announcement:

"The editors of this paper hereby make known that they have received an invitation to be present at the picnic of the Rincon Girl's Grammar School, which is to occur to-day, at the grounds of the Company on the Encinal."

That's right. When the editors of the *Flag* are invited into respectable society they should "make known that they have received an invitation."

Idiotic Telegram.

The trifling and idiotic tendency of the age is more than ever evinced by a recent dispatch from Portland, Oregon, published in all the city dailies to the effect that on Saturday morning, April 27th, at two A. M., a man was found on the steps of the Methodist Church in a somnambulistic state, nude with the exception of his bare shirt. "When awakened he ran like a deer up Taylor street, and disappeared." He might more properly have run for a tailor than for Taylor street. But seriously was it for the transmission of such intelligence as this that Morse caught and harnassed the lightning?

The Right to Labor.

The liberal minded working men of Chicago have decided that if a man in that city persists in attempting to work more than eight hours a day, he must be prevented from doing so by force. Many hundreds have given up their rights to labor, and do not intend to work even one hour a day; but expect to eat at the expense of their strong minded fellow-citizens who have expressed so much interest in their bodily welfare.

High-menial.

An interior paper has the following item:

"To those who would witness the interesting ceremony of tying the hymenial knot will attend at the Episcopal Church this morning at 6 o'clock precisely."

A notification of the *untying* of the hymenial knot would fill the Episcopal Church at three o'clock in the morning.

The Cause.

The *Bulletin* is active and energetic for the purification of the city from foul atmospheres arising from bone boiling and slaughtering establishments. It first awoke to a realization of the advantages of pure air on the removal of the ancient but pungent pile which so long blockaded Merchant street.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XIV.—"INFORMATION RECEIVED."

WHEN George Dallas knew that his meeting with Clare Carruthers was imminent, he told his uncle one of the two circumstances of his life which he had hitherto concealed from him. As George expected, Mr. Felton received the communication with some seriousness "A little while ago, George," he said, "this might have upset the new and good understanding happily established between Mr. Carruthers and yourself, but I am in hopes it will not do so now. I think the old gentleman's nature is fine and forgiving when one gets beneath the crust, and I am not afraid now. The chance of seeing the young lady, not in his presence, for the first time—that would have been awkward and dangerous indeed—is most fortunate. You must make your peace with her in the first instance."

When Mr. Felton had left George alone at Sir Thomas Boldero's house, he had done so with intention, and without any purpose of returning. "Meet me at my rooms afterward," he had said to George. "And tell Miss Carruthers I will take leave to call on her at Mrs. Stanhope's this afternoon." George agreed, promising that he must look in at *The Mercury* office first, but would then be at his uncle's service. Left alone, he had applied himself, in a condition of extreme mental discomposure, to thinking of what he should say to Clare, and how he should say it. He had almost arranged a satisfactory programme before she came; after—well, after—he did not speak or look in the least like what he had intended, and if any one had asked him for an account of their interview (which no one did, it was destined to be utterly forgotten and overwhelmed in the tide of events), he would have been quite incapable of satisfying the demand.

The interview lasted long, and when, at its close, George Dallas put Clare Carruthers into her cousin's carriage, her face was closely veiled, and the little hand which lingered in his had not yet done trembling. As he stood on the doorstep and watched the carriage out of sight, the young man's face was pale and agitated, but full of deep and sacred happiness too. An expression of resolve and hope, of courage and power, was upon his features, such as they had never before worn. Had he recalled the resolution he had taken for the time when Clare Carruthers should know Paul Ward as George Dallas, and had he renewed it, with fresh heart and energy, not unaided now by circumstances, not frowned upon by fate, no longer friendless? However that may have been, he carried a humbled and grateful heart with him, and felt himself a widely different man as he entered the dingy precincts of *The Mercury* office, to what he had been the last time he had crossed that threshold.

Mr. Cunningham was "in," and not only could see George, but was particularly anxious to see him.

"I was just writing to you, old fellow," he said, leaving off shaking hands with George, and beginning to tear up a brief and scrawly manuscript on flimsy which lay before him. "You have come in time to save me trouble and fourpence sterling."

"Anything about the business I wrote to you about?" asked George.

"Just that, sir. Of course I attended to it at once, and put Tatlow on to it on your account. They're said to be cautious chaps, the detectives, and of course it wouldn't pay for them to be said to be anything else; but I'm hanged if I ever believed it before. You may talk of depth, but Tatlow's unfathomable. Has the job from you, sir, per medium of your humble servant, and flatly declines to report progress to me; goes in for doing business only with the principal, and when he comes to me not a word can I get out of him, except that he must know the address of a certain individual named Paul Ward."

"Paul Ward!" exclaimed George.

"Yes, Paul Ward! Great fun, isn't it, George? And I really could not resist the joke of quizzing the detective a little bit. I was immensely tickled at the idea of your employing the man, and his looking after you. So I told him I knew Mr. Dallas was acquainted with a gentleman of that name, and could give him all the information he required."

George could not laugh, but he tried to smile. Nothing could lend the subject of his uncle's suspense and anxiety even a collaterally amusing effect for him, and this statement puzzled him.

"What on earth can I have to do with the matter?" he said. "The man must be traveling very far indeed out of the right tracks. No one in the world, as it is pretty plain, can be more ignorant of Felton's affairs than I am. He must be on a totally wrong scent; and if he has blundered in this way, it is only waste of time and money to employ him."

"Well," said Cunningham, a little disappointed that George did not enjoy the keenness of the capital joke as much as he did, "you must settled all that with him yourself, and find out from him, if you can,—and, by Jove, I doubt it,—how Paul Ward has got mixed up in your cousin's affairs (if he has got mixed up in them,—and, mind, I don't feel sure even of that,—he certainly did not say so) without your being a party to the transaction. I just gave Tatlow your address in Piccadilly, and told him you'd be there in a day or two."

"What did he say?" asked George, whose sense of mystification was increasing.

"Said he should call every day until you arrived,—no doubt he has been there to-day, or you'll find him there when you get home,—and disappeared, having got all the information I chose to give him, but not what he wanted; which is, I take it, the correct thing to do to a detective who observes the laws of discretion too absolutely."

Cunningham was laughing his jolly laugh, and George was wondering what Tatlow meant, when the entrance of a third individual on office business interrupted the friend's talk. George took leave, and went down stairs. Arrived at the door, he stopped, ran up the first flight of dirty stairs again, and turned into a small room, dimly lighted by a dirty skylight, to the right of the first landing. In this sanctuary, strong smelling of dust, size, and printer's ink, lay files, bound and unbound, of *The Mercury*. A heavy volume was open on the clumsy thick-legged table which filled up the centre of the room. It contained the files of the newspaper for the first half of the current year.

"Let me see," said George, "she was not quite sure about the 22d; but it must have been about that date."

Then he turned the leaves, and scanned the columns of advertisements, until he found in one the warning which Clara Carruthers had sent to Paul Ward. His eyes filled with tears as he read it. He called up one of the office people, and had a copy of the paper of that date looked for, out of which he carefully cut the advertisement, and consigned it to the keeping of the pocket-book which he always carried about him. He placed the little slip of printed paper in the same compartment in which Clara Carruthers' unconscious gift had so long lain hidden. As George threw open the doors of the hansom in which he had been driven from *The Mercury* office to Piccadilly, Jim Swain came to the wheel, and, touching his tousled head, asked if he might speak to him.

"Certainly," said George, getting out; "any message from Mr. Routh?"

"No, sir," said Jim, "it's not; it's something very particular, as I 'ad to say to you this long time. It ain't rightly about myself—and—"

"Never mind, Jim; you can tell me all about it in the house," said George, cheerily. "Come along." He opened the door with his key, and let himself and Jim into the hall. But there Mr. Felton met him, his face grave and careworn, and, as George saw in a minute, with some additional lines of trouble in it.

"I'm so glad you have come, George. I found letters here when I got back."

"Letters from New York?"

"Yes."

George left Jim standing on the mat, going with his uncle into the room he had just left.

Mr. James Swain, who was accustomed to pass a good deal of his life in waiting about on steps, in passages, at horses' heads, and occasionally in kitchens, and to whom the comfortable hall of the house in Piccadilly presented itself as an agreeable temporary abode, considered it advisable to sit down and attend the leisure of Mr. Dallas. He had been for some minutes engaged, partly in thinking what he should say to Mr. Dallas, partly in counting the squares in the tiles which floored the hall, hearing all the while a subdued sound of voices from the adjoining room, when a strange sort of cry reached his ears. He started up, and listened intently. The cry was not repeated; but in a few moments Mr. Felton came into the hall, looking frightened, and called loudly down the lower staircase for assistance. Two servants, a man and a woman, came quickly, and in the mean time Jim looked in at the open door. In another minute they were all in the dining-room in a confused group, gathered round an arm-chair, in which was lying the insensible, death-like figure of George Dallas, his collar and necktie torn off, his waistcoat open, several letters on the table before him, and a card on the floor at his feet.

It was a very complete and dead swoon, and there was no explanation of it; none to be given to the servants, at least. Jim Swain did not touch George,—he only looked on; and as, at the suggestion of the woman, they opened the window, and pushed the chair on which George was lying within the current of air, he picked up the card, over which one of the castors had passed. It was a small photographic portrait. The boy looked at it, and recognized, with surprise, that it was the likeness of Mr. Deane,—that it was a fac-simile of a portrait he had looked at and handled a very little while ago. He put it down upon the table, and made to Mr. Felton the business-like suggestion that a doctor had better be sent for, and he had better be sent to fetch him, which was immediately acceded to.

When Jim returned, bringing with him a general practitioner, he was told that Mr. Dallas had "come to," but was "uncommon weak and confused, and crying like a child when he wasn't shivering," so that Jim felt his chances of an interview were small indeed.

"I can't see him, of course, and I wanted to most partic'lar. He brought me in hisself."

"Yes, yes, I know," said the male domestic, with importance; "but you can't see him, and there's no good in your waiting about here. Look around at eleven to-morrow, and I'll see what can be done for you."

Jim had nothing for it but to go disconsolately away. So he went.

While George Dallas and Clara Carruthers were talking together at Sir Thomas Boldero's house in Chesham Place, while the hours—never to be forgotten by either—were passing over them, the same hours were witnessing an interview not less momentous for Harriet Routh and her beautiful foe.

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge was ready to receive her visitor; and as her coquetry and vanity were omnivorous, much as she despised women, and sincerely as she enjoyed the knowledge of her power to make most of them envious and miserable, she had dressed herself very carefully. She was just a little bored by her present mode of existence. Routh could not be much with her; and though she had brought herself to believe that she really did feel an absorbing passion for him, somehow or other it left a good deal of her thoughts and her time unabsorbed, and she did not exactly know how to dispose of either. The romance of this kind of incognito life was all very well in its way, which was a pleasant way, and as far as it went, which certainly was very far, but not quite far enough. And she did get horribly bored, there was no denying it. When Routh's daily letter had been read—for she exacted that of him, of him who hated letter-writing, and whose hard actuality of nature needed all the incitement of her beauty, her coquetry, and her artfulness to rouse him to sentiment and give his language the eloquence of love,—she had nothing but novels to fall back upon, and the vague prospect of a supplementary note or two, or trying on a new dress, or thinking what theater she would go to, or what direction her afternoon drive should take. She was glad of the chance of seeing a new face, though it was only a woman's; and then the reason for receiving her was so sound, it was impossible Routh could object. Indeed, she could not see the force of his objections to her going out more, and seeing people in general; it could not matter now, and would sound better hereafter than this hidden residence in London; however, it could not last long, and it was very romantic, very.

No. 4 Hollington Square was one of those London houses which every one knows, furnished for people who takes houses for the season, prettily flimsily, sparingly, a house which tenants with money and taste could make very striking and attractive, which tenants without money and taste would find very tolerable in its original condition. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge possessed both, and as she made it a rule to have every advantage procurable by the use of either, the drawing-room in which she awaited the coming of her visitor was as pretty and coquettish a room as could easily have been seen. She had chosen a becoming costume, and an equally becoming attitude; and she looked beautiful indeed, in her rich morning-dress of black silk, faced with rose-colored satin and costly lace. The masses of her dark hair were coiled smoothly round her head, her white arms were without a jewel to turn the eye from their shapely beauty. She glanced at one of the many mirrors in the room as the page announced "a lady," and felt perfectly satisfied.

The room was long and narrow, though not large; and as Harriet walked from the door to the hearth-rug on which Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge stood, having gracefully risen in an attitude especially intended for her visitor's admiration, that lady had time to observe her appearance, and to experience a certain vague sense of discomfort not altogether unlike alarm. She saw a face which she remembered, but with which she could not connect any distinct recollection; a pale, fair, determined face, with smooth light-brown hair framing a broad, low brow, with keen, piercing blue eyes, which looked steadily at her, and never dropped their fine fringed lids, blue eyes in which power, will, and knowledge dwelt, as the shallow-souled woman they looked at, and through, felt, but did not understand. A face, so fixed in its expression of irremediable woe, a face so lost with all its self-possession, so full of despair, with all its might of will, that a duller intellect than that of a meager-brained woman must have recognized a story in it such as happily few human beings have to tell or to conceal. Harriet did not speak, or make any sign of salutation; but when she had quite reached her, Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge recovered herself, and said, with all her accustomed grace:

"I am so much obliged to you for calling. Pray take a seat. I think I know to what I am indebted for the pleasure of your

visit;" and then she sank gracefully back into her low chair, and smiled her very best smile. The very best of those suited to the feminine capacity, of course. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had quite a different set of smiles for men.

"I am quite sure you do not," said Harriet, in a low, firm voice, and without availing herself of the invitation to be seated. "I am quite sure you have no notion of my business here. You shall know it; it is important, but brief."

"Madam," said the other, sitting upright, and turning slightly pale. Harriet extended her hand with a gesture habitual to her, and said:

"Stay. You must hear me for your own sake. You will do well to hear me quietly, and to give me your very best attention. If I do not make the impression on you which I desire and intend to make, there is one other person beside myself who will suffer by my failure, and that person is you."

She dropped her hand and drew her breath. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge looked at her with frightened, distended eyes, speechless.

"You think I have come on a false pretext, and I have done so, to a certain extent. You lost an article of ornament or dress at Homberg?"

"I did—a locket," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge a little relieved, and glancing unconsciously toward her silver purse, which was at hand, and through whose meshes gold shone.

"I know, but I have not brought you your locket. You lost something else at Homberg, and I have brought it, to prove that you had better hear me, and that you must." And then Harriet laid upon the table, near by the side of the silver purse, a crushed and faded flower, whose rich, luscious blossom had been of the deepest crimson in the time of its bloom, when it had nestled against a woman's silken hair.

"What is it? What do you mean? Good God, who are you?" said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, shrinking back as Harriet made the one step necessary to enable her to reach the table.

"I am Stewart Routh's wife," she replied, slowly, and without changing her tone, or releasing the other woman from her steady gaze.

This time Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge sprang to her feet, with a face as white as death.

"Don't be frightened," said Harriet, with the faintest glimmer of a contemptous smile, which was the last expression having relation to Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, personally, that showed itself in her face, until the end. "I did not come here to inspire you with any fear of me; I did not come here on your account, or on mine; but for another motive."

"What, what is it?" said her hearer, nervously reseating herself.

"My husband's safety," said Harriet; and as she spoke the words, Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge felt that an illusion was rolled away from her forever. He belonged to this pale, stern woman, whose unsparing eyes were fixed upon her, whose unflattering voice had not a tone of doubt or weakness in it. In every line of her countenance was the assertion of her right, against which the other felt powerless, and in whose presence her self-confidence was utterly subdued.

Calm and still, Harriet Routh stood before her, her head bent forward, her hands clasped and pressed steadily against her waist.

"I have no time to lose," she said, "and the briefest explanation will, in this case, be the best. When that flower fell from your hair over the balcony at the Kursaal at Homburg, it fell at my feet. I was on the terrace beneath. If once, during the time you and he stood there, my husband had looked away from you and over the rail, he would have seen me. But he did not. I had come to that particular spot accidentally, though I was there that night because I suspected, because I knew, that he was there with you, and I would not condemn him unseen, unconvicted."

Cowering before her, her pale face in her shaking hands, the other woman listened.

"I heard all he said to you. Don't start; it was very pretty. I know it all by heart; every intonation, every hesitation—all the lying gamut from end to end. I heard all the story he told you of his marriage; every incident, every declaration, every sentiment, was a lie! He told you he had married a poor, passionate, silly girl, who had compromised herself through her undisciplined and unreturned love for him, for pity—for a man's pity for a woman. A lie. He told you his wife was an oddity, a nervous recluse, oblivious of all but her health and her valetudinarian fancies; that she had no love for him, or any one; no mind, no tastes, no individuality; that his life was a dreary one, and the oscillation of a heart which had never been hers toward so irresistible a woman as you (and he was right, so far; you are very, very beautiful. I saw that, and granted it to myself, at once), was no sin, no dishonesty, against her. All a lie. Look at me, if you have the little courage needed for looking at me, and tell me if it *could* be true!"

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge looked at her, but only to drop her head into her hands, and moan in the presence of the white face and the steady sparkling blue eyes.

"This was the lie he told you concerning me. The lie he told you about himself was more important in its results; and as it flattered you, of course you gave it ready credence. No doubt you believe it still, though you must know him better now. He told you a story of his misunderstood, undervalued life; of family pride, and grandeur, and wealth—of family ties severed in consequence of the charitable, chivalrous, self-sacrificing marriage he had made; of obscurity nobly born, and toil willingly encountered, of talents unremittingly exercised without fame or reward, of high aspirations and future possibilities, if only the agency of wealth and the incentive of *love* might be his. And this flimsy tale caught your fancy and your faith. It was so charming to fill the vacant place in the misunderstood man's life, so delightful to be at once queen and consoler, to supply all the deficiencies of this deplorable wife. It was just the programme to catch the fancy of a woman like you, beautiful, vain, and empty."

There was neither scorn nor anger in Harriet's voice; there was merely a dash of reflection, as if she had strayed for a moment from the track of her discourse.

"But it was all a lie," she went on. "His story of me, and his story of himself, were both equally false. Into the truth, as regards myself, I do not choose to enter. It is needless, and you are as incapable of understanding as you are indifferent to it. The truth about him I mean to tell you for his sake."

"Why?" stammered the listener.

"Because he is in danger, and I want to save him, because I love him—*him*, mind you, not the man you have fancied him, not the persuasive, bland lover you have found him, no doubt; for I conclude he has not changed the character he assumed that night upon the balcony; but the hard, the cruel, the desperate man he *is*. I tell you,"—she drew a little nearer, and again Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge shrank from her—"he is a swindler, a liar, and a thief; he has lived by such means for years, was living by them when he married me. They are failing him now, and he feels the game is up here. What his exact plan is, of course I do not know; but that it includes getting you and your fortune into his power I have no doubt."

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge shivered now under the unsparing gaze. If only this woman would turn her eyes away from her, she thought, in the midst of her fear and amazement—the eyes that pierced her, that suffocated her, like the gripe of a fierce hand upon her throat! She did not know his plan. No; but who could look at her and doubt that, if she chose to know it, she could force the information from her hearer? Who could listen to her cold, even tones, and dream of resisting their implacable power?

"Whatever his plan may be," Harriet continued, "he is entirely absorbed in it, and he is indifferent to all beside. Mind, I don't say you count for nothing in this: you are too vain to believe, I am too wise to say, anything of the kind. But your beauty, which he likes, would never have tempted him to an insane disregard of his safety, would never have kept him here when the merest prudence should have driven him far away. He wants you, but he wants your money more urgently and desperately. He needs time to win you and it, no matter how he means to do it, and time is what he has not to give, time is the one stake it is ruin to him to risk in this game. Do you hear me? Do you understand me?"

The blank, white face feebly looked a negative.

"No. Then I will put it more plainly. My husband, your lover, the man who is trying to ruin you in reputation, that he may have the power to ruin you in fortune, is in imminent danger. Flight, and flight alone, could save him; but he refuses to fly, because he will not leave *you*."

"What—what has he done?"

"He has been concerned in a robbery," said Harriet, with perfect composure, "and I know the police are on the right track, and will soon come up with him. But he is desperate, and refuses to go. I did not know why until yesterday, when I found you had followed him from Homburg—by arrangement, of course. Tush, woman! don't try to deny it. What does it matter to me? A lie more or less, a villany more or less, makes no difference in him for me; but I knew then why he was obstinately bent on waiting for his fate."

"I—I don't believe you," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge; and she half arose from her chair, and stretched her hand toward the bell. But Harriet stopped her by the lifting of a finger.

"O yes, you do," she said, "you believe me implicitly. You have been afraid of this man—even when he has flattered you, and won upon you most; you have never felt sure of him, and you know I am telling you the truth. But you are weak, and you would like to think you had not been quite so egregiously deceived. I cannot, for his sake, leave you this comfort. You lost a locket at Homberg—a golden egg-shaped toy—with two portraits in it, one of yourself, the other of a young man, a countryman of yours, an admirer. You prized the thing, you showed it to my husband, you talked of its value—is this true?"

"Yes, yes, it is true—what then?"

"This then: he stole that locket from you, as he sat by you, in your carriage, and talked sentiment and compliment to you. He stole the locket—it does not sound nice or heroic; he stole it, I tell you."

"Impossible—impossible!"

"Am I in the confidence of your mind? Do I know the contents of your jewel-case? But this is folly, this is tence; you know in your soul that I am telling you the truth. And now for the reason of my telling it. If you think I am a jealous woman, come here to expose my husband to my rival, and take him from her by even such desperate means, you make my task harder, by giving me blind folly to deal with. I came with no thought of myself or you; though I do indeed save you by coming, I have no care, no wish to do so; you are nothing to me but a danger in his path. That his safety will be yours too, is your fortune, not my doing. I care not, it might be your destruction, and it would be all one to me. I am not jealous of *you*; you are nothing to me, and he has long been lost to me. But he must not be lost to himself too, and for that I am here. I can do nothing with or for him more, but you can: he loves you, after his fashion, and you can save him."

"*I*—*I* save him—from what? how? what do you mean? If you have told me the truth, why should I, if I could?"

Calmly and contemplatively Harriet looked at her: calmly she said, as if to herself—

"And I am sure he thinks you love him! Wonderful, very wonderful! but," she went on, with quicker utterance, "that does not matter. You can save him. I will answer your last question first; to convince you that this *must* be done, for your own sake, will save time. You did not know his character until now, but I think you know something of his temper; I think you understand that he is a desperate man. Suppose you break with him now—and your mind has been made up to do that for several minutes—suppose you determine to save yourself from this swindler, this liar, this thief, to keep your character, and your money, and your beauty for a different fate, do you think he will let you go? How do you propose to escape him? You don't know. You are terribly frightened at the idea. I have come to tell you."

"You are a dreadful woman—you are a wicked, dreadful woman," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, with a moan.

"Yes," said Harriet, "I am a wicked, dreadful woman, but you need not fear me, though you have done me some wrong too, even according to your code, I think. Rouse yourself, and listen to me while I tell you what you must do."

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge tried to obey her; she shook back her hair which had fallen over her face, and looked up less scared, and more intelligent.

"If my husband has not left England by to-morrow," said Harriet with clear, distinct emphasis, "it will be too late to save him from the clutches of the law. Nothing will induce him to leave England while you remain here. What?" she said, with a sudden rush of burning red into her face and an indescribable fierce change of tone and manner. "What? You were going, were you—and together? Tell me instantly—instantly, I say—what is this I see in your face?"

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge caught at Harriet's gown, and stammered—

"Don't, Don't; I'll tell you."

"Do you think I am going to strike you or kill you; do you think I would touch you with one finger?" said Harriet, in her former tone, and drawing her dress from the woman's grasp with a quiet determined movement. "Tell me instantly, and don't fear. You were going away—and together? Where were you going, and when?"

"To New York—on Saturday."

Harriet Routh turned abruptly from her, and for one minute's duration of awful silence her face was hidden. Then, with a sound like a sigh and a sob, but such a sound as the listener had never heard before, she resumed her former position. The other dared not look at her for many minutes. When she did, Harriet's face fixed itself forever on her memory as the ideal of the face of one who had died of sheer pain.

"Thank you. The acknowledgment at least is brave and true, and makes the rest easy. Am I to conclude you do not wish to carry out this arrangement?"

"O no, no. For God's sake, save me!"

"In saving *him*. Yes. You must leave England to-night, and he must follow you to-morrow. Don't be frightened; I said follow, not meet you. You must really go. No pretence will avail. He could not be deceived in this. You must cross the channel to-night, and telegraph to him to-morrow from some French town, which you can leave on the instant, if you choose. This is your own affair. You may return to England to-morrow night, if you please, and reach Liverpool in time to sail for New York on Saturday. Thus you will escape him, and be free. He will not follow you against your will to New York, where you are protected by your friends and your position. You have but to write and forbid his doing so."

"I think—I think I understand you," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, in a voice full of submission and entreaty; "but how am I to account for going away?"

"At what hour do you expect him here to-day?" asked Harriet, in a business like tone, without noticing the question.

"At nine in the evening."

"It is now nearly three. The tidal train for Folkstone starts at six. Your arrangements for next Saturday are all made, of course?"

"They are." Wonder and fear, and a strange sense of dependence on this dreadful woman, were growing on Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge with every moment.

"Then all is easy—if you can trust your maid."

"I can, implicitly; but what must she do?"

"Settle everything here, and take your luggage to Liverpool. You will not be able to make an hour's delay on your return; you must go straight through. You must travel without a servant for once—no—take your page; he is better out of the way—"

"I will do as you tell me; but you have not said how I am to account for going."

"No," said Harriet, absently; "but that will be easy. He will think you a fool, and easily frightened, but your vanity must bear that—it's not a heavy price to pay for safety."

There was a pretty writing-table in the room, covered with elegant trifles. Harriet approached it, and opened a blotting-book. Some sheets of thick perfumed paper, with dainty monogram and motto, lay within it. On one of them she wrote as follows:

"All is discovered. Your wife has been here, and has terrified me by her threats. Our scheme must be abandoned. I cannot stay an hour here, not even to consult you; I am in fear of my life. Come to me at once, to Amiens. I leave to-night, and will telegraph from thence. If you do not join me on Saturday morning, I will conclude you have given me up."

She rose, and desired Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge to take her place.

"Copy that," she said, briefly; but before the other took up the pen, she read the lines, and exclaimed:

"I dare not—I dare not; he will kill you."

"That is *my* business," said Harriet, fiercely. "Write."

She copied the letter slowly, and trembled as she wrote, folded, sealed, and directed it.

"When is it to be sent?"

"When I have seen you off. I will take care he receives it," said Harriet, as she put it in her pocket. "Now go and give your directions, and make your preparations."

They looked at each other for a moment, and Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge left the room without another word. When she was alone, Harriet sat down by the table wearily, and covered her face with her hands. Time went on, but she did not move. Servants came in and went out of the room, but she took no notice. At length, Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge entered in traveling dress, and with a paler face than any mirror she had ever looked into had ever reflected. At the same moment a carriage came to the door.

"You are quite ready?"

"I am."

"It is time to go."

"Let us go. One minute. Mrs. Routh, I—I don't think I quite knew what I was doing. Can you forgive me?" She half extended her hand, then drew it back, as she looked into Harriet's marble face.

"Forgive you! What do you mean? You are nothing to me, woman; or, if anything, only the executioner of a sentence, independent of you."

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge did not attempt to speak again. As they went out of the door, a telegram was handed to her. It was from Routh:

"Impossible to see you to-night. Letter by post."

She handed the paper silently to Harriet, who read it, and said nothing until they were seated in the carriage.

"Does that make any difference?" then asked Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, timidly.

To *you*, none. Possibly it may to me; he need not know so soon."

Not another word was spoken between them. Harriet stood on the platform at the railway station until the train moved off, and as Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge caught the last glimpse of her stern white face, she threw herself back in the carriage, in which she was fortunately alone, in an hysterical agony of tears.

Routh did not come home that night; he sent a message that business detained him in the city, and that he wished his letters and some clothes sent to him in the morning.

"This is well," said Harriet; "he is making his preparations, and he does not wish to see me before he must. The night can hardly pass without my hearing or seeing George."

Late that evening Harriet posted the letter which Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had written. But the evening and the night passed, and George Dallas did not come or send. The hours were full of the agony of suspense for Harriet. They brought another kind of suffering to Mr. Felton and his nephew.

At eight o'clock that evening, George Dallas, alias Paul Ward, as the police phrase had it, was arrested at Mr. Felton's lodgings, charged with the murder of Mr. Felton's son. George's agent had done his work well, and the notes changed at Amsterdam, which the old bookseller's death had released from their hiding-place and put in circulation, had furnished the clew to Mr. Tatlow's initials; they had been paid to him by the Liverpool Bank; they were indorsed in full, with date too, by Paul Ward.

"And in case," said Mr. Tatlow, who had a turn for quotation, "neater, completer, in every feater, I don't think I ever was in."

(*To be Continued.*)

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

IN one of its March issues, the New York *Nation* while reviewing Whittier's "Tent On the Beach" stated, as an inference from certain lines of the poem, that Whittier seemed to regret the time and energy which he had expended in his work as a reformer, and to wish that he had devoted himself more exclusively to literature. This supposed regret of the poet is not shared by his critic, who says:

"We are glad, then, and we think the poet not unfortunate, but fortunate, that in the anti-slavery cause he found a theme to rouse into fervor his moral feelings; and that now in his age, when memory can aid his powers with the charm she is able to fling over the past, he has had time to write for us his beautiful "Snow-Bound," a poem the secret of whose beauty lies partly in the faithfulness with which the details of the farm-house life are drawn, and partly in the soft and tender lights which memory throws over the picture. For thus while doing most for man, he has done best for himself."

In the following very characteristic letter to the editors of the *Nation*, the Quaker poet repudiates the idea that he ever for an instant experienced the feeling attributed to him by his critic:

"*To the Editor of The Nation:*

"I am very well aware that merely personal explanations are not likely to be as interesting to the public as to the parties concerned; but I am induced to notice what is either a misconception on thy part, or, as is most probable, a failure on my own part to make myself clearly understood. In the review of "The Tent on the Bench," in thy paper of last week, I confess I was not a little surprised to find myself represented as regretting my life-long and active participation in the great conflict which has ended in the emancipation of the slave, and that I had not devoted myself to purely literary pursuits. In the half-playful lines upon which this statement is founded, if I did not feel at liberty to boast of my anti-slavery labors and magnify my editorial profession, I certainly did not mean to underrate them or express the shadow of a regret that they had occupied so large a share of my time and thought. The simple fact is that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Divine Providence that so early called my attention to the interests of humanity, saving me from the poor ambitions and miserable jealousies of a selfish pursuit of literary reputation. Up to a comparatively recent period my literary writings have been simply episodical, something apart from the real object and aim of my life, and whatever of favor they have found with the public has come to me as a grateful surprise rather than as an expected reward. As I have never staked all upon the chances of authorship, I have been spared the pain of disappointment and the temptation to envy those who, as men of letters, deservedly occupy a higher place in the popular estimation than I have ever aspired to.

"Truly thy friend,

"JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"AMESBURY, 9th Third Month, 1867."

Our American critics seem to have taken courage to speak out in a less uncertain tone touching the merits of Artemus Ward as a humorist, since his hearty endorsement in England. His premature death may also have something to do with this fuller acknowledgement of his literary merits. We hear but little now, of that small and literal criticism, that judged the quality of his humor by such a senseless standard as its mere form, and that affected so lofty a contempt for all that class of writers who with malice prepense take liberties with the alphabet,—a class by the way, which these fastidious conservators of the dignities should remember, includes Dickens, Thackeray, and Hood, as well as Lowell, Ward, and Nasby. Not only did our humorist meet with more thorough appreciation in England than he found at home—we speak of the higher literary circles in both countries, for though our indigenous critical oracles feared to compromise themselves by any praise of him that was not dashed with a spice of condescending patronage and pretty evenly balanced by qualifying clauses—but he seems during his short stay in London to have made many warm personal friends, among the higher social circles.

His funeral was attended by most of the principal London literati, by the Savage Club, of which he had been chosen an honorary member, and by a large number of gentlemen connected with the Press. A London paper says that as the coffin was lowered into the grave, "a number of ladies closed around it and showered beautiful flowers" upon it; also that as many as 2,000 persons were in the cemetery, of whom a large number were ladies.

The only poetical tribute to the memory of the deceased, that we have seen, is also of English origin. It is from the London *Spectator*, and is so perfect an imitation of the peculiar rhythm and accentuation Swinburne's *Dolores*, that but for the initials attached to it, one might infer that it was from his pen;

ARTEMUS WARD.

I.

Is he gone to the land of no laughter,
This man that made mirth for us all?
Proves death but a silence hereafter
From the sounds that delight or appall?
Once closed, have the lips no more duty,
No more pleasure the exquisite ears;
Has the heart o'erflowing with beauty,
As the eyes have with tears.

II.

Nay, if aught be sure, what can be surer
Than that Earth's good decays not with Earth?
And of all the heart's springs none are purer
Than the springs of the fountains of Mirth,
He that sounds them, has pierced the heart's hollows,
The places where tears are and sleep;
For the foam-flakes that dance in life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep.

III.

He came with a heart full of gladness
From the glad-hearted world of the West—
Won our laughter, but not with mere madness,
Spake and joked with us, not in mere jest;
For the man in our heart, lingered after,
When the merriment died from our ears,
And those that were loudest in laughter
Are silent in tears.

J. R.

March 9.

AMERICAN MANNERS.

Of late years it has rather gone out of fashion to glorify ourselves on the score of the vast achievements (in so brief a period) of "American Literature." But the time when it would have cast a shade of suspicion upon a man's patriotism to doubt that Mrs. Sigourney was the greatest of female poets, or that the "Old Oaken Bucket," and Drake's "American Flag" were the finest lyrics in the language, is within memory of men yet living. In those days it would have been tantamount to treason to suggest that Miss Sedgewick, J. K. Paulding, Percival, and their contemporary writers were not embodments of the highest order of genius; and each of the score or so of "authors" that our country could boast loomed up in in the literary horizon with all the prominence of a feeble twinkler in a cloudless heaven, when "only one is shining in the sky." But with the dawning of a higher culture, and the elevation of our critical standard, we have given up bragging about our literature, and fallen back upon our clippers, our "free institutions," our inventions, the Mississippi River and Niagara Falls, in full confidence that here, at least, we are on safe rallying-ground, and can defy European competition. "American manners" too, have been insisted upon by divers of our more patriotic newspaper correspondents and writers for the periodicals, as furnishing a point for favorable comparison between ourselves and foreigners, more especially with the English. Mr. Geo. B. Woods, in a recent article in the New York *Leader*, intimates that this is in his opinion ground which it is rather indiscreet to take. He says:

"The observer of society who shuts himself up in his lodgings and gets his notions of life from day to day, and month to month, by taking in the *Daily Advertiser* and the *Atlantic*, may fondly cherish the belief that we are a well-bred people, and feel a wholesome indignation at the caricatures of Mr. Dickens and Mrs. Trollope, or a sincere rejoicing that the times when we were open to their criticisms have gone by forever. Our literature has grown, our artistic tastes have developed, our politics have become purified, many of our crudest characteristics have been toned down, in the last twenty years; but no one who goes about his kind can help seeing and lamenting that, however gratifying may be the culture of some cliques and the refinement of some communities, in the point of manners, we have advanced very little beyond the age when the acutest of modern observers could find no better national types than Elijah Pogram, Jefferson Brick and Hannibal Challop.

These gentlemen would tell us that this people, sir, have been too busy in extending our boundaries and our currency, settling our prairies and our Rebels, to attend to matters of such minor consequence as our manners. But the eloquence of Elijah Pogram cannot persuade us that this subject is of trivial importance; and the shrewdest thinkers realize that, not only in the estimation of foreigners who scrutinize us when they visit America and when we travel abroad, but in our own national self-respect and our progress toward that height of civilization and morality as a people which is our goal, this matter of manners is an element hardly second in importance to any other."

In regard to the illustration of the general lack of consideration for the privileges or the comfort of others, which may be nightly witnessed by a close observer, at any of our American places of amusement, the writer justly observes:

"At the loftiest tragedy or the rarest concert there is always a sufficient minority who forget the first of the virtues, and come straggling in with various degrees of tardiness to spoil the first portion of the programme as far as the majority are concerned; and always a larger proportion to join, from five to fifteen minutes before the close of the entertainment, the hideous stampede started by some acute observer who has detected the approach of the *denouement* and flees from it with his followers as from a pestilence. Then between these left and right wings of the army of the ill-bred who thus assault the enjoyment of their neighbors, there are always the couple who come to flirt and not to hear, the mother who brings her teething baby to the play and enjoys the performance through its cries with calm serenity, the man who has seen the play before and heralds every incident in trumpet whispers to an enduring companion, the man who hums and beats time to all the music, and the man who rises to a long struggle with a tight-fitting overcoat in the midst of a tableau which he hides from fifty pairs of interested eyes, when by waiting three minutes to the end of the act he would disturb nobody. The general submission to these outrages upon courtesy and the rights of the majority may indeed be adduced as a proof of the extreme politeness of the community; but there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and a simple and stinging rebuke to these violaters of the general comfort would be a good deed in the cause of manners, and in no way an offence against them."

THE "ARISTOCRATIC CLASSES" NO EXCEPTION.

This constant cropping out of American ill-breeding is not, Mr. Woods asserts, confined to any particular social grade. "Fashionable" audiences are as careless of others, as selfish, and as vulgar in their modes of exhibiting their selfishness, as those from whom such things might be more naturally expected. Indeed, he thinks that the manners of Japonicadom are, in some respects, more offensive than those of the classes that make no pretension to fashion or aristocracy. Many of our readers will probably be inclined to think that

Mr. Wood is yielding to a taste for the sensational in the following—especially in the statement in regard to Professor Blot, the Police, and the aristocratic ladies of New York :

"The audience at the opera or at one of Ristori's performances is guilty of as many violations of taste as the spectators of the *Black Crook*, and the most ill-mannered assemblage of people we have ever seen in Boston was made up of the *creme de la creme* of Cambridge and its dependencies, who had taken tickets by subscription to aid and compliment an amateur *protege*. Sex and position do not keep the skirts clear ; for M. Blot's first class here was formed of the choicest material, yet he was forced to contemplate *calling in the aid of a policeman to keep the ladies from devouring him instead of tasting his specimen dishes*, and from spoiling each other's dresses in their eagerness."

No class is exempt from this taint, according to the writer. It exhibits itself in our courts of law, our pulpits, our colleges, our halls of Legislation. It is "as uncommon to find a mistress who knows how to speak to a servant" as it is to find an "American or Irish servant who comprehends her own position." The *whole people* share the odium of this charge, and must bear it until "progress in civilization gives a right to repudiate it." This is very plain talk, and there is a vast deal of truth and good sense in it. Our gallant custom of vacating our seats in the railway cars for the accommodation of everything that wears crinoline, is by no means enough to constitute us a polite, well mannered people. But notwithstanding that most of Mr. Woods' points are well taken, as the lawyers say, it is fortunate that they do not come from a foreign observer of American society. There is nothing more exasperating or more offensive to the national vanity in Mrs. Trollope's book, or in the "American Notes," than several of the counts in Mr. Woods' indictment.

THE SINGLE EXCEPTION—THE NEGROES THE BEST MANNERED PORTION OF OUR POPULATION.

Our author, however, finds *one class* in America that constitutes an exception to the general rule, and this exception he thinks "sufficiently notable to be made and marked with emphasis." The exception he says, "Is in favor of that despised and wronged black race which through all its misfortunes and in spite of all its weakness has maintained a propriety of manners which might well furnish a lesson to those who detest and those who patronize it. Of course Cuffee would not shine in the drawing room, and Dinah might be as uncomfortable a neighbor at the opera as the fair damsel who knows how to flirt, but not how to whisper ; but these people have the rare faculty of preserving a bearing suitable to their place. The most amiable and stately lady may fail to elicit anything but surliness and impudence from Bridget ; but whoever knows how to treat her servant properly may be sure of respectful behavior from the black domestic, whether she comes from an apprenticeship of slavery or freedom. No other servants in America seem able to maintain their dignity without insolence, to obey orders implicitly without slavish subservience. The doubter need only go from one of our own hotels where colored waiters are employed to one where they are not, to perceive the contrast—a contrast so important and so material as to make all the difference between comfort and annoyance, between a repast eaten with a relish and a meal awaited with impatience and received with disgust."

MR. ABBOTT AT COURT.

The eastern journals, both literary and political, have been making themselves exceedingly merry over the figure cut by the Rev. Mr. Abbott, the Harper's own exclusive "historian," at the Court of Louis Napoleon. Mr. Abbott, it will be remembered, is the author of the series of papers constituting the literary curiosity published by the Harpers some years since with profuse pictorial illustrations on wood, under the title of "The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte." In this work, the Rev. Author did not seem to be so solicitous to exhibit in a striking light, the brilliant genius of his illustrious subject, as the loveliness of his moral character. Other historians had represented him as a great captain, entitled to rank with Hannibal and Cæsar ; but Mr. Abbott portrayed him rather as a philanthropist, a philosopher, and pretty nearly a saint, insomuch that the persons who should gather their ideas of the first Napoleon from the Harpers' Pictorial History, would most naturally associate him in their minds with Howard, or Montesquieu, or Fenelon, or rather with all of them, since Mr. Abbott's Napoleon is a many sided being who unites all forms and modes of greatness.

This book having proved a "great success," Mr. Abbott concluded to work the Napoleon vein a little farther. Accordingly he repaired to Paris, obtained an interview with the Emperor, told him that he, Abbott, designed to do him, the Emperor, the same justice before the world, that he had done his great kinsman in his former history. Louis Napoleon seemed pleased at the prospect of being canonized ; and he treated his American visitor with such distinguished consideration that the latter could not keep his amazing good fortune to himself. Accordingly he sat down, and wrote a full account of all the honors he had received at Court, to a friend in New Haven. The "friend" of course published the letter, and it is this that has furnished a text for the wits and satirists of the New York and Boston journals. The following from the *Tribune* may serve as a lively specimen of the style in which Mr. Abbott's tormentors are poking fun at him :

"It isn't every Yankee who can storm the doors of the Imperial palace, and intrench himself in the Imperial closet ; and it is a little queer that while the royal residence has been broken into oftener than any other human habitation in Paris, the person to break into it the most successfully should be an American clergyman. Other visitors in other times the august occupant of the hour would have kicked out, if he could; but our conquering compatriot was received, as he takes pains to inform us, 'with the most gratifying cordiality.' * * * The letter should have been published in *Harper's Magazine*, with pictorial illustrations. 'He received me by the fireside,' says Mr. Abbott, touchingly. A picture of the fireplace, with the great American upon one side and the great Frenchman upon the other, would have sold an enormous edition of the magazine. Considering all that they have done for Mr. Abbott, the Franklin square people have a reasonable right to complain that the Livy of their pages did not send the narrative directly to them ; and there is a pleasure in thinking that he has a more elaborate effort (with cuts) in reserve.

The first thing which His Imperial Majesty did after receiving Mr. Abbott, 'in one of the interior parlors of the palace,' was to thank him for writing the Life of Napoleon I., and 'for the justice done by my pen to the Emperor.' That so great a man should be obliged to wait for historical justice until the advent of so small a one, will remind the reader of the lion who was caught in a net, and of the mouse who liberated the mighty prisoner. * * * *

Mr. Abbott, being face to face with the Emperor, made a long speech, of which he inserts a report in his letter. The subject of this speech was the life and adventures of Louis Napoleon. 'When I reflect,' said Mr. Abbott, 'upon the birth of your Majesty in Paris,' etc., etc. The historian must have gone on reflecting for about half an hour. He reflected upon Strasbourg and Boulogne, upon the Castle of Ham, upon the Mexican question, and upon a number of other disagreeable subjects ; but the imperial host stood it all, apparently without irritation, and submitted to be soaped with the best possible grace ; nor does he appear to have winced even when Mr. Abbott most unnecessarily lugged in the *coup d' état* by the head and shoulders, and protested that it was beautiful. But this was not all. Being in for it, this Christain minister determined to go the entire animal. As he had swallowed so much, he made no bones of Mexico, vowed that it was a shame that the Mexicans would not submit to Maximilian, declared that his own Government 'had made a great mistake' in not lending moral support to the Empire, and then being seized by a spirit of prophecy, he predicted 'a state of chronic anarchy' into which these most unreasonable Mexicans must be plunged. Imperial Majesty listened and 'expressed his assent,' which was a very handsome thing to do. We wonder what he was thinking of when he expressed it ?"

A GREAT CHOCOLATE MANUFACTORY.—Messrs D. Ghirardelli & Co. have an extensive establishment for the manufacture of chocolate in this city, at Nos. 415 & 417 Jackson street, that is probably not surpassed in the completeness of its appointments and the excellence of the article manufactured, by any simular establishment in the world. All the processes by which the raw cocoa bean is transformed into chocolate ready for domestic use, are performed by machinery driven by steam, and it is curious and interesting sight to witness them. All these processes are conducted at this establishment, in the neatest manner conceivable, and the article of chocolate produced is much superior in purity and delicacy of flavor to any that is imported. Indeed, the quality of the article suffers by a sea voyage. The nuts used at this manufactory are the famous ones imported from Soconosco, the finest in the world. For cheaper kinds of chocolate, nuts from Nicaragua and Guayaquil are used. Messrs Ghirardelli also prepare a very superior article of coffee, put up in packages, which has only to be introduced into general use to acquire a great reputation with all consumers who can appreciate the difference between South American coffee, and pure old Java.

In the vaults of the extensive warehouse where the manufacture of chocolate and the preparation of coffee are carried on, is a wine cellar, containing some delicious varieties of wine not to be found elsewhere in this city ; among the rest, the famous Marsala brand, from Sicily, which combines the flavor of Sherry with that of Madeira, but is pronounced by connoisseurs superior to either.

Chocolate is the most healthful and nutritious of all beverages in use for the morning meal. Unlike tea and coffee, it does not affect the nerves injuriously, and it contains a large percentage of nutrition. In England it is rapidly becoming popular, and its more general use with us, as a substitute for coffee, would result in a vast diminution of the amount of nervous debility by which Americans are, above all other people, afflicted.

SICKNESS is an affliction that waits on us all. None are exempt and there none but need relief from its attacks. Whoever can furnish this becomes our benefactor. A conviction prevails that Dr. Ayer does it. Disorders of the blood have been healed by his Sarsaparilla, and affections of the lungs by his Cherry Pectoral, too frequently and too distinctly to be disputed. His Ague Cure is said, by those who use it, to never fail. Reader, if you must have medical aid, take the best of medicine. Poor remedies are dear as good are cheap, at any price you have to pay for them.—*Charleston Courier.*

BOXES.—One peculiarity of the trade of San Francisco, is the immense amount of boxes used for the packing of fruit, and in the various carrying demands of certain merchandise. We are informed that Hobbs, Gilmore & Co., who have for more than a dozen years past been extensively engaged in the manufacture of boxes, are now making over 50,000 boxes per month. This firm have always stood at the head of their branch of business, which has grown to be an enormous one.

POISON OAK.—The only reliable and certain cure for oak poisoning is by Dr. Bourne's method—practiced now during fourteen years. "Dr. Bourne's method," the greatest boon to those who suffer from this wretched disorder. Dr. Bourne does not intend to permit any "thimble-rigging" allopath or hydropth to rob him of the merit of the discovery and introduction of his only scientific mode of treating oak poisoning. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

MISS Helen Western made her *debut* at Maguire's Opera House, on Monday evening, before a large audience ; she chose to make her first appearance in the character of "Cynthia" in the play of the *Flowers of the Forest*. Miss Helen Western is decidedly handsome, and her figure is remarkably well-developed. Ever since her arrival in this city she has been suffering from a severe cold which causes her voice to sound harsh and inflexible. A cold, however, would not affect Miss Western's reading any more than a bad pen would serve as an apology for bad spelling, and I must say that this actress read all the parts which she has as yet undertaken very badly indeed. She has evidently not learned her profession in the highest schools of dramatic art. Her attitudinizing is often stiff and ungraceful, and there is too much of it. In "Miami" in *Green Bushes*, which was played on Wednesday, Miss Western appeared to greater advantage than in the first mentioned piece or in *Satan in Paris*, which was played on Tuesday.

In *The Flowers of the Forest*, Harry Jackson, who is seldom afforded an opportunity of displaying his talent as a low comedian, convulsed the audience with laughter by his admirable impersonation of "The Kinchin ;" he was nearly as happy in his representation of "Jack Gong" in *Green Bushes*. In this play Mr. Herne gave the public one of the best bits of Irish acting ever witnessed on the stage ; his "Wild Murtough" was a capital conception carried out in an original manner. Last night Miss Western took her first benefit, appearing as "Thisbe" in *The Actress of Padua*, and in an afterpiece called *Little Paul*. This afternoon and evening Miss Western will appear as "Miami," in *The Green Bushes*. On Monday, *The French Spy* will be produced.

The subscription list for the Italian Opera Season, at the Academy of Music, is now open. The following artistes will compose the company : Madame Stella Bonheur, Signor F. Limberti, Signor S. Milleri, Signorina Brambilla, Signor Mancusi, Signorina E. Bellini, Signor Eugenio Bellini, and Signor and Signor Bianchi. This should prove a strong troupe, and it may be hoped that the coming Season of Italian Opera will prove the most successful ever given in this city.

On Tuesday evening, an entertainment was given at Lincoln Hall, for the benefit of the Fourth Street School, the proceeds being devoted to purchasing extra charts, etc., etc., for the school. J. H. Warwick exhibited his "Stereoscopticon," and recited "Sheridan's Ride." After this Miss Flora Woodford, a talented little girl of about nine years of age, recited Whittier's beautiful poem, "Barbara Freitche," in a manner which called forth loud applause from all present. Her clear, young voice was heard to great advantage, and her style of reading was natural and pleasing.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy will lecture as usual to-morrow morning and evening, at Mechanics' Institute Hall. These popular lectures are always largely attended, and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience'

TOUCHSTONE.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—These delightful pleasure grounds are in beautiful order at present. The museum contains many interesting curiosities, the menagerie of wild beasts attracts many visitors, and there is no place in the vicinity of the city where a few hours can be spent with so much pleasure and profit.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—Visitors to this city make a point of paying a visit to the collection of wonders to be found at the Pacific Museum, and derive both entertainment and instruction from an inspection.

IS NOT afraid to guarantee cures in almost all cases, because he has had twenty-five years' experience—practical—working for his patients, and studying disease as it affects the various temperaments, its causes, and the ever-varying conditions of sufferers. This is Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Always on the square, the sick people discover. Cures by a most pleasant and rapid method, without medicine or any species of chicanery. *

We call attention to the card of I. H. Small, machinist, and builder of engines, mill and mining machinery. One speciality in Mr. Small's business is the improved, newly patented, wood planer for surfacing lumber, which has been put up and placed in successful operation by Mr. Small in a number of mills in this city and interior, with most satisfactory results.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS, ETC.—Larkins & Co., practical manufacturers of these articles, have greatly increased their business since their removal to their new factory on Market street, between Second and Third. Larkins & Co.'s vehicles have always borne an excellent reputation for the superiority of their workmanship, strength and finish.

OVER one hundred Engines have been made at John Lochhead's Steam Engine Works, on Beal street, near Mission, in this city, within the last fourteen years. Mr. Lochhead makes the construction of steam Engines of every description an especiality, and warrants his work to give perfect satisfaction in every particular. See advertisement on 13th page.

HOUSE HUNTERS DIRECTORY.—What houses are to rent, where they are located, on what terms, etc. For information of this kind go to Burke & Madison's House and Real Estate Agency, 316 Montgomery street, where you will be sure to find a house to suit you.

SKIRMISHING IN THE SHENANDOAH.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE risks and chances of the soldier in actual war are strange, indeed. Some men seem to carry charmed lives into battle, and pass through its accumulated horros as safely as though the work were no more dangerous than the mock *Lanciers* of the drawing-room. Like Murat and Ney, they may always be found at the front, in the thick of the fight, often with uoiforms cut to rags by the hail of lead, and with powder-blackened faces; but they always emerge from the fray with honor and without harm. There is another class and a very nnmerous one, who are the predestined targets of the foe; colonels, captains, and privates, who are continually receiviug the most grievous and dangerous wonnds, which would be sufficient to put common men on the pension-list for life, but which their burly constitutions and vigorous vitality enable them to overcome. Once out of the hospital they are instantly back at the front, and the very next engagement will see them carried again from the field with ugly holes in their bodies, but only to fight out another fight with Death, vanquish him again, and again return to duty. Scores of such men I have in mind—noble fellows, whose splendid example and dauntless courage contributed in the aggregate in no small measure toward the success of our arms. May they all, in their old age, have a happy fireside, and troops of grandchildren among whom they may

"Shoulder the crutch, and show how the fields were won."*

It so happened that after three years of active service in the field, attended by the usual number of hair breadth escapes, the very last hostile shot that I heard fired in the war nearly proved fatal to me. Some curious and interesting circumstances connected with this adventure make it worth telling, and will make pardonable the necessary recurrence of the personal pronoun in the nurration.

It was in November, 1864. The battle of Cedar Creek had been lought and won, the war in the Shenandoah was practically at an end, and our army was still camped on that ever-glorious field, master of the situation. The Presidential election had passed, creating the usual amount of excitement in camp as well as at home, and the cold, wet Virginia winter was setting in. No active operations were anticipated, and the army was far from its base of supply, so that a position somewhat nearer Harper's Ferry became almost a necessity. On the early morning of the ninth of November the army moved back beyond Newton, a distance of several miles. The three corps were put in position in three lines east and west across the pike, the Nineteenth being in advance, and formed across an irregular range of hills. Pickets were advanced to the village, and the men fell to work, constructing winter quarters, and making themselves generally comfortable.

But it seemed that the enemy were not willing that we should enjoy our ease just then. Their disastrous defeat of the month before had dispersed their infantry in all directions, and most of it was probably never rallied again; but there was a nucleus of some thousands of disciplined cavalry, under bold leaders like Rosser, burning for a favorite opportunity to retrieve the honor of the rebel arms in the Valley, and quite willing to incur any reasonable risk in doing it. This was the enemy that hung on the rear of our column as it retired from Cedar Creek, and when its commander had satisfied himself, after two days' observation, that Sheridan intended to quarter here, he deployed his regiments along the whole length of our front, and, masked by thick woods, prepared for a demonstration.

My position at this time was on the staff of one of the division generals. On the morning of the twelfth, the officer of the day rode up to the headquarters in hot haste to announce that the rebel cavalry was skirmishing briskly with our pickets, and that appearances indicated the presence of a large body of them in the woods.

"The devil fly away with them!" sententiously observed the adjutant-general. "How can I ever get a consolidated report made out if these fellows continue to trouble us? I don't think they will; but I'll see the General."

He did so, and returned with directions to the officer of the day to watch the front narrowly, and report anything new or suspicious. In less than half an hour after his departure we plainly heard dropping carbine and musket shots from the direction of Newtown, and presently back came our officer to report that the rebels were showing a strong line, and that he feared his pickets would be driven. The General now appeared and heard the intelligence.

"This needs attending to, of course," he said. "Captain L——, send an officer to each brigade commander, with orders to be ready to have his command under arms at a moment's notice, and another to General Emory with the news. Ride rapidly, gentlemen."

It fell to my lot to carry the intelligence to corps headquarters, a mile to the rear. It was a clear, frosty morning, with such an atmosphere as makes life tingle hilariously in the veins, and renders mere existence a blessing. The yellow and gold of the leaves and fields shone pleasantly in the tempered sunlight, and to the right and left the long mountain ranges lifted their brown sides from the valley, and walled in the delightful Shenandoah country, the garden of Virginia. I gave rein to my spirited gray, and she flew clattering down the pike, bringme in a few minutes to a cluster of tents on a hill over which the headquarter flag flouted. I broke in upon a group of happily indolent staff-officers, smoking their pipes, cracking their jokes, and enjoying the full pleasure of military abandon, and quickly put a new aspect upon the hour. The news was communicated to General Emory, and that old war-horse sallied out at once, and with the usual number of expletives and adjectives, in which no complimentary mention was made of the rebels, he ordered his staff to mount and accompany him to the front.

"Go and tell Sheridan," he said to one of them; "and you" (to me) "tell Dwight to get his division under arms, and join me immediately on the picket line."

I left corps headquarters in the usual effervescence of hurried preparation, and galloped back to deliver this last order. I found our staff buckling on their sword belts, in anticipation of it; and the horses were led out as I came in. An orderly had been sent back during my absence to report that the pickets were skirmishing incessantly; and occasionally we could hear a faint rifle shot. The General was in the saddle a few moments after my arrival; and, as we all mounted and rode out, the General, staff, and orderlies, we formed quite a *cortége*,

To the right and left of the pike, the regiments were falling into line as we rode rapidly past. The pickets were all astir as we drew near. They had collected rails from the neighboring fences, inclosed themselves in barricades, and were standin vigilant, half a dozen together in each of these miniature fortifications. The officer of the day informed us that the enemy's cavalry had all withdrawn into the woods a few moments before. Our Generals took their position on a high hill near the pickets, whence they could see with their glasses every thing that passed; and very soon a regiment came down the road, and diverging from it passed out to the left of the town. An order came for two of the staff to follow, and observe the result, and Captain T——and myself were sent. Instead of following the cavalry, literally speaking, we skirted the town to the right, and paused on a little knoll, in the shadow of several houses, which gave an excellent opportunity for observation. Here we found a dozen bold fellows from the picket line who had obtained permission to creep out and watch for a shot. They were sitting or lying on the ground, watching the woods opposite us with unceasing vigilance. The edge of this wood was about five hundred yards away; the ground between hollow and broken, and sloping from both sides to the bed of a creek that traversed it. As we rode up, one of the scouts sighted his rifle and fired with a quick aim. Lowering it from his shoulder, he peered with half-shut eyes through the smoke that drifted off-

"Hit him, Zeke?" inquired a corporal.

"Cant tell," answered the Vermonter, with a drawl. "It's a critter that comes out to the edge, on a brown hoss. He may come to often."

The sharp whistle of a ball overhead seemed to indicate that Zeke had waked up somebody, at all events. As he twisted off the end of a new cartridge, he glanced up at us, and said, with a chuckle.

"Don't believe, captains, you'd better set thar long on them horses. You're a good mark, now I tell *you*. Bullets been comin' in here right lively this mornin'. Better get off."

Zeke's advice was no doubt good; but we could not mind a little exposure then. Taking out our glasses, we intently studied the wood opposite. At first, I could make out nothing but a conglomeration of gray, brown, and red; but after a moment's scrutiny I plainly saw horsemen moving about; and occasionally one rode out beyond the trees for a single instant.

"Look carefully to the right of that tall, dead trunk," T——quickly said, lowering his glass. "The rascals are there, and a good many of them."

The spot he indicated seemed to be a small opening, where the wood formed an angle. I looked, and discovered a large body of cavalry, which I roughly estimated at not less than fifteen hundred, formed in column by company, but entirely motionless.

"They mean mischief," said T——"Where's our people?"

Our regiment had just appeared in the hollow beyond the town, and was still moving out. I comprehended its danger in an instant, and would have ridden out to warn its commander; but at the moment the rebels burst out from the wood, charging down towards the pike in column, firing their carbines as they came, and cheering loudly. Our scouts gave them a small volley which I think emptied more than one saddle: and as they came on their direction was somewhat changed, so that they seemed to be charging directly into the town, and the carbine-balls rattled against the old buildings behind us. The scouts hastily made for the rear, and T——shut up his glass, and gathered up his reins.

"We had better go and report," he said, with his dry smile. "We can't do any good here, but we *can* get gobbled or shot, easy enough. By Jove, that was a close one!"

A bullet sung past his ear, cutting short his speech, and lopping a small twig from a tree near us. We rode back through a hollow, which for a moment sheltered us from stray bullets, and thence plunged into a corn-field. We emerged from it near the pickets, who were still standing watchfully erect with rifle in hand. More cavalry were coming down the pike, and several horsemen were scampering across the fields, carrying orders to different parts of the picket line. Several of our cavalry-men had straggled through the town after the first shock of the contending squadrons, with or without wounds, and were recounting what they had seen to the pickets. An officer on a black horse rode out of another part of the corn field, and met us as we headed toward the pike, anxious to discover how the skirmish was progressing at the left of the town. He was an undersized man with close cut hair, a heavy beard and mustache, a rosy face, and an eye like a hawk. He wore now a cap and a blue overcoat, with no mark of rank whatever, and with a single orderly following him. Had T——and I never seen him before, we might have taken him for some inquisitive staff officer, like ourselves; but we had seen that hawk-eye on the battle field too often to mistake it, and our caps were both raised together.

"Good morning, gentlemen," was his salutation, given in a cheery, almost laughing voice. "I thought I'd come out and see what these fellows are going to do."

He cantered leisurely toward the hill, where we had left Generals Emory and Dwight, which he did not leave during the remainder of the day.

"Who s that?" asked one of the pickets, a recruit, of the veteran next him.

"*That?* Phil Sheridan, of course."

Riding along the line, we crossed the pike, and to the east of it we found a wild scene of excitement. The rebel cavalry brigade had pounced down upon our single regiment, just at the outskirts of the town, and driven it back with some loss. There was something of a fight, as our men yielded the ground, and for ten minutes or more there was a brisk rattle of carbines; but our people were pressed back, and as they were driven through the town and the fields to the left of it, the ranks became disordered, and many galloped back precipitately, while the enemy followed in the pursuit. Several grey-jackets rode along to the end of the street and discharged their carbines toward us. Some of the cavalry officers were laboring frantically among the fugitives to bring them again into line; one, in particular, who I afterward learned was the chaplain, was exhorting the men to stand up to the work.

"No man who has a carbine will go any further back," he said. "I haven't any, but I mean to stay!"

Our pickets were all ready to give the rebels a vigorous reception the instant they appeared, and an officer had been dispatched to request that an infantry regiment might be sent out; but I was satisfied that the rebels did not mean to press their advantage. The movement was intended rather as a reconnoissance than an attack; and having felt our line, they fell back again to the wood. Our discomfited cavalry regiment was rallied, the wounded sent to the rear, and T——and myself galloped over to the headquarter hill to report. There we found Generals Sheridan, Emory, Dwight, and L. A. Grant, of the Sixth Corps, with their staffs; and, in a few moments, Torbet, the chief of cavalry, came up. Sheridan's greeting was quaint and characteristic.

"Well, Torbet," he remarked; "don't you mean to get some men killed to-day?"

The words sound a little cruel now; but they were not intended so at all. They became a by-word among the men, who understood them as an expressive manifestation of Sheridan's belligerent spirit. As Rosecrans once said of him, "He fights—he fights!" and those who have heard him talk in his sharp and abrupt, but ringing sentences, will understand me when I say that *his language fights*, too.

The afternoon came on with a cold, bleak wind, which searched piercingly under our blue overcoats. Some of the orderlies brought a pile of rails, and kindled a huge fire, around which we all collected. Sheridan stood with his back to it, studying the face of the country. I conjectured from the general expression of his face, that he was forming a plan to draw the enemy into a position where they might be advantageously attacked. A whole cavalry division now came down the pike, but Sheridan did not desire to use it directly in front. After a short coulerence with General Torbet, it moved far over to the right, and was soon lost behind the hills. A few moments after, General Emory was directed to send a brigade of infantry obliquely to the right; by which we readily understood that it was desirable to ascertain whether the enemy had any infantry.

"Keep a bright look out for your left flank," were Sheridan's parting words. The brigade moved out in line in splen-

*The recovery of Lieutenant Colonel Lewis, Twelfth Connecticut volunteers, was one of the anatomical curiosities of the war. At the assault on Port Hudson, in the Summer of 1863, he was struck by a grapeshot which passed *entirely through* the chest. From the effect of this apparently fatal wound, he lingered for months in the hospitals and was finally sent home to die; but instead of dying, he recovered health and strength, returned to his command, and led his regiment with great bravery at Cedar Creek.

did style, straight across the fields, and over toward that frowning forest. Were the enemy still there—and would they attack? We should soon know. We could see the brigade for more than a mile, when it looked like a dark parallelogram creeping toward the woods, and watched intently to see the flash of rifles bursting out from behind the trees. But we did not see it. The rebels chose not to attack, and the reconnoissance returned within two hours. To complete the experiment, another brigade was ordered to move to the left of the town, and past it, up to the point where the cavalry fight of the morning had occurred. It was one of Dwight's brigades, and he chose to accompany it; and it so happened that I was the only member of his staff left to accompany him, the others being on duty on the picket line, or with other detachments. And it was while engaged in this way that the incident occurred which is in some respects the strangest of a long military history.

The brigade moved up in line from its encampment, and kept on to the front, its right flank just skirting the town, but none of the men, except a small party of flankers, overlapping it. As we reached the pike, the General looked at the troops to satisfy himself that their march was with the proper formation, and in the right direction, and then said:

"We shall find it better riding through the town. We will go that way and join the brigade beyond."

Newtown is like most of the smaller places of the Shenandoah Valley—a long straggling street of wooden houses and shops, with a few detached dwellings. Its principal street was the pike, and of, perhaps, fifty rods in length. At the end of the first third of it is a bend, and the street beyond cannot be seen by those coming from the north until this bend is passed. As we rode along, I observed that every shutter was closely drawn, and that not a living object appeared on the street. The sound of musketry had driven the inhabitants to their cellars, and the town was as quiet and silent as a graveyard at midnight. It was an unnatural silence, and seemed intensified rather than broken, by the sound of our voices and of our horses' hoofs. Just before we had reached the bend of the street, keeping our animals at a walk, a cavalry soldier passed us at a slow canter. He rode a gaunt, grey horse, and wore a blue overcoat, with a carbine at his saddle. He passed us without a word, and then turned his head to look at us. He was thin-faced and bony, and not particularly noticeable. I should never have bestowed another thought on him, but for the incident that followed. We turned the angle, and the horseman was gone. The houses at this point were close together, and with no openings between by which the man could have disappeared, except through one of the yards; and had he dismounted to open a gate, we must have overtaken him.

"Where's that man?" the General asked.

"I should like to know. He was——"

Two carbine reports, in quick succession, interrupted me, and two bullets went overhead. The aim was a close one, and the span that at that distance separated us from death was fearfully short. Our horses wheeled about and galloped back some distance before we could gather up the bridles and check them; and the suddenness of the thing was such that our wits were all wool-gathering for an instant.

"It must have been somebody in one of the houses," the General said. "Send those flankers up to search them."

A corporal and six men came over into the street, at the double-quick, at my call, my Vermont friend, Zeke, among them. After I had hurriedly explained the matter, they divided into two squads, and searched the houses on both sides of the street, but could find nothing suspicious. There were no soldiers, no arms, and the inmates were in every instance cowering affrightedly in the basement. Nor could they discover any thing of an enemy in or around the town. The brigade returned, after half an hour, reporting no rebels in the vicinity, and everybody but the pickets enjoyed their sleep that night. There was no more alarms, for the remnants of Early's army soon withdrew entirely from the lower Valley.

There is, of course, but one plausible explanation of our misadventure. The man who passed us in the street was undoubtedly a rebel spy, who, in the confusion of the morning's fight, being dressed in a blue coat, had taken the opportunity to mingle with our fugitives, take a tour of inspection along our advanced line, possibly to look at Sheridan and the Generals on the hill, and was then on the way back to report at rebel headquarters what he had seen. He could easily learn from the pickets that General Dwight had just passed out, and if any opposition were made to his going, he could successfully represent himself as his orderly. I have little doubt that something of this kind did actually happen. And after finding himself well outside our lines, on his way to his friends, the idea occurred to him that the killing of a Union brigadier, commanding a division, would be a capital conclusion of the day's adventures; and the attempt followed. What saved us, I can not divine; we were preserved from what, under the circumstances, would have been but little better than assassination, by some interposition in some way that passes all conjecture. The unaccountable disappearance of this rebel seemed mysterious, at first thought, but he rode a powerful horse, no doubt used to leaping fences; and I think now that had our flankers hunted through the cornfield, they would have unearthed the game. Twilight was close at hand, and he must have slipped away under its cover. The audacity of the spies and scouts of both armies in the Valley, was almost incredible, and is well illustrated by the above incident.

But I was never made a rebel target again. Although in the service seven months after this affair, I never heard the whistle of another hostile bullet.—*Beadle's Monthly.*

MARIE STUART.

ON February 8th, 1587, was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. On no point of history, perhaps, has there been a more vehement difference of opinion than on her character and fate. How far she was guilty of the enormities laid to her charge (even to participation in the murder of a husband); how far she was implicated, when a prisoner, in conspiracies against the life of the Sovereign of the country, Queen Elizabeth; how for Elizabeth could, consistently with personal safety, and a regard for the religious welfare of her subjects, allow her rival life an opportunity to do mischief, are questions which can never be determined. Still, taking away the life of a woman, of one who had been twice a queen, who was a relative, and who had voluntarily thrown herself on her kindness for protection; who, moreover, was so lovely and lovable, both in prosperity and adversity, that all hearts rallied round her wherever she went—can imagination picture a more terrible necessity, if indeed it was one? According to the old traditions of history, too, it was a miserable act, miserably done; but later discoveries go to show that Elizabeth never put her signature to Mary's death warrant, the writing which passed for it all too fatally being a forgery by one Thomas Harrison, made at the instigation of Walsingham, whose secretary Harrison was. Long historical details are out of place here, but a brief summary of the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Stuart's life may give some interest to the above remarks.

She was the daughter of James V. of Scotland, and was born December 7, 1542, only eight days before the death of her father, and was thus a queen in her very cradle. In 1548, she was sent to the Court of France, to be bred up for an alliance with Francis, then Dauphin of that country; to whom, in 1558, she was married. He soon afterwards succeeded to the throne, but dying in 1560, this double queen of but 18 years old returned to Scotland, to assume the government of her native country.

All went well at first, though religions differences were very rife, and Elizabeth of England was jealous of her, partly because she and the Dauphin had, on their marriage, very unwisely had the arms of England as well as Scotland engraven on their plate and coinage, and thus asserted the claim of Mary to the English throne. It was also well known that the Roman Catholics of England did not allow Elizabeth's right to inherit, her father's divorce from Catherine of Arragon never having been sanctioned by the Pope, so that Elizabeth's fears of possible intrigues and conspiracies were not much to be wondered at. Outward civilities were kept up between the two queens, nevertheless, but Elizabeth having opposed or thwarted every proposition for a second marriage for Mary, the latter, in 1565, took her own way, irrespective of any opinion, and married her cousin, Henry Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, a weak-minded, unprincipled youth, whom she found she could not respect. His great desire was to obtain what was called in Scotland the "Crown Matrimonial," which would have invested him with the full rights of King of the country. But this Mary could not grant alone, and could scarcely ask, for a drunkard and a fool! But the miserable Darnley, attributing her refusal to the influence of her Italian secretary, David Rizzio, a young man who had been promoted from a humble condition to be a favorite and companion of the queen, had the unfortunate youth stabbed and slain in her presence by a band of ruffians, nobles though they were, as she with four others sat at supper in a room in Holyrood Palace. It was a brutal and cowardly act, and all the more so that Darnley had unscrupulously used Rizzio's influence with the queen to promote his own marriage.

Three months after this horrible tragedy, Mary's son (afterward James I.) was born, and not many months later, viz., just before the close of the year, Darnley was seized with a dangerous illness at Glasgow, to which place Mary went to nurse him, but not till "the violence of the distemper was over." On this occasion, what Sir Walter Scott calls "an apparent reconciliation," was effected between the ill-assorted pair, and they returned together to Edinburgh in January, 1567, the Queen and infant prince to Holyrood Palace, Darnley, *i. e.*, the King, to a religious house called the "Kirk of Field," just outside the walls of the city, the assigned reason for their living separately being the danger of infection to the child; the disease being called small-pox, though by some attributed to effects of poison.

Who shall reveal the secret of what followed? Ten days after their arrival, viz., February 9, 1567, the Queen having quitted her nursing to be present at a masque in Holyrood Palace, the "Kirk of Field" was blown up about midnight by gunpowder, and the dead bodies of Darnley and his chamber-groom were found in the orchard adjoining. And as no rigorous, or scarcely decent investigation of this new tragedy took place, and Mary, in the May following, married the man whom the public voice had from the first proclaimed to be the murderer, she was naturally enough implicated in the accusation. There are those who believe the contrary, and think that the unhappy Mary was the victim of a deep-laid plot on the part of her enemies to throw the stain of their own guilt upon her shoulders. But her hasty marriage with the ruffian Bothwell, for whom, before the king's death, she had shown great partiality, stands confusingly in the way when we wish to believe her innocent.

At any rate, from that time Scotland was distracted by internal discord and misery. Bothwell escaped the storm of public indignation by flying to Denmark, and Mary was confined by the order of the Earl of Murray in Lochleven Castle. Of her escape thence, in 1568, the fatal battle which followed, and her still more fatal decision to take refuge in England, no one can ever write as Walter Scott has done in his story of "The Abbot." Yet, when asked by Murry, the publisher, to write biographies, and thinking of that of Mary Stuart as the only one he could easily do, he adds: "and that I decidedly would not do, because my opinion, in point of fact, is contrary both to the popular feeling and my own." Let the veil of uncertainty remain down, therefore. It is, perhaps, safest. Of Mary's almost nineteen years' imprisonment in England (for she never was a free agent) there is nothing to tell but sorrow and suffering, mixed up with political and religious intrigues. After a long wandering about the country (twelve years at Sheffield, and a shorter time in many other places), Mary was brought, in 1586, to Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, and was there executed on the day we now record in 1587, at the age of 45.

God not only "moves" but leads in a "mysterious way," and it may be that the lovely and unfortunate royal lady came purified from the long furnace of affliction to an extent her nature might not have admitted of under happier circumstances. Certain itis that her end became both a queen and a Christian: neither vindictiveness nor murmuring passed her lips in her last hours, but only piety and the tenderest charity; so that no one can read of her cruel death without tears of sorrow, if not of anger.

A necklace of pearls set in gold, which was formerly worn by the ill-fated Mary, is in possession of the Duke of Norfolk, and gives the impression that the throat of the wearer must have been slender.

PHYSIOGNOMY.—To "find the mind's construction in the face" has ever been a desideratum with philosophers. Aristotle was the first who attempted to reduce physiognomy to a science, and establish it upon fixed principles. He defines it as "the science by which the dispositions of mankind are discovered by the features of the body, especially of the countenance."

Cicero often availed himself of this belief, very general among the Romans, to bring contempt or suspicion upon a criminal by pointing out the rogue in his face.

Addison affirms that he was wont to frame a notion of every man's humor or circumstances from his looks. He says: "When I see a man with a sour, riveled face, I can not forbear pitying his wife, and when I meet with an open, ingenuous countenance I think on the happiness of his friends, his family, his relations."

Cowper remarked: "I am persuaded that faces are as legible as books, only with these circumstances to reccommend them, that they are read in so much less time, and are much less likely to deceive us."

Southey maintained the same doctrine.

Bacon said: "The lineaments of the body do disclose the disposition and inclination of the mind in general; but the motions of the countenance do not only so, but do further disclose the present humor and state of the mind and will. Yet this rule is not infallible, and the countenance is by no means an unerring index of the internal emotions."

With some, the true character is revealed only under strong excitement, and others by a long course of hypocrisy have changed their faces into *masks*. Take, for instance, the fixed composure of Talleyrand, who affirmed that "language was made to conceal thought."

ARTEMUS WARD'S story of the showman's daughter's artist-lover originated in a remark of Dan Setchel's. Both Artemus and Daniel boarded at a house in New York wherein resided a young lady of uncertain age, whose unconcerned regard for a young clerk, also boarding there, led her to remark that the aforesaid clerk had mistaken his vocation. "You should have been a painter," said she, "and a glazier," said Setchel, looking up quietly from his paper.

A GIRL who lost her beau may as well hang up her fiddle.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1867.

JUDGE DEADY AND THE PRESS.

THE Sacramento *Union* and the *Bulletin* have recently had a spirited passage at arms on the merits of the judgment in the case of McCall *versus* McDowell, the former paper denouncing the decision as unjust, and reflecting upon the motives of the judge, while the latter defends the judge, but wisely refrains from any discussion of the merits of the judgment.

The *Flag*, impressed doubtless by the exuberant vivacity of the *Union's* attack—a vivacity quite unwonted in that sober journal—and by we know not what striking feature in the *Bulletin's* defense, has admiringly alluded to their keen encounter as "a war of giants," at the same time reproaching the *Times* for having had nothing to say on the subject, and hinting that it was a prudent wish to keep out of the way when such formidable blows were being exchanged that had restrained the last named paper from mingling in the fray.

Having ourselves failed to perceive any exhibition on either side, of such a degree of prowess as could reasonably excite the alarm even of the most timid spectator, we think it but just to attribute the neutrality of the *Times* to good judgment rather than undue timidy, and to give it credit for a sensible disposition to attend to its own proper business as a newspaper, leaving the courts to attend to theirs as regularly constituted legal tribunals, competent to deal authoritatively with all matters falling within their jurisdiction.

There are few things more absurd in principle or more mischievous in practice than the attempts of public journals to review the decisions of courts; but among the few that are so, is the practice adopted by certain papers of commenting upon cases not yet decided, and of attempting by arguing their merits, to influence public opinion in advance of the verdict or decision. The gross impropriety and the great wrong of such a course as was pursued in regard to the Duane case some months since, by the two most respectable and influential daily papers of this city, ought, one would think, to be apparent to every mind of ordinary candor and intelligence, without argument or reflection. Such a course was not only a shocking injustice to the accused man, in jeopardy of his life, as tending to deprive him of his right to a fair trial upon the evidence; but it was also an insult to the court having jurisdiction of the case, as intimating the belief that it was either an incompetent, a partial, or a corrupt tribunal, from which there was reason to fear that justice could not be expected.

The *Union* at one time enjoyed the reputation of being the ablest paper in the State, and it is still ranked among the two or three to which the highest share of ability and influence is conceded. If, therefore, when a journal of its grade and character undertakes to criticise the opinions of judges, and to review and reverse the decisions of courts, it exhibits an utter incapacity to deal intelligently with matters of this kind, by falling into the most palpable errors, and the most mischievous blunders; if it displays an ignorance of even the elementary rules by which judicial tribunals are guided, and argues the gravest questions of law in a spirit so shallow, and a style so flippant as to deprive its conclusions of all weight with the considerate and thoughtful—if a paper of the high standing of the *Union* does this, what are we to expect from those of inferior ability, and what value ought we to attach to the legal arguments and the legal decisions of journalism in the aggregate?

As a matter of fact, the *Union* has, in the review of Judge Deady's decision, which excited the enthusiastic admiration of the *Flag*, satisfied all the conditions of the above supposititious case and furnished a striking practical demonstration of the utter worthlessness of newspaper discussions of strictly legal questions.

The opening sentence of the *Union's* article is amusingly characteristic of the American journalistic style of dealing with judges and courts. It expresses with delightful *naivete* a sublime consciousness of universal knowledge, and of ability to handle at the briefest notice and in the most authoritative manner all questions, scientific philosophical, political, military, legal, and theological. One cannot sufficiently admire the curt and confident air with which the writer addresses himself to his task. "The American judiciary," thus he commences—"must be taken in hand." It is not Judge alone, that is to be "taken in hand" and reformed by the Sacramento journalist,—it is the entire American judiciary. "The Judges" we are told, "not to put too fine a point upon Deady alone, nor the United States Circuit Court in California it, are overdoing the sensation business," and are also "divorcing law and justice."

By this latter charge, the writer must have meant, (if indeed he was any more conscious in his mind of a definite meaning than is a newly fledged ornament of the stump in the full glow and fervor of his declamatory eloquence) that it is the business of judges to administer abstract justice instead of actual law, when there exists, or when he fancies that there exists a conflict between the two. But every legal tyro knows, that if law and justice are divorced, the responsibility rests, not upon the judge, but upon the legislator; and that the remedy is not to be sought in the usurpation of legislative powers by the judiciary. The absurdity of berating a judge whose sworn duty it is to interpret and administer *the law* as he finds it, because his decision does not conform to his critic's ideas of what is equitable in principle, must be sufficiently apparent to any mind imbued with even an elementary knowledge of the principles of the common law.

Under the English system, and under ours which is derived from it, the judge is not an equitable arbitrator, free to decide as may seem right and just to him. He must decide according to law, not according to abstract justice, following authority and precedent, not theoretical principle. If he finds that law and justice are "divorced," he is not responsible for the separation, as the *Union* assumes him to be.

Another convincing proof in the eyes of the *Union* that Judge Deady has erred in his decision is, that "the creatures who cherished the name and the deed of John Wilkes Booth, and regard assassination as a rightful Democratic expedient for attaining political ends" are delighted with it. Here we have a novel standard by which to test the soundness of the decisions of courts. The argument that an opinion or a doctrine must be false because some bad men share it, is often advanced in politics, but we believe that it has never had much weight in the courts. Indeed, we doubt whether it ever occurred to Gen. McDowell's counsel to urge upon the court in his argument in behalf of his client, the consideration to which the *Union* attaches so much weight, to-wit: that a finding in favor of plaintiff would cause great rejoicing among copperheads, whereas the contrary decision would have the desirable effect of making all disloyal malignants feel as miserable as they deserve. Had the learned counsel adopted this line of argument, we suspect Judge Deady would have told him that it was his business as a judge, to endeavor simply to ascertain the law applicable to the case, without regard to the circumstance whether, when declared it would please copperheads, or annoy them.

These comments are not made with a view of defending Judge Deady's decision, to go into a discussion of the merits of which would be to imitate that which we are condemning in the *Union*. They are made to show how unsatisfactory and superficial such discussions in the columns of a newspaper are certain to prove, and how much more they are likely to resemble a political campaign article than a legal argument.

"We are not," says the *Bulletin*, "of those who hold that judicial decisions are above the frankest public criticism." No one denies the right of newspapers to criticise judicial decisions after they are made. The question is as to the value of such criticism. Can discussions of grave and complicated legal questions in column articles be thorough? Are they likely to be dispassionate, candid, and free from the taint of political bias or clique interests? The *Bulletin* is in favor of "the frankest public criticism" of the judgments of courts; but it is at the same time in favor of another thing which all experience shows is inconsistent with such criticism. "We contend," it goes on to say, "that to assail the judiciary personally, and to question the *motives* of a decision that happens to run counter to popular feeling, is calculated to lessen the incentives to judicial independence, and to put a premium upon subserviency. It is of much more importance to the welfare of society and the administration of justice that Judges should be always independent and honest than invariably correct in their decisions. Occasional errors of judgment do only limited harm, and may be repaired; but subserviency is a vice that demoralizes and affects injuriously every interest of society." But are not these evils inseparable from the practice of reviewing the decisions of judges in the newspapers? Do not the papers that attack the judgments or courts invariably question the motives of the judge? The *Union* has done so in the present case, and the *Bulletin* rebukes the Stockton *Independent* for having sinned in like manner.

The fact is, as we think the *Bulletin* will perceive upon a more thoughtful consideration of the matter, that the only cases where newspaper criticism of judicial decisions can have any value or usefulness, are precisely those where they *do* question the motives and the character of the judges. Where judges are corrupt or incompetent, or where they act with partisan bias, an appeal to the public through the Press is legitimate and may result in good. But to appeal to the public from the decisions of judges whose honesty and competency are conceded, is a palpable absurdity. It assumes that editors are qualified to correct the legal blunders of competent judges, which is absurd; and it also assumes that the general public is qualified to pass intelligent judgment upon strict questions of law, which is still more absurd. The editorial counsel are not qualified to present the argument adequately, and the popular audience do not constitute a competent tribunal. Undoubtedly the Press has a right to "criticize frankly" a legal decision of the Supreme Court, or a scientific decision of the French Academy; and so has a boys' debating club, or a ladies' sewing circle; but the criticism, however "frank," is likely to prove as unedifying in the one case as in the other.

ART NOTES.

THERE are but two places in this city where an artist can make a public exhibition of his work; neither of them, however, being at all adapted for this purpose. How poor an opportunity they offer for the display of a painting may be judged from the fact that their windows, close upon the street, are the best position they afford. Occasionally a public sale of pictures is held at some auction room in the heart of the business portion of the city, best fitted for the rapid sale of shoes or homestead lots, and after a short and slightly advertised exhibition, a horde of cheapening hawkers and peddlers is drawn together to buy whatever may be forced upon them, the few positively unsaleable works they fail to bid in being kept upon the walls till the next auction. The opportunities offered on these occasions for a proper view of the paintings to be sold have always been so meagre, and the collections, with rare exceptions, so devoid of merit, that those who desire to buy what is valuable in art and to pay a fair equivalent are seldom attracted, and never induced to purchase.

It is under such disadvantages as these that our artists continually labor, both in the exhibition and sale of their pictures. What they greatly need, and what they should procure for themselves, is a proper gallery, situated so centrally and in such an accessible spot that it may be readily and frequently visited by ladies—who are, indirectly, the best patrons of art—and so that men of business may give it an occasional passing call. Here, rather than to the frame store, artists should send their pictures to be displayed to the public and sold. If such a gallery cannot be kept permanently open then at least some room, offering the same facilities, should be provided for regular artistes' sales, and opened freely to the public, its pictures being exhibited and advertised for a sufficient length of time to give the papers an opportunity to notice, and the people a chance to examine and buy. Such a course has been successfully pursued in the Eastern cities, and the artists have been able to dispose of their works to their satisfaction. A proper harmony of spirit and union of labor on the part of the profession here, would ensure the same success; and the expense of the undertaking, which need be but little, would be fully repaid by the quick sales and increased prices. The names of Nahl, Keith, Wandesforde, Marple, Denny, Arriola and Brooks would be a guaranty to the public that the collection would be well worth examining, and would draw together, on sale day, an appreciative group of bidders.

Among the most noticeable features of the last week, is an oil portrait exhibited at Snow & Roos'. It is the work of Gutierrez, whose card tells us that he is a historical and portrait painter. Whatever he may be, he has given us a refreshingly life-like picture, which, if it be not beautiful, casts the blame upon the subject rather than the artist. Its great charm lies in its apparent truthfulness to nature; the sitter seems to have *posed* himself, unconsciously, in the first chair that was handy when he became tired of standing, and wears just such garments as one would expect him to appear in upon the street. The painting is devoid of all meretricious effects, free from the conventional tapestry, the time honored table and the well known plush covered chair; is excellently colored, and in its execution shows a power that throws quite in the shade anything we have lately seen in portraiture.

It is the first picture by this artist that has been brought to our notice; his name and fame are new to us; but if his general workmanship fulfills the promise held out by this specimen, we hope to call attention to much of it in the future.

Keith's charming water-color sketch of Oakland scenery, mentioned by us a few weeks ago, is on exhibition at the same place. It is a fresh and vivid piece of coloring. The scene is a simple roadside view, containing no striking features, but exhibiting strong and well rendered effects, and presenting a careful and accurate study of our native oaks.

Waudesforde, who is always a truthful and painstaking artist, has at Jones & Wool's a view of Borax Lake. We do not think the scenery well calculated to make a remarkably pleasing picture, and we cannot rank this as among the artist's best work—but it evinces sufficient merit to place him at the head of our painters in oil.

Arriola's last work is a view of icebergs, but as we have never seen them in nature we are unprepared to speak of its

accuracy. If only for the sake of maintaining the veracity of the many writers on the subject, we trust these magnificent mountains of ice bave more grandeur and brilliancy then is here given them.

Denny's view of the Potrero, lately displayed at Snow & Ross', is a fair representation of a naturally attractive scene, but will hardly bear examination—the rocks and grasses in the foreground have a decidedly raw and unfinished appearance.

A small fruit piece by Brookes, at the same place, is executed with considerable care and fidelity, but would be much improved by brilliant coloring. It is especially welcome from the fact that it is the first work of the kind that this artist has exhibited in many months.

A large painting by Frey, entitled tbe " Confession of Beatrice Cénci," may be seen at Snow & Roos'—as it is an exceedingly mournful subject, treated in a very mournful and decidedly second-rate manner, we do not like to dwell upon its many defects.

ASTRÆA

[For the Californian.]

RAVAGES OF A BORE.

BY PRENTICE.

CHAPTER I.

A MAN, James Wimpkins by name, was born inheriting from bis parents all the natural qualifications for becoming a bore.

He did become a bore, not merely a common bore but a most gigantic bore. In the Kingdom of boredom he was a great gun, a fifteen-inch columbiad, and nearly as fatal.

Wimpkins, favored with great fluency of speech, possessed an extraordinary memory. He was a pationt talker, but a most impatient listener. Self-esteem was in him well developed. So was firmness.

Wimpkins' parents early fostered tbe boraric tendency by making bim repeat to tbem the contents of bis story books.

Thereby was he indnced to believe that the buman race really liked the repitition of long stories. Tbe elder Wimpkinses cared nothing for the stories. It was the cleverness of their little boy they so much admired.

So, unwittingly, were they bringing up a scourge to bumanity.

CHAPTER II,

At tbe age of eighteen, James Wimpkins admired bimself more when talking than at any other time.

Relative to the comfort and general interests of bumanity, this would not have been so pitiful or even horrible bad not Wimpkins also become imbued witb the idea that others liked to hear him as well as he liked to bear himself.

His theory of the art of conversation was, that one of tbe parties should be a good listener, providing that that one was not James Wimpkins.

This theory he put in practice, assisted by tbree stories.

He once broke his arm. Small was the misfortune to him, compared to the misery which the recital of the various details of this accident inflicted on humanity.

He once enjoyed five minutes conversation with the Governor of the State. The Governor had mistaken Wimpkins for another man. Tbis constituted story number two.

Story number three, by far the most terrible, was tbat of a trip to California.

With these three stories he bored until the age of thirty. He bored the world with them in season and out of season. Like unto three deadly traps he kept these stories set ready to spring upou unwary listeners.

CHAPTER III.

Herein let us endeavor to illustrate the *modus operandi* by wbich Wimpkius so often destroyed the peace and happiuess of society.

Oue evening there happened a cboice little gatbering of friends at Mrs. Slaters.

There was Dr. Piper, a retired physician, and Mr. Bolls, a gentleman of wealth, most of whose time was spent in his library, and Miss Pike, who wrote and talked poetry, and Squire Squab, who liked to hear people talk wbo knew more than he did, even though he comprebeuded not exactly such conversation.

Relative to social enjoyment, tbe lines just tben bad fallen to tbis little company in pleasant places.

But a cloud was approaching of whose coming they knew not. Their enjoyment was short lived. Wimpkins, the giant bore, armed with his three stories was even then on his way to the fated domicil, chuckling over the ruin and misery whicb his coming was to accomplish. There came a ring at the door. Wimpkins entered. A chill fell upon the little party. Tbey sbuddered.

In her heart, Mrs Slater kicked most desperately at the interruption. Outwardly calm, though slightly pale, sbe said :

" Ah, Mr. Wimpkins, we are glad to see you. Be seated," and she handed him a chair, and wisbed that it and Wimpkius might disappear into the earth.

The assertion of the courteous hostess relative to the pleasure caused by Mr. Wimpkin's arrival, was a he, aye, and such a big lie that when the recording angel debited Mrs. Slater with it, he held up both hands in amazement.

Dr. Piper went on with the narrative of a difficult surgical operation in his former experience.

Wimpkins saw his opportunity. A pause ensued and he sprung upon that victimized company the story of his broken arm, wbich to all was known by heart.

Some wickedly wished it had been his neck.

The company bore the inflictiou with resignation and patience.

Generally, this narrative occupied one bour in duration, but on this particular evening in honor of the occasion, Wimpkins iutroduced new lies, variations, etc., which quite filled out the period of two.

So he successfully ruined tbe pleasure of one evening. The brilliant jests and sparkling repartees already evolved never saw the light.

And yet men are daily arrested for stealing loaves of bread, whereby no one's peace or comfort is materially interfered with, yet people like Wimpkins engaged in deluging poor bumanity with oceans of mental misery are allowed to prowl about unpunished.

CHAPTER IV.

Once there fell sick a friend of Mr. Wimpkins who kindly volunteered to nurse him. While all commended him for kindness and benevolence, none suspected his diabolical intent of boring that man to deatb in the guise of charity.

But it was his purpose. Wimpkins had never yet been able to obtain an unresisting victim to the story of his California adventures. Long bad he lain in wait for a sick man and now he had one.

The invalid friend died after experiencing a week of Wimpkins' care.

His physician talked of general debility terminated witb brain fever.

Brown had been bored to death. Wimpkins was a murderer. He followed witb complacency his victim to the grave, and in the very procession, encouraged by his success, endeavored to stab a fellow pall-bearer with the same story.

So for years Wimpkins perpetrated tbese outrages against society.

He bored a young woman into marrying bim. Sbe, too, died : bored to deatb.

His poor old father and mother bad long since gone down to their graves, sent prematurely thither by the filial serpent which they had fostered.

His brothers and sisters moved, *en masse*, out West, to escape his prosecutions.

The tbree stories previously mentioned were not his only resources. Tbey constituted the heavy artillery, but, in bis lesiure moments, he bored his fellow beings with what he ate and drank, his hours of retiring at night and arising in the morning, his garments, how tbey were made and what be paid for them, his complaints and bow he doctored them, and even his nails, embracing toes and fingers, how be pared them.

CHAPTER V.

The people residing in Wimpkins native town became, at length, so annoyed by his persecutions that their wise men took counsel together as to tbe means by wbich they might abate the nuisance.

Fiually, they resolved to import Wadkins, another celebrated bore from a neighboring city, and pit one against the other.

They did so ; but witb different result from tbose anticipated.

For tbe two bores did not, at first, attack each other, but turned their attention to the ill-advised people.

The town, in time, became depopulated, save by tbe two.

Eigbteen hours out of the twenty-four was at first the duration of their boraric labors. But this was beyond the limits of their strength. The time diminished gradually. Fifteen honrs, twelve, ten, eght, six, four, two.

Now the horrible pair, weak as infants, and in the last stages of attenuation, crawl from their respective houses and feebly bore each other for an hour.

Then they go back and bore themselves.

Wimpkius' three stories have become so shattered and broken up, that they have resolved themselves into a single, disjointed tale, without connection, without end.

Human rights cannot be invaded with impunity. Crime and iguorance bring their own retribution.

THE ACCOUNTS of recent proceediugs at the South, particularly in North and South Carolina, tend to show very clearly that a substantial and valuable gift was bestowed upon the freedmen in the right of suffrage. White orators, even in Charlestou, S. C., have learned to talk to negroes, as politicians always will talk to those who have votes, that is, if not respectfully, at least in a conciliatory strain. Evidently the right to vote has already secured to the negro protection against flagrant oppression, if nothing more. We need not be surprised by and by, to fiud South Carolina stump speakers addressing Cuffee in terms as flatteriug as those now used in a close canvas toward our adopted citizens. Tbe right of suffrage clearly amounts to something more than a right to votc.

[For the Californian.]

A DREAM PICTURE.

[Suggested by a painting of " Tamelpais from Angel Island," by W. Keith.]

HOW glorious thy dwelling place!
How manifold thy beauties are!
I do not reckon time, or space,
I worship thy exceeding grace,
And hasten as a flying star,
To reach thy splendor from afar.

The first flush of thy morning face
Is dear to me . thy shadowless,
Broad noon that doth all sweets confess :
But fairer is thy even fall,
When seem to cry with airy call
Thy roses in the wilderness.
Thy deserts blithely blossoming,
Decoy me for the love of Spring.
With all thy glare and glitter spent,
Thy quiet dusk so eloquent ;
Thy veil of vapors; the caress
Of Zephyrus, right cool and sweet—
I cannot wait to love thee less—
I cling to thee with full content,
And fall a-dreaming at thy feet.

Anon the sudden evening gun,
Awakes me to the sinking sun
And goldeu glories at the Gate.
The full, strong tides, that slowly rnn
Their sliding waters modulate
To indolent soft winds that wait
And lift a long web uewly spun.

I see the groves of scented hay,
And night is in their fragrant mass ;
But tassel-shadows swing aud sway,
And spangles flash and fade away
Upon their glimmering leaves of glass—
And there a fence of rail, quite gray,
With ribs of sunlight in the grass—
And here a branch full well arrayed
With struggling beams a moment staid—
Like panting butterflies afraid.

Lo ! shadows slipping down the slope
And filling every narrow vale,
The shining water growing pale—
The mellow-burning star of Hope
And in the wave its silver trope.
A slender shallop, feather-frail,
A pencil-mast and rocking sail.
The glooms that gather at the Gate ;
The sombre lines against the sky—
While dizzy gnats about me fly,
And over-head the birds go by,
Dropping a note so crystal clear,
The spirit cannot choose but hear.
The hollow moon, aud up between
An oak with yard-long mosses, green
In sunlight, now as dull as crape ;
The mountain softened in its shape,
Its perfect symmetry attained—
And swathed in velvet folds, and stained
With dusty purple of the grape.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

San Francisco, May 3, 1867.

THE New York papers seem disposed to undervalue tbe bumanitarian—or rather the animalitarian labors of the tender bearted, Mr. Bergh and bis coadjutors. The recent demonstration of these benevoleut gentlemen in favor of the pigeous and rabbits that are fed alive to Barnum's boaconstrictor, has furnisbed the occasion for mucb merriment. Mr. Bergb, impressed with tbe idea that the nervous susceptibility of rabbits causes them to endure great mental distress while awaiting their doom, especially in cases where the boa is slow in getting up an appetite, wanted to bave the monster fed witb rabbits that had been killed and put out of their misery before being thrust into his den. But it seems that his snakeship has no stomach for any meat that is not of his own killing. Furthermore it is maintained that the rabbits have no such fearful prescience of impending doom as is attributed to tbem, and that they have no idea of what is going to happen to them. The *Round Table* suggests that "as a matter of curious investigation it might reward experimeut to see whether the boa could not be converted into a frugiferous animal." If Mr. Bergh would honor San Francisco with a visit, we think he would find more flagrant evils to reform in the way of cruelty to animals, than the sufferings of rabbits in the boa's den. There are few better fields for the labor of such a beuevolent society as the one which Mr. Bergh is at the head of, tban tbis city affords.

OUR NATIONAL Legislature has been employing its wisdom on the important question of tbe kind of clothes that American representatives at foreign courts ought to wear. The result is a silly prohibition forbidding our ministers to wear court costume. The next thing will probably be an Act of Congress prescribing an intensely American and republican style of dress lor our representatives abroad. We would suggest a swallow-tail coat, with the stars and stripes upon one skirt, and the " bird of freedom " upon the other. Indeed this is not very unlike the costume, or livery, seriously proposed by Mr. Noell of Missouri.

A NUMBER of book-notices, and a criticism of Devine's fine bust of Broderick bave been crowded out of our to-day's issuc.

ASLEEP.

AN hour before, she spoke of things
That memory to the dying brings,
And kiss'd me all the while;
Then, after some sweet parting words,
She seem'd among her flowers and birds,
Until she fell asleep.

'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now,
The crimson leaves fall off the bough,
And strew the gravel sweep.
I wander down the garden walk,
And muse on all the happy talk
We had beneath the limes;
And, resting on the garden-seat,
Her old Newfoundland at my feet,
I think of other times:

Of golden eves, when she and I
Sat watching here the flushing sky,
The sunset and the sea:
Or heard the children in the lanes,
Following home the harvest wains,
And shouting in their glee.

But when the daylight dies away,
And ships grow dusky in the bay,
These recollections cease:
And in the stillness of the night,
Bright thoughts that end in dreams as bright,
Communicate their peace.

I wake and see the morning star,
And hear the breakers on the bar,
The voices on the shore;
And then, with tears, I long to be
Across a dim unsounded sea,
With her for evermore.

WANTED! NEW POETS.

THE cheaper and more universal literature becomes, the more difficult it is for poetry to retain its position of supremacy. Great minds do not devote themselves to it as they used to do. There are other things to be done besides chiseling sentences, or even moulding splendid fancies into rhythm. Instead of being, as he once was, the paragon and instructer of his age, the poet is only one of a multitude of teachers and of prophets. Parnassus, instead of being reserved exclusively for the cultivation of the bay tree, is given up to a number of active and energetic squatters, who turn the romantic wilderness into arable land, and produce a variety of useful and healthy crops, which take precedence of the old ornamental laurel. To take a single instance, it is astonishing what a difference has been made to the manufacture of poetry by the modern development of the novel. Novel writing in a field that draws off yearly a score of sentimental and imaginative persons, who, if novels did not exist, might perhaps devote their energies to studying verses, and each of whom, after many years, and at the close of a long life, might conceivably have produced some fifty or sixty stanzas which prosterity would rather read than not. The temptation to write prose works of fiction, from a worldly point of view, is greater. The chances of ultimate failure are smaller, the immediate pecuniary return is more certain, the necessity for long study and laborious concentration is less; and prose is not only more easily produced, and more richly paid, but it is far less severely criticised, and is both a less ambitious and a more marketable speculation.

The progress of music is possibly one of the causes that must be taken into account in speaking of the decline of poetry-making. When Music, heavenly maid, was young, Poetry was grown up. The pair have insensibly changed places. Music has developed into a popular and intellectual science; great artists have appeared, one after another, whose productions will live, perhaps, as long as the productions of Æschylus or Sophocles; and sentimentality and genius are no longer driven to find expression for their thoughts in words. Beethoven and Mendelsshon have taken the place of poets in the nineteeth century. It is not, of course, true in the very least that music is a modern invention; but, like all other arts, it has benefited by mechanical progress, and has been increasing its hold upon the attention of the civilized world. It may also possibly be true that sentiment is more equable in these days, and finds more vent than it used to do upon simple objects of daily life. The world is always full of ups and downs, but, on the other hand, comfort and luxary increase daily among the educated classes; ordinary life is not so full, as a rule, of picturesque situations, and the course of true love frequently runs smooth. The result of this is that refinement and culture have a gentle and easy time of it. The fine and delicate feeling which used to be forced back on themselves are spent in making other people happy, in adding to the ease and elegance of life, and in smoothing down its rough edges. Even despairing lovers are going out of date, except in novels and upon the stage. Life is not in itself either a tragedy or a comedy any longer. It is a more or less rapid and comfortable railway journey, with pleasant companions, a constant change of scenery, and newspapers and refreshments at every station. Mingling with our fellow-creatures in this busy and pleasant way does not increase our chance of being poets. Nobody seems to have any reason for restraining his sympathies, or converting himself into a hermetically-sealed reservoir of sentimental steam. Life, as Longfellow tells us, is earnest and active, and accordingly the Psalm of Life itself is nothing but a very well-meaning, but badly-rhyming, piece of prose.

On the other hand, we do not see why the world need make itself unhappy because it generates few new poets. The old ones are good enough for those who care about poetry, and, if it were not, as Tristram Shandy says, for "the vanity of the thing," one might do without any additions to their number. Almost every feeling that the human breast is capable of entertaining has been expressed nearly to perfection. Every great passion has been portrayed, most characters are to be found in the poet's picture-gallery. Every man cannot have a Holbein or Rembrandt on his wall, but every one of us can keep "Hamlet" and "Romeo" upon our library shelves. Certainly, one does not like to think that our age is inferior, and if the charge of a dearth of new poets really was a reproach, it would be proper to resent it with dignity. We think it means nothing of the kind. If a new poet does appear we shall be glad to see him, and to watch his early performances with interest and enthusiasm; but English verses are likely every day to become more and more like Latin verses—useful, that is to say, as a means of self-culture or self-amusement, but comparatively an unimportant addition to the literary riches of the world.

A PRETTY FOOT.—What is prettier than a pretty foot? What is more captivating than a dear little boot covering a high instep, and coming down neatly over the toes, with a bewitching tassel dangling at the top of the close-lacing? In nothing is aristocracy so marked as in the pedal extremity, the thin nostril, the long fingers, the narrow palm, are evidences of gentle blood, but far less so than the round ankle, the high instep, the hollow beneath, through which, as the proud and high-bred Arabs say, a stream of water should be able to flow while the possessor is standing. The flat, splay foot, on the contrary, as surely tells of want of pedigree as its misshapen excrescences, its corns and bunions drive away affection. The horse shows the purity of his extraction by clean limbs, neat posture, and small hoof; and the same result is noticeable, more or less, in all animals. Men fall in love as readily with a seductive foot as with an attractive face; he finds in it a thousand expressive movements; its firm tread speaks of a decided character, its quick step denotes anger; its elasticity of motion assures him of liveliness and good humor; its hasty tread denotes impatience; its subtle glide signifies cunning; while the quiet but marked footfall guarantees him an affectionate disposition. The face often deceives with an alluring smile; it is taught or trained by design or habit; its openness is guarded and confined; but the foot speaks its own language, unrestrained and untutored; and the male sex owes a debt of gratitude to fashion for giving us back honest feet to the future adorners of human existence.

MR. MILLION DOLLARS.—A man may make a million dollars and be a man. For a man who has got a million dollars, you know, is a man—in New York, and I suppose in Boston. Everybody takes his hat off to Mr. Million Dollars. He is conciliated, he is respected; and if there is any prospect that the dew will be shaken of his branches, he is invited everywhere.

If a man has a million dollars he is a man; but he dies, and his million dollars is cut into four quarters, and four persons carry it off their several ways. Mr. Million Dollars, after an appropriate funeral, is buried, and there he lies; and in a few years nobody talks about him, nobody thinks about him, nobody hears about him. In fifty years the shrewdest man might go and read his grave stone, and find "Mr. Million Dollars.' "Who was he, and where was his money." And it would puzzle an antiquary to tell what those four heirs did do with it. It puzzled them after a few years to tell where it had gone to. He made his money; it gave him power and influence; he distributed it among his heirs; yes, he *distributed* it, and they squandered it; he died and went to dust, and that was the last of him, so far as this world is concerned. I don't know what become of him beyond.

MISS EMILY SHIRREFF, in her work on education, has remarked that in dealing with timid children the endeavor should be to encourage boldness and to ronse decision; to accustom them to responsibility, the latter being made a mark of honor; to excite sympathy for the great deeds of fearless and heroic natures. Fear, therefore, should never be appealed to, though, at the moment, fear is the readiest instrument to accomplish a particular purpose.

TICKNOR & FIELDS announce, among their forthcoming works, "Passages from Hawthorne's Note Books," in two volumes; Longfellow's translation of Dante—the "Inferno," to appear in April, the "Purgatorio" in May, and the "Paradiso" in June; also C. E. Norton's translation of Dante's "Vito Nuova."

A HYMN FOR ALL SEASONS.

FOR the beauty ever round us springing
From the Spring's first blossoms in the vales,
To the wealth of Summer flowers flinging
Incense to the loitering Summer gales,
For the wild bird's song which trills and gladdens,
We do praise Thee, veiling all which saddens!

For the ripening fruit when Autumn lowers,
For the ready harvest in the field,
For the pensive lingering of the flowers
While the vines their pendant treasure yield,
We do bear unto Thine altar holy
Fervent thanks and love, sincere and lowly!

For the Winter's snow that lieth lightly
On the old gray moss and forest tree,
For the glorious revelation nightly
Of the moon and stars that tell of Thee,
We do still in humble trust beholding,
See through all Thy love and power unfolding!

Ever new to us the seasons changing,
Ever fresh the song of bird and sea,
Never old the cloud through azure ranging,
Always grand the stars we nightly see;
Thus hath God, to feed man's restless yearnings,
Oped His universe to his discernings!

ANOTHER WESTERN WONDER.—The greatest wonder in the State of Iowa is what they call "Walled Lake," in Weight county, twelve miles from the Dubuque and Pacific Railway, and about one hundred and fifty miles west of Dubuque city. The water is from two to three feet higher than the earth's surface. In most places the wall is ten feet high; width at the bottom fifteen feet; at the top five. Another fact is the size of the stones used in its construction. The whole is of stone, varying in weight from three tons down to one hundred pounds. There is an abundance of stone in Weight county, but surrounding the lake, to the extent of five and ten miles, there is none. No one can form an idea as to the means employed to bring them to the spot or who constructed it. Around the entire lake is a belt of woodland, half a mile in width, composed of oaks. With this exception, the country is a rolling prairie. The trees, therefore, must have been placed there at the time of building the walls. In the Spring of 1856 there was a great storm, and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers in that vicinity were obliged to repair the damages to prevent inundation. The lake occupies a ground surface of 1,900 acres; depth of water as great as 25 feet. The water is clear and cold; soil sandy and loamy. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from and where it goes to, yet it always remains clear and fresh.

DEATH OF A BRIGAND.—The telegraphic wires at San Pancrazio, in Calabria, were set in motion lately to announce to the Government that the famous brigand, Filippo Zanoni (better known by the nickname of Maceion), had at last been captured by the Carabineers, but not without the deadliest fight, he having seriously wounded three of his assailants out of eight, and only yielding when mortally struck on the head by Sergeant Bacci. This celebrated assassin had committed ten murders, and made numberless depredations at the head of three bands, whose ranks he saw decimated and ultimately destroyed by the dreaded Bersaglieri. Twice he fled into the hands of the police, having been betrayed and sold by the peasants, and twice he succeeded in escaping from prison, adding to his calendar of blood by the assassination of his informers. At last he fell, but not without dearly selling his lawless life; however, certain names, written on bits of paper found in his pockets, brought the police on the track of some malefactors living at Pancrazio, in the midst of luxury, and eight of them were lodged in the Municipal prison in that district, to await an inquiry about their former life and means of existence.

"BURNED AT THE STAKE"—A DANGEROUS TABLEAU.—At a Society Fair in Granville, Massachusetts, lately, a young lady of the village, who took part in a tableau, was placed in what proved an unenviable and dangerous position, that caused much alarm among the numerous spectators present. The last scene represented the burning of a martyr at the stake, and the "victim" was chained to an erect post, around which, at what was considered a safe distance, fagots saturated with some inflammable fluid were piled. At a given signal the torch was applied, and the lady stood the ordeal for a time without flinching. But what was intended merely as an illusion proved in a measure a reality; the flames spread over a greater surface then was calculated, the lady's clothing took fire, and being secured to the stake no relief could be afforded except from the auditory. Her cries finally made her danger known, and she was released, not, however, until her arms and a portion of her head dress was severely burned.

THE New York *Tribune* has engaged Mr. Dickens to write a novel for its weekly edition, paying for it $25,000. Carlyle has also been engaged to contribute a single article to cover a page of the daily edition, for which he receives the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. At that rate Carlyle receives but poor pay, while Dickens obtains magnificent compensation.

☞ WONDERFUL BUT TRUE.—MADAME REMINGton, the world-renowned Astrologist and Somnambulistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvoyant state, delinestes the very features of the person you sre to marry, snd by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and life like picture of the future husband or wiie of the applicant, with date of marriage, occupstion, leading traits of charscter, etc. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hsir, and enclosing fifty cents and stamped envelope sddressed to yourself, you will receive tne picture by return mail, together with desired informstion.

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ABSCONDED!—The wife whosc husband supposed she had absconded wss freely forgiven, whon he found she had only been dowu to the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY to see HOWLAND, snd get one dozen of those beautiful Card Pictures, THE BEST over made in this city. Come esrly, if you waut to get a sittiug. Remember the Pisce—Nos. 25 and 27 Third street, east side, uear Market street. B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasscs, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case sliver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are takiug the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that Amerlcau manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instrumcnts, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortmeut of Japanese curiosities for sale.

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MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishmeut on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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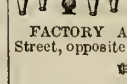

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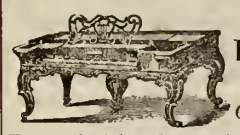


THE FAMOUS

PIANOS

OF

Chickering & Son

Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agent's'.

Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,

421 Montgomery street.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

PHOTOGRAPHY

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Executed in a Superior Style, at

GEO. D. MORSE'S

NEW AND ELEGANT ROOMS,

No. 315 Montgomery Street, corner of Summer.

Photographs retouched in India Ink or Water Colors, and copied from daguerreotypes or ambrotypes to any size. All work guaranteed and perfect satisfaction given. Call and see specimens before going elsewhere.

HOWE'S NEW STYLE

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines have is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all grades of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A DEMING,

137 Kearny street, S. W, cor. Sutter, San Francisco, Cal

GEO. T. CASEBOLT & CO.,

Importers of

Hardwood Lumber,

ALL KINDS OF

Carriage and Wagon Materials, Coach Trimming and Hardware.

315 PINE STREET,

esrcornor of Sansoiue, San Francisco.

SAUL & McARRON,

Carriage Manufactory,

NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,

Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.

A general assortment of new and second hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

DEXTER STABLES,

Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES, - - - - PROPRIETOR

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

NEW SPRING BONNETS.

The revolntions in millinery have been so rapid and complete, during the last few years, that ladies feel more than the nsnal anxiety to know what is preparing for them in the future. what they have to fear, to hope for, or to expect.

The small sancer bonnets, now that the hair has been adapted to them, have become great favorites with all young, or comparitively young, women. They are convenient, easily made, cost next to nothing, and can therefore be renewed as often as the beautiful Rose Matilda pleases.

But this state of things, thongh a Paradise of millinery, is not a Paradise for milliners; their occupation is gone, and a change, and a very decided change, mnst therefore come sooner or later. The present aspect of the millinery sky is only indicative, it is not positive; but the indications are decidedly in favor of a retnrn to the orthodox style and shape.

The new spring styles cannot be called a "patch," a "plaster," or a "plate." They include a brim or crown, and a cnrtain or cape, the first and last small, to be sure, but suffi ciently pronounced to give the appearance of a bonnet. The crown is still the most important part of the strnctnre, and rests npon the top, instead of the back, of the head, the cape surmounting the *chignon* like a comb, and the brim serving as a frame to the face, and as cending in front, in some instances, like a tiara.

Bonnets trimmed with plaits are very popnlar. I will describe two that were made a few days ago. The first was the form called Marie Louise, which has a small, low crown. It was made of blue *crepe* mixed with blonde; two plaits of blue silk descended the back, and two smaller plaits crossed the front of the bonnet. The second was in the Marie Stnart form, pointed on the forehead. It was black velvet, with jet drops round it. At the edge of the front there was a small bow with three crimson velvet buckles; two plaits of crimson velvet terminating with jet drops, descending the back.

NEW SHORT DRESSES.

Short dresses are now an established institution. The late styles are straight round the edge and cut up at the sides, matching the short, straight paletots, which are also cut np on the sides. "Jasper" cloth, or silk, makes a pretty suit in this style, bordered with silk braid, worked with jet.

The lower skirt or petticoat may be plain or plaited, or striped straight or diagonally with velvet, according to taste. If the dress and petticoat are not uniform in color, the petticoat must correspond in color with the paletot. Purple petticoat and paletot, of marine blue, with black silk or poplin dresses, are in good taste, the trimming if any is used upon petticoat and paletot, being black.

Jet and beads promise to be as much used as ever, especially upon spring toilettes. Later in the season, beautiful straw trimmings, mixed with silk, jet and crystal, will be used upon both bonnets and dresses, excepting, of course, washing materials.

McDOUGALL & MARQUIS,

Architects,

328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Blam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blum & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

Pollard & Carvill,

Dealers in and Manufacturers of LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,

37 and 39 Webb street,

Between Sacramento and California.

Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

THE GREAT

New England Remedy!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

White-Pine Compound,

IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficnlty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valnable.

Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.

It is pleasant, safe and snre. Sold by all Drnggists and Dealers in Medicine genornlly.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

401 and 403 Battery Street, cor. Clay, San Frsncisco.

MASONIC TEMPLE,

Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!

Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] ensbles DR. BOURNE to Gusrantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

THE BEST FAMILY WINES IN THE CITY —Are to be found at—

HOADLEY & CO.'S,

533 Merchant street, under Pacific Fruit Market.

☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE,

No. 223 Bush Street,

Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.

☞ HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.

Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.

W. DUNBAR, Proprietor.

FAUST CELLAR,

Beer and Wine Saloon,

Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,

San Francisco.

A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - Proprietor

ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.

FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

L. G. SCHORD,

SUCCESSOR TO

WILLIAM P. LORING & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fine

Wines, Liquors and Segars,

NO. 534 MERCHANT ST.,

Between Montgomery and Sansome sts.

Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Families and Clubs supplied on Short Notice

MARTIN GROSTETTA,

LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

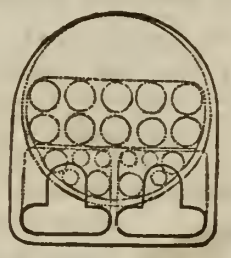
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, JAS. AITKEN, } Proprietors.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydrsulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

WILLIAM JAMES, Newark, N. J. | DAVID MEEKER, J. COBBLEDICK, } San Francisco.

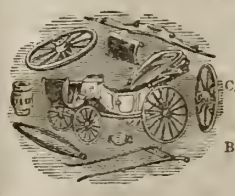
MEEKER, JAMES & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Wagon & Carriage Materials,

NOS. 12 AND 14 PINE STREET.

The Largest Establishment on the Pacific Coast for the supply of materials for



WAGONS, TRUCKS, CARTS, OMNIBUSSES, CARRIAGES, COACHES, EXPRESS WAGONS, BUGGIES, SULKIES, Etc.

Also, Importers of

GREGG'S TENONING MACHINES,

Hub Boring Machines, Thimble Skeins for Wood Axles, Hub Bands, Axle Clips Shaft Shackles, Malleable Iron Castings, Concord Axles and Springs.

☞ Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. MEEKER, JAMES & Co.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Biskely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters' & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts., below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderbold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 320 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Sav' ann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOODAND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

Rough and ragged as a bear-skin,
But as warm, was Captain Bray,
Sitting in the rosy cabin
Of his little schooner Fay.
Smoothing out a wrinkled volume
With a wondrous careful hand,
Seeming not to feel the distance
We were rolling from the land.

Now he nods, and smiles, and whispers,
While his eyelids overflow!
Captain, pardon us for asking
What those hieroglyphics show?
And the Captain drew his coat-sleeve
O'er his face, and answered slow,
"Well, this little pile of paper
Is my log-book, you must know!"

Often had we heard of log-hooks
Writ by sailors on the deep;
But within the mystic volumes
Never chanced to get a peep.
So we craved this son of Neptune
Let us turn his volume o'er;
Lo! 'twas filled with rude, misshapen
Inky daubs, and nothing more!

"Ah! to you," he said, "they may be
Blots and scratches on the sheet;
But to me they speak a language
Ever eloquent and sweet.
For they bring to me my cottage,
Where the fire is burning bright—
Where my little one is lisping
Prayers for me, this stormy night.

"Very precious is this volume,
Full of houses, trees and men!
See this picture of a sailor;
Don't you know it? Look again!
Can't you see myself depicted?
And the child upon my knee
Is my little maid—my Mattie—
Who did everything you see.

"Every scratch, and mark, and picture,
Is the work of Mattie's hand;
Not a brighter little lassie
Lives—I vow, in any land!
Why, I never cross the ocean
But she adds a sheet to this,
Covered with her cunning pictures;
Every picture is a kiss!

"Not a time I turn them over,
But I feel her velvet cheek
Pressing mine—" and here the Captain
Grew so hoarse he scarce could speak.
"Ah! you do not know what comfort
From these leaves I always reap,
When between me and my Mattie
Rolls the cold and lonely deep!"

THE POPULATION OF EUROPEAN CITIES.—In 1866 censuses were taken in Great Britain and France, and the reports show the following population of the principal cities:

London	3,037,991
Paris	1,825,274
Liverpool	484,337
Glasgow	462,265
Manchester	358,855
Birmingham	335,798
Lyons	326,954
Dublin	318,537
Marseilles	390,131
Leeds	228.187
Sheffield	218,257
Bordeaux	194,241
Edinburg	175,126
Bristol	163,630
Lille	154,778
Toulouse	126,936
Newcastle-on-Tyne	122,277
Salford	112,904
Nantes	111,956
Hull	105,233
Rouen	100,673

To the Editors of the Californian—GENTS:—I have pleasure in making public the following report of the business of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY for the month of April, just closed:

Number of policies issued	818
Average amount of each policy	$832 50
Net amount of premiums received	$12,400 23
Total Fire and Marine Losses	1, 985 00
Balance in favor of the Company	$10,415 23

The above, I trust, will give our friends satisfaction. Respectfully,

THOMAS MOONEY, President.

San Francisco, May 1, 1867.

GREAT TRIUMPH!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

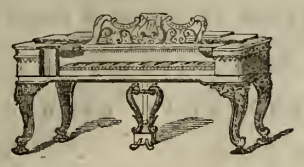
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

THE CELEBRATED PIANOS



—OF—

J. B. DUNHAM, F. C. LIGHTE & CO.,

AND ERNEST GABLER,

Are warranted for FIVE YEARS, and indorsed by the LEADING PIANISTS of AMERICA as SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.

SOLE AGENTS— C WIEDERHOLD & CO., 685 Market street, near Third.

J. C. E. KLEPZIG,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

DEALER IN

GUNS, PISTOLS,

Sporting Apparatus,

AMMUNITION

AND GUN MATERIALS,

No. 733 Washington Street, San Francisco.

Gilding and Silver Plating of all kinds of metals; also, Silver or Plated Ware reburnished.

HOLBROOK, MERRILL & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

STOVES, TIN-PLATE,

SHEET IRON, LEAD PIPE, PUMPS, ZINC, WIRE, AND

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

MANUFACTURERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON AND COPPER WARE.

Nos. 13 and 15 Front street.....San Francisco
Nos. 176 and 178 J street.....Sacramento
Main street.....Austin, Nevada

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE

HAVE IN STORE, EX LATE ARRIVALS, A FULL stock of

STOVES AND RANGES,

METALS, WIRE, IRON PIPE,
LEAD PIPE, BRASS GOODS, HOSE,
HOLLOW-WARE, TIN-WARE,
TINMEN'S STOCK AND TRIMMINGS,
TOOLS AND MACHINES,

Plumbers' Goods,

LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS,

Hansbrow's Patent

SHIP, FARM AND MINING PUMPS,

Which they offer to Dealers at the lowest market rates.

112 AND 114 BATTERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. O. HANSCOM. H. S. SMITH. } HANSCOM & CO { T. PENDERGAST. W. W. HANSCOM.

Etna Iron Works!

S. E corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,

Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,

MANUFACTURE

STEAM ENGINES,

QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting

PISTON PACKING,

Now so extensively used in the East and in this State. Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,

The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in running order in two days' time.

TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,

Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.

All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.

SOLE MAKERS FOR THIS COAST OF THE "PENDERGAST WHITE IRON STAMP SHOES AND DIES."

None genuine unless obtained from us. Every one warranted.

Patented Machinery of all kinds will be furnished by us at market prices. Particular attention given to drawings and specifications of machinery, which will be made to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

☞ Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,

Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma

H. STOCKDALE Proprietor

D. A. MACDONALD, J. H. MACDONALD. } { J. MCGILL, H. CHIPMAN.

D. A. MACDONALD & CO.,

SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Finishing Work for Buildings constantly on hand, and got up to order.

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Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens. North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

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Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT HAVING BEEN imitated (poorly, however,) by an inferior and pernicious article, and sold in this market for the genuine, the Proprietor of HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT has made an alteration in the general trade-mark, and also substituted for Rheumatic Liniment, CURATIVE OIL. This great remedy will be known hereafter as HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL.

HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL,

For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.

For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dollar per bottle.

☞ Sole Agents—CRANE & BRIGHAM and R. H. McDONALD & CO., San Francisco.

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines have is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all grades of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A DEMING,

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GEO. T. CASEBOLT & CO.,

Importers of

Hardwood Lumber,

ALL KINDS OF

Carriage and Wagon Materials, Coach Trimming and Hardware.

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NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,
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Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.

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STEAM ENGINE WORKS

Beale Street, near Mission, San Francisco

STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.

HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,

Portable Engines of all sizes,

Donkey Pumps, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The attention of the parties engaged in shipping or inland navigation is called to the

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP

of Mr. LOCHHEAD, who has been in the business in San Francisco for the last fourteen years and enjoys the reputation of having built ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN STEAM ENGINES.

Screw Propellers of all kinds, and Steam Boat Machinery generally, made to order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in every particular.

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(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)

NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
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Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.

☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

IF there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

JOSH BILLINGS' ESSA ONTO SWINE. — Hogs generally are quadriped.

The extreme length ov their antiqnity has never been fully discovered; they existed a long time before the flood, and hev existed a long time since.

There iz a grate deal ov internal revenew in a hog; thare aiu't much more waste in them than thare iz in an oyster.

Even their tails can be worked up into whissels.

Hogs are good quiet boarders; they alwns eat what is set before them, and don't ask eny foolish questions.

They never hev enny disseaze but the meazles, and they never hev that but once; once seems to satisfy them.

Thare is a grate menny breeds amongst them.

Some are a close corporation breed, and some are bilt more apart, like a hemlock slab.

They used to hev a breed in New England, a few years ago, which they called the striped hog breed; this breed was in high repute among the landlords, almost every tavern-keeper had one, which he used tew show tew travelers and brag on him.

Some are full in the face, like a town clock, and some are as long and leau as a cow-catcher, with a steal-pinted noze on them.

They kan awl rute well; a hog that kant rute well, haz been made in vain.

They are a short-lived animal, and generally die as soon as they git fatt.

The hog can be larnt a grate menny cunning things, such as histing the front gate off from the hinges, tipping over the swill barrells, and finding a hole in the fence tew git into a corn-field; but thare aint enny length to their memory, it iz awful hard work for them tew find the same hole tew git out at, espeshally if yu are at all anxious they should.

Hogs are very contrary, and seldom drive well the same way yu are going; they drive most the other way, this haz never bin fully explained, bnt speaks volumes for the hog.

A CRAZY Second Adventist in Herkimer county, N. Y., has for ten years been feeding a big ox for a feast when Christ should appear. He has starved his other stock, and spent nearly all his property in purchasing food for that ox. The ox a few days since died of a surfeit, the owner having but two days before refused $1,000 for the animal.

GEORGE PEABODY was 72 years old on the 19th of February, and the anniversary of his birthday was celebrated at South Danvers, Massachusetts, by a banquet. Mr. Peabody stated that after his return from London he shonld take up his home at Salem, Mass.

A MANUFACTURER in New York city is filling an order for two thousand thimbles at eighteen cents per dozen, for the managers of a popnlar gift enterprise. "No blanks! Every ticket entitles the holder to a present!"

A. J. SWEETSER,

Dealer in all kinds of Foreign and Domestic

Song and Cage Birds,

CAGES, SEED-SHELLS, GOLD AND SILVER FISH, GLOBES, AQUARIES, ETC.

No. 519 Kearney street, between Sacramento and California, San Francisco.

CORNS!

DR. V. POPPER,

Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

THE SIGN OF THE BIG GLOVE.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

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J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.

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Fashionable Milliner.

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All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.

Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.

Goods received by every steamer, from New York and Paris.

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FARRAGUT AND OUR NAVAL COMMANDERS,

Comprising Popular Biographies of our Naval Heroes, by Hon. J. T. Headley, the distinguished Author and Historian—complete in one large volume—handsomely illustrated in steel. The best paying Agency of the day.

In connection with this work our Agents can take orders for five of Headley's Standard Works. Call or send at once for Circulars and Terms.

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Capital Stock $200,000, divided in Two Thousand Shares of $100 each.

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HERMANN WENDT, FREDERICK BRUNS,
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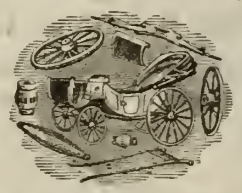
The above Company intend to establish a reputation for making the best

Ale, Porter, and Lager Beer

In the country, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally.

All orders from the country promptly filled and delivered free of charge in the city.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and nt prices to suit the times.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

IS A CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF THE CHOICE root, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effectual antidote for diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. Such a remedy is surely wanted by those who suffer from strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove, as this has, of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found in the following complaints:

Scrofula, Scrofuloos Swellings and Sores, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, etc

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left in comparative health.

Female diseases are caused by Scrofnla in the blood, and are often soon curod by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

Do not discard this invaluable medicine, because you have been imposed upon by something pretending to be Sarsapari la, while it was not. When you have used AYER'S—then, and not till then, will you know the virtues of Sarsaparilla. For minute particulars of the diseases it cures, we refer you to Ayer's American Almanac, which the agent below named will furnish gratis to all who call for it.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, for the cure of Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Heartburn arising from Disordered Stomach, Pain, or Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, and for a Dinner Pill.

They are sugar coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best Aperient in the world for all the purposes of a Family Physic.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers.

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UNION INSURANCE COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 416 *and* 418 *California Street.*

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - $750,000

The California Lloyds,

HAVING CONSOLIDATED WITH THE UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, JANUARY 1, 1866, THIS COMPANY ARE NOW PREPARED TO EFFECT MARINE AS WELL AS FIRE INSURANCE UPON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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Insurance effected against both

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AT THE LOWEST RATES.

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IMPORTERS OF

Agricultural Implements,

MACHINES, HARDWARE, ETC.,

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(Near the Levee,) SACRAMENTO,

Eastern Office, 88 *Wall Street, New York,*

OFFER:

Buckeye Reapers, 5 and 6 feet; Mowers, 2 sizes.
Ball's Ohio Reapers; Mowers, 3 sizes.
Burt's Eagle Reapers and Mowers, double and single gear.
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Pitt's Improved Threshers, 24 to 40-inch cylinders.
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Pitt's Double Pinion and Iron Horse Power.
Portable Steam Engines, 5 to 20-horse power.
Wheel Wire Horse Rakes.
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Hay Presses, Hay Rope and Baling Wire.
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Rubber and Leather Belting, all sizes.
Single Plows and Gang Plows.
Harrows, Horse Hoes, Cultivators.
Fan Mills, Grain Mills, Hay Cutters.
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Samples of machines may be seen at their new warerooms. BAKER & HAMILTON,
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Furniture Warehouse,

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LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

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MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

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THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.

Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

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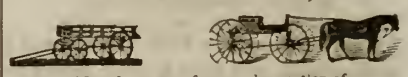

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BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
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—ALSO—

The sole right to manufacture FULLER'S PATENT SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESSES, admitted by everybody to be the BEST, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.

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Corner Second and Folsom streets,

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THE BEST FAMILY WINES
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—Are to he found at—
HOADLEY & CO.'S,
533 Merchant street, under Pacific Fruit Market.

☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

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No. 223 *Bush Street,*
Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.

☞HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.
Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
W. DUNBAR, Proprietor.

FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,
Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
San Francisco.
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ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

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Wines, Liquors and Segars,
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Between Montgomery and Sansome sts.

Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Families and Clubs supplied on Short Notice

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FINE IMPORTED WINES, LIQUORS
Native Wines and Bitters, English Ale and Porter.
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THE MOST PERFECT CUTTING MACHINE EVER MADE

HUBBARD PRIZE MOWER

The Excelsior Mower of the Day.

The Makers of this Celebrated Machine have finally been enabled to increase their manufacturing facilities to such an extent, as to equal the Eastern demand, and permit of a full stock being kept at San Francisco for the wants of the Pacific Farmers.
This Machine took the FIRST GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM from
EIGHTEEN COMPETITORS,
At the Great Public Trial of MOWERS held at Utica, New York.
Farmers and Dealers, send for a pamphlet, and consult your own interests by examining this Machine before you make your purchases for the season.

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BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
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ESTABLISHED IN 1851.
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317 AND 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,
OPTICIANS
THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT ESTABLISHMENT on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined.
SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.
Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.
Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.
N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.
LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
317 *and* 319 *Montgomery Street,*
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Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

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Pioneer Photographer
612 CLAY STREET,
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Takes all kinds of Photographs in the very best style of the Art. Would especially invite attention to the superiority of the "Cabinet Photograph," or new size, taken at this establishment.

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P. LISENFELD,
Has removed from 612 Battery street to 537 Sacramento street, a few doors below Montgomery,
Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements. Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description.
All goods sold are warranted.

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Steam Navigation Company.
STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
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" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN
One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.
Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.
Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.
B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

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Building and Savings Bank,
CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.
Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000
WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.
LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE,
HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES
AND MERCHANDISE.
Deposits received at one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

"OUR OPERA."
CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. - - - Petalnma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of ELLEN JENNER, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of William A. Jenner, the Executor of the last will and testament of Ellen Jenner, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the heirs and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Ellen Jenner, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 3d day of June, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs and devisees of the said Ellen Jenner, deceased, according to law.
It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said third day of June, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated April 23d, A. D. 1867.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Att'y for Executor. ap27-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, William Rowan, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said William Rowan, at No 532 Merchant street, Room No. 3, in the City and County of San Francisco.
WM. ROWAN.
Administrator of the estate of Claude Jacquin, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1867. ap17-tf

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by J. W Brumagim, the Administrator of the estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration;
It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 6th day of May, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;
And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated April 5th, 1867. ap6-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF HORACE COLE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of HORACE COLE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within nine months and twenty-one days after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator with the will annexed, at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.
Dated April 4th, 1867.
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Horace Cole, deceased. ap6-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CHARLES MITCHELL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Charles Mitchell deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.
Dated April 11th, 1867.
WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of Charles Mitchell, deceased. ap13-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF LUDWIG IGEL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of LUDWIG IGEL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated April 11th, 1867.
WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Ludwig Igel, deceased. ap13 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB R. MAYER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Jacob R. Mayer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his place of business, No. 523 Montgomery street, San Francisco.
Dated April 13th, A. D. 1867.
A. W. BOWMAN,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Jacob R. Mayer, deceased. ap13 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ROBERT CARTER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratix of the estate of Robert Carter, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratix, at the place of transaction of her business, at the office of her attorney, John F. Finn, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.
GRACE CARTER,
Administratix of the Estate of Robert Carter, deceased.
Dated April 12, 1867. ap13 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF FRANCIS S. WOOD, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against FRANCIS S. WOOD, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, JOHN G. HODGE, at Nos. 418 and 420 Clay street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
Dated April 6th, 1867.
JOHN G. HODGE,
Administrator with the will annexed of Francis S. Wood, deceased. ap6-5w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.
The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No. 5 of the 100 vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.
And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.
Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven
WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CITY AND COUNTY OF San Francisco. In the Probate Court.
In the matter of the estate of THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased.
Order of Publication on application for order of sale.
On reading and filing the petition of William A. Quarles, administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.
It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 20th day of May, 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated April 17th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.
Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court, this 19th day of April, A. D. 1867.
[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]
WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEFFRIES, Deputy Clerk.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Petitioner. ap20 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate left unadministered of THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator as aforesaid at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.
Dated April 12th, A. D. 1867.
WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of Thomas A. Kimball, deceased
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Administrator.
ap13-5t.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARL. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

The Beautiful and Fascinating

HELEN WESTERN,

Supported by THE GRAND COMBINATION COMPANY,

Will appear on

This Afternoon and Evening..May 4th,

In the play of the

"Green Bushes."

MONDAY EVENING.....MAY 6th.

First night of the

"French Spy."

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra $1 00
Parquette.....50 | Upper Circle.....25

☞No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery,

Museum, Gymnasium

.....AND.....

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, half price.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

Between Jackson and Pine

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

between California and Pine.

JAMES C. PARKINSON JOHN J. MAHONEY.

PARKINSON & MAHONEY,

GILDERS AND MANUFACTURERS

—OF—

LOOKING-GLASS AND PICTURE FRAMES,

No. 333 Kearny street, between Pine and Bush, San Francisco. All kinds of Oval Frames, Lithographs and Engravings kept constantly on hand. Pictures cleaned and varnished. Old Frames regilt.

ARRIVAL

—OF—

MADAME LAURUSTINUS,

The Great Prophetess and Doctress.

The Madame has astonished thousands of her visitors in Europe, England and America, by revealing the Past, Present and Future Events of Life, such as Law Suits, Travel by Sea or Land, Lost or Stolen Goods, Hidden Treasure, Absent Friends or Relatives, and all affairs of business in general.

☞The Madame has a select assortment of pure Roman Talismans, for Love, Good Luck, Success in Business, and guaranteed for Life.

Office of MADAME LAURUSTINUS, No. 816 Montgomery street, between Jackson and Pacific. Office hours, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 in the evening.

Powell Street

WARM SWIMMING BATHS!

N. E. Corner Powell and Filbert Streets,

OPPOSITE WASHINGTON SQUARE.

J. M. NASH.....PROPRIETOR.

WARM AND COLD BATHS from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. daily, with every appliance usually connected with a well-ordered Gymnasium for the development of Health and Muscle.

The only Complete Swimming Bath on this Coast.

Another advantage connected with this establishment, not usually found in Swimming Baths, is, that the water is Continually Changing, Fresh Water running in and out Constantly.

Single Baths, including Towels and Bathing Dress..25 cts
5 Bath Tickets, " " $1

Call and Try Them. The Kearny Street and Montgomery Street Cars pass the door *every five minutes.*

The Baths are reserved for Ladies every Tuesday, from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. Ladies to supply their own Bathing Dresses.

I will *guarantee* to impart a thorough *practical knowledge* of *Swimming* in *one month.* Terms for the Course, $10.

J. M. NASH.

DEXTER STABLES,

Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES, . . . PROPRIETOR

MAURICE DORE & CO.,

REAL ESTATE, STOCK AND GENERAL

AUCTIONEERS.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM, 327 MONTGOMERY ST.

H. A. COBB, Auctioneer.

UESD Y.

TUESDAY.....MAY 7th, 1867.

AT 11 O'CLOCK, AT

Platt's Hall,

Bay View Park Track,

PORTION OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

COMPRISING SEVENTY BLOCKS

OF 200x600 FEET,

AND

Thirty-Five Hundred Lots,

OF 25x100 FEET.

The Survey and Subdivisions of the Tract have been made to conform with those of the South San Francisco Homestead Association, the Haley and O'Neill and Hudson Tracts, as will as all others south of the Potrero, thereby preserving a uniformity and system of streets at once desirable and convenient.

The opportunity here presented to Capitalists, Homestead Associations and others to obtain valuable Property in large tracts at Moderate Prices has never been equaled in this city, nor can it be repeated, as there is not a piece of property within the limits of the city having the same advantages of location, deep water frontage and accessibility.

The Potrero and Bay View Railroad will be completed on or before the First of July, and Horse Cars running to the property.

We are authorized by the owners to state that the property will be offered without limit or reserve and sold to the highest bidder.

TERMS:

1-3 Cash, 1-3 in One Year, 1-3 in Two Years.

Deferred Payments to bear interest at 9 per cent. per annum, and be secured by mortgage on the property.

Lithographed Maps of the property now ready for distribution at our office, and at the office of H. F. Williams & Co., 638 Clay street.

TITLE U. S. PATENT.

MAURICE DORE & CO., Auctioneers

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMSHIPS FOR NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR MAY.

May 10th—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. J. T. Watkins, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
May 18th—MONTANA, Capt. Jos. Sutton, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Harris.
May 30th—SACRAMENTO, Capt. J. M. Cavarly, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on July 3d, for Hongkong via Kanagawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE OPPOSITION STEAMER

MOSES TAYLOR,

JAMES H. BLETHEN.....Commander

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

WEDNESDAY, - - MAY 15th, 1867,

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO, 2,500 tons, for NEW YORK.

☞The AMERICA will sail June 5th.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

MAURICE DORE & CO.,

REAL ESTATE, STOCK AND GENERAL

AUCTIONEERS.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM, 327 MONTGOMERY ST.,

H. A. COBB, Auctioneer.

TUESDAY.

TUESDAY.....MAY 14th, 1867.

AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON,

At Salesroom, No. 327 Montgomery Street,

CREDIT SALE OF

Alameda Property,

500 VILLA LOTS

On the Encinal, near Alameda Station,

ON THE RAILROAD, AND DIRECTLY FRONTING THE

ALAMEDA PARK HOTEL,

SIZE OF LOTS—Fifty by One Hundred and Fifty Feet.

TITLE PERFECT.

TERMS:

Extremely liberal—will be announced in a few days.

We present this splendid property to the public with every confidence that for country residence purposes, its equal cannot be found in the neighborhood of San Francisco.

Some of its great and peculiar advantages are, unequalled productiveness of soil for all manner of shrubbery and garden purposes; its grand old oak trees, unsurpassed in the State; its climate, the best in California, and its accessibility to business, the passage to and from the city being made at almost every hour of the day, by steam ferry and railroad, in 30 minutes.

The blocks are properly staked on the corners, and names of streets painted thereon, so that persons will have no difficulty in finding any locality.

☞Further particulars in a few days.

MAURICE DORE & CO., Auctioneers.

D. GHERARDELLIS & CO.'S Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

N. B.—Gherardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any Imported Chocolate.

San Francisco Mill.

HOBBS, GILMORE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

BOXES,

Market Street, between Beale and Main,

SAN FRANCISCO.

For Sale, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, and other Fancy Woods.

I. H. SMALL, Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine.

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

WINE SALOON.

UNION SALOON.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

California Wines.

Vintage 1862.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by

A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,
311 Battery Street, S. F.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of DANIEL B. BARNES, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Stephen Smith, Administrator of the Estate of Daniel B. Barnes, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the third day of June, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of said deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said third day of June A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. O. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated May 3d, A. D. 1867. my4-5t5

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and old, to great and to small;
The beauty which was once so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

Excelsior! Excelsior!!

CHASTELLAR'S

HAIR EXERMINATOR, FOR REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

TO THE LADIES ESPECIALLY, THIS INVALUABLE depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensable article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same, leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of an order by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

Whiskers and Mustaches!

FORCED TO GROW UPON THE SMOOTHEST FACE face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
No. 285 River street, Troy, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for the United States.

Beauty!

Auburn, Golden, Flaxen and Silken Curls,

PRODUCED BY THE USE OF PROF. DE BREUX FRISER LE CHEVEUX.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
No. 285 River street, Troy, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for the United States.

HOAGLAND & NEWSOM,

ARCHITECTS,

Southwest corner Sacramento and Kearny streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

[For the Californian.]

SUFFICIENT.

BY W. A. KENDALL.

I was talking with my *sposa*,
Who is simple and concise, about "thus and why;"
With hyperbole I sought to "pose" her;
'Tis my style; which I fear she does descry,
In a quiet way and dry,
Jndging hy her pithy chat,
And the look within her eye,
When she answers "*Verbum sat.*"

Without notice long I bore it—
Thinking it by far the most sagacious plun
To pass over and ignore it
With that "lofty lordliness becoming Man"—
But her tongne so constant ran
To this bit of curtailed Latin,
Once, I own, I strove to ban
The verb that *Verbum sat.* in.

With oracular tone and manner,
I expostuluted thus: "It is customary, dear,
For pundits 'neath every banner,
To select words ponderous and very queer,
To express a plain idea:"
What did she reply to that?
Well, with just the slightest sneer,
She responded: "*Verbum sat.*"

I, of conrse, got quite indignant,
And I rose erect and frowning stood before her,
Commencing: "Madam!"—(most malignant,)
"Thus to ridicule a lingual soarer"—
Here went her little foot down *spat!*
With vim that proved a floorer,
She re-echoed: "*Verbum sat!*"
And down upset *I* sat.

A Muscular Professor.

A discussion took place at the State Teachers' Institute on the subject of self-reporting by scholars. Mr. McChesney asked whether trusting children to give an account of their conduct during the day did not lead to the encouragement of habits of deceit. On this Professor Knowlton leaped with the agility and grace of a professional acrobat on the platform, and thus delivered himself.

"He was waiting for the discnssion to be opened in this manner. Are hoys to he kept away from the gymnasium, and the muscles retarded in development; are they to be prevented from approaching the water before learning to swim, or are they to use only dumb-bells stnffed with straw or feathers, or mimic bludgeons made of gauze and hair? If the latter were to be the case, then muscular strength would not exist. He believed pupils could resist evil as well as adults, and that the temptations of the school-room were as strong for the children as the seductions of the world were to those long in it. His experience was there was as much dependence to he placed on children as on those who pretended to great virtue."

That gymnasium talk is very pretty. The allusions to stuffed clubs etc., must have immense weight in proving that children can he trusted to speak the truth when it appears decidedly contrary to their interests to do so. Professor Knowlton would have created a greater effect on the minds of his hearers had he said, "Give 'em a chance to lie, boys and girls too, and if you catch 'em in lying spank 'em, or take 'em down to the station house and shut 'em up in the dark cell." Either the *Alta's* report of the Professor's speech must he a very faulty one, or he must have talked great rubbish. He, we suppose, conscious of his moral as muscular strength prays, "Lead us into temptation." He said: "He would feel mean to watch his girls, and therefore allowed them to report themselves." Of course "his girls" get spanked, when in spite of his not watching them he finds they have reported falsely. Professor Knowlton is evidently very radical in his notions with regard to both the muscular and moral training of children

Lines on the Sewer now being Constructed in Merchant Street.

O, unconth trench,
By the hard hands of brawny laborers dug,
And dug with oft profane remark
From the contractor's lips,
What relics from thy depths exhumed!
Stones, brick-hats, sticks and ancient stove-pipes,
Old tin and earthenware, old boots and shoes,
And shreds of clothing which did once adorn
Some man.
Thou talk'st of days gone by,
When times were flusher than we now can boast.
Thy lower strata speaks of '49,
When boats did land smack on Montgomery street.
That boot some pioneer once wore,
And cursed the corns it pressed,
As from the boat he jumped on shore.
Above is seen a board, there dropped in '52,
When men were shot and robbed, and throats were cut, and bodies nightly pitched into our noble bay.
Could each particular grain of dirt hut speak,
What volumes would be spoke,
"But this eternal blazon must not be to ears of flesh and blood."
Sleep on fair sewer, and farewell.

The Rural Schoolmaster.

We dropped in last Monday to witness the opening exercises of the State Teachers' Institute. We heard the teachers from the provinces welcomed to San Francisco. In honor of their arrival the wind got up and blew about just to show the rural schoolmaster how it occupies itself during the summer months, slinging dust and soiling linen. Lincoln Hall was thronged with dispensers of knowledge from Butte to Los Angeles. The rural schoolmaster evidently felt the difference between his own modest edifice of learning and the grandeur of the building wherein he was coralled to hear wisdom in mighty volumes fall from the lips of his Metropolitan brother. He teaches in no palatial edifice with broad stair cases and spacious halls. We behold the country school house on a little eminence devoid of trees. Oft is it accessible to cows. Around it the ground is trodden hard and bare. Scarred are the walls and desks, the traces of industrious knife-blades in the hands of pupils idle to learn, but persevering to whittle. He teaches in no Metropolitan climate. During the summer months he labors in an atmosphere ranging from 85° to 110°. Then do the herd of little children in his charge sweat and swelter, undergoing a process of fermentation which induces all manner of mischief. Pail after pail of water is brought into the country school house during the heated term and poured into the interior of simmering infants who ask to "get a drink" because they can think of nothing else to do, and whose capacity for the aqueous fluid drives the rural teacher nearly to distraction. The rural schoolmaster is at one moment engaged in launching some mental barque on the sea of the a, b, abs and the next vainly endeavoring to extricate a miserable and perspiring boy from the slough of vulgar fractions. Great are his trials. Parents imagine he can erect an edifice of mind as easily as they dig wells or build hen coops. They sometimes send a hard handed, rough boy, skilled in breaking colts and driving cattle, to school with one book. It may he an old book brought across the plains, one used in their school-boy days thirty years ago, with every third leaf torn out. From this volume this rural teacher is expected to imbue the rural scholar formerly of Texas or Pike County, with all the learning of modern times, the sophistry of the Grecian philosophers, the eloquence of the Roman orators, and the wisdom of the Egyptians. No wonder he should once a year visit San Francisco to draw from the inexhaustible founts of a Pelton, a Denman, or a Knowlton, fresh lessons in discipline and fresh supplies of wisdom and knowledge. Let him be taken then, kindly, and shown the ways of pleasantness and peace. Show him around. Show him the Mint and station house. Show him the harbor defenses, the resident generals and the menagarie at North Beach. Show him our men distinguished in law, in divinty, in poetry, in journalism, in politics, in rowdyism, in pugilism. Let his mind he refreshed, that he may return with renewed vigor to the arduous work of training aright the rural mind.

Chignons.

Since the London *Lancet* asserted that the dead hair which is worn in unsightly masses on ladies heads was infested by insects, many shameless writers have contradicted the statement. The *Lancet* now says that many chignons contain the seeds of ringworm, and also says that much of the hair used is "church-yard hair" pulled from the scalps of corpses. We hope that the ladies will in time be frightened into discarding this very ungraceful style of "ornament." In addition to gregarines, *pediculi* and the seeds of ringworm filling their heads, they ought to he alarmed at the idea that scalped ghosts may haunt them and demand the restoration of their stolen locks. Let them consider that in consequence of encouraging this fashion, they may, perhaps, be scalped after death, and their spirits be condemned to walk the earth bald headed, searching for their hair, which they may finally discover on the head of some horribly low person.

Dog Murder.

Good dogs are becoming very scarce in San Francisco. Curs are as plentiful as ever. Anxious to see the ravenous, savage animals which were captured and slaughtered at the expense of the city, we paid a visit to the Pound one day this week. Inquiring of the dog jailer i he bad among his captives a lame bull dog with a black spot over his right eye, we were invited to ascertain by personal inspection of the prison, if our dog (the coinage of our brain) were there. A wooden shutter was pushed back and we saw a small room containing some fifteen or sixteen dogs. Intelligent Scotch terriers, pet poodles, fine greyhounds, valuable setters and other varieties of the dog race were there; but there was not one dog that would bite, save under the most severe provocation. The instant the shutter was withdrawn, all the dogs, with one exception, rushed to the window and attempting to lick our hand, besought us in the most heart-rending tones to ransome them. The exception was a beautiful little King Charles spaniel, who sat still and appealed to us only with his eloquent eyes, while tears trickled slowly down his innocent nose. The scene was heart-breaking. All those dogs were to be murdered that morning. They had been condemned without trial, and were to die. Among that assemblage were the most attentive and careful of nurses, to whose charge children might safely he committed for hours, the most faithful friends whose affection no slights could estrange, and servants whom neither scanty fare nor ill-treatment discouraged. In civilized communities the "dog days" are, out of respect to old custom, observed by muzzling dogs for a few weeks. This is all right, there is no reason why the "dog days" should not be observed equally with St. Valentine's Day, May Day and the First of April. It is, however, rather absurd for the municipal government of a city in which there has never been a case of hydrophobia to pass an ordiance providing for the indiscriminate slaughter of all dogs found in the streets without muzzles. It is true that one or two naughty children have in the course of the last ten years been hitten hy dogs who doubtless knew who they were biting, and several weak-minded men have been frightened, but nevertheless the present slaughter of dogs is disgrace to the city and State. The man who does not like dumb animals is invariably a bad man, and the destruction of thousands of family pets which has taken place must grieve every humane and thoughtful person.

Highly Important from Japan.

The *Alta* of Thursday publishes part of a letter from a gentleman in Yokohoma. We should like to know the gentleman's name; he i evidently somehody of consequcnce. The *Alta* only vouchsafes the information that his name commences with a P. He wants an American newspaper in Yokohoma. He misses his morning paper. He says:

"I beg yon to send some good fellow over here to establish an American newspaper. I don't know enough about the expenses of a paper to be sure that it would pay, but the expenses of manual labor would be light, and I donbt not that every American, and probably most foreigners, in Shanghai and Hongkong would subscribe for it. I would he glad to give an American newspaper all the assistance in my power, if published in the American style and left at my door early in the morning, as I miss my morning paper more than anything."

P. will subscribe to an American paper if "left at his door early in the morning." This should be attended to. We trust that a company will be formed immediately with a good fellow at the head for the purpose of starting an American paper for P in Yokohoma. By all means let P's copy be left at his door early in the morning. With regard to the probability of the paper's paying, we assure P its of no consequence. There are hundreds of men in San Francisco ready to start papers without seeing the slightest prospect of their paying. If P would prefer a ready made newspaper we could spare him the *Times*, or the *Flag*, or the *Dispatch*, for the matter of that we could spare all our daily papers except the *Bulletin* and *Alta*. P wants something else. He says:

"Please tell your Postmaster that his Department should arrange for a mail from here to Europe, and also for sending mails from here to Shanghai by the *Costa Rica*, when she gets here."

Certainly. The Postmaster has been told what P wants, and he said that he was only sorry P didn't mention it before. Is there anything else that can be done to make this gentleman of consequence comfortable in Yokohoma?

King Alcohol's Army.

We have in San Francisco an association of total abstainers from intoxicating drink called the Temperance Legion. The members are captains, majors, lieutenant-generals, and ape the style of military men in the published orders. It appears from late telegraphic dispatches, that such a temperance army in New York if there was any fight in its members, might probably be called into service. The police have discovered an organized conspiracy of the rum-sellers to cause a riot, resist the excise law and whip the police. What a fine chance a conspiracy among the saloon keepers of this city would afford the bold Temperance Legion to distinguish itself. Then its seal which represents a party of men breaking open barrels, might represent the actual manner in which they "made war on King Alcohol."

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XV.—AT THE TIDAL TRAIN.

"THERE'S a job for you to-day, Jim," said the irreproachable Harris to Mr. James Swain, when he presented himself at half-past eight at Routh's house, according to his frequent custom.

"I didn't come after no jobs this mornin'," said Jim; "I come to see the missis."

"Ah, but you can't see her, she ain't up, and the job is particular wanted to be done."

Jim looked moody and discontented, but cheered up when Harris represented that he might see Mrs. Routh on his return. The "job" was the delivery of Routh's clothes and letters, as directed, at his chambers in Tokenhouse-yard. The boy was troubled in his mind, irresolute. George Dallas' sudden illness, the photograph he had seen, these things added to the perplexity he was in already. Perhaps he had better speak to Mrs. Routh first; he did not know; at all events, he might tell her what had occurred yesterday, without mentioning the portrait, and see what effect it had upon her. He had thought about it all, until, between his imperfect knowledge of facts, his untaught intelligence, and his genuine but puzzled good-will, he was quite bewildered. He had brought with him that morning, with a vague notion that it might perhaps be advisable to show it to Mrs. Routh, but a settled resolution to show it to Mr. Dallas, the object which he kept carefully secreted in the hole in the wall at home, and as he trudged away Citywards, carrying a small leather bag containing the required clothes and letters, he turned it over and over in his grimy pocket and grew more and more thoughtful and depressed.

Arrived at Tokenhouse-yard, the clerk took the bag from him, and suggested that he had better wait, in case Mr. Routh should require his further services. So Jim waited, and presently Routh came out into the passage. Jim's private opinion of Stewart Routh's character and disposition has been already stated; of his personal appearance he entertained an equally low one, and much opposed to the general sentiment. "An ill-looking, down-looking dog, I call him," Jim had said to himself more than once; "more like the Pirate of the Persian Gulf, or the Bandit of Bokarer, I think, than anybody as I knows out of his pictures."

More ill-looking, more down-looking than ever Jim Swain thought Stewart Routh when he spoke to him that morning. His face was colorless, his eyes bloodshot, his glance troubled and wandering, his voice harsh and uneven. He gave Jim a brief order to meet him at the London-bridge railway station the same evening, at a quarter to six. "I shall have a message for you," said Routh. "Be punctual, remember." And then he turned away abruptly and went into his room, shutting the door roughly.

"He ain't in the best of humors, even of his own, and they're none on 'em good," thought Jim, as he turned out of Tokenhouse-yard and took his way westward again, keeping his hand permanently in his pocket this time. A fresh disappointment awaited him at Routh's house. Mrs. Routh had gone out immediately after she had breakfasted. Did she know he wanted to see her? Jim asked. Harris was rather tickled by the question.

"I say," he remarked, "you're getting on, Jim; you'll be as impident as a cock sparrow presently. I didn't happen to tell her; but, if I 'ad, do you think she'd a stayed in to give you the chance?"

"Yes, I do; wot's more, I'm sure she would," said Jim, and walked moodily away, leaving Mr. Harris in a fine attitude of surprise upon the threshold. When that functionary finally left off looking after the boy, and shut the door, he did so to the accompaniment of a prolonged whistle.

It was only ten o'clock, and Jim had been told to go to Mr. Dallas' at eleven. The interval troubled him; he could not settle his mind to the pursuit of odd jobs. He did not mind "hanging about;" he would hang about Piccadilly till the time came. But when Jim reached the house in which Mr. Felton and Mr. Dallas lodged, he was surprised to find it an object of lively curiosity to a number of persons who were crowding the pavement, notwithstanding the active interference of a policeman, endeavoring to clear a passage for two ladies whose carriage was before the door, and one of whom was evidently in the deepest distress. Jim plunged at once into the heart of the concourse, and asked a number of eager questions, to which he received simultaneous but contradictory replies.

"He's dead!" "No he isn't." "He's his brother, I tell you; I heard the cook a-tellin' the milk-boy." "He ain't his brother; the old 'un's his uncle; and he's been and murdered his cousin. Such were a few of the sentences Jim caught as his curiosity and anxiety rose to frenzy.

"*Wot* is it? wot is it? Do tell me. Is anything wrong with Mr. Dallas?" he asked imploringly of the servant who had opened the door to the two ladies (who had at last succeeded in entering the house), and was just about to shut it in the faces of a few scores of anxious inquirers endeavoring to pierce the depths of the hall, and to see through the dining-room doors. "Don't you know me? I was here yesterday. I have been here before. I was to see Mr. Dallas at eleven. Can't I see him? Is he worse?"

The woman did know the boy, and she at once admitted him.

"Come in," she said; "I'll tell you inside. It's a deal worse than his health that's the matter." So Jim vanished into the house, a distinction which, being unattainable by themselves, was regarded with much indignation by the crowd. Temporarily dispersed by the active policeman, they gathered again, hoping the boy would come out, when they might pounce upon and extract information from him. But they waited in vain; the boy did not come out. The carriage still remained at the door, and in about an hour a gentleman of grave and busy aspect issued from the maddeningly mysterious mansion, stepped into the vehicle, and was driven rapidly away. The crowd was not in luck; no one heard the order given to the coachman. Then such silence and desolation as can ever fall on Piccadilly fell upon the scene, and the gay-looking, brightly-decorated house obstinately hid its secret.

The woman who recognized Jim told him the story of the events which had occurred, in the hall, speaking in a hurried whisper and with much genuine womanly compassion. Jim heard her with a beating heart and shaking limbs. As the boy leaned against the wall, regardless of the damaging properties of his tousled head resting on the spotless paint, he wondered if this was like fainting, and whether he should be able to keep from "going off" like Mr. Dallas.

"We're strangers to Mr. Felton, of course," said the woman; "and it's natural everybody as can should like to keep their troubles to themselves, for it don't do no good tellin' of em, and people don't think no more of you; but there's things as can and things as can't be hid, and them as can't has been a takin' place here."

"Yes," said Jim, faintly; for the words he had heard in the crowd were ringing in his ears; "yes, yes; but tell me—"

"I'll tell you, as plain as I can speak it out. Mr. Felton had some letters yesterday—letters as come from America—and there were a carte of his son in 'em; he hasn't seen nor yet heard of him for ever so long; and when Mr. Dallas see the carte he knew as the man was the same as was murdered, and never found out, in the spring."

"Well?" said Jim. "Yes? Go on." The faint feeling was subsiding; he was begining to understand.

"It were an awful shock for Mr. Dallas to find out as his cousin had been murdered, and to have to break it to the father; and no wonder he fainted over it. Nobody knows how he did it, but there must have been a dreadful scene; for I shouldn't ha' known Mr. Felton from the dead when I went to ask, through their not answering James' knock, whether they were goin' to have any dinner. He was sittin' in his chair, white and quiet; and Mr. Dallas—he as had been took so bad himself in the beginin'—he was kneeling on the ground beside him, and I think his arm was round his neck; but I couldn't see his face, for he only put out his hand, and says he, 'No, thank you, Mary; go away for a little, please.' I waited in the passage, but I never heard a word pass between them; and we didn't know whatever could be the matter, for we only knew about the letters after Mr. Dallas had been took up."

"Mr. Dallas took up? They said that outside, but I thought it must be their larks. Wotever do you mean? Go on—go on; tell me—quick!"

"It's quite true; no larks at all. It might be about eight or nine, and we was all sittin' down stairs, a talkin' about the parlors, and a very quick ring comes to the 'all door. James opens it, and in comes two men, very short and business-like, which they must see Mr. Dallas, and can't take no denial. So James goes to the door to ask if Mr. Dallas will see them, but they're too quick for James, and walk in; and in two minutes there's a great to do and explanation, and Mr. Dallas is took up."

"But wot for?—wot had he done?" asked Jim.

"Murdered his cousin, don't I tell you!" said the woman, a little snappishly. "Ain't I a-tellin' of you as plain as I can speak. He 'd been and murdered this other gentleman wot nobody knew, in the spring, and then he sent the police a lookin' after his cousin, and just tells them enough to make them know as the other gentlemen was him, which they 'd never had a notion of before, so they come and took him on suspicion of the murder, and Mr. Felton went away with him. We was all there when they put the handcuffs on him, and his uncle he stopped him in the 'all, as they were goin' to the cab, and says he, 'George, my boy, I do this, that no one may think I'm deceived,' and he put his hands on his shoulders and kisses him, as if he was a woman, before us all."

Jim listened, pale and breathless, but quite silent.

"Mr. Felton were out pretty near all night; and when he come 'ome, the gentleman as is here now were with him. He hasn't been to bed at all, and I haven't seen him, but just when I let the lady in, which she's a sweet lookin' creature, and has been cryin' dreadful."

"Let me see Mr. Felton," said Jim, catching the woman by her dress, and speaking with the utmost eagerness and passion, "let me see him. I came to see Mr. Dallas about business. Let me see Mr. Felton."

"*You* came! why what have you got to do with it?" said the woman; her curiosity vehemently aroused.

"I will tell you all about it," said Jim, adroitly; "you shall hear it all afterwards—a curious story as any one ever had to tell. Mr. Dallas never did it—not he, *I* know better than that. I can tell Mr. Felton a great deal."

"I must ask if he will see you," said the woman; "if he won't, perhaps the lawyer—"

"No, no, it must be Mr. Felton himself. Let me into the room."

She offered no resistance, and in another minute Jim was in the presence of a group composed of Mr. Felton, a grave gentleman, who looked like a lawyer, a beautiful girl, who was Clare Carruthers, and a plain, clever-looking young woman, who was Clare's cousin, Mrs. Stanhope. The lawyer and Mr. Stanhope were seated by a table, in close conversation, which they carried on in lowered tones. Clare and Mr. Felton stood upon the hearth-rug, the girl's golden head was resting upon her companion's shoulder, and she was crying silently, but unrestrained.

"Is he very, very ill?" she had said, a little before Jim entered the room.

"Not seriously so, my dear, and indeed nothing could be more fortunate than that his strength failed him so completely. It gives us time, and I need it, I am so bewildered even yet."

"Did Mr. Lowther say—say that he was not—not brought before the magistrates, not brought into that dreadful place, to-day?" said Clare, her voice hardly audible for her sobs.

"Yes, my dear. Think a little; I could not be here if he had not so much respite. Clare, I am a chief witness; I must be there, you know, to tell them about—about my son ———." He paused, and closed his eyes for a few minutes.

"The case was called *pro forma* this morning, but Mr. Lowther's partner, his brother, easily procured a delay. George was too ill to appear, but he sent me word that there was nothing seriously wrong."

"Can no one see him?" asked Clare, imploringly. "O, Mr. Felton, can no one go to him? Can no one give him any comfort—help him to bear it? Are they so cruel as that, are they so cruel?"

"Hush, dear, it is not cruel; it is right. No one can see him for the present but Mr. Lowther—Mr. James Lowther, who is with him now, I dare say, who will be here this afternoon."

"How can you bear it? how are you ever to bear it?" she said.

"My dear, I must bear it; and I have time before me in which to suffer; this is the time for action. You must help me, Clare, my dear, brave girl. I sent to you for this; I sent for you, at his desire, my child. His last words were, 'My mother, my mother, she is coming home to-morrow.' I told him to be satisfied, she should be kept from the knowledge of all this." He shuddered from head to foot. "Clare, are you strong enough to redeem my promise? Can you hide all that has happened from her? Can you be with her, watching her, keeping a calm face before her? My dear, have you strength for this?"

She lifted her golden head, and looked at him with her innocent fearless eyes.

"I have strength to do anything that he—that George desires, and you think is right."

"Then that is your share of our dreadful task, my dear. God knows it is no light or easy share."

Clare's tears streamed forth again. She nestled closer to him, and whispered—

"Is there no—no hope?"

"None," he replied. "If it had been possible for George to be mistaken, I have had the sight of my own eyes. Clare, they brought me my son's coat! Ay, like Jacob, they brought me my son's coat. My own last gift to him, Clare." His eyes were dry and bright, but their sockets had deepened since the day before, and his voice had the febrile accent of intense grief and passion restrained by a powerful will.

"What George must have suffered!" she said, still in a broken whisper, her tear-stained face upon his breast.

"Ah, yes, it is all dim to me still. Mr. Lowther and I have been searching out the truth all night, but we are still in confusion. Tatlow is coming presently, and you must go away, my dear, you must go home. You have your share to do, and need strength to do it. You shall know all I learn from hour to hour. Mrs. Stanhope, will you—who is this? What brings you here, boy?"

"Sir," stammered Jim, though he had the wizened mannish look peculiar to his tribe, was only a boy, and was desperately frightened—"sir, I came to tell you that I know the man as didn't do it, and I know the man as did."

Mr. Felton loosed his hold of Clare, and came forward. Mr. Lowther rose hurriedly from his seat; he did not share the blank, incredulous surprise of Mr. Felton. The two ladies drew near each other.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Lowther.

Jim told him.

"What are you come for? What —?" began Mr. Felton; but Mr. Lowther made a sign to him to be silent, and addressing Jim in a quiet, friendly voice, took him by the arm and led him to a chair.

"Sit down there, my boy," he said, "and don't be afraid. You must have come here of your own free will, and we do not doubt you have come for a good purpose. You have something important to tell Mr. Felton. You know Mr. Dallas, I think, and I gather from what you said just now that you know what he is accused of." Jim assented by a downcast nod. "There, tell us all about it. Take your time, and don't get frightened." So saying, and giving the boy a reassuring pat on the shoulder, the lawyer sat down on a chair opposite to Jim, and spread his hands upon his knees in an attitude of serious, but not stern, attention. The two woman looked on in silent suspense, and Mr. Felton, guided by a glance from Mr. Lowther, moved a little to the back of the chair on which Jim was seated.

"Come," said Mr. Lowther, giving him another pat, "we are all anxious to hear what you have got to say. Speak up, my boy."

"Sir," began Jim, "I should like to ask you something first. It is true, as the gentleman as was murdered was Mr. Dallas' own cousin?"

"Only too true. He was Mr. Felton's son," and the lawyer eyed the unhappy father, as if measuring the strength he could command to bear this new trial. Mr. Felton came to Jim's side, and touched him kindly on the arm.

"Don't be afraid to speak before me," he said. "You may; and don't keep us waiting any longer, my good boy."

(To be Continued.)

Proper Rules for Young Ladies.—A Boston paper, no doubt versed in the rules of society at the "Hub," suggests the following memoranda as a guide to young ladies in their conduct:

Have a good piano or none. Be sure to have a "dreadful cold" when asked to "favor the company." Cry at a wedding, but don't faint. Always scream at a spider. Never leave your curl paper in the drawing room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are "engaged" if you don't like your partner. Adjure ringlets on a wet day. Never faint unless it is convenient to fall into the arms of the young gentleman you love. Remember, its vulgar in the extreme to know what your mother is going to have for dinner. When you go a-shopping, be sure to take your ma along to carry the bundles.

The fifth twenty-inch gun ever cast in this country was hoisted out of the pit, where it was cast some three weeks ago, at Fort Pitt foundry last week. Some idea of the amount of labor required to finish these monster guns may be formed from the fact that it takes several men three months to finish one of them. The ball used is solid and weighs over half a ton, requiring one hundred pounds of powder a charge. A navy gun of this calibre was tried a few days ago, at the providing ground near Wall's Station. The immeuse ball penetrated into the bank about forty feet, and produced quite a jar.—*Pittsburgh Republic.*

The Last French Fashion.—The Globe's Paris correspondent writes as follows: "Now that crinoline is gone and *crines ficti* menaced, the great geniuses who in this part of the world invent female adornments have struck out something new. It is to deck garments with little pictures. In a shop window this morning, I observed a *par dessus* of gorgeous red, bearing the picture of a silly young man; on a third, of a horse; on a fourth, of a black geutleman with tails and horns; on others, ships, landscapes, coats of arms and so on."

An euthusiastic Millerite at Providence, R. I., who fancied that the millenium was near at hand, recently arrayed himself in a white garment, remarkable only for its scautiness, and with a red candle and white flag stationed himself in the window of his hotel, exhorting the passers-by, and waiting for his translation. He was twice interrupted by the police, and finally taken to the insane asylum.

Next September it will be twenty-seven years since Greenwood Cemetery was opened to the public as a burial place for the dead. Since that time the number of interments had reached, up to March 9th, the immense figure of one hundred and twenty-four thousand one hundred and twenty-eight, or an average of twenty per day during the whole of these long years.

Fred Douglas and John Brown, Jr., are preparing a biography of "old John Brown."

"RUSSIAN SCANDAL."

THE title of this paper implies that we have a budget of news from the court of St. Petersburgh. It suggests Siberia. The well-known Duke—is already *en route*, and the lovely Princess—is also consigned to those inhospitable regions. Or else it has a smack of the knout about it, as if we were going to tell the story of titled ladies who were "sent for" to inexorable *bureaux*, and who, standing there on a movable board like the coal-cellar plates of our streets, suddenly decended "a certain distance," and underwent a severe private swishing in the room below; a punishment of extreme delicacy, as the executioners would be unable to identify the half-bodies lowered for correction. Nothing of the kind. This paper is going to be a dull moral essay, and the taking title is merely put there *ad captandum*; just as one of the London tea companies puts forth a startling advertisement, "What are the wild waves saying," and when we greedily look for the answer to that extremely difficult question, which even Florence Dombey, in the song, answers very unsatisfactorily, we find that all that has to be said is that *John Chinaman*, A 1 for thirteen years, has arrived with a few million chests of the spring pickings on board, and that the Wiry Family Congou is three half pence a pound cheaper to direct consumers.

The few words we have to say are about the morality of anecdote-telling, and that we may not sink quite so low as a tea company, we will first explain that there is a thread of connection between our advertisement and our discourse. "Russian Scandal" is the name of a winter-evening game, combining, as children's books say, "instruction with amusement." The instructive part of it is the convincing test it affords of this morality to which we have alluded. The game does not want clever people to play at it, for attempts at ingenuity spoil the solid result. It is played as follows: Somebody writes down on paper a very short account of something that has, or is supposed to have taken place. The paper is folded up and put aside. The writer then leaves the room, taking with him one of the party. When the scribe is a young gentleman, it frequently happens that the one selected to go out, is a young lady; but this has nothing to do with the "Russian Scandal." That we may not seem either to approve or to discourage this tendency, we shall call the writer A, and the person who left the room with him, B. A tells B, to the best of his belief, the story just as he wrote it down, then he comes in again, leaviug B outside. Some one else, called C, then goes out, and B gives her (or his) version of the story to C, leaving C behind. D then hears C's version, and in like manner passes it on to E, till, perhaps, a dozen or more have been alternately auditors and informants. The last recipient comes back and once more writes down the story after it has percolated through these various strata of confusion, forgetfulness, imagination, flurry, stupidity, and other every-day virtues. Then the original document is opened, and the two papers read alond to a breathless audience, as identical accounts of the same occurrence.

It is not difficult to imagine the result. Not only is the story distorted, bnt is frequently thrown altogether into a different shape, the relation between the characters is altogether altered, the real original point is often lost, and a new point and center for the story is introduced. Now the real interest in the analysis of this is, that it represents, as far as such a conscious effort can represent it, the natural changes which a plain story can undergo in the mere process of transmission. No personal feelings come in to color it, no malice, no favoritism. Everybody is trying his best to recollect the circumstances, and hand them on ungarbled. More than this, there is hardly time for forgetfulness; scarcely a minute elapses between the hearing and the telling of a plain narrative, so that there seems to be a combination of peculiarly favorable circumstances for reproducing the whole in its intrgrity. Yet after all these advantages the last desceudant of our original story generally bears but a very faint family resemblance to its remote ancestor. Not the least interesting point in the examination is they way in which the point of the story shifts. We know that there are many persons who never see the real point of anything they are told, and our "Russian Scandal" brings out that truth very clearly. Some little by-fact, which is wholly unessential to the action, is snapped up by them as if it were the leading circumstance. In their version this trivial incident assumes undue importance and is overstated, and in this condition it is transferred to the next hearer, and probably becomes at once registered in that shape. The result of this is, that, as no short story can have two distinct points, the original one dwindles and fades in exact proportion as the other is forced into the foreground. And thus the metamorphose becomes complete. Here we have a real practical illustration of the value of hearsay, even when a strict morality of conscientiousness guides the progress of the story—a morality all the more strict because there are no particular motives for transgressing it. It seems to be a flat denial of the trustworthiness of oral tradition, unless checked and tested in various ways. About the generality of stories bandied from one to the other by interested parties, who interpret the plainest facts by a code of their own and reproduce them in a corresponding form, of all that we have nothing to say here. It belongs to quite a different subject.

But upon the morality of anecdote-telling, as a qnestion of casuistry, we may make one or two suggestions. Nothing is more delicious than to know the groundwork of a story, and to watch the license which different people allow themselves in narrating it. The easy morality of narration, first of all, is supposed to give permission to dramatize. An isolated *bon-mot*, a laughable circumstance in which the actors are unknown and nameless, is likely either to fall flat, or to be discredited. To give a false look of truth, the repartee is promptly fathered upon some well-known personage not wholly incongruous, and the comic circumstance is connected with familiar scenes. It is wonderful how this enhances the reality doing of the story. Some persons have a general and loose way of this, and use some well-known character, as, for example, the Duke of Wellington, if they want to go a generation back, or Mr. Disraeli, if it is to be strictly modern. Others are content with family generalities—"I don't know if I ever told you what happened once to an uncle of mine." "This very same thing occurred to a very 'cute fellow I know up in the north of England. Vague, the uncle is; vague, the 'cute fellow; vagne, the north of England; and yet the story really seems much more natural by the use of these personal and geographical landmarks. It is better than the list of dull Greek stories in our grammar, all beginning with a "certain fool." There was nothing to identify the fool, and we did not care about his folly.

Easy morality has also the tendency to make anecdotes travel steadily out of the past into the present. Our interest in the present is infinitely more vivid, and the story-teller knows it, or let us say for his sake, that he feels it, and with unconscious poetry he acts upon it; just as the old classic writers wrote a present tense to make the action more sprightly where the grammer of the sentence seems to expect the past. At any rate we notice the time-honored stories boiled down again and again, like Æetes in the caldron, and turning up once more with all the freshness of immortal youth. Nowhere is this habit more amusingly visible than in University life. For most men four years makes a generation there, so that one who has resided any time in the precincts of Alma Mater becomes in this sense a very Nestor, whose boast was that he had lived through three generations of men. Old residents may hear every day the same stories in which they delighted in their Freshman term, reproduced with a totally *mise-en-scéne*. Famous mistakes and brilliant answers at the public examination of twenty years ago still pass from month to mouth as having only occurred yesterday, and the perpetrator is confidently pointed out among existing undergraduates. Old stock-stories of college tutors and vice-chancellors and proctors are served up with unceasing relish, and are assigned to some fresh personage as the original passes away. One great maxim then would seem to be—Identify your anecdote with known names and circumstances.

Another very favorite liberty which the story-teller commonly takes is gradually to work up to the first person singular. If you will narrate the events before Troy, it adds immeasurably to the interests to be able to say, "Quorum pars magna fui." And so we shall find very often that a story travels steadily in this direction. "A man told me that a friend of his once shot a sparrow with his bow and arrow.' "I once shot a sparrow with my bow and arrow," Here we have the two extremes; the original vague account, the entertaining fact corroborated by the teller's personal experiences. The intermediate stages may be innumerable; the "man" and his "friend" probably do not die at once, but peak and pine for want of notice till they soon fade out of the story altogether, and the first personal pronoun, the philosophic *Ich*, finding the frame of the story empty and garnished, enters in and dwells there. And not the least remarkable thing is that this process of negligent morality is often unconscious. From repetition of the story, the narrator becomes such a familiar friend of the persons and scenes that it describes, that he becomes assured at any rate of his own presence among them, and by and by, by an easy transition, he becomes the prime actor in the whole affair.

Now there are some persons in the world who treat such casiustry with horrible roughness, and weaknesses. They can't accept the anecdote as something surrounded by its own characteristic phenomena. They criticise it, they analyze it, nay, they actually challenge the narrator ou the coarse ground of its being the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He has had all the trouble of living down the sternuess of fact; he has fully persuaded himself of the veracity of his new version, adapted to the comprehension of dinner-tables, and tipped with some sparkling allusion to affairs of the day; and is ho to be silenced by the mere pedantry of "that story is told in Jesse's 'George III.;" you'll find that it occurred to yourself. It is an unseemly interruption. If the morality of anecdote-telling is ever to be called in qustion, lot us have a professor to devote his attention to it as a special branch of Casuistry. We recommend it for a subject of lectures to Cambridge dons and undergruduates from Mr. Maurice's chair.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

ARTEMUS WARD.

WE attribute to William Winter, of the New York *Weekly Review*, a genial and feeling tribute to the memory of Artemus Ward that appeared in a recent number of that paper. The following is an interesting extract, illustrating in a pleasant style, some of the kindly characteristics of the deceased humorist:

"His quaintness of appearance and his merry manners won at once upon the regard of the young journalists into whose society he naturally drifted. One instance of how he drifted thither we can never forget. That was the period when certain young writers, most of whom have since died, were called 'Bohemians.' They met, at dinner, at one of the Broadway restaurants, where a table was especially reserved for them; and here, one evening, came Artemus Ward—a stranger to most of the persons assembled—and brought with him an acquaintance. Those who knew his gleeful manner will appreciate the humorous effect produced, when, addressing the acquaintance, as they sat down, he said, with cordial hospitality: 'Don't you be afraid. You're in good company. These are Bohemians here. Don't you know what Bohemians are? A Bohemian is an educated hoss-thief.' And so he rattled on, with a good-nature that nothing could dampen, and that made him welcome to everybody. The scope of his acquaintanceship rapidly widened, in after days, and, in every direction, as he became better known, interest deepened into affection. The story of his public life is well known. Its success was due to the same causes that made him so charming in private life. He was a true humorist, a man of the kindest heart, and he was always natural. Seeing him once you saw him always. He had no rostrum robes, no dresses for gala-days and state occasions. A kind-hearted jester, content to wear his cap and bells, an affectionate friend, a man who, if he ever took the trouble to think about the matter at all, held himself as one of the humblest laborers in the literary vocation—such was Artemus Ward. It is not strange that he inspired affection. The world, as Thackeray somewhere tells us, is a very good world to those who come to it good-naturedly, and laugh with it, and make merry; and this young humorist was never weary of ringing the bells of merriment. As he walked in the street, he saw everything in its comical light. He would go up to any respectable stranger, shake his hand fervently, remind him of early days in some far-off country town, speak of the 'old folks,' and describe the sorrow of 'poor Aunt Hannah,' at her boy's coming to the 'wild and whirling' metropolis, and advise the astounded stranger to return at once to home and virtue. 'All will be forgiven, John,' he would exclaim, 'and all forgotten. Take my advice, and go back.' The writer of these lines went with him to his hotel, late one night, not long before his departure to England. A waiter was summoned, with a view to convivial refreshment. 'James,' the humorist said, taking off his overcoat, 'has Mr. ——' (naming the proprietor of the hotel) 'has Mr. —— gone to bed?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then, James, will you just go to him and wake him up, and tell him, with my sincere regards, that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. Remember that message, James, and—don't wait.' And the waiter retired in a convulsion of suppressed merriment. Such trifling incidents show the habit of his mind. He was always straying into ludicrous words and actions. One of his most intimate and dear friends was the comedian Setchell, himself 'a fellow of infinite jest,' and himself also gone hence beyond the dark and awful river of death. These two made a trip together, through one of the New England States, one summer month, riding in a carriage, and sporting with the rural residents whenever encountered. The record of that month can never be known, but such stories as have been told of it show that it was one of the merriest of all jovial times. On another occasion these two humorists, assuming to be store-keepers from 'up the river,' went to Barnum's Museum, and consulted a phrenologist who was then at that place, and who—ignorant of their identity, but bounteously responsive to their questions—told Artemus Ward that he might possibly *understand* a joke but could never *make* one, and told Setchell to 'stick to the store' and give up all idea of going upon the stage. One can fancy these wags, strolling thus along the highway of life and turning everything into mirth! The skies were blue overhead and the roses bloomed about their footsteps, and they went out of life with the echoes of happy laughter ringing in their ears."

ECCE DEUS.

Though this book is evidently not destined to cause as wide or lasting a sensation as *Ecce Homo*, it is nevertheless a very clever work. It is full of things that strike you at first as original, but which, upon examination, turn out to be original in expression only. The *Nation* criticises it as follows:

"By the whole tone of the volume, its basis and its superstructure, it differs from its predecessor very widly. But it is quite as difficult to fix the author's place in the religious world as if he were identical with the author of "Ecce Homo." Indeed, it is more difficult; for the importance attached to forms rather than to dogmas; the stroke of policy by which he made legitimate the sacraments of baptism and the supper, which the general tone of his book seemed not to require, indicated very plainly that it was to the Established Church of England that the author of "Ecce Homo" owed his allegiance. But in the case of "Ecce Deus" we have no such positive clue, and can only say with certainty that the writer is not a Calvinist. His strictures on the doctrine of election are of themselves sufficient proof of this.

"Ecce Homo" was an able book; "Ecce Deus" is a smart one. By those who differ widely from the opinions that distinguish "Ecce Homo" it is agreed that it evinces much ability. But ability is too large a word to characterize the present work. It is simply smart, volatile, alert. If possible it is more uncritical than "Ecce Homo." If "Ecce Homo" ignored criticism, "Ecce Deus" affects to despise it. It troubles itself with no questions of authenticity or credibility. It takes for granted that the Gospel narratives are uniformly correct in their statements. There were statements in "Ecce Homo" which presupposed a certain amount of critical research. From those statements "Ecce Deus" hastens to dissent, remanding the whole question of what actually took place in Judea in the reign of Tiberius to the realm of tradition and faith. The way in which this is done, if not altogether satisfactory, is infinitely amusing. If it makes our author less convincing, it almost always saves him from the curse of being dull. If 'Ecce Deus' is not a true book, it is certainly a bright one, and if 'Ecce Homo' had never been written it would be worth while to peruse it.

The method of 'Ecce Deus' is in the exact opposite of that pursued in 'Ecce Homo.' The author of 'Ecce Homo' was original in many of his views of Christ's character and position, but conventional in his explanations of these views and in his estimate of their practical bearing. The author of 'Ecce Deus' is always conventional in his leading views. In no respect is he heretical. He could, no doubt, recite the creeds and articles without a bit of hesitation. But having recited them, he would go about to explain them in his own way, which oftener than not is quite original. The author of 'Ecce Homo' was like the man who said 'I go not,' and then went; the author of 'Ecce Deus' like the man who said 'I go,' and went not. The author of 'Ece Homo' found the Gospels very ready to conform to all his predetermined views of Jesus; the author of the work we are considering is equally successful with the creeds. As that book had a pet horror, so also has this. But in that case the horror was dogmatism and in this case it is sectarianism. 'Christ founded no sect,' we are told; 'he established a church.' To belong to that church nothing is necessary but love to God and man. To this theme the author constantly recurs. Taken altogether, although the book adheres in form more closely to the current dogmas than its predecessors, in reality it departs from them quite as widely. On account of its title and its formal adhesion to the dogmas of the Church, it will doubtless be considered orthodox in many circles where 'Ecce Homo' was felt to be heretical. But this opinion will have little warrant. There exists between the two books this marked similarity; they are both better in parts than in their total result. Almost every page of either contains something that is suggestive or inspiring, but neither of them contains a life of Jesus that will satisfy the cultivated intellect, be it ever so little given to be critical."

CONGRESSIONAL PORTRAITS

The following sketches of the personal appearance and characteristics of some of the most noted Republican leaders in Congress, are by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*:

N. P. BANKS.

Mr. Banks is the most agreeable speaker on the floor. Erect, lithe, elegant, fluent, sparing of gestures, which, when used, he makes effective, quite convinced of some point which is not always the one under debate, he leads you gracefully up to it, and you look at it from his side, and are certain that it is the most admirable point taken by anybody since the serpent argued with Eve in the Garden. It is only after he sits down that you discover how many other points converge against it and, very possibly that allowing the argument to be unanswerable, it has nothing to do with the question at issue. It seems to be the characteristic of this gentleman's intellect that is negatively strong. It denies magnificently; detests flaws and mistakes, objects to schemes—oftentimes shrewdly and with justice—but founds no system of its own. Whatever he may lack, however, Mr. Banks has good taste. He never tears a passion to tatters, to very rags. He keens his temper. He neither smokes nor eats apples on the floor of the House. He puts his feet under his desk, and not on it; all of which virtues, though by no means individual, are not I regret to say universal.

BOUTWELL.

Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, has some strong words to say. He is no orator as Brutus, but he speaks with such a splendid back-ground of zeal and earnestness and honesty behind him that his clear voice would ring down the centuries with its cry of "courage and truth." He has come out of bondage into this new light of liberty, having learned his Radical notions in a Conservative school—assurance that they are most genuine. Clear-headed, logical, always forcible, he commands the attention of the House. Tall, slender, a little round-shouldered, as, alas, most American thinkers are, with long, night-black hair and inky beard, he is one of the handsomest of the Congressmen. And for all his virtues he may be pardoned an occasional erratic radiation from the central purposes of the session.

BINGHAM.

Another Ohioan, Judge Bingham. This man is a hawk on a column. Figure straight, graceless, solid, and immovable as a rock. Head large in front, superb brow, aquiline nose, unyielding chin. Yes, he is a hawk, or an adze. Positive, aggressive, chafing at interruption, impatient of contradiction or dissent, sweeping rather than powerful, declamatory rather than convincing, he is yet, when in the mood, one of the most impressive speakers in the House. He puts down no brakes. If he should hit another ear let that ear look out for itself. And he sometimes moves with such velocity upon opposing entities not in the least disturbed thereby, that he revives the old problem in philosophy—"If and irresistible force encounter and immovable body, what would be the result?" If one could fancy an angry Mephistophiles—which one cannot, for evil is too strong to be impatient—a defiant and fierce Mephistophiles, Judge Bingham might well stand for the portrait in any of his moods.

THAD STEVENS.

And now the members crowd around a central desk. The confusion of tongues which amazes a spectator in the galleries is hushed for a brief space. The crowds in the balconies bend eager ears. A gaunt, wierd, tall old man has risen in his seat—the man who is often called the leader of the House. If to be voted down on half the questions of the day, to be admired, wondered at, listened to with strained attention, and then resisted in argument and beaten on appeal, be leadership, he has it; but not else. Deep eyes, hidden under a cliff brow, the strong nose of a pioneer of thought, shut, thin lips, a face pale with the frost of the grave, long, bony, emphatic limbs—these cover the uneasy ghost which men call Thaddeus Stevens. The great days of his power are past. Perseus has slain his dragon, and now he would unchain the fair Andromeda for whom he fought, binding her brows with the stars. The new version is sadder than the old, for he was wrought. Yet, to drop metaphors, which are dangerous will-o'-the-wisps, he is wonderful even in his decline. Day after day he comes, compelling his poor body, by the might of the strong soul that is in him, to serve him yet longer. He looks so weary of this confusion which we call life, and yet so resolute to command it still. He is Alaric, the Scourge, whose mission it is to chasten this terrible, turbulent South till she shall yield. If the means proposed are odious to her, they are none the worse for that, thinks relentless Hun. Let her pride be broken! Has she not broken hearts of ours, aye, and honor, which is more than hearts? These are long arrears to settle. So when the Blaine-Sherman amendment comes back, he will vote one of it. It is not fair to say, as some of these papers have done, that the Radicals were false who voted against Stevens on this issue. It was not a test-vote, as is shown in the facts that the copperheads were with him. Erratic, domineering, hard, subtle, Stevens is yet so heroic, he wears such a crown of noble years upon him, that one's enthusiasm and one's reverence cling to him. All those stilettoes of pitiless wit which have made his caustic tongue so dreaded, are unsheathed from the softest tones of his voice, and are quite lost to us. But the sardonic light of his face, and the laugh of the members reach us.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The New York *Home Journal* is about to enlarge. It "respectfully invites the attention" of the public to fact. The *Home Journal* occupies a field of its own, in which it has no formidable rival. As a purely literary journal, it does not undertake to compete with the *Nation* or the *Round Table*, but it is much superior to the flash Saturday and Sunday papers of the old regime.

With the present year will expire all German copyrights whose term has been extended by special privilege. Among the works which have hitherto been the property of authors families or of individuals, but which are now to become common property, are the writings of Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Herder, Korner, Burger, Jean Paul, and other German Classics, of many of which series of cheap reprints are already announced in Berlin.

Edgar A. Poe's "Tales" will be issued by Widdleton, this week, in two volumes, comprising all the prose tales in the more expensive edition of the author's works. These volumes will be each complete in itself, and will be uniform in style with the volume of Poe's poems. Such an opportunity as this to obtain the rarest and most artistic prose productions of this inimitable genius will be welcomed far and near.

Preparations are being made for a colossal bust of the poet Bryant, in the Central Park. Launt Thompson is to furnish the model, which, we understand, is to be cast in bronze.

An "Artemus Ward Monument Association" was organized in New Orleans, the officers of which are, for the most part, leading newspaper men.

Ik Marvel has opened a real estate office in New York, and will give especial attention to the sale and purchase of choice rural sites.

"Ecce Homo" has sold to the extent of ten thousand copies, in the half guinea edition. Of the new edition, at six shillings, three thousand copies were taken by subscription. Roberts Brothers, the American publisher, are printing the twentieth thousand.

A Florence letter, of the eighth, says: "One of the oldest and most popular of Anglo-Florentines is on the point of leaving us. Charles Lever, the inexhaustible novelist, the genial humorist, the shrewd satirist, is about to desert to the Austrians. In fact, he has actually gone. Last week he struck his consular flag at Spezzia, where it may have been seen flying any time these last ten years or thereabout, and he has gone to hoist it in the flourishing seaport city of Trieste. All who know him will rejoice at the promotion for which he has so long waited; but Florence will certainly mourn his loss, which will leave a gap hard to fill in a very large circle of friends and intimates."

Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines," publisher of the late "Knickerbocker," "Continental" and "Northern Lights" magazines, and the man who, during the rebellion, paid a visit to Jeff Davis, in company with Mr. Jacques, is seeking for a position in the New York Custom House, where Richard Grant White, Charles F. Briggs, R. H. Stoddard, Barry Gray, and some other literary lights earn their daily bread.

[For the Californian.]

GASTRONOMICAL REFLECTIONS.

BY PRENTICE.

IT is about time that sermons were preached on diet and food. Hints on cookery and the proper method of eating meals could be embraced within such discourses.

It has long been said of us that we eat too fast. We take in meat and vegetables as a locomotive does wood and water, and are then off again at the rate of sixty miles a minute.

The prevalent idea is that what is termed "plain living," is conducive to health. "High living" is popularly supposed to bring on gout and all sorts of disorders.

Farmers are supposed to live plainly. They do. A large majority of American farmers sell the best of their produce and live on the refuse. The geese, turkeys and chickens, and the best of the "garden sass" go to market. The staple article of fare for family consumption may be salted beef and pork.

I have lived on farms where regularly morning, noon and evening, there made its appearance on the table a dish filled to the height of six or eight inches with square, dice shaped bits of fried pork. It was the household god of the table.

These people were never in perfect health. The women always had some mysterious complaint, and the men always grumbling. There was ever a demand for some sort of medicine when "husband" went to town.

I accuse pork as guilty of a large portion of these internal disturbances, pork in pie crusts, pork in cake, pork used to fry, pork mighty and prevailing in everything.

Cabbage is another favorite of the farm-house table. Pork and cabbage go hand in hand to ruin the national stomach, promote national dyspepsia, destroy the peace of the national mind, aggravate national disturbances, and finally bring on civil war.

This is plain cookery, or at least what is meant in many households by plain cookery. It is diabolical plain cookery.

I believe in generous diet, chicken, turkey, oysters, etc., and a glass of good wine. Such food eaten decently and in order, interferes far less with the stomach's comfort than pork, sausages and tough beef.

We cannot all of us get these things every day. "There's the rub." Those condemned for their sins to eat at a restaurant, cannot always have their food cooked as it should be.

But I will tell you what we can do. We can chew—that is if we try, if we take time. It will not be such easy work, O son of America, to masticate your food properly as you may imagine. It will at first tax severely your patience. The national jaw needs training. The mania for doing everything too fast extends even to the working of the jaws.

Good company and cheerful, animating conversation are necessary essentials, without which no meal is perfect. With these requisites the breakfast can easily be protracted an hour, and by a little training and perseverance the dinner may be made to last two or more. To many of my countrymen this is downright treason and a useless waste of time. Such sentiments are considered indicative of gluttony. But it is not. It is a part of life to eat. The Frenchman knows this. He knows how in this manner to be combine mental and physical pleasure.

Refinement of taste extends equally to all things, the choice and preparation of food included. The savage can devour raw meats, grubs, insects—and so he remains a savage. The denizen of the southwest subsist on pork and corn dodgers—and remains a sort of savage white man. The more cultivated become critical as to their food as they rise in the scale of intellect.

But, says one, "do not the poor students often subsist on the plainest diet and thrive?" Yes. I have seen many of them subsisting in this way on plain diet, and going grumbling about with pale faces and general consumptive aspect. Good people attributed it to overmuch study. They, themselves, rather liked their own distresses, because it made them appear interesting, and savored of studious habits. Bosh! Pork, sausages, hot biscuit, bad mastication and want of exercise lay at the bottom of it.

Daily I behold men eating their meals with such haste that a person not familiar with this national peculiarity might be led to imagine that they suffered from a perpetual fear while inside of a house of being overwhelmed by an earthquake. And what do these same people do when this gastronomical race is over? Nothing. A man dined with me not long since. Scrabble is entertaining, has ideas of his own, and might enjoy himself could he get rid of the national mania for hurry and impatience. We sat half an hour. I had just fairly entered into the merits of dinner when Scrabble proposed leaving. He had finished. Mind you, Scrabble had enjoyed himself thoroughly, for I had allowed him to monopolize most of the conversation, and such a proceeding was to him no bore. But the habit of hurrying and gastronomical bolting had induced Scrabble to imagine he must put an end to any further sitting. Had he anything to do? No. Any appointment to keep? No. He must go because he must go. That was all. "Now," said I, "Scrabble, sit down, and see for the sake of experiment if you cannot get through another half hour. You are enjoying yourself. You are not going to better your present condition by leaving." And then I managed successfully to launch another topic, one of Scrabble's hobbies; he took it up and sailed off in it, sipped his claret, and coquetted with a breast of chicken which had been quietly by my order placed before him, and before he was aware of it Mr. Scrabble had been beguiled in spending two hours at dinner.

I suppose this is treason against habits of order and industry. Still I cannot see why pleasure cannot be interwoven in many of our pursuits and customs, to which it is quite a stranger. Our recreations are "staked out" as it were and made entirely distinct and separate from the "business of life." But much of the business of life can be made to afford us as much pleasure as what we term our pleasures and recreations, and our recreations might thereby be made to render ten, aye, an hundred fold more enjoyment.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday, Miss Helen Western appeared in the *French Spy* at Maguire's Opera House and made quite a hit. Her fencing in the combat with "Mohammed (J. A. Herne), was extremely fine. In the *Day After the Wedding* Mr. Herne strengthened the good opinion which the public have formed of his ability, by the manner in which he played "Col. Freelove." Mrs. Jackson, "Lady Freelove," was an admirably artistic impersonation. On Thursday, *Don Cæsar de Bazan* was played with Miss Western in the title *role*, which she filled with considerable ability. Yesterday evening, the *French Spy* and *Don Cæsar de Bazan* were performed. This afternoon, a *French Spy Matinee* will be given. A grand bill has been prepared for to-night: *Oliver Twist* and *Jonathan Bradford* will be played. Miss Western's "Nancy Sikes" will probably be a strikingly original performance. I expect that Mr. Heine will play "Sikes" splendidly, and the part of "Fagan" will have full justice done it by Harry Jackson. Poor Mr. Edwards is condemned to play the cheerful character of Jonathan Bradford, of course he will, resigned to his fate, play it in the same artistic manner in which he performs the most ungracious parts. The *Corsican Brothers* is in active preparation, and will be produced with startling scenic effects next week.

At the Metropolitan Theater, the *Black Rook* is still running.

The prophesy of some newspapers that because Mr. Bugbee had gone to the East, the Hawthorne Theatricals would be suspended, is disproved. I must acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the first of a new series of private theatricals in the parlors of Union Hall, on Tuesday evening, May 21st, when the *Lady of Lyons* will be played. Geo. M. Ciprico is the new manager of the Hawthorne Theatricals. He will play "Claude Melnotte."

Mrs. Laura Cuppy met with great success in Grass Valley. The *National* thus speaks of her first lecture:

"She spoke, without notes fluently and with great self-possession. Her manner is easy and her movements graceful. Her discourse evinced far more than ordinary powers of mind, and would have done credit to the most masculine intellect in the State. The audience listened with great interest and attention, frequently applauding. Mrs. Cuppy stops to argue all the issues presented against her creed, and does not deal in mere assertion and visionary declarations. She appeals directly to the coldest reason, and patiently labors to demonstrate the truth which she believes, and to make it comprehensible to the most stubborn or stupid of her hearers.

Mrs. Cuppy will lecture to-morrow morning and evening at Mechanics' Institute Hall, on Post street.

Mlle. Rosa Celeste, the funambuliste, left for the East on the steamer yesterday. She inteuds to walk a rope across the Niagara Falls. TOUCHSTONE.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from M. Gray, music publisher and dealer in musical merchandise, the following of his last publications: "Molly Asthore," a very pretty Irish ballad composed by L. H. Lavenn; "The Rustic Gate," poetry by Charles Swain, music by Frank Mori, and "The Anvil Polka," by A. Parlow, which has become so popular in San Francisco. M. Gray also sends us a ballad published in New York by W. A. Pond & Co., entitled "Croquet," words by C. H. Webb, (formerly of THE CALIFORNIAN,) music by J. R. Thomas. Both words and music are pretty. This little song of three verses describes a croquet courting and how it ended.

OAK POISONING CURED by the never-failing and only scientific method of Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Discovered, introduced and practiced with unexampled success, during more than fourteen years in San Francisco, only by Dr. Bourne. *

RHEUMATISM.—Cures guaranteed for a stipulated fee—no humbug about that—by Dr. Bourne's pleasant and never-failing method. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

ELECTRICITY.—The use of Dr. Bourne's powerful and superb battery may be had at a charge of only four bits—10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

ITALIAN OPERA.

THE new season at the Academy of Music was inaugurated on Thursday evening, with the utmost success, in in the presence of a brilliant and overflowing house. With great enterprise and liberality, the manager has engaged all the available talent here in addition to the new artistes secured in New York by Signor Milleri; and the present troupe is, undoubtedly, stronger, and of more even excellence in the various departments, than any combination ever before formed in San Francisco. *Ernani*, the opera of Thursday evening, brought forward a new *tenor*, Signor G. Limberti, who leaped at one bound into public favor. His voice is both sweet and powerful, and is admirably trained; while his stage presence and manner, though not remarkably graceful, are prepossessing, and full of spirit and intelligence. He was applauded with the greatest enthusiasm, and his *debut* may be regarded as a triumph. Signorina Brambilla, Signor Mancusi and Signor Milleri, who sustained the other leading characters, were heartily welcomed back to the stage from which they had so long been absent; we have so often had occasion to praise their performance in this favorite opera that it is now only necessary to say that they sang on Thursday night with their usual success, except Signor Mancusi, whose voice appeared sometimes a little uncertain—no doubt a temporary difficulty, of which he was as well aware as the audience. The chorus was large and generally good; the orchestra lacking in precision, and too easily disturbed (considering that everybody knows *Ernani* by heart) by the sometimes astonishing variations in the tempo of the concerted pieces. Under the competent leadership of Mr. Evans, we hope for better things hereafter.

Lucrezia Borgia was produced last night, affording an opportunity for the *debut* of Madame Stella Bonheur, the new *contralto*, as "Maffio Orsini." We regret that the early hour at which we go to press precludes a notice of the performance. This evening, *Il Trovatore* will be given, with the young and beautiful Signorina Eugenia Bellini as "Leonora," and the other characters by Madame Stella Bonheur, Signor Limberti and Signor Milieri. On Monday, *Lucia di Lammermoor* will be produced. The troupe will sing every evening during the week; three of which are subscription nights, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

NATIVE WINES.—It was our good fortune, a day or two since, to be introduced into the Wine Vaults of Eberhardt, at the corner of Market and First streets, the successor to the agency for the sale of wines of B. D. Wilson, of Mount Vineyard, at San Gabriel, Los Angeles county. Our astonishment at the variety was more than equaled by the delicious aroma and flavor (bouquet) of the wines. The White is a dry wine, which might easily deceive an old drinker of light Rhine wines; whilst the fragrant Port gives one the true taste of Old Oporto, such as we have drunk in Lisbon and Rio, the pure grape, and not that of the drugs of London Dock. But that which appears to be in great favor, is the Mount Vineyard Braud; is very fruity in flavor; a clear, rich wine, with more body than the White, and is much more sought after. And then the Sherry, like unto the Cape Madiera, though much lighter, would deceive many a *bon vivant* for a Xeres wine. The Grape Brandy is excellent, pure and unadulterated, a grape flavor, and but for prejudice would without doubt take the place of the poison dealt out at many bars in this city; however, large quantities of it are sold in New York, where in many places it has superseded the French article. Had we space a long narration of these wines could be given, and can but recommend all lovers of pure good wines and brandies to give Mr. Eberbardt a call, and taste for themselves; they are at very reasonable prices, and well worthy the attention of the public.

NEW PIANO MANUFACTORY.—Mr. Walter S. Pierce, No. 536 Market street, opposite Second, has fitted up in connection with his Piano Forte Warerooms a factory for the manufacture and repairing of pianos; the repairing department of which is conducted on an entire new plan. The defective parts of the piano are taken out and laid aside, and their places supplied with entire new action, or whatever is required, which actually makes the old piano as perfect an instrument as when it first left the manufacturer's hands. Mr. Pierce's factory is stocked with complete sets of Action, Springs, Cloths, Feltings, etc., adapted to every maker's pianos in the United States. His factory is supplied with the latest improvements in machinery, and his workmen are from the best Eastern factories, which gives him advantages for doing good and quick work over any establishment of the kind on the Pacific coast. Persons with dilapidated pianos can, by calling on Mr. Pierce, have new ones made of them by his giving them a rejuvenated appearance, and renewed and healthy tone and action. We saw a number of these instruments at his factory that would pass muster for new ones anywhere.

FRESH MACCARONI, VERMICELLI, ETC.—The manufactory of Messrs Brignardello, Macchiavello & Co., at 706 Sansome street, in this city, is rapidly supplying the local market with these goods, to the detriment of the importers of the foreign manufactured articles, which is found to become soured and injured by the long voyage and extreme age. We are pleased to commend our local made commodities in every instance.

MADISON & BURKE.—This firm do the most extensive House and Property Agency business of any in the city. For houses to rent or to let, or any description of real estate property to sell or purchase, there is no other palce where the parties interested can so soon effect a trade as at Madison & Burke's, 316 Montgomery street.

ALAMEDA PROPERTY.—Maurice Dore & Co's., great sale of 500 beautifully located Villa Lots on the Encinal, near the Alameda Railroad Station, directly fronting the Alameda Park Hotel, will be held on Tuesday next, at their spacious salesroom, number 327 Montgomery street. For terms, etc., see advertisemen

TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

I.

AY, thou art fair—fair as the mornings prime,
And dewy fresh as the rose's bloom,
And good, methinks, as beautiful, to whom
Unknown, I pour the homage of my rhyme!
A thousand knights would, in the olden time,
Have held it fame thy favors to assume,
And died for thee, and gladly met their doom,
And not to worship thee have deemed it crime.
A thousand minstrels would have sung they face
As one all peerless, and have singled thee
To crown with wreaths of deathless poesy;
So rich art thou in every mystic grace,
Making us almost marvel if thou be,
In very sooth, of our own earth-born race.

II.

I have beheld thee in the crowded hall,
Where youth and beauty met; but thou, most fair,
Shone, like a star thro' clouds, among them there,
The cynosure, the wonder of them all.
Nor dost thou to thine aid those trappings call,
Which others use; as well the rose might care
For other charms than hers already are:
Nor gold, nor pearl thou needest, to enthrall
Who thee behold. "Plain in thy neatness," thou
Art queenly with a flower amid thy hair.
And thy clear eyes outshine all gems most rare;
Nor would a diadem on thy modest brow,
Give thee more sway than thou, uncrowned, dost bear,
Who art, by beauty's power, a sovereign now.

—*New York Home Journal.*

THE GREAT MARKETS OF PARIS.

THE four o'clock A. M. bell is like the sound of the gong in the fairy-piece, which makes a whole world rise out of earth. The Great Markets, relatively quiet until that bell sounds, are the scene of noise, bustle, and methodical confusion. It is said that it was amid this morning turmoil that Auber found the *motif* of the market chorus in Massaniello. One sees there so many varied spectacles, one hears so many cries, six pair of eyes and several pair of ears would not suffice to save us from losing something. At first one sees moving about among the market-gardeners none but greengrocers, purveyors, hawkers, and the like. Soon the cooks of hotels and restaurants appear, and their white costume forms a strange contrast to the motley dresses on every hand. Then come soldiers of the different regiments charged with the day's marketing; and *les petites sœurs* (a sort of a sister of charity) begging for their poor, here a cabbage, there eggs, yonder potatoes or salad. In old times *gourmets* made it a point of duty to come to the Great Markets to pick for themselves the best pieces brought. Grimod de la Reyniere never once missed coming to the Great Markets at their opening. He came wearing his handsomest dress-coat and his most delicate lace; he was followed by three footmen with immense baskets. It was Grimod de la Reyniere who, describing how thrushes were cooked wtih gin, was so far carrried away by his enthusiasm as to say, "One would eat one's own father if served up with this sauce."

Do you hear that noise? It comes from the middle of the Rue de la Toonellerie, and is made by there or four lusty fellows, who are hopping, skipping, jumping amid heaps of verdure, constantly gesticulating and bawling at the top of their voices: "All is going! All will disappear! I tell ye, here's the beautiful article, boys! I tell ye, here be the best ye can find! and be spry, for there isn't enough for everybody!" They are the fern-dealers. They come from twenty-five or thirty leagues to sell for three sous a bunch of those beautiful deoticulated leaves with which green grocers adorn their shop wiodows. By the side of the fern dealers are the vine-dealers. Vine leaves are used to set off fruit to advantage. These women sort their merchandise into little packets, which are tied with straw. They get the vine-leaves from the market-gardeners, or from some roguish boy who has been pillaging the vines. They sell their little packets for four sous, and make some three or four francs a day on an average. There are days when they make ten or twelve. Do not be astonished! It is really at the Great Markets one may see the justice of the proverb: "There is no stupid trade." I was shown at the Great Markets a dealer in chick-weed for birds in cages, who has made money enough to buy three houses at Montreuil?

Another profitable trade in the Great Market is that of itinerent coffee-sellers. There are six of them. They have a large cylindrical vessel made of sheet-iron. It is provided with two cocks. Under the cylinder is a heater, and noder the heater is a cup-warmer, where cups and spoons are kept; under the cup-warmer is a basin of water, where each cup and spoon dives after the customer empties it, and after each dive the water changes color, becoming darker and darker. This operation is called "washing the cup." The dish of coffee, sugared, costs one sou; there are, however, dishes at two sous for the *aristos*, for people who wish to make a show. The whole difference between the coffee at one sou and that at two sous consists in the position of the cock. The one sou cock is on the right, the two sou cock is on the left. The liquid which issues from both cocks is identical, for if the cylinder has two apartures it has no interior division. The two cocks are for appearance' sake. The sale of coffee is prodigious. Hundreds of amateurs may be seen around the coffee-women waiting their turn to be served, and she can scarcely ever be seen without a large koot of coffee-drinkers around her. Fortunately, this liquid is absolutely without danger, for it contains no exciting principles. Between you and me, good reader, this coffee is a very distant relation of its homonyme of Bourbon and Martinique. The best "grounds" used have been used several times before they come to the Great Markets. These coffee-women buy the "grounds" from petty cafés, who themselves bought the "grounds" from large cafes. Those who would enjoy, without spending much more money, a little more substantial aliment, apply to the soup-woman. They bring their cups of soup to the Great Markets in baskets which hold 30 at a time. Each of these soup-women sells on an average 15 or 20 baskets a morning. One of them disposes of 1,000 cups a day. She is the aristocrat of the business. She employs a lad to do nothing but wipe the spoons.

Let us pause for a moment in the fish department. To hear an auctioneer in the Great Market is a pleasure one ought to enjoy at least once in a life-time. To understand what he says is a feat beyond the reach of mortal man. The astutest people guess at it. It is an abrupt continuous hum, amid which numerals burst like the explosion of artillery or the rattle of musketry. When there is an auction going on at each of the eight stands at the same time, the spectator at a distance thinks he hears immense watchman's rattles, agitated by convulsive hands. While this uproar is taking place at each stand, a decanter puts both hands to his mouth to form a speaking-trumpet, and bawls the new fishes he spreads on the bench. Besides the eight stands for sea-fishes, where the sales annually amount to $2,000,000, there is one reserved for fresh-water fishes, which sells about $200,000 worth of fishes a year. We may regard as a portion of this market the retail of small Seine fishes, driven by fishermen's wives on one of the outside sidewalks.

It is not far from the fish-market to the butter-market. We meet, at its entrance, the egg-dealers. It is not often a farmer raises so many chickens as to warrant him sending them directly to market. The greater part of the eggs brought to Paris consequently come through the egg-dealers. They go from farm to farm, and from rural market to market, picking up a dozen here and a dozen there, and sending them up to Paris in large quantities. Eggs are sold at private sale. When a buyer and seller come to terms they send for the viewer, who is the only judge who can officially attest the quality of the eggs. There are sixty egg-viewers in the Great Markets. Their business is divided into three successive operations: counting, running through the ring, and viewing. Counting consits in verifying the alleged number of eggs, from which the broken eggs are substracted; ring-running detects the eggs which are under size, and consequently of less value; viewing proper eliminates spotted, bad, frozen, and limed eggs.* By an odd custom of trade, if the alleged number of eggs prove ten less than the real number, the seller pays the counting; if there be above forty spotted eggs, he pays the viewing. Otherwise both these charges fall on the purchaser. A viewer earns $1 40 on what he calls his good days. His business is irregular and fatiguing. He is sometimes obliged to remain forty-eight hours bent over baskets, and this commonly in cellars, for eggs cannot be viewed except in a place removed from daylight. He views the eggs with a candle before him; he takes them two by two (one in each hand), and holds them together before the light, giving them a slight rotatory motion with his fingers to enable him to inspect all around the shell. To discover from the slightest indication the condition of the egg concealed in the shell is a much more complicated science than may be believed, and it requires long special studies. A viewer recently said to me: "I have been in this business these fifteen years, and every day I learn something new." Paris annually consumes 240,000,000 eggs. Statisticians have discovered that each inhabitant of Paris consumes on an average 200 eggs, 246 lbs. of fruit, 20 lbs. of butter, and 6 lbs. of cheese annually. Dry cheeses alone are included in this last figure; cheeses like Gruyere, Roquefort etc., are called dry cheeses. New cheeses (Brie, Neufchatel, and Montlhéry) are sold to a much larger amount. The latter are almost the only cheeses sold wholesale in the Great Markets. Dry cheeses are chiefly sold wholesale in the shops of the Rue des Lombards and Rue de la Verrerie. The sale at the Great Markets takes place only twice a week, and it is not large, as the greater part even of the new cheeses are sent directly to the retail dealers.

Wholesale butter consequently thrones pre-eminently in this portion of the Great Markets. It comes there daily in innumerable lumps and pounds, whose quality varies with its origin. Paris annually makes way with 28,000,000 lbs. of butter, and of this quantity 18,000,000 lbs. are sold at the Great Markets. If we edge our way through enormous baskets of eggs and lumps of butter placed in order on the ground in their white cotton envelopes, we shall reach the center of the butter-market. Here we come upon an odd-looking thing. Imagine a wooden tower, from which falls four drawbridges in the form of a cross. They are narrow and they are long. When the four persons who gesticulate and scream inarticulate sounds at the entrance of each of these drawbridges are seen from some distance—while a crowd of people in a violent excitement seethe and surge around them—one would think that he witnessed a riot, or saw insurgent peasants besieging the fortress in which their lord had taken refuge, and whose entrance was defended by four valorous champions. But when one raises his eyes toward the summit of the tower, one is surprised to see—instead of archers armed from head to foot—very quiet clerks (peacefully writing in immense blank-books) with linen sleeves drawn over their coats. One at last sees the tower is nothing but an account-ing-desk, the valorous champions mere auctioneers, the four drawbridges sales' benches, and the mob of insurgents mere buyers and sellers. As for the dagger which most of them hold in their hands, it is a mere probe, which they call "lance," and use to taste the butter offered on sale. As it is necessary to distrust the external layers of butter, each buyer thrusts his probe as deep as he can, gives it a twist, and brings out with it a small portion of the butter. Then he takes with his thumb-nail a bit of butter from the probe, which he puts into his mouth, and throws the rest back into the lump. You are all attention, I hope, good reader? Well, I said the buyer puts a bit of butter into his mouth. As he tastes about 100 lumps one after the other, were he to swallow the sample tasted he would be sure of nausea long before he had tasted the 99th lump. Consequently, after turning it with his tongue two or three times to give his palate full opportunity to make its acquaintance, he spits it out. I beg pardon for entering into this detail, but it is indispensably neceseary in order that I may reveal to you one of the strangest trades I know. The space where the buyers stand and the edges of the sales' benches are covered with straw, destined to catch these bits of butter. After the tales are ended, the porters collect this straw saturated with butter, and sell it to people whose name we consent to leave in the shade. These people throw this straw into immense pots full of boiling water. The butter melts from the straw and rises to the surface of the water, where it is collected by skimmers. This disgusting, horrible melted butter is used by pastry-cooks and by bakers, who make "fancy bread!" Before it became the emolument of the porters of the butter markets, who make from it some $1,800 or $2,000 a year—ay, $1,800 or $2,000 a year!—the sale of this straw belonged to one of the old keeper of butter. After he died his widow obtained a continuance of the privilege to her to serve her as a pension. So great was the grief of the new keeper of the butter-market upon finding such a reveuue escape him that he actually died of a broken heart. I can vouch for the truth of all these statements, because I have obtained them from the son of the broken-hearted man, who is now the keeper of the butter-market. Is not all this incredible?

Let us now visit tradesmen who pompously call themselves dealers in cooked meats, but whom the people call by their true name, which is *arlequins* dealers. The word *arlequin* (harlequin) explains itself. It indicates a dish composed of every sort of bit, like the motely-colored habit of the hero of the Italian pantomime. It is an indiscribable medley, an odious mixture. Fragments of fishes hob-nob in plates with vestiges of dried meats, and bones of all species of poultry together with spinach and potatoes—all saturated with a liquid containing more or less grease, as it pleased the sauces of yesterday or day before to deposit there. Some people's appetite is sharpened by the sight of this dish. Hunger is a good thing in its way! Twelve or fifteen people assembled in one of the corners of Division No. 12 drive the sale of this terrible merchandise. They draw their supplies from the dish-washers of wealthy houses, or from the more important restaurants, who sell them for an insignificant sum of money the unappetizing *omnium* of all the tableclothes. Some of them sell stale pastry too. On their crowded stall are to be seen all the varieties of stale desert, from wine-colored tarts to those granite-like set-cakes, which resist all all efforts of the teeth. These dealers have fewer customers than the others, for if the robust viscera of the customers wish solid food, 't is not of this sort. Pastry is good for girls. No, no, no; 't is your real *arlequins* dealers who drive the prosperous trade. They sell some $3,000 or $4,000 worth of *arlequins* annually. One of them married his daughter the other day and gave her $6,000 in dowry. At breakfast time you may every morning see poor famishing devils waiting in front of their shops each for his turn to come. You ought to see that sight, if only to know the worth of a piece of dry bread.

If you are bold, and your gorge does not rise beforehand at every thought on it, elbow your way through the crowd around the stall. It is the hour when the supply is delivered. The dealer is on her legs, fresh, fat, smiling, with a mountain of broken bread on one side of her, and a pyramid of dark grease,

* Eggs are steeped in lime to preserve hem. The lime does not injure them; it shows they are not fresh.

the somhre production of mysterious meltings, on the other side of her. Behind her is a shelf groaning beneath many a packet covered with a bit of newspaper. She opens them one after the other, indicating the contents more or less pompously, and then she empties them ou a plate. As she does this the customers in the second rank push those of the front rank, while all around are eager eyes staring through the wired fence.

She wheezes: "Here is a bone of haked leg of mntton, for only 5 sons; here is rice and omelette, 4 sous; haked canliflowers, 3 sous; who wants the cauliflowers? This side, eh?" (She folds up the piece of newspaper, and hands it to the applicant.) "A *blanquette* of veal, 3 sous: who wants the *blanquette?*" Five or six hands are extended; one seizes the paper, and throws down his 3 sous; while the lncky fellow retires with a beaming face, murmurs of disappointment are heard all around him. "Mame Henri, if you've any chicory?" asks a regular customer. She replies: "Wait a bit, wait a bit, and we'll see." Then she goes on wheezing: "Three artichokes, with a bit of sole," (she dips her finger in the sauce, and carries it to her mouth,) "a tip-top article! 4 sous." (She opens a paper dropping oil.) "Here is salad. Who wants salad? 2 sous. Here is a charming piece of beef, streaked fat and lean, 12 sous." (Murmurs of admiratiou). A voice ventures to bid 8 sous for it. She replies: "You are a pretty fellow! Roast beef for 8 sous! Well, well, take it after all, and be off with ye!"

She continues wheezing as she opens packet after packet, and the plates covered with broken victuals crowd the marble counter more and more, and the crowd of her customers becomes larger and larger, until all passage in her neighborhood is intercepted. Now and then, to the annoyance of customers whose mouths water at the glance she gives, she folds up again a paper she opens, and put it aside. It is a tit-bit which some neighboring cheap eating-house keeper will serve up that same evening to his patrons under some most appetizing name. Somebody comes up, nods, slips in her hand a sou and receives in exchange a large packet strongly tied. This takes place again and again. I ask an old woman husily engaged in filling her basket who stands by my side to unravel this riddle to me. She replies: "'Tis mince meat at one sou a packet." I found it hard to repress a wry face. She exclaimed: "O, sir, you can buy here with confidence; all is good meat here." Had I uttered another word the old woman would have insisted upon my testing it—just to see. So I took to my heels.

The Duties of an English Lady's Maid.—One of these not-to-he-envied persons, a race that may be classed with that of governesses, has recently made disclosures throwing a peculiar light upon the women of rank in "Old England."

"Much is required of us in London," she writes. "We must, above all, be very punctual, for fashionahle ladies change their dresses at least five times a day during the seasou. We must have polished manners, be uo older than thirty-five years, and always be cheerful and good tempered, although for weeks we are kept without sleep until four o'clock in the morning—a practice which is equally injurious to eyes and lungs. We are expected to cut and fit and use the most improved machine, and to dress hair for the morning, evening and court costume, as well as for the drive; to iron well, read, write, cypher; to speak French and German, and, if possible, to have traveled. There is still another function of a lady's maid, which is supposed to be of modern introduction, hut which is, in fact, merely a revival of an old custom. We must he ahle to paint in pastel; not, indeed, after nature, hut upon her. To beautify our mistress we must redden the cheeks, put antimony on the eyelids, pastel up on the brows, introduce belladonna into the eyes in order to enlarge the pupils, paint blue veins upon the temples, and usc ninon paint and pearl white upon the rest of the skin. We must change the hair to a reddish brown by means of a corroding material or of 'palma veechie,' which is now used in preference for that purpose, and we must he possessed of great skill in applying all thcse ingredients, as their use is universal with the old as well as the young.

A Lock of Hair.—Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair helonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to Hcaven and compare notes with the angelic nature; may almost say, "I have a part of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

It is not the paintiug, gilding aud carving that makes a good ship; but if she he a nimble sailor, tight and strong to endure the seas, that is her excellence. It is the edge and temper of the blade that makes a good sword, not the richness of the scahhard; and so it is not money or possessions that make a man considerahle, but his virtues.

Prince Napoleon is reported as having said a good thing of the Emperor. "He has twice deceived France," says the Prince; "first in 1848, in making her believe that he was a fool; next in 1866, in making her believe he was a genius."

Hiram Woodruff is dead. On the "turf" so long himself, he goes "under" at last.

SONG.

BY PAUL HAYNE.

I.

My wedded love is fast asleep,
The white lids closed o'er marvellous eyes,
That shine a meaning, pure and deep,
As midnight's far, unfathomed skies;
Her heart upon the tide of dreams
Is heaving like a fairy boat,
And o'er her face the mystic gleams
Of tender thoughts and memories float.

II.

My earlier love, I could not wed,
Is slumbering too, but far away—
She sleeps among the tranquil dead,
And couched upon the churchyard clay;
Her lids are closed o'er soulless eyes,
Her pulseless heart is mute and cold—
But thought is busy where she lies,
And memory wakes beneath the mould.

NOVELTIES.

PARASOLS.

The new styles are made of white silk, dotted with amber beads, and trimmed with amber fringe, or white silk, dotted with coral beads, and trimmed with heavy coral fringe. Some are trimmed with feathers, but these are only suitable for carriage dresses.

JEWELRY.

We have some very curious jewelry, just received from Paris. It consists of earrings, pins, and necklaces of wood, lava, and malachite, carved in the most beautiful manner. Some have cut in them sphinx heads, and others, pictures copied from the Vatican. They are very costly and handsome, and worthy a close inspection; the workmanship heing of the finest description, and said to be done with the aid of a microscope.

GLOVES.

The new evening gloves are of the lightest lemon color, made with long wrists, with eight gilt buttons, aud embroi dered on the back with flowers of silk, a shade darker than the gloves. They are very pretty and stylish, and will soon he the height of fashion.

Mrs. Blue.—Mrs. Blue is an unhappy woman. Life to her is a barren desert, containing nothing but sands of unhappiness. Out of little troubles she forms mountains of evils; and every moment of happiness is considered a forerunner of some great calamity. I have seen her go into hysterics over a bleeding nose, and cry for honrs over a cut finger, fearing it would produce the lockjaw. If Blue attmepts a joke she thinks him intoxicated; and forthwith hemoans the manhood of her husband and preaches unto him a sermon of morals, interlarded with her own hardships and trials. Her friends have ceased to visit her, leaving her to hrood over troubles alone and undisturbed. Poor Mrs. Blue! I pity her, but her husband more.

Now there are a great many Mrs. Blues in this land of ours, who go through life a dissatisfied, miserable, and despised crowd. And, iu their eager grasp after the thistles of life, they never observe or think of the beautiful flowers of happiuess that grow beneath the thistle's shade. The sweet smile of innocent childhood and the approving words of old age are unknown to them. They "have set their lives upon a cast," and think they "must stand the hazard of the die." The cast is the suppression of all that is good and noble in their nature, and the die is a life of misery and unmourned death.

"Sweet, Sweet Home."—A Bostou man, who wanted to trade in mahogany, sugar, honey, beeswax and hides, lived at Bæza, a little palm town on the coast of Ecurador, South America, near the beautiful plains and mouutains of Anna. He had a little house that was built of palm-tree hark and covered with palm leaves. At last he had a house made of pine hoards at home, all fitted ready to put up. 'This was put on shipboard and carried to Bæza, and he put it up, had it nicely ceiled, and thought he was very grand. But the sun shrunk the boards, and very soon the seams in his nice new house were large enough to let in a bee; and in the bees went, between the ceiling and the roof, between the ceiling and the weather-boarding, into his closets, under his chamher-floors, up his chimney, everywhere; and before three months, so delighted were they with this new home, they had filled every crack and crevice overhead and round about with comh and honey, till it poured through the cracks and streamed down on his head, and his house became snch a "sweet, sweet home," that he had to run away and leave it, or be stuck fast and drawn out, like a fly in a cup, from his own great beehive.

Almost any one cau write a long newspaper article, hut it takes talent to put the same amount of thought into a short one; and ten persons will read the latter where one will the former.

We are glad to hear that the estate left by "Artemus Ward" is so much as $60,000.

[From Henry Morford's new book "Over the Sea."]

CHARLES READE.

PERHAPS it has nothing to do with the "green lanes of merrie England," except as it is certainly a green spot in memory, and has to do with a writer who describes rurality most charmingly—hut I found even more of that ahsence of hrnsquerie and that *practical* heartiness of manner, in the only other English author of marked eminence with whom my limited stay and pre-occupation in London enahled me to come into contact. My fortunate other one was Charles Reade, unquestionably after Dickeus, the first of living English novelists of the day, and to whom I had, happily, not even the necessity of an introduction, having, for years, enjoyed the pleasure of his occasional correspondence. But, strangely enough, no portrait of him had ever come beyond the Atlantic, (a fact which I found accounted for by the yet strauger fact that he had only once ever heen painted, in a jealousy preserved miniature:) and I had, consequently, the *face* and not the *heart* of a stranger to meet. And yet I did not meet even a strange *face* after all; for the handsome and courteous little lady who presides over the destinies of the pleasant residence on St. George's Road, in that unimpeachahle district of southwestern London, known as "South Belgravia"—that handsome and courteous little lady favored me with a glance at *the* miniature while the subject of it was yet, for the moment, engaged; and so at last I met a facial acquaintance whose hrief description will he quite as much demanded by the readers and hearers of "Peg Woffington," the "Cloister and Hearth," "White Lies," "Very Hard Cash," "Love me Little," "Never too Late to Mend," and the now prevalent "Griffith Gaunt," as even that of Mr. Trollope by the readers of "The Warden," "Barcheston Towers," "Orley Farm," "Belton Estate," "North America," "The Claverings," and the "Last Chronicle of Barset."

Charles Reade, when met fully in the presence, is among the finest types of the rare blending of mental and physical to he met with to-day on either side of the cable-vexed ocean. He must he nearing or past fifty, and yet, with reference to his preserved youthfulness, he might be only twenty-five. Very little short of six feet in height, and stout (not in the sense of *fat*, but *powerful*) in build, with the slightest possible droop at the shonlders, and an affection for short sacks which makes him look stouter and more rural—there is more than a suspicion of the athlete in him, and one is not surprised to learn that he has heen an ardent cricketer (precisely equivalent, in degree, to heing an American "base-hall man.") The silky, nut-buown hair is beginning to thin almost to baldness at the very crown; but age has made no other mark. For the somewhat massive, but pleasantly-moulded English face, with brown beard on square chin and a slight continuation at the sides, seems to have no line of care or over-work, spite of the long lahor which the brain behind the fine brow has certainly performed; and there is an almost hoyish merriment in the eye (brown or blue—I am not certain which,) which joins with the most genial of voices to put the very thought of time out of the question.

How many literary visitors have enjoyed, first and last, the hospitality of that tastefully-appointed dwelling in South Belgravia, with its genial faces, and those other faces, by Sir Thomas and Sir Joshua, and their great compeers, that look down so pleasantly from the walls—and of that other house, only less perfect, which preceded it in "May Fair!" And how many pleasant words and kind offers, if his manner to me was any index to the usual, Charles Reade must have distributed within the last fifteen years of his literary life? Frank, hearty, hospitahle, sometimes irascible, often opinionated, not seldom vain, most thoroughly English, and yet most cosmopolitan Charles Reade!—it is not easy to forget thee.

Doings of a Crazy Man.—The night watchman of the New Haven aud New London Railroad, at the depot on Shaw's Neck, in New London, Tuesday evening, in a crazy fit, knocked the fireman of the locomotive Saybrook from the platform, just after the engine was run into the depot and the engineer had left, and putting on steam started the locomotive for the bridge, singing out. "turn the switch;" "damn the goat," (a goat was leisurly walking hy the side of the track). The watchman was bareheaded and frothing at the mouth. Mr Getchell, of the Short Line boat, who was going toward the depot, succeded in getting on the engine, and stopped it just a few rods from where the switch was formed. But for this fortunate occurrence, there is no calculating what injury may have occurred.

The largest vessel ever built, in Ireland, the *Istrian*, was launched at Belfast, last month. It is four hundred and one feet in length, thirty-seven feet in breadth, and 2,900 tons register, or upward of 4,000 tons burden. Although the *Istrian* is the longest vessel in the world, except the *Great Eastern*, there are several vessels of greater tonnage—the *Istrian* being a comparatively narrow ship.

Nature, when she makes a beautiful head, is often so absorbed with admiration of her work, that she forgets the brains.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1867.

BUZZARDS AND WHITEWASHERS.

THERE are men whose zeal in the cause of "historic truth" always takes a peculiar not to say sinister shape, and manifests itself chiefly in hostilities against the apologists for the failings of great men, and also against the entire class of mild and charitably disposed person, whose natural feelings impel them to explain away dark transactions, and to suspect that the devil himself is not quite as black as he is painted. Persons whose love of absolute truth is not fanatical, and whose ideal of justice does not too closely approximate to vengeance, sometimes get very much out of patience with both of these classes. The charitable apologiests often carry questionable sentiment so far as to offend the moral sense and to dangerously ignore moral distinctions which it is important to maintain, sharply defined in the popular conscience. Macanlay thought that Moutague erred in this direction, in his defence of Bacon, hence his famous essay; and—to descend from great things to small—Doctor Snodgrass considered Mrs. Oakes Smith guilty of the like offence in trying to convince the public that poor Poe did *not* die dead drunk, and hence his—not exactly *famous*—letter to Beadle's Magazine. Snodgrass himself is a good typical specimen of the other class—the stickers for ugly truth—whom for convenience we shall designate as the "Buzzards," while the gentlemen of optinistic views, for whom the animal kingdom suggests to our mind no fitting representative, may be called the "Whitewashers." Though these terms may have an approbrious sound, we are far from ignoring the usefulness of the former class or the amiability of the latter. Indeed, the faults peculiar to each are but virtues in excess. The Whitewasher carries charity so far that it begins to lose itself in moral flabbiness. The Buzzard, the product of a natural and wholesome reaction—in his zeal for truth becomes oblivious, sometimes of humanity and sometimes of decency. The Buzzard is always narrow-minded, but often possesses intellectual vigor, while the Whitewasher's heart is generally better than his head.

The Buzzard is constitutionally a cynic; the Whitewasher a sentimentalist. But all distinctions based upon natural disposition and temperament are lost in confusion when men become partisans. In political and religious discussion the born Buzzard whitewashes the champions of his own side with eulogistic effusion, and the born Whitewasher emulates his natural opposite, in cynical criticism. A man's faith in regard to the narratives of rebel cruelties and the like matters, is pretty certain to be determined, more by the circumstance of his political connection, than by the weight of the evidence. The *Examiner* recently administered a sharp rebuke to the *Times* for "rehashing the exploded falsehoods" in regard to the cruelties practiced against Union soldiers in Southern prisons during the war. Had the *Examiner* been content with making the point that in the present condition of things it is unnecessary to recall public attention to matters of this kind, and that it can serve no good purpose to do so, most thoughtful persons would have been inclined to accord a mute assent to the proposition. But the charge that the fearful narratives of the Andersonville prison-pens, are "exploded falsehoods," will very naturally stimulate renewed attention to the subject on part of those who are zealous in behalf of historic verity; and we suspect that whoever thoroughly examines the evidence adduced at the Wirz trial, will find himself compelled to admit that there is much more truth in the narratives referred to, than for the credit of human nature, he would wish.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE, whose visit to San Francisco is well remembered, is said to be preparing a history of the Rochester religion, entitled, "A History of Spiritualism in America." The New York *Nation* predicts that the work "will not be well done" and thinks that Emma's "literary performance" when she is "under the influence," is prophetic of sad work from her when not "inspired."

PENNSYLVANIA IS giving evidence of a great change in public opinion within her borders. The Legislature has passed, and Governor Geary has ratified, a law compelling railroad and steamboat companies within the limits of the State to receive and accommodate passengers without distinction of color.

"GASTRONOMICAL Reflections," a characteristic paper by "Prentice," the writer of the "Ravages at a Bore" in our last issue, will be found on the fifth page.

DEVINE'S BUST OF BRODERICK.

THIS is generally considered Mr. Devine's most successful attempt in his art. It is certainly a very marked advance upon some of his earlier efforts. If we are to accept as sound the theory that the highest aim of the artist is to attain literal fidelity to nature, the bust is obnoxious to criticism as being too much idealized. Both the features, and the general expression, differ materially from those seen in the ordinary photographs. On this point of faithfulness, however, there seems to be some difference of opinion. A gentleman well qualified to judge, sends us a criticism of the bust, in which it is claimed that "Devine has caught and expressed in marble the possibilities and not the actualities of Broderick's countenance," stating also that the writer has seen a large photograph of Broderick, by Brady of New York, taken apparently in some happy moment when the mood and frame of mind were most favorable, which was characterized by all the elevation and refinement of expression that are seen in Mr. Devine's work. But whatever may be the judgment in regard to its faithfulness to the original, the bust is highly creditble to Mr. Devine as a work of art.

It shows much study and conscientious labor. Indeed, there is much fine work in detail expended upon it, the effect of which will be quite lost when the bust is elevated to its destined niche, some twenty-five feet from the ground. But with the true artistic instinct, Mr. Devine has been no less painstaking in his attention to finish in detail, on this account. In several of his earlier attempts, Mr. Devine fell short of achieving what could fairly be called works of art, though he evinced an extraordinary talent for producing good likenesses from the slender material of photographs, and his own recollection of the features. In this estimate of certain of his previous efforts, we have no doubt that Mr. Devine would himself agree. The difference between the bust of Broderick, and even the comparatively recent one of Parker, is almost as great as that which distinguishes the work of the mechanic, from that of the artist.

The material of the bust is a white marble, from Columbia, Tuolumne County. It is much harder, more compact, and finer in grain than Italian marble. Its extreme whiteness does not strike us as being an advantage. One or two slight blemishes in the stone are noticeable on the face and neck of the bust, but only on close inspection, and they will not be seen when it is elevated to its place on the monument.

STODDARD'S POEMS.

WE have seen the first sixteen pages of the proofs of Mr. Stoddard's forthcoming volume of poetry. These specimen pages exhibit a typographical perfection never before attained in California, and rarely surpassed anywhere. The paper is of the fine texture and quality used in the costliest English editions of standard authors, and every detail is conformable to the suggestions of an exquisite taste. The volume opens with an "Invocation" which does not strike us as being in Mr. Stoddard's best vein, though it contains a number of fine lines. Here are four stanzas:

INCOVATION.

"Oh, Poesy! exquisite gift,
Thou art a magnet that shall lift
My gold from out the drossy rift.

Thou art my soul's refulgent beam
My guiding star to ever gleam
A flaming pillar in my dream.

Thou art my drifting cloud by day
Whose bright pavilion-courts alway
Allure me with their fair display.

Thou art a Hebe that presents
A chalice to my lips, and thence
I drain the charméd, rich contents."

The manner in which the book will be presented, judging from the specimen before us, reflects high credit upon Bosqui & Co., the publishers.

WE have received a copy of a sermon preached in the First Presbyterian Church of this city, on the occasion of the installation of Rev. James Eells, D. D., by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D. D. The sermon is published "by request," and seems to be designed as a reply to the popular assertion that "Christianity is a failure," and is not adequate or adapted to "the wants of the race at this stage of its progress." The Doctor insists that both morally and intellectually, the Christian system is still abreast, if not in advance of "this marvellously marching humanity," and alludes with asperity to the suggestions of modern scientific scepticism as "the gibberish of fools."

WE acknowledge the receipt of invitations to "the first of a series of private theatricals in the parlors of the Union Hall," to take place on Tuesday evening, May 21st, under the direction of Geo. M. Ciprieo, manager. Mr. Ciprico was one of the leading members of the "Hawthornes," from which association we infer that he has "seceded," that name not appearing on the cards issued for the entertainment of May 21st.

A PLUCKY MANAGER.

MAX Maretzek, the famous New York Operatic manager, is evidently an individual of rare nerve and admirable pluck. He has dared to do what no theatrical or operatic manager has ever before ventured to do in the city of New York. He has refused to truckle to Bennett of the *Herald*, and has ventured to defy his utmost malice. The result has taken most people by surprise. Bennett, like a certain gentleman formerly connected with the *Alta* of this city, has long been supposed to be a sort of Warwick in the theatrical world, who could write up, or write down any actor, musician, or theatrical manager according to his sovereign will and pleasure. On the strength of this widely accepted faith, the *Herald* has been in the habit of levying black mail, directly or indirectly, upon actors, singers, *danseuses* and managers. It compelled all the theaters to get their job printing done at the *Herald* office, at extortionate prices; and it caused all new comers who sought the favor of the New York public to recognize the expediency, if not the necessity, of propitiating the *Herald* by expensive presents to the proprietor of that journal, or to his wife. Poor Fanny Ellsler was led in this way to the tune of several thousands of dollars. Diamond necklaces, services of plate, costly dresses, and gold pencil cases were among the propitiatory offerings which Fanny made to the Mephistopheles of the New York Press and his family. The sturdy Maretzek seems to have been the first who has ventured to rebel against the iron rule of the autocrat of the *Herald*. Max objected to paying a double price for his printing, and to furnishing unlimited secured seats and free proscenium boxes to Bennett and his friends. The consequence was, that the *Herald* commenced a bitter crusade against him. But the result has been such as to show that the influence and power of the *Herald* had been vastly exaggerated. Notwithstanding the persistent and systematic attacks of that paper, Max has made his operatic enterprise a grand success in New York, and a wholesome lesson has been given to the venal bullies of the Press. It has been demonstrated that the influence of theatrical black-mailers is exaggerated, and that the man who has the moral courage to defy them, can do so with impunity, when he has right and justice on his side. The *Herald* has come off second best in the fight with the indomitable manager; and the more timid and sensitive artists who have been in the habit of truckling to Mephistopheles have learned that his power had its chief foundation in their own exaggerated fears. The lesson is a valuable one, and it has no less practical value in this latitude than in that of New York. As a general rule, the black-mailer is chiefly formidable through the foolish cowardice of his victims. He has only to be fearlessly confronted in order to make his impotence apparent. In this community the black-mailing business has long been successfully carried on by organs of no real influence, and which any honest man could safely afford to defy, if he only had the pluck and manliness to do so.

THE RICHMOND *Enquirer* seems to have entirely lost confidence in the Northern Democracy. It is particularly severe upon the New York *World*, the most thorough-going "friend of the South" to be found in the ranks of Democratic journalism. The bitterness of the *Enquirer* toward its northern allies, appears in the following:

"Until the Northern Democrats show more strength, and more nerve, the Southern vote, if given in bulk, would avail them but little; and if so given would probably draw down upon us fresh proscriptions from the successful party, with fresh condolence from the *World*, and fresh counsel to make the best of *our* case by making some new venture for the Democrats. We must tell the *World* plainly that its abandonment of the constitutional questions involved in the impeding legislation, and its leaving the South to make her defences under the Constitution, unaided, and with careful admonition that it is *her* case exclusively, are to our conceptions treacherous to us, and treacherous to principle; and can but be received as a warning not to expect future fidelity, and as counsel to take care of ourselves the best we may, regardless of past associations or commitments. This is the logic of the *World*'s example."

THE Special Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools, to the Board of Supervisors, presented April 29, 1867, has been laid upon our table. It appears to us to be unusually able and interesting official document. Last evening's *Bulletin* comments upon it with much asperity in an article entitled "Wire Pulling," reflecting severely upon Superintendent Pelton. It will probably be remembered that Mr. Pelton was the subject of bitter, and in the public judgement, of ungenerous and unjust animadversion, in the *Bulletin*, at the time that he was a candidate for the office he now fills. For some reason, which we fear is not a worthy one, the *Bulletin* still retains its hostility to that gentleman, and loses no opportunity of exhibiting it.

BEWARE OF CONJURORS.—The Atlanta (Ga.) *Era* has this item: "Houdin, the great prestigiditator, left on Thursday night, and forgot to pay sundry printing and board bills.

A NUMBER of book-notices are again unavoidably laid over. A clever criticism of "Ecce Deus" will be found in our "Literary Gleanings."

[For the Californian.]

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RUSSIAN TERRITORY.

I PROPOSE to write a brief and succinct account of the Russian Territory in North America, recently purchased by the United States for the sum of seven millions of dollars. I think that purchase was the biggest thing on ice that has been accomplished of late years. Some people pretend to think that seven millions of dollars is a large sum to invest, even in a nice speculation like this; but the frozen truth is that our Government didn't buy the property solely with a view to future ice-creams and sherry-cobblers; the President and Cabinet, having resolved upon playing a game of freeze-out with Great Britain for her possessions on this continent, thought the Russian Territory might be rung into the game as a "cold hand." I am quite certain that Uncle Sam will not burn his fingers with this little bit of property.

The Russian Territory was discovered about 1,400 years B. C. by an expatriated Crim Tartar named Bul-leh-haw-eh, who, having by mistake knocked another man's father on the head instead of his own, was forced to abandon his beautiful home under the shadow of Mount Caucasus and flee for his life. When he arrived at Cape York, finding himself hotly pursued, he ventured upon the ice, which bearing him up, he took his bearings straight for the opposite headland, and made the riffle in safety, while his pursuers, bearing too far to the northward, fell into Symmes' Hole, and were lost to the outside world forever. Bul-leh-baw-eh named the icy path which led him to free America "Bearing Straight," which the Russians spell "Behring's Strait," and being pleased with the appearance of the country, resolved to found a colony there. True, he found very little bare soil—hardly sufficient for the production of potatoes, turnips and cabbages for his household; but he did not let that trouble him, as he could obtain an abundance of bear's oil, and a bare subsistence by hunting the Polar bears which were numerous in the vicinity of his new home. He also satisfied himself, by experiment, that if the earth could only be relieved from its icy covering, and warmed up a little, it would produce wheat as good as that of Lower Canada or Western New York. Building material was plentiful and convenient. He had only to saw out square blocks of ice, pile them up, and cement them together by pouring cold water over them, and he had a crystal palace for his habitation. It is probable that Bul-leh-baw-eh would have lived and died in this Arcadian land, where the splendor of the Aurora Borealis eclipses the gorgeous scenery of the *Black Crook*; but having one evening chewed too much *quass* (Tartarian brandy) he got tipsy, left his nose out all night, and was next morning much surprised, when he undertook to blow it (in the Tartar fashion), to have it break off in his fingers, as if it had been the stem of a chalk pipe. This little incident caused him to conceive a dislike to the climate; so, gathering his wife and children together he journeyed southward until he came to the spot now known as San Francisco. As Bul-leh-baw-eh and his family were clad in bearskin garments, archæologists insist that they were the first to introduce the fashion which prevails so extensively at some of our theaters.

After dwelling for some time at San Francisco, Bul-leh-haw-eh found, to his great grief, that, owing to some peculiarity of the climate, or the excess of electricity in the atmosphere, his wife's affections were becoming estranged from him. She finally insisted upon a separation from his bed and board, and would doubtless have sued for a divorce, and married another man, but that there was no court in which to bring the suit, and no other man to marry. At length Bul-leh-haw-eh induced her to return to him by promising to buy her a new waterfall and take her East, which he did. They made the trip by easy stages—not Holladay's—and settled down in Massachusetts and reared a numerous progeny. Their posterity, I believe, gave our forefathers some trouble a couple of hundred years or so ago. Most of them have since been killed; but there are enough of them remaining to raise old Nicholas on the plains once or twice a year.

No further attempt was made to settle the new territory until about the year 1570, when Peter the Great of Russia, having quarreled with his wife, ran away from home and went to Saardam, in Holland, where he worked for his bash in a shipyard for a year or two. Peter seems to have been of a very unhappy disposition; for he quarreled with his boss and ran away again one dark night, carrying with him a small vessel of two hundred and fifty tons burden, completely rigged and provisioned for a voyage. He returned to St. Petersburgh, entering the city with his vessel under his arm. When his people saw him coming back with such a valuable prize, they welcomed him with shouts of joy, and his wife received him with every demonstration of affection. At her instigation Peter, who had dumped the ship in the Neva, manned it with a choice crew, and putting it under command of that famous old Admiral, Count Blominozoff, dispatched it on a voyage of discovery. Peter's wife ("which her name it was Katherine," says the veracious old chronicler from whom I derive the foregoing facts) particularly desired them to discover a gold mine, as the royal exchequer was low, and she was in want of a new crinoline and false bosom.

After sailing for a number of days, more or less, they landed at the mouth of the Kwichpak river, and took possession of the country in the name of the Czar of all the Russias.

Admiral Blominozoff was delighted to find that the whole surface of the country was covered with a beautiful transparent substance, clear as crystal, and capable of being cut into any desired form. He had never seen anything of the kind before. He loaded his vessel with it for the purpose of building Peter a new palace, which should surpass in magnificence the most famous edifices of the world.

When, in the course of time, he returned to St. Petersburgh, he hastened to inform the Czar of the discovery he had made and the present he had brought him. Together they proceeded to the vessel and caused the hatches to be opened, when lo! the beautiful crystalline building material had vanished, and the hold was filled with water!

The Admiral was puzzled; so was Peter. They called in a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, who, after carefully investigating the subject, wrote a learned treatise thereupon, copies of which are still extant in scientific libraries, in which he proved, to the satisfaction of Peter and the Admiral, and, indeed, of everybody else, that if the beautiful crystalline building material had not by some mysterious process been changed to water it would probably have remained solid.

Peter consoled himself for his disappointment by bowstringing twenty of his nearest relations, and banishing a hundred of his nobles, with their wifes and families, to the new territory. The exiles supported themselves by fur-hunting, and raising potatoes, turnips and cabbages, which they sold to the whalers who pursued their vocation in the Arctic seas. In the course of time they built a city which they called Iceberg, and another which they called New Archangel, and they drove a thriving trade in iced sodas and mint juleps; and they increased and multiplied, until the territory, which, including the islands of Sitka, Kodiac, etc., is much larger than California, now contains a population of near fifty thousand. This enormous increase in the course of two hundred years is owing to the fact that the population has been constantly replenished by political exiles from Russia, for whom the climate of Siberia was considered unhealthily hot, and has been kept from emigrating by Russian garrisons, stationed at every point affording egress from the country. But for this wise precaution on the part of the Russian Czars, many of the inhabitants might have wandered off into torrid climes, and perished miserably of debility,

The Indians of Russian America are noted for their fair complexions and robust, well-proportioned forms. The men are athletic and courageous, and will fight in any way to accommodate their adversaries. They are the only savages I have ever heard of who will resent an insult on the spot with a blow of the fist. The women are handsome, and they have a great partiality for red shirts and sailors. Many of these Indians have light hair and blue eyes, indicating that the morals of their remote maternal progenitors were not more rigid than those of the present generation, especially when Russian officers were about; while their skill in carving, as well as the style of the work, points to a Japanese origin. (I trust nothing in this paragraph will induce any misguided young man to depart for the far north with an invoice of red shirts.)

Gold, silver, and other precious metals are abundant in the Russian Territory. There was formerly an extensive deposit of brass there; but the mine has been worked out, on account of the *Times*. The discovery of the gold and silver in Russian America is due to a learned member of the California Academy of Sciences, who, on assaying a block of Sitka ice, found it to contain a large per cent. of the precious metals—in fact, about $.0001, per ton. Thereupon the *Times* published an article urging our Government to purchase Russian America; a copy of the paper containing the article was sent by telegraph to Washington, and the next day the purchase was effected. We are to pay for the property the trifling sum of seven millions of dollars; and it is estimated that the first crop of potatoes, cabbages and turnips raised in the new Territory will realize at least that amount. A Yankee, who has invented a plan for conducting agricultural operations under snow and ice, has gone up there to experiment on a large scale.

The Bridgeport (Conn.) Clock Company are manufacturing time-pieces adapted to Russian America, where the year consists of a day and a night, each four thousand three hundred and eighty-three hours long. An enterprising publisher of this city, also, has got out a Hyperborean Almanac—the calendar occupies two lines, the rest of the book being made up of advertisements of quack doctors. No one who goes to that country should fail to purchase one.

This is all the information I at present possess in regard to Russian America. It is not much, but it has the advantage of being strictly authentic. When I get time I will (if not too lazy) endeavor to obtain some further information concerning the country, and then I shall be able to write more fully of it.

JOHN CLERK.

EDITING A PAPER.

CONSIDERING how many good advisers of editors there are, it is strange there are so few good editors. Perhaps a careful investigation of the matter would show, however, that good editors are oftener spoiled by trying to follow too many advisers than by having too few. There is plenty of advice, which the receiver would do better to pocket than to practice. Most advisers, so far as our observation goes, regard much writing and good editing as nearly synonymous. There is no greater mistake, and none more fatal in the successful editing of a general newspaper. Benjamin Franklin has the credit of saying that "the best editor is the scissors," by which he probably meant that the editor who recognizes the fact of there being in the world many good writers besides himself, and avails himself of the good things they have written, will make the most interesting and acceptable newspaper. Men who know most about making newspapers, do not estimate an editor's labor by the number of columns he writes, but by the general completeness and finish of his paper as a whole. The following paragraph, written by an Englishman of much experience, contains the gist of the whole matter:

"A good editor, or competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or a poet—born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or is is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travels, have been tried, and nearly every one has failed. 'I can,' said the late editor of the London *Times*, 'find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense.' Nearly all successful editors are of this description. A good editor seldom writes much for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, alters and combines; and after doing all this well, he has but little time for composition. To *write* for a paper is one thing—to *edit* a paper is another."

CATCHING WHALES.—Nicholas was rather a wild boy; so full of pranks as to give serious trouble at home. A three-years' whaling voyage had the effect of sobering him somewhat. At all events, his maritime experience gave him a reputation in the agricultural community where he lived, and he was reported as having come home greatly improved by the discipline to which he had been subjected. His mother especially regarded him with a species of admiring awe, listening to his yarns with an attention and patience which was quite commendable.

"How dew ye ketch whales, sonny? Tell me the hull on it," quoth the old lady one day, when they were alone.

Nick's eyes twinkled. The temptation was too strong to resist.

"Get me a ball of yarn, mother, and you help me."

Nick supplied himself with a fork, and proceeded to make the end of the yarn fast to the handle.

"There mother; you hold the ball, and pay out when I tell you."

With a quick movement, he threw the mimic harpoon at the cat, lying asleep upon the settle. With one outrageous yell, the affrighted animal bounded through the open window.

"Give her line, mother! give her line!" shouted the mischievous Nick, as the old lady stood transfixed with horror.

A PLEASANT PICNIC.—The "B'nai B'rith" picnic on Sunday last, at Belmont, was a model affair of the kind. Everything passed off pleasantly and harmoniously. There was not the least indication of rudeness of any kind exhibited on the grounds. The guests seemed to constitute a homogenous family circle, made up of congenial elements, with no discordant element among them. No more delightful spot could have been selected for such an occasion; and the company seemed to possess all the social qualities required to make the affair a most happy sucess. The "Alemannia" society will hold their picnic on the same ground on Sunday week.

A BRIEF BUT PITHY SERMON.—Here is the pithiest sermon ever preached: "Our ingress into life is naked and bare; our progress through life is trouble and care; our egress out of it we know not where; but doing well here we shall do well there; I could not tell more by preaching a year."

WOODWARD'S GARDEN.—Everyone is glad during the present hot weather to escape from the heated brick and mortar of the city to some green spot in the country. The shady groves in Woodward's beautiful garden furnish a delightful retreat.

A FRENCHMAN, who had been in India, speaking of tiger-hunts, pleasantly remarks: "When ze Frenchman hunts ze tigare, ah! ze sport is grand, magnifique! but, when ze tigare hunt ze Frenchman—out! zere is za very devil to pay!"

SAN FRANCISCO CADETS.—This crack company will hold their annual picnic to-morrow, underneath the wide spreading oaks at Martinez.

THE inventor of the "walking doll," which was so fashionable a few years ago, is said to have made $75,000 by the patent.

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP AT ALTENAHR.

"SO the foemen has fired the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and done;
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine—
I shall never drink but this one.

"And fetch me my harness and saddle my horse,
And lead him me round to the door;
He must take such a leap to-night perforce
As horse never took before.

"I have lived by the saddle for years a score,
And if I must die on tree,
The old saddle-tree which has borne me of yore
Is the properest timber for me.

"I have lived my life, I have fought my fight,
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
Lived a merrier life than mine.

"So now to show bishop and burgher, and priest
How the Altenahr hawk can die;
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly."

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted himself by the door,
And he took such a pull at the red Ahr-wine
As man never took before.

He spurred the old horse and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall,
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning alone in the glen,
And never a bone in him whole:
But heaven may yet have more mercy than men
On such a bold rider's soul.

BLOBBS OF WADHAM.

MY name is Withers—Richard Withers, of Jermyn street, Londoa, ostensibly aa importer of foreign wines. I don't mention it by way of advertisement, but that I may not be introduced to the public under false pretences. I am not Blobbs of Wadham; that is what I wish to be understood clearly. In the year eighteen hundred and ten, or thereabouts, the great firm of Nature and Company falling short, I suppose, in their original material, issued a couple of duplicates—facsimiles—and I had the misfortune to be one of them. We were not twins: there was no mystic sympathy of being between us to whisper each to each, "Thou hast a double;" no cuticle, or smallest superfluity of skin, as had been granted to the Siamese, to hint that there was a ditto somewhere. Long Experience, our only common mother, was left to teach us this; and in my education, at least, that lady has proved herself a Tartar.

My first introduction to a knowledge of the other twin was not till some few years ago. As I was walking along Fleet street, on my way into the city on business, I was saluted from behind with a most tremendous thwack across the shoulders. I turned around between purple and white; for, angry as I was, a little reminiscence flashed across me of a certain bill transaction—a thing that will mix itself up somehow with the wine trade—and I thought it just possible that this assault had arisen from some unprofessional view of that matter; but an utter stranger, with outstretched hand and beaming smile, confronted me.

"Deelighted to see you, old boy," said he. "How is the wife and the piccaninnies?"

"Sir," I replied, rubbing my back as well as I was able, "I am a bachelor."

"D'ye mane to say ye are not Blobbs?" said he.

"Certainly I do, sir," answered I, with warmth.

"Well, then, it's nothing more or less than a coincidence," said he.

"Sir," said I, "it is a blister." And it was a blister.

The very next day, and almost in the same place, across the shoulders, I received two thwacks from that identical cane, and in the same unmistakeable Hibernian accents, I heard it shouted; "I took another man for you yesterday, Blobbs; but, bedad, I've got you to-day."

I happened to have a nephew at Wadham College, Oxford, at that time; and, not without an eye to business, I went down to stay there for a week. I had heard a good deal before of the hospitality of the University, but the cordial manner of those fellows did surprise me.

"Well, how are you, old boy? So you are come down to see us at last," exclaimed one, at the very gate, as he shook my hand most heartily. "But you are getting bald, my friend—henpecked about the crown—eh, eh? And you're stouter than you were, too, a good deal."

"Really, sir," I began, "these familiar remarks"—but my nephew came up just at that moment, and prevented my explanation. In the combination room, after dinner, I sat next to the sub-warden, and was treated with all imaginable kindness. "I have some wine of this character," I was casually remarking, as I held the glass up against a candle, "that has been with me this twenty years.',

"Then I don't know where you put it to," observed a gruff voice, lower down. "For a man who drinks habitually, I must say, I don't know worse wine than yours."

"Don't you mind what Savage says," said the sub, gently; "you know his strange ways."

"But I do mind what Savage says, sir," I replied; "and I don't know his ways. I am not going to sit here, and hear my wine run down by Savage, or any other man."

"Why, Blobbs, Blobbs, you did not use to be so touchy as that up here," interposed the dean; "bad at chapels, bad at lectures, shocking bad at knocking-in, but always good-tempered and ready to take a joke."

"Gentleman," exclaimed I, "once for all, I am not Blobbs!"

Alas! it was but little good for me to say "once for all;" I went out to breakfast at another college, and was purposely introduced to everybody as Richard Withers; but the association of ideas proved almost as bad as the confusion of persons, and I was asked about six times whether I knew Blobbs of Wadham. I got quite to know when it was coming, by the way in which the interrogator would survey my features, give a little smile at the absurd likeness, and begin his question with "Mr. Withers?" to prevent himself from addressing me by the wrong name. I astonished one of these persons a good deal when he had got thus far by anticipating the rest, and saying—

"No; I don't know Blobbs at all," which rather terrified him.

The disadvantages of my resemblance to this person have been counterbalanced by no benefits; nobody has ever paid me money for Blobbs, or asked me to dinner, or given me so much as a lift in his carriage; no charming young creature has ever embraced me by mistake, as being the wife or sister of me, Withers. On the contrary, Mrs. Blobbs has been presented to me, more than once, in the form of a Nemesis, or avenging female. At the casinos and the like, for instance, which I solemnly assert I only visit as the haunts in which sundry young gentlemen, with whom I am professionally connected are almost likely to be found, it has been often whispered to me—

"Lucky Mrs. Blobbs don't see you here to-night, my boy;" and, on one occasion, "If you don't lend me that fifty we were speaking about, as sure as you live I'll tell your wife." I should not wonder if some domestic recriminations took place somewhere in consequence of my firm refusal; I believe and hope that Blobbs is not altogether exempt from the results of our similitude; that the toil and truth of our double has befallen him likewise.

After a few scores of these mistakes had happened, I learned to take them quietly enough; if I was arrested for debt, or even lodged in Newgate for murder, to-morrow, it would not much distress me; "It's Blobbs," I should say, "that's all." The former, indeed, is not unlikely, for he is a very fast character, or, at all events, has lots of half-mad friends; just before the pillars were taken away from the Regent's Quadrant, I had a proof of this. I was coming from the Piccadilly end, at my ordinary quiet pace (for I am very respectable, and not thin), when I was violently seized by the shoulders, and threaded—run in and out—through each of the pillars, all the way to the top. It was in the mid afternoon, and the proceeding attracted every eye; but what did I care? What was the use of caring? "It is some friend of Blobbs' of Wadham, having his lark," I said to myself; "and he will be very much astonished when he comes to find out that he has got hold of the wrong man!" As soon as I could get my breath again, I gave Blobbs' friend in charge to a policeman, and he paid five pounds for that little run of his; it would have been cheaper for him to have taken a cab.

I never saw this parody upon me in all my life, but I have been very near seeing him; I got into a coach at Dorchester, one night, to go to Weymouth, and had to pay about forty miles' fare further back—from Honiton, I think. The guard, and the coachman, and the insides, all swore to my having traveled that distance, and I was obliged to give the money—I have no doubt for Blobbs.

And yet it was better so, perhaps, than to have met him; what horror to have awoke suddenly, and beheld oneself sitting opposite in the dim obscure! Echoing, perhaps, one's cry of terror, wearing hair after the same porcupine fashion, and with cheeks of the like fear-stricken hue!

What a shocking business it will be when one of us two dies! Perhaps, we shall expire simultaneously. Otherwise, when an enfranchised-looking female, in a widow's cap, comes suddenly upon me in the street, and faints, I shall then know that Blobbs is dead.

A DAUGHTER of Charles Dickens is understood to be the author of a very charming story called *Aunt Margaret's Trouble*, published in *All the Year Round*, and since reprinted in London in book form. She is to furnish the next leading story for *All the Year Round*, after the completion of Edmund Yates' *Black Sheep*.

THE BEST BOY.—Artemus Ward bequeathed his library "to the best boy in the school of his native village of Waterford (Me.)," who is to be apprenticed for two years to the best printer in America, to learn the value of an education, and then to be sent to college.

A STORM ON THE ATLANTIC.

"MY own two hands, and feet likewise," says Charles Dickens, "being very cold on this particular occasion, I crept below at midnight. It was not exactly comfortable below. It was decidedly close; and it was impossible to be unconscious of the presence of that extraordinary compound of strange smells, which is to be found nowhere but on board ship, and which is such a subtle perfume that it seems to enter at every pore of the skin, and whisper of the hold. Two passengers' wives (one of them my own) lay already in silent agonies on the sofa; and one lady's-maid (*my* lady's) was a mere bundle on the floor, execrating her destiny, and pounding her curl-papers among the stray boxes. Everything sloped the wrong way, which in itself was an aggravation scarcely to be borne.

"I had left the door open a moment before in the bosom of a gentle declivity, and when I turned to shut it, it was on the summit of a lofty eminence. Now every plank and timber creaked as if the ship were made of wicker work; and now crackled, like an enormous fire of the driest possible twigs. There was nothing for it but bed; so I went to bed. It was pretty much the same for the next two days, with a tolerably fair wind and dry weather. I read in bed (but to this hour I don't know what) a good deal; and reeled on deck a little; drank cold brandy-and water with an unspeakable disgust, and ate hard biscuit perseveringly; not ill, but going to be.

"It is the third morning. I am awakened out of my sleep by a dismal shriek from my wife, who demands to know whether there is any danger. I rouse myself, and look out of bed. The water-jug is plunging, and leaping like a dolphin; all the smaller articles are afloat, except my shoes, which are stranded on a carpet-bag, high and dry, like a couple of coal barges. Suddenly I see them spring into the air, and behold the looking-glass, which is nailed to the wall, sticking fast upon the ceiling. At the same time the door entirely disappears, and a new one is opened in the floor.

"Then I began to comprehend that the state-room is standing on its head. Before it is possible to make any arrangements at all compatible with this novel state of things, the ship rights. Before one can say, 'Thank Heaven!' she wrongs again. Before one can cry she *is* wrong, she seems to have started forward, and to be a creature actively running of its own accord, with broken knees and failing legs, through every variety of hole and pitfall, and stumbling constantly. Before one can so much as wonder, she takes a high leap into the air. Before she has well done that, she takes a dive into the water. Before she has gained the surface she throws a summerset. The instant she is on her legs she rushes backward; and so she goes on staggering, heaving, wrestling, leaping, diving, jumping, pitching, throbbing, rolling, and rocking, and going through all these movements—sometimes by turns, and sometimes altogether—until one feels disposed to roar for mercy. A steward passes.

"'Steward!'

"'Sir?'

"'What is the matter? what do you call this?'

"'Rather a heavy sea on, sir, and a head wind.'

"A head wind! Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Sampsons in one, bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine the ship herself, with every pulse and artery of her huge body swollen and bursting under this maltreatment, sworn to go on or die. Imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating; all in furious array against her. Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds, in fearful sympathy with the waves, making another ocean in the air.

"Add to all this the clattering on deck and down below; the tread of hurried feet, the loud, hoarse shouts of seamen, the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers, with every now and then the striking of a heavy sea upon the planks above, with the deep dead, heavy sound of thunder heard within a vault, and there is the wind of that January morning."—*American Notes.*

PAUL JONES.—A gentleman in Liverpool, England, has had photographed to the exact size of the originals, two official documents relative to Paul Jones. These documents were issued by the custom officials at Kirkcudbright, in 1770, and set forth that Paul Jones "is the master of the ship *John of Dumfries*," and that she "has on board a cargo of sugar, ginger, etc., all British sugar plantation product, brought direct from Grenadoes, a British plantation in America." In those days, "protection of native industry" was the rule of British national policy, and Capt. John Paul, as he is styled in the documents, had to declare that "all his crew were British seamen, and that since loading at Grenadoes, I have had no foreign sails or sailcloth on board." Paul Jones could handle a pen as well as a pistol, for his signature is remarkably bold and clear, with plenty of flourishes round the capital letters.

A man at Fredericksburg, Va., was recently knocked down by lightning. He had been at death's door with rheumatism previously, but has not felt a twinge since.

THE BOOMERANG.

The extraordinary weapon used hy the natives of Australia puzzles the most scientific men in the world It can be thrown a distance of three hundred feet, and will return and fall nt the feet of the thrower. As the Australian boomeraug is confessed to be one of the greatest things ever invented, so is the Sao Francisco BOOMERANG, at the corner of Washington and Dupont streets, acknowledged to be one of the greatest institutions of the city. The snug bar, the glorious Staffordshire Ale, the hot punches, made from the finest Scotch Whisky and the oldest Jamaica Rum —in fact, everything about the Boomerang is perfect.

ABSCONDED!—The wife whose husband supposed she had absconded was freely forgiven, when he found she had only been down to the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY to see HOWLAND, and get one dozeo of those beautiful Card Pictures, THE BEST ever made in this city. Come early, if you want to get a sitting. Remember the Place—Nos. 25 snd 27 Third street, east side, near Market street. B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazsar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case sliver watches from the American Watch Compauy are superior to nnything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmauship is superior, the casiogs pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensivo on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, aud all kinds of musical instrumeuts, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your mouey to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery aud Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortment of Japanese curiosities for sale.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitablo for milk-men and furniture dealers, nnd others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagous from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagous have stood the test of our California climate, aud are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite tho Metrooiitau market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

☞ WONDERFUL BUT TRUE.—MADAME REMINGton, tho world-renowned Astrologist and Somnnmbulistic Clairvnyant, while in a clairvoyant state, delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and life like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, etc. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing fifty cents and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail, together with desired information.

Address in confidence, MADAME GERTRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, N. Y.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his cure. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1866.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) - CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

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624 Clay street, San Francisco

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED

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Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

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J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties. LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA

COFFEE AND DINING SALOON,

(Formerly the German Coffee Saloon,)

NOS. 612 AND 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Between Clay snd Merchant, San Francisco.

J. R. REAGAN.....Proprietor

This house has undergone a thorough change, both in MANAGEMENT and PRICES. A fine Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up in the rear, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued

A. BONZI & CO.,

Italian Restaurant,

515 Merchant street, opposite Washington Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

MEALS, WITH WINE, 50 CENTS.

THE CHOICEST COMMODITIES OF THE Market served up in the best style of Italian and French cookery.

On the second floor are numerous private rooms, for social or private DINNER PARTIES. Coffee, Chocolate, Wine, Beer, Liqueurs, with every description of edible accompaniments, served to order at any hour of the day or evening.

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To 645 Clay street, a few doors below Kearny.

DR. BLAKE CAN NOW BE FOUND AT the above location. Engagements as usual can be made with all those who desire thorough and FIRST-CLASS GOLD FILLINGS.

Lamott's Hat Emporium

IS THE PLACE TO GET A FASHIONABLE

HAT OR CAP,

AND AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. LESS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THIS CITY.

Do not fail to have one of

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CORNER PINE AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

Manufacturer and Importer of

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FACTORY AND WAREROOM, NO. 536 MARKET Street, opposite Second.

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WALTER S. PIERCE'S

Piano Manufactory

Is the most complete on the Pacific Coast, having every appliance of machinery for Making or REPAIRING Pianos to be found in the largest Eastern Factories.

Old Pianos converted into new, by putting in new interior mechanism complete.

THE FAMOUS

PIANOS

OF

Chickering & Son

Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agent's'.

Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,

421 Montgomery street.

TOWNE & BACON,

Book and Job Printers,

Have the Largest Office,

Do the most work,

And do it better

Than other offices

536 In this City,

Try them

With a Job,

And you will be

Satisfied the above

Statements are facts.

Their office is at 536

Clay St., below Montgom'y,

Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

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STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

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We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

DO YOU WANT ANY

PRINTING?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

San Francisco Mill.

H. OBBS, GILMORE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

BOXES,

Market Street, between Beale and Main,

SAN FRANCISCO.

For Sale, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, and other Fancy Woods.

D. A. MACDONALD, J. H. MACDONALD, } J. MCGILL, H. CHIPMAN.

D. A. MACDONALD & CO.,

SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Finishing Work for Buildings constantly on hand, and got up to order.

W. N. MILLER.....J. F. HALEY.

MILLER & HALEY,

EMPIRE STEAM MILLS,

NO. 29 FREMONT STREET,

San Francisco.

SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND MOULDING FACTORY.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

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Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine.

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

J. O. HANSCOM. H. S. SMITH. } HANSCOM & CO. { T. PENDERGAST. W. W. HANSCOM.

Etna Iron Works!

S. E. corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,

Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,

MANUFACTURE

STEAM ENGINES,

QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting

PISTON PACKING,

Now so extensively used in the East and in this State. Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,

The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in running order in two days' time.

TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,

Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.

All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.

SOLE MAKERS FOR THIS COAST OF THE "PENDERGAST WHITE IRON STAMP SHOES AND DIES."

None genuine unless obtained from us. Every one warranted.

Patented Machinery of all kinds will be furnished by us at market prices. Particular attention given to drawings and specifications of machinery, which will be made to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

☞ Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

JOHN LOCHHEAD'S

STEAM ENGINE WORKS

Beale Street, near Mission, San Francisco

STEAM ENGINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT to order—Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive.

HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES,

Portable Engines of all sizes,

Donkey Pumps, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The attention of the parties engaged in shipping or inland navigation is called to the

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP

of Mr. LOCHHEAD, who has been in the business in San Francisco for the last fourteen years and enjoys the reputation of having built ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN STEAM ENGINES.

Screw Propellers of all kinds, and Steam Boat Machinery generally, made to order, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in every particular.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,

Machinist,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE, HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at one per cent. per month.

Money transmitted from the Interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.

Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rate, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

Has anybody heard the bell?
You have?—dear me! I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
I'll make my toilet very spruce—
The silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this gaiter for me—do;
"A hole!" yon say? plague take the shoe;
Please, Lucie, try and hide it,
Just think, it's Sunday, and, my soul,
I cannot wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet,
(Tho', to be sure, they needn't peep,
The way we bold our dresses;)
I'll disappoint them, though, to-day,
"And cross myself?" pray did you say?
Don't laugh at my distresses!

Now, Lucie, pray fix my waterfall—
Do you think it large? ain't it too small?
What bother those things give!
My rats and mice, do they set straight?
Please hurry, Lucie, I know I'm late—
"There's Willie," as I live!

How splendidly the silk will rustle!
(Please hand my "self-adjusting bustle,"
My corset and my hoop.)
There, now, I'll take five skirts or six—
Do hurry, Lucie, and help me fix;
You know I cannot stoop!

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?"
As if girls went to church to pray!
How can you be so foolish?
Here, damp this ribbon in cologne;
"What for?" to paint, you silly one!
Now, Lucie, don't be mulish.

Now, then, my hat—how he abhors
This thing—it's big as all out doors—
The frightful sugar-scoop!
Thank Heaven, my cloak is handsome, too,
It cost enough to be, I know—
(Straighten this horrid hoop!)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer. Lucie, are you blind?
(Does my dress trail?)
It's all the fashion now, you know;
(Pray, does the paint and powder show
Through my loose veil?)

Thank you, my dear, I b'lieve I'm dressed;
The saints be praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven,
For if, on all the other six,
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to Heaven!

A GENTLE HINT.—At a concert which took place lately out West, a gentleman in the audience rose up just as the third piece in the programme had been performed, and said: "Mr. Conductor, will you oblige me, sir, by requesting your vocalists to sing louder, or to sing in whispers, as there is a conversation going on near by where I sit, that is conducted in such a loud tone as to hinder my enjoyment of the music. I prefer certainly to hear the concert; but if I cannot be so privileged I desire to hear the conversation." There was an extremely quiet and attentive audience in the hall during the rest of the evening.

NEARLY forty-three thousand dollars have been subscribed in and around Boston for the relief of the Southern destitute.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Jr., has purchased the *L'Hirondelle*, the crack sloop of Newport.

QUEEN VICTORIA has declared her purpose to permit no more hangings to occur in her dominions.

A. J. SWEETSER,

Dealer in all kinds of Foreign and Domestic

Song and Cage Birds,

CAGES, SEED-SHELLS, GOLD AND SILVER FISH, GLOBES, AQUARIES, ETC.

No. 519 Kearney street, between Sacramento and California, San Francisco.

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

THE GREAT
New England Remedy!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S
White-Pine Compound,

IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHOUT the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery Street, cor. Clay, San Francisco

MASONIC TEMPLE,
Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

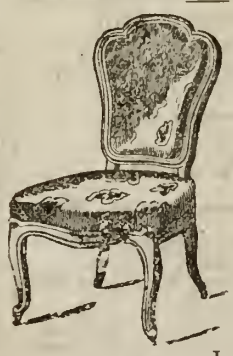
TO THE SICK!
Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

GREAT REDUCTION!
FURNITURE
At Less than Gold Cost,

AT THE WAREROOMS OF
J. PEIRCE & CO.,
Nos. 415, 417, 419 California street,
SAN FRANCISCO.



WE ARE NOW CLOSing out our last year's stock of FURNITURE etc., at UNPARALLELED LOW RATES.

It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.

Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to buying elsewhere.

J. PEIRCE & CO.,
415, 417 and 419 California street.

BRANCH STORES—No. 715 Market street between Third and Fourth: and Main street, Stockton.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT HAVING BEEN imitated (poorly, however,) by an inferior and pernicious article, and sold in this market for the genuine, the Proprietor of HEALY'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT has made an alteration in the general trade-mark, and also substituted for Rheumatic Liniment, CURATIVE OIL. This great remedy will be known hereafter as HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL.

HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL,

For the Extermination of Pain, Is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.

For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dollar per bottle.

☞ Sole Agents—CRANE & BRIGHAM and R. H. McDONALD & CO., San Francisco.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,
Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,
Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

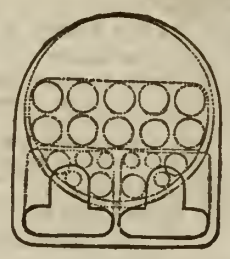
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN,
JAS. AITKEN, } Proprietors.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF
HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, Manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

SAN FRANCISCO
Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; with out excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

WILLIAM JAMES, Newark, N. J. | DAVID MEEKER, J. COBBLEDICK, } San Francisco.

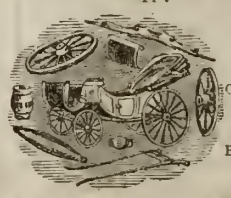
MEEKER, JAMES & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Wagon & Carriage Materials,

NOS. 12 AND 14 PINE STREET.

The Largest Establishment on the Pacific Coast for the supply of materials for



WAGONS, TRUCKS,
CARTS, OMNIBUSSES,
CARRIAGES, COACHES,
EXPRESS WAGONS,
BUGGIES, SULKIES, ETC.

Also, Importers of

GREGG'S TENONING MACHINES,

Hub Boring Machines, Thimble Skeins for Wood Axles, Hub Bands, Axle Clips Shaft Shackles, Malleable Iron Castings, Concord Axles and Springs.

☞ Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. MEEKER, JAMES & CO.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sbeldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Welderbold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalvo, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustavo Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Sav' 'aun's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldhusb & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

Good for Forty Tunes.—The Shelby(Ind.) *Courier*, says: "Organs in the churches have become very fashionable of late. In almost every church you go into you will find one of these instruments. A friend of ours, who lives in a neighboring village, related to us yesterday an amusing incident which occurred in their church.

He said, to be in fashion, they must have an organ. The congregation could not afford to pay an organist, so they got a self-acting organ, a compact instrument, well suited to the purpose, and constructed to play forty tunes.

The sexton had instructions how to set it going, and how to stop it; but, unfortunately he forgot the latter part of his business; and after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped, and continued playing two verses more; then just as the clergyman completed the words, 'let us pray,' the organ again clicked and started another tune.

The sexton and others continued their exertions to find the spring, but no one could put a stop it; so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it down the aisle of the church, playing away, into the church yard, where it continued clicking and playing until the whole forty tunes were finished."

At a tableau exhibition in Auburn, New York, the following vegetable poem was produced:

"Onion garden bed reclining
Beets a youth his aching head;
Cauliflowers! Lo, weeds confront me!
Lettnce hence, he sadly said:
Carrots out the stoutest manhood,
Peas my wearied soul doth need;
Bean O! strive for me hereafter,
Else my heart will go to seed."

There was a "Topsy" in the Police Court in Detroit lately, in the shape of a colored girl who was called to the witness-stand. She surveyed the witness-box for a few moments, and, after mounting the highest portion of it she could find, directed the Court to "go ahead wid de sale."

Never look at the girls. They can't bear it; they regard it as an insult. They wear their feathers, furbelows and frills, merely to gratify their mammas, that's all!

A Western paper, in describing the *debut* of a young orator, says that "he broke the ice felicitously with the opening sentence, and was immediately drowned with applause."

Punch gets off an unpardonable joke, in saying that a mother gets her first impression of her baby by setting it in small caps.

The Paris Exhibition opened all in a heap. Nothing from the United States appeared to be assorted.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Is a concentrated extract of the choice root, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effectual antidote for diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. Such a remedy is surely wanted by those who suffer from strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove, as this has, of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found in the following complaints:

Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, St. Anthouy's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, etc

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolongod use of this Sarsaparilla, and the patient is left in comparative health.

Female diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are often soon cured by this Extract of Sarsaparilla.

Do not discard this invaluable medicine, because you have been imposed upon by something pretending to be Sarsaparilla, while it was not. When you have used Ayer's—then, and not till then, will you know the virtues of Sarsaparilla. For minute particulars of the diseases it cures, we refer you to Ayer's American Almanac, which the agent below named will furnish gratis to all who call for it.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, for the cure of Costiveness, Jaundice. Dyepepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Hearthurn arising from Disordered Stomach, Pain, or Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, and for a Dinner Pill.

They are sugar coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best Aperient in the world for all the purposes of a Family Physic.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco, and all Dealers.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petalnma.

WINE SALOON.

Union Saloon.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

California Wines.

Vintage 1862.

The undersigned offers for sale some very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant, 311 Battery Street, S. F.

"OUR OPERA."

CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,

615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

ASTREDO EXCHANGE,
No. 635 Washington Street,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House,
FINE IMPORTED WINES, LIQUORS
Native Wines and Bitters, English Ale and Porter.
Hot Lunch Served from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.
A. ASTREDRO, - - - - Proprietor

THE BEST FAMILY WINES
IN THE CITY
—Are to be found at—
HOADLEY & CO.'S,
533 Merchant street, under Pacific Fruit Market.

☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE,
No. 223 Bush Street,
Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.

☞ HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.
Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
W. DUNBAR, Proprietor.

FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,

Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
San Francisco.
A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - Proprietor

Always on hand, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

Powell Street
WARM SWIMMING BATHS!

N. E. Corner Powell and Filbert Streets,
OPPOSITE WASHINGTON SQUARE.

J. M. NASH.....PROPRIETOR.

Warm and Cold Baths from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. daily, with every appliance usually connected with a well-ordered Gymnasium for the development of Health and Muscle.

The only Complete Swimming Bath on this Coast.

Another advantage connected with this establishment, not usually found in Swimming Baths, is, that the water is Continually Changing, Fresh Water running in and out Constantly.

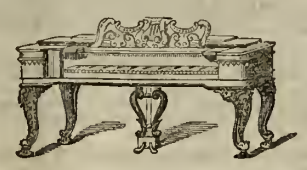
Single Baths, including Towels and Bathing Dress.25 cts
5 Bath Tickets, " " $1

Call and Try Them. The Kearny Street and Montgomery Street Cars pass the door *every five minutes.*

The Baths are reserved for Ladies every Tuesday, from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. Ladies to supply their own Bathing Dresses.

I will *guarantee* to impart a thorough *practical knowledge* of *Swimming* in *one month.* Terms for the Course, $10.
J. M. NASH.

THE CELEBRATED PIANOS



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J. B. DUNHAM, F. C. LIGHTE & CO.,
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Are warranted for FIVE YEARS, and indorsed by the LEADING PIANISTS of AMERICA as SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.
Sole Agents— C WIEDERHOLD & CO.,
685 Market street, near Third.

GREAT TRIUMPH!

STEINWAY & SONS
Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

J. C. E. KLEPZIG,
MANUFACTURER
—AND—
DEALER IN
GUNS, PISTOLS,

Sporting Apparatus,
AMMUNITION
AND GUN MATERIALS,
No. 733 Washington Street, San Francisco.
Gilding and Silver Plating of all kinds of metals; also, Silver or Plated Ware rehurnished.

HOLBROOK, MERRILL & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
STOVES, TIN-PLATE,
SHEET IRON, LEAD PIPE, PUMPS, ZINC, WIRE, AND
HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.
MANUFACTURERS OF
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Nos. 13 and 15 Front street.....San Francisco
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FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE
HAVE IN STORE, EX LATE ARRIVALS, A FULL stock of
STOVES AND RANGES,
METALS, WIRE, IRON PIPE,
LEAD PIPE, BRASS GOODS, HOSE,
HOLLOW-WARE, TIN-WARE,
TINMEN'S STOCK AND TRIMMINGS,
TOOLS AND MACHINES,
Plumbers' Goods,
LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS,
Hansbrow's Patent
SHIP, FARM AND MINING PUMPS,
Which they offer to Dealers at the lowest market rates.
112 AND 114 BATTERY STREET,
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DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,
DENTIST,
No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast Call and examine specimens.
North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.
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DOCTOR DEMAREST'S
Private Medical Office,
617 KEARNY STREET,
Near Commercial, San Francisco.
Office Hours: From 9 A. M., till 4 P. M.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma
H. STOCKDALE Proprietor

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

OF
MACCARONI, VERMICELLI,
PASTE & FARINA.
(706 Sansome St. 706)
SAN FRANCISCO.
BRIGNARDELLO, MACCHIAVELLO & Co.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of
Asphaltum Work,
Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco

AT THE REGULAR
RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES
C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.
☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.
WHOLESALE PRICES.

HOWE'S NEW STYLE
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines halve is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all grades of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A. DEMING,
137 Kearny street, S. W. cor. Sutter, San Francisco, Cal

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner.
Samuel Hill, Agent,
111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

THE SOUTHERN FEELING.

"Gris," the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Weekly Times*, writes from Chattanooga, on the 29th of April, as follows:

"All along the route, from Nashville to Chattanooga, there are mounds of earth, more or less extensive, that resemble fortifications. Can it be that they have been having a difficulty down this way? It looks like somebody had been having tronble with the South. They were the only indications visible to me, however, of the late struggle. Occasionally you see a faded gray uniform, patched and soiled but you see the blue, too. I saw many a group of colored children in which little ebony faces were struggling to peer from beneath soldier caps, all to large for them, quite unconscious of the share their black skins had had in peopling the land with those military head coverings. I have heard very little reference made to political snbjects, and I have certainly heard none of that bitter acrimony toward the Union and Union men that pains the ears of many correspondents who penetrate this region. I haven't been shot at once because I came from opposite Covington, and I haven't seen a single Union man adorning shade trees by the roadside. The fact is, the people hereaway got all they wanted of war, if their politicians, who took precious good care to keep out of it, did not. Some of our Northern copperheads may think them meanspirited; but they are really more concerned about providing snstenance and apparel for their families, than they are about the negro voting. They are rapidly coming back to the frame of mind in which they were when Lee snrrendered, and are about as ready to "accept the situation" as could be desired. The advice of such prominent rebels as Lee and Longstreet is having its effects, and the path to speedy reconstruction seems tolerably clear. They have relinquished all hope of aid from the Northern Democrats, and they look upon Andy Johnson, whom a year ago they claimed as their particular "Moses," with contempt. Here in Chattanooga there is the most friendly feeling between men who have served in the rival armies. If I am introduced to Colonel this, or Captain that, or Major so-and-so, I am constrained to inquire in which of our American armies he served. It is pretty generally conceded by soldiers who fought on both sides that there were two tolerably powerful armies on this continent for four years; and so far as courage, endurance, pluck, and all mere fighting qualities are concerned, no American need be ashamed of either. Should any foreign nation have the andacity to pluck the beard of our Uncle Samuel, the soldier of the Union and the defender of the late so-called would be found fighting side by side, I am convinced."

A. J. SWEETSER,
Dealer in all kinds of Foreign and Domestic
Song and Cage Birds,
CAGES, SEED-SHELLS, GOLD AND SILVER FISH, GLOBES, AQUARIES, ETC.
No. 519 Kearney street, between Sacramento and California, San Francisco.

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist
No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.
Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

CANTY & WAGNER,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*
N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

THE SIGN OF THE BIG GLOVE.
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets.
J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.
RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA FOR THE HAIR FOR SALE.

MRS. WINSHIP,
Fashionable Milliner,

NO. 23 POST STREET,
Between Kearny and Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.
All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.
Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.
Goods received by every steamer, from New York and Paris.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK BREWERY,
CORNER POWELL AND FRANCISCO STS.
Capital Stock $200,000, divided in Two Thousand Shares of $100 each.
THEODORE MEETZ.....President
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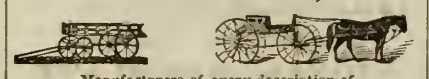
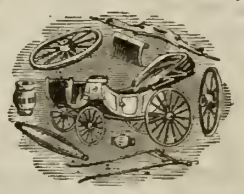
TRUSTEES.
FABIAN JOOST, HENNING KOSTER,
HERMANN WENDT, FREDERICK BRUNS,
HERMANN SCHWARZE, PETER MEYER.
The above Company intend to establish a reputation for making the best
Ale, Porter, and Lager Beer
In the country, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally.
All orders from the country promptly filled and delivered free of charge in the city.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.
Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.
CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,
No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

GEO. T. CASEBOLT & CO.,
Importers of
Hardwood Lumber,
ALL KINDS OF

Carriage and Wagon Materials, Coach Trimming and Hardware.
315 PINE STREET,
cornerner of Sansome, San Francisco.

SAUL & McARRON,
Carriage Manufactory,
NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,
Near Second Street, San Francisco.
Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.
A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

Pollard & Carvill,

Dealers in and Manufacturers of
LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
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Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

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UNION INSURANCE COMPANY
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Nos. 416 *and* 418 *California Street.*
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
CASH CAPITAL, - - - - $750,000

The California Lloyds,
HAVING CONSOLIDATED WITH THE UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, JANUARY 1, 1866, THIS COMPANY ARE NOW PREPARED TO EFFECT MARINE AS WELL AS FIRE INSURANCE UPON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.
LOSSES PROMPTLY AND EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PAID IN GOLD COIN.
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L. H. Allen, Wm. C. Talbot,
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OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
Capital Stock, - - - $300,000
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.
THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
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MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.
INCORPORATED.....1821.
Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000
Insurance effected against both
Fire and Marine Risks,
AT THE LOWEST RATES.
Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.
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IMPORTERS OF
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MACHINES, HARDWARE, ETC.,
NOS. 17 *AND* 19 *FRONT STREET,*
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NOS. 9, 11, 13 *AND* 15 *J STREET,*
(Near the Levee,) SACRAMENTO,
Eastern Office, 88 Wall Street, New York,
OFFER:
Buckeye Reapers, 5 and 6 feet; Mowers, 2 sizes.
Ball's Ohio Reapers; Mowers, 3 sizes.
Burt's Eagle Reapers and Mowers, double and single gear.
McCormack's Reapers and Mowers, hand and self-raking.
Manny Reaper and Mower, 5 feet cut—cheap.
Wood's Prize Combined Machines, 5 feet cut.
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Wood's Prize Mowers, jointed and stiff bars.
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Union Mowers, 2 sizes.
Champion Mowers.
Bay State Mowers.
Haine's Headers, iron wheels—genuine.
Haine's Headers, screw hub wheels—genuine.
Header Wagons, screw hub wheels.
Pitt's Improved Threshers, 24 to 40-inch cylinders.
Aultman's Sweepstakes Threshers, 33 to 40-inch cylinders.
Pitt's Double Pinion and Iron Horse Power.
Portable Steam Engines, 5 to 20-horse power.
Wheel Wire Horse Rakes.
Revolving and Wire Horse Rakes.
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Wine and Cider Presses, Churns.
Broadcast Seed Sowers and Seed Drills.
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Samples of machines may be seen at their new warerooms. BAKER & HAMILTON,
Front street, between Pine and Market streets, San Francisco.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

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Comprising Popular Biographies of our Naval Heroes, by Hon. J. T. Headley, the distinguished Author and Historian—complete in one large volume—handsomely illustrated in steel. The best paying Agency of the day.
In connection with this work our Agents can take orders for five of Headley's Standard Works. Call or send at once for Circulars and Terms.
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Furniture Warehouse,

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LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.
RETAIL STORE,
Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

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Marble - Worker,
MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

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NORFOLK STABLES,
ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN POWELL AND MASON, SAN FRANCISCO.
THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.
Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
DOWNY PULU, CURLED HAIR, MOSS, AND WOOL MATTRESSES.
—ALSO—
The sole right to manufacture FULLER'S PATENT SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESSES, admitted by everybody to be the BEST, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.
A full assortment of FURNITURE, SHEETING, BLANKETS, etc., at extremely low prices, for cash.
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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors.

WINE SALOON.

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Vintage 1862.

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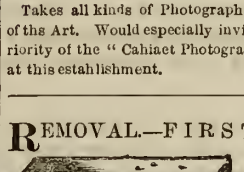

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Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of DANIEL B. BARNES, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Stephen Smith, Administrator of the Estate of Daniel B. Barnes, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the entitled;

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the third day of June, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of said deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said third day of June A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated May 3d, A. D. 1867. my4-5t5

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELLEN JENNER, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William A. Jenner, the Executor of the last will and testament of Ellen Jenner, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the heirs and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Ellen Jenner, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 3d day of June, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs and devisees of the said Ellen Jenner, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said third day of June, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated April 23d, A. D. 1867.

THOS. B. BISHOP, Att'y for Executor. ap27-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, William Rowan, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said William Rowan, at No 532 Merchant street, Room No. 3, in the City and County of San Francisco.

WM. ROWAN.

Administrator of the estate of Claude Jacquin, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1867. ap17-tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CHARLES MITCHELL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Charles Mitchell deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated April 11th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate of Charles Mitchell, deceased. ap13-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF LUDWIG IGEL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of LUDWIG IGEL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated April 11th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Ludwig Igel, deceased. ap13-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB R. MAYER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Jacob R. Mayer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his place of business, No. 523 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Dated April 13th, A. D. 1867.

A. W. BOWMAN,

Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Jacob R. Mayer, deceased. ap13-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ROBERT CARTER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of Robert Carter, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the place of transaction of her business, at the office of her attorney, John F. Finn, No. 36 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

GRACE CARTER,

Administratrix of the Estate of Robert Carter, deceased.

Dated April 12, 1867. ap13-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No. 5 of the 100 vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber I of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.

Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.

THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CITY AND COUNTY OF San Francisco. In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased.

Order of Publication on application for order of sale.

On reading and filing the petition of William A. Quarles, administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 20th day of May, 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated April 17th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court, this 19th day of April, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Petitioner. ap20-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate left unadministered of THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, at the office of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 327 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated April 12th, A. D. 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Public Administrator and the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of Thomas A. Kimball, deceased

WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Administrator. ap13-5t.

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FRENCH SPY MATINEE.

THIS EVENING,

Oliver Twist, and Jonathan Bradford.

In Rehearsal—The CORSICAN BROTHERS, introducing the celebrated Mechanical effect of the Moving Graveyard, and ending with a Grand Apotheosis.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra $1 00
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ITALIAN OPERA.

SATURDAY EVENING.....MAY 11th,

Will be presented the Grand Opera of

IL TROVATORE.

Leonora.....Signorina Eugenia Bellini.
Azucena.....Madame Stella Bouheur.
Manrico.....Signor E. Bianchi.
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Being the debut in San Francisco of the young and beautiful Prima Donna,

SIGORINA EUGENIA BELLINI.

MONDAY EVENING.....LUCIA DE LAMMERMOOR.

Conductor.....MR. GEO. T. EVANS.

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New attractions are being constantly added.

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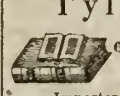
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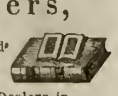

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LOTS FOR SALE ON RERNAL RANCHO.

NOTICE IS GIVEN, THAT IN PURSTANCE OF AN Order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the undersigned will sell at public auction, in two separate parcels, subject to confirmation by said Court, on TUESDAY, the 4th day of June, 1867, at 12 o'clock noon, at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said City and County, the real estate belonging to the Estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased, described as follows, to-wit:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated, lying and being on the Bernal Rancho, in the City and County of San Francisco, aforesaid and known and designated upon a certain map entitled, "Gift Map No. 3," as and by the numbers 269 and 271—being each 25 feet in width, in front and rear, and 70 feet deep.

Terms of Sale—Cash, in United States Gold Coin. Deeds and Stamps at expense of purchaser.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius Rickter, deceased.
Dated May 11th, 1867. my11-3w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF HENRY SEAMAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

JANE SEAMAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Henry Seaman, deceased.
May 10th, 1867. my11 6w

MAURICE DORE & CO.,

REAL ESTATE, STOCK AND GENERAL

AUCTIONEERS.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM, 327 MONTGOMERY ST.,

H. A. COBB, Auctioneer.

TUESDAY.

TUESDAY.....MAY 14th, 1867.

AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON,

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500 VILLA LOTS

On the Encinal, near Alameda Station,

ON THE RAILROAD, AND DIRECTLY FRONTING THE

ALAMEDA PARK HOTEL,

SIZE OF LOTS—Fifty by One Hundred and Fifty Feet.

TITLE PERFECT.

TERMS:

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We present this splendid property to the public with every confidence that for country residence purposes, its equal cannot be found in the neighborhood of San Francisco.

Some of its great and peculiar advantages are, unequalled productiveness of soil for all manner of shrubbery and garden purposes; its grand old oak trees, unsurpassed in the State; its climate, the best in California, and its accessibility to business, the passage to and from the city being made at almost every hour of the day, by steam ferry and railroad, in 30 minutes.

The blocks are properly staked on the corners, and names of streets painted thereon, so that persons will have no difficulty in finding any locality.

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To young and old, to great and to small;
The beauty which was once so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

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WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMplexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of order, by

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Auburn, Golden, Flaxen and Silken Curls,

PRODUCED BY THE USE OF PROF. DE BREUX FRISER LE CHEVEUX.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address

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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VI., No. 26. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 18, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

Original: Glimpses of Bohemia, by an Old Stager; Our Dog, by Prentice; Is Our Sytem of Government a Failure? Literary Gleanings; The Progress of Ritualism in the Episcopal Church; Walter Savage Landor; Books Received; The Opera; Dramatic Affairs; "LION'S MOUTH:" A Shocking Case of Distress; Epic on the Deceased De Haro Claim; The Alchemist and the Jews; A Census Takers Troubles; etc. And five pages of choice selcted Stories, Essays, Sketches, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me."
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

The "Local's" Painful Task.

The "Local" of the *Alta* thus moralizes:

"However outsiders may regard it, it is not a gracious duty to chronicle the crimes, frailties, follies, and misfortunes of our fellow men, as they are too frequently displayed in the proceedings at the Police Court As among other large populations, there are doubtless many in ours who delight to gratify a morbid curiosity to know the shortcomings of their fellow creatures, and find pleasure in reading a recital of how this and that one came to grief, and being made acquainted with the minute details of the conduct of the unfortunates who appear before the tribunal."

Our heart bleeds for that local. He doesn't gloat over a murder case, he doesn't make exquisitely humorous jokes about burglaries and write up cases of assault and battery in a thrilling style Oh no! It was Fitz-Smythe who used to do that sort of thing, (by the by, Fitz-Smythe has returned.) This local, in reporting the case of the Jew who ran away with a girl from New York the other day, this same local who is so averse to gratifying the "morbid curiosity" of the public, informed them of the name of the hotel to which Meyer took his wife after he was released from custody. Of course this was his duty, and he had to perform it however ungracious it might be.

A Census Taker's Troubles.

The time for the taking of the inevitable yearly school census approaches. Our attention was lately arrested by seeing some blanks to be used by the unfortunate men appointed for the marshalship. These blanks require the unfortunate to enter respectable houses and inquire "How many negro, Mongolian and Indian children under fifteen have you here?" There is trouble ahead for the census taker. We once took a school census in an interior county. It was an arduous task tramping over an area equal in extent to the State of Rhode Island, in the hottest of California summer weather, going from ranch to ranch, often miles apart, treated with coolness verging at times on rudeness, suspected of being a tax collector or some other disagreable Federal official by heads of families noted for their secession proclivities, (this was in '60). And for all this we received nine dollars. The county Supervisors laboring under a severe fit of retrenchment, cut down our modest bill of twenty dollars to nine. We survived, but our boots did not. They fell martyrs in the cause of education.

A Terrible Infliction Threatened.

"A competent manager" advertises for two ladies who wish to adopt the stage as a profession. His offers are "instructions given gratis; liberal salary paid and a guarantee to put them on the stage in this city one week after they commence rehearsal." Now we see trouble to come out of this. It is terrible to think that before long two ladies who have rehearsed a week will appear on the stage in this city. Of course the manager will not be able to find any lady who wishes to adopt the stage as her profession, who will be willing to make her first appearance in a minor part. If that manager succeeds in procuring these two ladies, we may expect to see *The Wife* and *The Hunchback* announced in the bills shortly. We have turned out some very good actors and actresses in California, but the public have suffered much. One *debutante* at a time is as much as they should be expected to stand.

Thoroughly Posted-Scudderania.

Advertising has taken a new form when it comes from the pulpit. Among other notices read after the morning or evening discourse, we may hear as follows:

"Smith is a good barber. I have been a barber myself. He is thoroughly posted."

"Jones is not a bad dentist. I have pulled teeth myself. He is thoroughly posted."

"Brown keeps well broken horses and will drive you anywhere without charging exorbitantly. I have been in the livery business myself. He is thoroughly posted."

"Briggs is a superior whitewasher. I have whitewashed myself. He is thoroughly posted."

Epic on the Deceased De Haro Claim.

Great legal monster, most stupendous swindle,
Rivalling Bolton and Burron, Limantour and Moore,
Which o'er the Potrero like a black cloud hung,
Covering some 900 acres,
And like an avalanche threatened to overwhelm
About 1200 acres beside, of most valuable city property.
Generated in the city of brotherly love,
Having in thy favor concentruted
Formidable personal and political influences,
Thou art crushed, squelched and annihilated.
The holders of city property freer breathe,
And torturing anxiety no more invests lot owners' souls.
O, fearful would have been the ruin
That followed in the trail of thy success.
For, like unto a slimy hydra-headed worm,
Thou wouldst have crept and poked each separate head,
Into each separate interest.
These interests ramifying far and wide,
In each particular ramification
Would poisoned be,
By the deadly virus of thy numerous fangs,
And lands unlimited been gobbled up.
No down
In thy insatiate maw.
And yet besides
Other and more fearful beasts
By thy success encouraged, woul l have crept
Forth from the dim, dark, nasty, musty, tobacco and whisky tainted dens of law
Blasting with noisome breath of fraudulent titles
The city and the State.
Rest, monster rest!
'Twon't pay.
Black boots, dig clams, vend apples,
Aye, bear even the advertising banners
Of noble, enterprising corn doctors,
Rather than seek to filch from us
Our homesteads by honest industry acquired.

A Shocking Case of Distress.

Last Monday morning, at about six o'clock, we discovered a painful case of destitution in a building on Merchant street. There he crouched in a corner surrounded by a construction displaying exquisite artistic skill on which much time and labor had evidently been bestowed. There were no signs of food anywhere. The anxious, hungry look of the industrious but unfortunate laborer moved our compassion, and we immediately went in search of something with which to relieve his necessities. Food suitable for him appeared very hard to obtain at that early hour in the morning, and nearly a quarter of an hour was spent in fruitless efforts to obtain a delicate morsel for this deserving object of charity. There the poor spider had to remain in unxious anticipation while we were trying to catch flies. At length we caught one—not such a fly as we could have wished—it was a thin, dirty, degraded-looking little fly, but still it was better than nothing. We hurried back to the hungry sufferer and cast the fly into his magnificent web, with one bound he sprang upon it and dragged it into his eating room. The fly didn't like it, but what of that, it was not a happy fly and was quite as well off dead as alive. On the other hand, all the spider required to make him happy was a sufficiency of flies. He had spent a considerable portion of his life in constructing his dwelling, had been unfortunate in choosing a location for it, but like the inhabitants of Sacramento, would not give it up. We succeeded with much trouble in catching three more flies—all lean and haggard-looking; we imagine they must have been underground flies just dug up by the workmen engaged in making the sewer. How that spider is to subsist if flies continue as scarce as they were last Monday, we cannot imagine. No doubt he thinks the scarcity of flies a far more serious evil than the high price of beef. He probably regarded us in the light of a special providence, and imagined himself Elijah fed by ravens, we being the raven. That spider shall not starve.

Company for Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

The *Flag*, since its resuscitation, has become uncommonly mild and merciful. It almost sympathizes with Jefferson Davis, and does not howl with rage at his release on bail. It says:

"He is undoubtedly a brave man, and the axe, the gibbet or the faggot, would be a relief from his friendless abandonment in the earth. He and his faithful wife are the Salathiel and Miriam of the 'Lost Cause;' and as they wander over the desolate country of their people, they will encounter the mournful bittern and the solitary pelican of the desert."

We don't think that Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis are likely to see it exactly in that light. As to their meeting the mournful bittern and the pelican of the wilderness, that's all bosh, and even if they did, pelicans don't bite. It is extremely likely that this brave man and his faithful wife will resume their old place in society in Richmond, among those who were equally engaged in the "Lost Cause" with Jefferson Davis. It is comfortable to find the *Flag* becoming merciful at last.

The Alchemist and the Jews.

One of the most wonderful events of the nineteenth century has occurred in San Francisco. Jews are not generally considered people whom it is easy to swindle out of money, but evidence was adduced on the trial of John Richards Hobson which took place on Thursday last, which conclusively proves that there are members of this acute and far-seeing race whom it is possible to gull. First Tuckalasky and Morris gave Hobson $500 and Falk gave him $1,000, afterwards Falk gave him $2,000. Part of this money Hobson expended in the purchase of iron filings and part he dissolved in muriatic acid, the liquified gold in conjunction with certain chemicals, iron filings and cow dung would, Hobson assured his Jewish clients, be changed into gold. Hobson dug a hole in the ground under the direction of the invisibles who first told him how to make gold, and the Jews got into it and prayed. There is one curious statement in Hobson's evidence. He says: "I did what Jehovah told me to do; he told me, my people shall fleece thee as a sheep sheared.'" It appears that Hobson wished to turn the tables on the Lord's people and fleeced them. It is evident that Hobson is no ordinary man. We sympathize with Tuckalasky, Morris and Falk; they have expended money and prayers without receiving any return. They prayed fervently we are sure, and alas Hobson "fleeced them as a sheep sheared." What a number of proselytes the Spiritualists would make if the invisibles would only teach those with whom they communicate how to make or find gold. The streets of the New Jerusalem are to be paved with gold, *therefore*, let us pray fervently that we may go there. Many persons would pray if they felt sure that they would be paid for doing so—in gold. Glorious Gold!

A Highly Proper Fair.

At the fair to be given by the ladies of the different evangelica churches for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, "no charades, masquerades, or tableaux or anything at all of fensive to those opposed to such amusements" will be allowed. The whole affair will probably be conducted on the most gigantic scale of orthodox dullness, ill timed levity will be rebuked, smiles will be frowned down, and not one of the Christian Young Men will run any risk of being shocked. The *Alta* is responsible for the above statement. We trust it may prove true, but we are exceedingly troubled at the description of the attractions which are thought unobjectionable appearing in the same paper. There are to be no charades or tableaux, but oh!

"They have determined to have a Flora Temple, the shrine of thirty deesses; a Turkish Bazaar, wherein California houris will hold sway; a New England Kitchen, and a Picture Gallery."

We should like to know what business "deesses" have at a Christian Festival! Worse still, far more horrifying, and indeed, utterly abominable is the "Turkish Bazaar wherein California Houris will hold sway!" Houris are horribly bad characters, and we are sure that Judge Deady would disapprove of a representation of a Mahomadan paradise with Houris lying round loose. It wont do for these Christian Young Men to express virtuous indignation at charades and tableaux, and then have a Turkish Bazaar full of Houris.

The Mild and Stupid "Flag."

The poor *Flag* is very silly at present. It wishes to make friends with all its contemporaries except the *Call*. On Thursday it apologized to the *Examiner* thus:

"Our cotemporary is assured that the *Flag* is incapable of intending a deliberate and unprovoked affront to a neighbor of ability and cultivation."

Dear, dear, how long is it since the *Flag* discovered that the "copperhead *Examiner*" was "a neighbor of ability and cultivation?" In its anxiety to injure the *Call*, which it considers its especial rival, it makes an absurd blunder. It publishes the following:

"VILE.—Since its apostacy from the Union party, the little *Call* appears to be gravitating deplorably. It yesterday contained an editorial advertisement of a disreputable woman, 'who arrived from the East by the last steamer, is about thirty years of age, rather tall, of prepossessing appearance, with a profusion of rich, flowing ringlets,' etc.

A journal of such peculiar characteristics must be a nice thing to have in families!"

The unhappy *Flag* not having many * notices to publish, was unable to guess that the paragraph which incited its indignation was an advertisement of the old play, *The Female Pickpocket*, which is to be played at one of the melodeons.

More Savage Animals.

It is terrible to reflect that the citizens of San Francisco cannot walk the streets without running the risk of being bitten, mangled and perhaps torn to pieces by vicious horses. Only the other day a gentleman was terribly bitten in the back by a horse standing in the street. We hope the Board of Supervisors will immediately pass an ordinance forbidding any horse to appear in the street unmuzzled. They might also empower the police to shoot any horse without a muzzle. The ferocious dogs of this city are behaving very well at present—they have not eaten anyone lately; it is now time to protect our citizens from ferocious horses.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XV.—JIM SWAIN'S REVELATION.

CONTINUED.

THEN Jim made a desperate effort and told his story—told it in his ignorant, blundering fashion—told it with circumlocution and hesitation, but never interrupted. Mr. Lowther heard him without a word, and held Mr. Felton and the two women silent by the unspoken counsel of his glance.

"I had done many an odd job at the house in South Molton street, said the boy when he had told them a good deal about himself, in a rambling way, "and I knowed Mr. Routh well, but I don't snppose he knowed me; and when I saw him a-lingerin' about the tavern, and a-lookin' in at the winder, he wasn't no stranger to me. Well, he giv' me the letter, and I giv' it to the gentleman. He had a beard as came down to a point, and was sharp with me, but not so sharp as the waiter, as I giv' *him* his own sauce, and the gentleman laughed, and seemed as if he didn't object to me holdin' of my own; but Mr. Dallas, which I didn't know his name then, he didn't laugh, and he asks the gentleman if there weren't no answer, and the gentleman says no there weren't none, and somehow I seemed to know as he wanted to spite Mr. Routh. So I felt cur'ous about it, particklar when I see as Mr. Routh looked savage when I came out of the coffee-room and told him there weren't no answer. You must understand," said Jim, who had regained his composure now, and was in the full tide of his discourse, which he addressed exclusively to Mr. Lowther, with the instinctive delicacy which Harriet Routh had once observed in the neglected boy, "as I was not to say he was there; I were merely to give the note. He giv' me sixpence, and he went away down the Strand. I got a horse-holdin' job just then, and it were a long 'un; and there I was when tho two gents came to the door, a-smoking their cigars, and then the gent as I held his horse took him from me, and I hadn't nothin' better to do than to follow them, which I did; for who should I see but Mr. Routh a-skulkin' along the other side of the Strand, as if he wanted to keep 'em in sight without their seenin' of him. I follered them, sir, and follered them feelin' as if I was one of them 'ere wild Ingins in the 'Alfpenny 'Alf-hours on a trail, until I follered them to Boyle's billiard rooms, as I knows it well, and had swept it often on a Sunday mornin'. They went in, and I was tired of hangin' about, and was going away, when I see Routh again. There weren't nobody in the street but him and me. I skulked into a lane and watched him, and I don't know how long we was there—I a little way down the lane, and he a saunterin' up and down, and lookin' at the doors and windows, but never goin' nigh the house. It must ha' been very late when the two gents came out, and I was very tired; but the old woman—that's my aunt, sir—had had a row in the morning, and I thought I'd like to giv' her a fright, and stay out all night, which I haven't often slep in the street, considerin.'"

Jim had ceased to wriggle about on his chair, to twist his cap between his hands, and to shuffle his feet upon the floor. He was nearly as motionless as the listeners, who heard him in breathless silence. By degrees Clare had drawn nearer to Mr. Felton, and she was now standing, her hand in his, her head in its former place upon his shoulder, behind Jim's chair. But the character of the group formed by tho two was no longer what it had been; the girl was supporting the man now; tho girl was silently nerving him to courage and resolution.

"They came out, sir," the boy continued, "very friendly-like and good humored, and Mr. Dallas, he were a-laughin', and he shook hands with the other gent, which he called himself Mr. Deane—it were on the note; and he went away whistlin' down the very lane as I was in, passed me close, and never saw me. I saw him, though, quite plain, I thought, 'You've been winnin', and you likes it;' but still I had my eye on Mr. Routh, and presently I sees him speakin' to the other gent, as was puttin' on his big fur coat, which it had a 'ood to it as I never see one like it afore. I thought they wouldn't be pleasant together, and they wasn't not to judge by their voices, and I heard the other gent give a sneerin' kind of a laugh, which were aggravatin'; and soon they walked away together, through the Bar and up Fleet street, and I followed 'em, for I thought I'd sleep under the dry arch of the bridge, and get a chance of odd jobs at the early trains in the mornin', which they're profitable if you ain't too tired. They was talkin' and talkin', and the oddest thing was that I knew they was quarrellin', though I couldn't hear a word they said, and I knew the other gent was a sneerin' and a-aggravatin' of Mr. Routh, and yet they was arm-in-arm all the time like brothers. They went on, and there wasn't a livin' bein' in the street but them and me and an odd p'liceman or so, wot took no notice, only beat their 'ands together and passed by. All on a sudden, when they wos near the bridge, and close to all the little narrow streets down there, I gets tired, and don't seem to care about follerin' of 'em; and then, while I am thinkin' of makin' for the dry arch, I misses of 'em, and they're gone."

The boy stood up now, and his cap fell unheeded on the floor. The embarrassment, the confusion, the vulgarity of his manner, were gone. He met the lawyer's piercing gaze unabashed; he lifted his hand and moved it with a expressive gesture.

"It was gettin' light overhead, and I was tired, and my head begin to turn. I sat down in a doorway; there wasn't no one to move me on, and I must ha' fell asleep, for I don't remember any more until I heard something pass by me very quick, quite near me, as near as Mr. Dallas passed me in the lane. I looked up, pretty smart, and, sir, it were a man."

"Mr. Routh?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir, it were Mr. Routh. His head were down, and he was goin' as quick as any man could walk, short of runnin', but he did not run. I roused up, and wondered where the other gent was, and then I see a narrow passage a little way off the doorway where I was a sittin', leadin' straight to the river. I thought they must ha' turned down there to have their talk out, when I missed them so sudden. I went down the passage, and at the end of it was stones and mud and the river; and there was no one there. But oh, sir!" and here Jim began to tremble and to look nervously round toward Mr. Felton, "there were blood on the edge of the stones, and footsteps in the mud where the water was a-creepin' up, and there was no one there."

A convulsive sob burst from Clare's lips; but Mr. Felton clasped her closer to him and kept her quiet.

'A dreadful sight—a dreadful discovery," said Mr. Lowther: "but, my boy," and again he touched Jim gently on the arm, "why did you conceal it? Did you not understand the crime that had been committed? Did you not know all that happened afterward?"

"Sir," said Jim, boldly, but not without an effort. "I was not sure. I thought it might have been a fight, and that ain't murder anyways. I didn't know as how it had been stabbin' until I see it in Lloyd's Weekly, for I kep' away on purpose."

Here Jim put his hand into his pocket, and drew it out again closed round some object which he had still a lingering reluctance to show.

"I'll tell you all the truth, sir, though I dare say I must get into trouble. If it hadn't been as I was afraid of gettin' into it, I should ha' spoke before when I see Mrs. Routh, as is a good lady, a frettin' herself to death, and him a-deceivin' of her. When I was a-lookin' close at the stones and the mud, and the blood upon 'em, which the tide was very nigh upon 'em afore I came away, I see somethin' nearly stamped into the mud as looked like gold, and I fished it out, and I knew it were somethin' as I had seen hangin' on the other gent's chain, which he was a-twiddlin' on it with his fingers when I giv' him the note in the coffee-room. I fished it out, sir, and I kep' it, and I was afraid to take it to the pawnshop when I heerd as the body was found; and as it were a murder, I was afraid to sell it, and I hid it in the wall—and," said Jim, speaking with great rapidity and earnestness, "I am glad I've told the truth, for Mr. Dallas' sake, and I'm ready to suffer for it, if I must. Here it is, sir." Then the boy unclosed his hand, and placed in that of Mr. Lowther a locket in the form of a golden egg.

"It opens in the middle," said Jim, "and there's pictures in it: one is Mr. Deane's, and the other is a lady's. I know where she lives, and I saw Mr. Routh with her on Monday night. Mr. Routh has another, just the same as this, on the outside anyways."

"Do you recogniso this trinket?" asked Mr. Lowther of Mr. Felton, who replied:

"I do. It was my son's."

A few minutes of close and anxious consultation between the gentlemen followed, and then Mr. Lowther, telling Jim that he must remain with Mr. Felton until his return, went out, and was driven away in Mrs. Stanhope's carriage. Mr. Felton and the women treated the boy with kind consideration. In the frightful position in which they were all placed, there was now a prospect of relief, not, indeed, from the tremendous calamity, but from the dreadful danger, and Jim, as the medium through which the hope shone, was very valuable to them. Food was given him, of a quality rare to the street-boy, and he ate it with sufficient appetite. Thus the time passed, until Mr. Lowther returned, accompanied by a small, smart man in a greasy suit, who was no other than Mr. Tatlow, and whose first words to Mr. Felton were:

"It's all right. We've got the other warrant."

Then Mr. Felton sent Clare and her cousin away, and Jim, having been cheered and consoled by many a reassuring word and promise from Mr. Felton, whose strength and self-control proved themselves to the utmost on this occasion, underwent a long and searching examination from Mr. Lowther and the self-congratulatory Tatlow.

The afternoon was already advanced, and Mr. Tatlow had gone away and returned again, when the boy's explanation was concluded, and the plans formed upon it were finally arranged. Then the lawyer's quick eye noticed symptoms of giving way in Mr. Felton. There were many hours of excitement and strain upon the nerves still to be endured, and not yet might he be free to face the grief which was his, pre-eminently his; not yet must he seek solitude, to mourn his only son. Anguish, fear and fatigue were setting their mark upon him, but he must not yet have even bodily rest.

"You will not come with us?" said Mr. Lowther.

"No," replied Mr. Felton, with an irrepressible shudder. "I could not see that man before I *must*."

"You will lie down and rest?"

"Not yet. I will rest to-night. I must see my brother-in-law, who will reach London this evening, and tell him what has happened."

"Your brother-in-law?"

"Mr. Carruthers, my sister's husband. Much depends on George's mother being kept in ignorance, and Mr. Carruthers must be prepared."

During this short dialogue, Jim had been speaking earnestly to Mr. Tatlow, apparently urging very strongly an earnest appeal. On its cessation, Mr. Tatlow addressed Mr. Lowther.

"He agrees to everything, if one of you gentlemen will write to Mrs. Routh for him. That's it, ain't it?" said he, turning again to Jim.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, with an earnestness of entreaty in his voice and look which touched the listeners. "If one of you will write to *her*. I don't mean a letter to your own—grand like—for then she mightn't believe it, and she might think as I was paid. I did it for Mr. Dallas, but I don't think as I should have done it if he hadn't been bad to her, and if I hadn't seen her a-dyin' day after day, as courageous as can be, but still a-dyin', and he a-negleatin' of her first and deceivin' of her after."

"She is this man's accomplice," said Mr. Lowther, moodily.

"Perhaps so, to a certain extent," said Mr. Felton; "but she is to be pitied, too. I saw that. I saw a little way into her life at Homburg, and, from all George has told me, I would be as little hard with her as possible. He cannot escape us, she cannot shield him; let us hear what the boy wishes to say to her, and then decide. Tell me," he said, kindly, to Jim, "what do wish to say to this lady?"

"You must understand," said Mr. Tatlow, "that you can't send your letter till we've got him."

"I don't want to, sir," said Jim. "I think as he's runnin' away from her to-night, partik'lar as the lady is gone."

(Mr. Tatlow had ascertained the fact of Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge's departure during his brief absence.)

"He didn't go home last night, and I think he's afraid to to face her, and is runnin' away to-night."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Lowther, "I will write the letter. You shall tell me what to say, and it shall be sent to her this evening."

So Jim dictated, with infinite difficulty and astonishing slowness, and Mr. Lowther wrote:

"Dear Ma'am. This comes from Jim Swain, as wouldn't like to hurt you, but has to tell at last, because of Mr. Dallas being took for what he didn't do. I wanted to see you to-day, but you was out, and I couldn't, and I came down here and heard of Mr. Dallas being took. You weren't in it, dear ma'am, I'm sure, and so I have told the gentlemen and Mr. Tallow, which has me in charge at present; but you know it, and that Mr. Dallas did not do it, and Mr. Routh did. I followed them all the night it was done, and I saw Mr. Deane and Mr. Routh going down to the river, when one was gone away alive and the other couldn't be found, only his blood on the stones, and I found the gold thing he had on his chain, which the gentlemen has it now, and Mr. Routh have the same in a little drawer in the big desk in the parlor. I havn't hid anything, dear ma'am, and Mr. Routh will be took at six o'clock, at the railway, where he told me to meet him, which so I am to do. I know about a lady, too, which her picture is in the gold thing, and I would have told you about her if I could have seen you to-day. I hope you won't be hurt. I didn't mean to do it to hurt you. I wish I hadn't been so secret so long."

When Jim had formally made his mark, the letter was sealed and directed, and Mr. Lowther took charge of it.

Considerably before the platform of the London tidal bridge railway station, for which the train for Folkstone was about to start, had received the usual crowd of passengers and their friends, a lady, plainly dressed, and closely veiled, made her unobtrusive appearance upon it. "I am waiting to see a friend off," she had said, as the official at the barrier questioned her, and she attracted no further notice. Slowly and with downcast eyes, and hands which clasped each other closely under her shawl, she walked up and down, keeping close to the wall, and allowing the groups, as they began to form, to form between her and the edge of the platform. Once or twice she unclasped her hands, and lifted her veil, and breathed deeply; then, after one piercing glance,

which comprehended every face under the roof within its vision, dropped it again. Once, as she did this, a nursemaid with a child in her arms at the back of the platform noticed her, and said to a fellow-servant—

"That woman's face is enough to frighten one; she looks like death!"

But life was strong in Harriet Routh, and hope was strong in her also—a terrible hope, indeed, which to any suffering less than hers would have worn the semblance of despair. A little while now and he would be safe, safe for the present, for the next few hours, which were so all-important. The letter she had written, telling him all she had done, and why, would await him at Amiens, and show him that all his plans were in vain, would convince him, at last. The arrangement of his money matters, which he must have made for the flight he contemplated, would avail in the case of this flight which she had imposed upon him. A little more torture, a little more suspense, and something like rest would come. Perhaps she should he ahle to sleep a little to-night, while he would be speeding through the darkness to safety. Something like a forlorn sense of peace came to her with the anticipation. So she walked up and down, thinking these thoughts, and sometimes lapsing into a mental blank, out of which condition she would come with a start, to go into a kind of vision of the last two days—of the woman she had so completely mastered—of the last time she had seen her husband's face—of the blow he had struck her; but she felt no anger in the remembrance. What did it matter now, in the face of this great crisis? It was strange that she had heard nothing of George, and the fact rendered her only the more eager and apprehensive. He was busy with the investigation, which must end in—what? In that which she now had effectually prevented. So she walked up and down, thinking, and the platform became peopled, and all the fuss and hurry of the departure of the tidal train was around her. Presently, as she reached the end of the platform and turned to resume her walk, she saw her husband, coming quickly toward the line of carriages, carrying the small bag which had been sent to him at Tokenhouse-yard in the morning, and which she had packed with reference to this occasion. Routh, indeed, had heen not a little surprised by its contents. He came along the platform, the bag in one hand, a letter in the other, looking frowningly round as though in search of somebody. She shrank back, as much out of sight as possible. Presently, just as he was stepping into a into a carriage, Jim Swain appeared, and went up to him. A few words passed between them, and then Harriet saw two persons, one of whom was a smart, slightly built man in a gray suit, address him. Straining her eyes with a fixed intensity of gaze which made her brain ache, she looked. He tore the letter in his hand to pieces, with inconceivable quickness, the fragments fluttering to the ground, turned, and with one of his unknown interlocutors on either side, and Jim following—how strange the boy looked, Harriet thought—walked along the platform, passed through the barrier, and was lost to her gaze at the distant entrance.

Harriet stood rooted to the spot. It was not until all the passengers had taken their places, and the train had gone off with a shriek and a pant, that she had the power to move. Then a moan of utter despair hurst from her white lips, and a cold thrill shook her limbs, as she murmured:

"He has been called hack on business, and he is lost, utterly lost!"

CHAPTER XVI.—STRONG AS DEATH.

Unspeakable terror laid its paralysing grasp upon Harriet; upon her heart, which ceased, it seemed to her, to beat; upon her limhs, which refused to obey the impulse of her will. Alone she stood upon the platform, long after the traiu had disappeared, and thought failed her with the power of movement; a blank fell upon her. A porter addressed her, but she stared stupidly in his face, and made no reply.

"The lady's ill," the man said to another. "I had better take her to the waiting-room, and fetch a cab. If you'll come this way, ma'am——"

Then Harriet's faculties awoke with a start. "No, thank you," she said; "I must get home." And she walked swiftly and steadily away. Two of the superior officials were talking together close to the door through which she had to pass, and she heard one of them say:

"Very quietly done, if it was so; and I'm pretty sure it was; I couldn't he mistaken in Tatlow."

The words conveyed no meaning, no alarm to Harriet. She went on, and out into the crowded street. She walked a long way before she felt that she could bear the restraint, the sitting still implied by driving in any vehicle. But when she reached Tokenhouse-yard, and found that nothing was known there of Routh, that no message had been received from him since he had left that evening, she got into a cah and went home. No news there, no message, no letter. Nothing for her to do but wait, to wait as patiently as she could, while the servants speculated npon the queer state of affairs, commented upon "master's" ahsence on the preceeding night, and hoped he had not "bolted"—a proceeding which they understood was not uncommon in the case of gentlemen of Routh's anomalons and dim profession. Nothing for her to do hut to wait, nothing but the hardest of all tasks, the most agonising of all sufferings. And this was the night which was to have brought her, with utter despair for herself, rest. Rest of body, which she had never so sorely needed, and had never felt so impossible of attainment. Her iron streugth and endurance were gone now. Her whole frame ached, her nerves thrilled like the strings of a musical instrumeut, a terrible interior distraction and hurry came over her at intervals, and seemed to sweep away her consciousness of reality without deadening her sense of suffering. She did not now wonder whether she was going mad; since she had known the very, very worst of her own fate, that fear had entirely left her. She wondered now whether she was dying. Wondered, with some curiosity, but no fear; wondered, with a vague feeling of the strangeness of the irruption of utter nothingness, into such a chaos of suffering and dread as life had become to her. There would be rest, but not the consciousness of it; she would no more exist. A little while ago she would have shrank from that, because love remained to her; but now—if she could but know the worst, know the truth, know that he could not be saved, or that he was safe, she would not care how soon she ceased to he one of the facts of the universe. *She* had never mattered much; she did not much matter now. But these thoughts crossed her mind vaguely and rarely; for the most part it was abandoned to the tumultuous agony of her ignorance and suspense. Still no letter, no message. The time wore on, and it was nine o'clock when Harriet heard a ring at the door, and a man's voice asking to see Mrs. Routh. It was not a voice she knew; and even while she eagerly hoped the man might have come to her from Routh, she trembled at the thought that he might be the bearer of a communication from George Dallas, for whose silence she had been thankful, but unable to account.

The man was a clerk from Mr. Lowther's office, and his errand was to deliver to Mrs. Routh a letter, "on very important business," he said, which he had directions to give into her own hauds. He executed his commission, retired promptly, and Harriet was left aloue to find the solution of all her doubts, the termination of all her suspeuse, in Jim Swain's letter.

The approaches to the Mansion House police conrt, and the precincts of the court itself, were densely crowded. All sorts of rumors prevailed respecting the reported discovery of the mystery which had perplexed the police and the public in spring. The arrest of two persons at different places, and the reports, garbled, exaggerated, and distorted as they were, of the circumstances which had led to the discovery which directed suspicion toward the second of the two accused persons, had keenly excited the public curiosity. The proceedings of the coroner's inquest upon the body of the unknown man had been raked up and read with avidity; and the oozing out of even the smallest particulars relative to the two prisoners was eagerly watched for by the greedy crowd. Curiosity and expectation were obliged to satisty themselves for the nonce with the proceedings in the case of Stewart Routh. George Dallas was unable to appear; Since the previous day his illness had materially increased, and the official medical report pronounced it to be brain fever. Unconscious of the frightful discovery which had strnck him so heavy a blow, George Dallas lay, under suspicion of a dreadful crime, in prison ward, and under prison watch and care. So attention and curiosity centered themselves in Stewart Routh, and the wildest stories were propagated, the wildest conjectures ran riot.

The prisoner had been brought up with the customary formalities, at an early hour, and the examination, which was likely to last some time, had begun, when Mr. Felton, who was in the court with Mr. Carruthers, pressed that gentleman's arm, and whispered:

"Look there! To the left, just under the window. Do you see her?"

"I see a woman—yes," replied Mr. Carruthers.

"His wife," said Mr. Felton, in a tone of compassionate amazement. It was his wife. Thus Routh and Harriet found themselves face to face again. As the prisoner's eye, shifting restlessly around him, seeing curious faces, full of avidity, but not one ray of compassion, fell upon her, every trace of color faded out of his cheek, and he drew one deep, gasping breath. Had she betrayed him? He should soon know; the story about to he told would soon enlighten him. Did he really thiuk she had done so? Did he really believe it for one minute? No. He had tried, in the blind fury of his rage, when he found himself trapped, halked, hopelessly in the power of the law, and the game utterly up—when, in the lonliness of the night, he had brooded savagely over the hopes he had entertained, over the dazzling pictures his fancy had painted, then, he had tried to accnse her, he had hated and execrated her, and tried to accuse her. Bnt in vain; villain as he was, he was not a fool, and his common scnse forbade the success of the attempt. And now, when he saw her, her from whom he last parted with a cruel blow, and a word that was more cruel, it was as though all his past life looked out at him through her woeful blue eyes. Awfully it looked at him, and held him fascinated, even to a brief oblivion of the scene around him. She had raised her veil, not quite off her face, but so that he could see her distinctly, and when he looked at her, his lips parted, in a vain heroic attempt to smile. But they only quivered and closed again, and she knew it, and drew the veil closely around her face, and sat thenceforth her head falling forward upon her breast, her figure quite motionless.

(Concluded in our Next.)

THE BOURNE.

Under the growing grass;
Underneath the living flowers,
Deeper than the sound of showers;
There we shall not count the hours
By the shadows as they pass.

Youth and health will be but vain;
Beauty reckoned of no worth;
There a little girth
Can hold round what once the earth
Seemed too narrow to contain.

THE FATE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

DR. E. G. SEWARD'S dispatch to the English Foreign Office concerning the probable fate of Dr. Livingstone, was read at a meeting of the British Royal Geographical Society, held in London on the twenty-fifth of March. It is the fullest and most important document yet communicated to that Society upon the subject, and in England it is generally considered as establishing the untimely death of the eminent African explorer beyond a preadventure. The following is a summarry of the dispatch:

"If the story of some fugitives from Dr. Livingstone's party be true, he was slain during a sudden and unprovoked encounter with the very Zulus of whom, in the last dispatch received from him, dated Ngomana, May eighteenth, he said that they had laid waste the country round ahout him. With an escort reduced to twenty by desertions, deaths and dismissals, he had traversed, as I believe, *terra incognita* between the confluence of the Leonde and Rovuma Rivers at Ngomana and the eastern or northeastern shore of Lake Nyassa, had crossed the lake at some point not yet ascertained, had reached a station named Kampunda, on its western or northwestern shore, and was pushing westward or northwestward into dangerous ground, when between Marenga and Maklisoora a band of implacable savagas stopped the way, a mixed herd of Zulus or Mafite and Nyassa folk. The Nyassa folk were armed with bow and arrow, the Zulus with the traditional shield, broad-bladed spears and axes. With Livingstone there were nine or ten musketeers; his Johauna men were resting with their loads far in the rear. The Mafite instantly came on to fight. There was no parley, no avoidance of the combat. They came on with a rush, with war cries, rattling their shields with their spears. As Liviugstone and his party raised their pieces the onset was, for a moment, checked. Livingstone fired, and two Znlus were shot dead. His boys fired, but their fire was harmless. He was in the act of reloading, when three Mafites leapt upon him through the smoke. There was no resistance, there could be none; one cruel ax-cut from behind put him out of life."

THE EFFECTS OF TEA ON THE SKIN.—If you drop a few drops of strong tea upon a piece of iron—a knife blade, for instance, the tannate of iron is formed, which is black. If you mix it with iron fillings or pulverized iron, you can make a fair article of ink. If you mix it with fresh human blood, it forms, with the iron of the blood, the tannate of iron Now, when we remember that the liquids which enter the stomach are rapidly absorbed by the veins and absorbauts of the stomach, and enter into the circulation, and are thrown out of the system by the skin, respiration and the kidneys, it is probable that a drink so common as tea and so abundantly used, will have some effect. Can it he possible that tannin introduced with so much warm liquor, producing perspiration, will have no more effect upon the skin? Look at the tea-drinkers of Russia, the Chinese, and the old women of America, who have so long continued the habit of drinking strong teas. Are they not dark colored and leather-skinned? Wheu young they were fair complexioned.

NEW THINGS IN COSTUME.—We have seen quite a number of short dresses worn at balls and parties, this season, and, to some, they are very becoming, especially when there is a pretty foot and ankle in the case; but, as a general thing, we do not admire them. For the street, as walking dresses, they are very appropriate, that they are going out of fashion, that, in fact, their day is past. The latest style of street dresses are made short, it is true, but they only just clear the ground. Ladies who have had handsome silks cut to suit the present fashion, will be sorry to hear this, no doubt. We learn, with pleasure, that ladies' hats are to be worn much larger. For summer, they will be trimmed with long wreaths of flowers, which fall on either side, and are tied with narrow ribbon, having a loose ribbon of black or white lace over them. Parasols are trimmed with feather trimming of all colors—pretty, but very frail.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

THE PROGRESS OF RITUALISM IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE Ritual movement in the English church, seems to have communicated itself to the Episcopal church in the United States, though on this side of the Atlantic it has taken on a comparatively mild and inoffensive form. The ceremonial at St. James' Church in this city, is said to furnish a fair representation of the most advanced ritualistic service as conducted in New York, or any of the Eastern cities, yet it is very far indeed from approximating so closely to the worship of the Church of Rome, as does the service in a number of the English Episcopal parishes. A few extracts from an elaborite article on "Ultra Ritualism" in the last number of the *London Quarterly*, and from the authorities therein cited, will serve to furnish some idea of the lengths to which the movement has been carried in England. Here are some of the directions for conducting the service, as given in the *Directorium Anglicanum*, a work of authority with English ritualists; these directions, however, are designed for "Cathedrals only:"

"The bishop will enter the cathedral church vested in purple cassock, rochet, chimere, episcopal ring, zucchetto, and birretta. If he do not vest in the sacristy, he will receive his vestments from the altar....On reaching the faldstool, the bishop will remove his birretta, and deliver it to the deacon, who will hand it to the sub-deacon, who in his turn will deliver it to an acolyte. He will wear the zucchetto till the assumption of the mitre. The gloves will be carried on a salver.... The bishop, on being vested with the dalmatic, sits down, and the deacon removes the episcopal ring, and hands it to the sub deacon to place on a salver held by an acolyte for that function. The gloves are then presented on a salver, and should be so arranged that the right may lie at the side of the deacon, and the left at that of the sub-deacon. In putting on the gloves. the deacon assists at the right and the sub-deacon at the left."

Though these edifying ceremonies are such as we may not hope ever to see at St. James' (unless, indeed, Mr. Eagan should he elected a Bishop, and should make that Church his "Episcopal seat") yet as the ritualistic system may become "the mode" in this diocese, we need not utterly despair of some day witnessing them at Grace.

One characteristic of the English ritualists (which has also developed itself to some extent in this country) is the slender respect they evince for the Episcopal authority. Indeed, their writers occasionally talk of the Bishops in language which would be discourteous if employed in speaking of a chimney sweep. Says the *Review*:

"Archdeacons and canons, however, are very small game for these soaring birds to stoop to, and their main fury is reserved for the bishops. There is no longer anything of that inconsistency between the profession of abject reverence and the practice of habitual insult and defiance which used formerly to startle us in the behavior of Tractarians toward bishops. True it is that the 'Directorium' is, 'with every feeling of profound respect, most humbly dedicated to the Archbishop and Bishops in visible communion with the see of Canterbury,' and that a copy of the volume of Essays was solemnly presented to the Upper House of Convocation; but these are merely such pleasantries as some extreme Protestants have indulged in by dedicating their works to the Pope, and in general the anti-episcopal spirit now shows itself without even the pretence of formal respect for those against whom it is directed. Dr. Littledale, for instance, after telling us that—

'Griudal's theory of his episcopal authority was that it was given him for the purpose of enabling him to put down with a high hand whatever he disliked, whether legal or not,'

adds

'Such a method of Government is not so perfectly unlike that of some diocesans of a much later day that it need excite any surprise.'"

And here is another fulmination against those who exhibit a tame submission to Episcopal despotism:

"I must protest against the miserable, trembling, cowardly attitude which [a correspondent of the 'Guardian' newspaper] reccommeuds the clergy to assume towards their bishops. If the Bishop of Loudon is inclined to 'run-a-muck' at Catholic faith and Catholic worship, by all means let him do so. If he wishes to puritauize the church, as I believe he does, let him take all lawful means towards his object; and if we wish to Catholicize the church, as we avowedly do, let us take all lawful means towards our object, too; and God defend the right!

'Who is this awful despot, this terrible Turk, this Pope *in posse*, who is ready to cat off all our heads in five minutes if we 'provoke' him? He is a constitutional officer of the Church, and himself subject to its laws as much as any one else.'"

And once more:

"Little do some of our Fathers in God seem to reck of the anguish, not unmixed with indignation, caused to faithful souls by the shallow denials of unpopular truths into which they sometimes allow themselves to be drawn."

Speaking of the bishops of Wesley's time, the same writer says:

"Like some of their successors of the present day, they could only trample out a religious energy which they had *neither the grace to appreciate*, nor the energy to control."

In the same spirit, another writer, Mr. Baring-Gould, tells us that "the episcopal boot" is accustomed "to descend *on every spark of vitality in the stubble of the estbalishment.*"

The same Dr. Littledale, above quoted, expresses his contempt of the bishops, on account of their ignorance of "Lit iurgiology," and is indignant with them for their misbehavior when called upon to officiate in the churches of the party. He says:

"It is very seldom that an accomplished Ritualist is permitted to celebrate in a non-ritual church; but every one has seen the manner in which strange celebrants, episcopal and others, deliberately ignore and set at nought the use of some churches where they chance to officiate."

But it seems that the bishops are as ignorant on some other subjects as in regard to the proper method of celebrating the service. Mr. Medd, a ritualistic authority, says of the Bishop of Ely, that he is "one among the few members of the episcopal bench who enjoy any reputation for theological acquirement;" and even *his* acquirements are not, in Mr. Medd's opinion, sufficient to save him from gross error in the attempt to understand the ritualistic doctrine.

The Bishop of London having characterized the ritualist ceremonial as "almost histrionic," Dr. Littledale thus boldly accepts the epithet:

"It is an axiom in liturgiology that no public worship is really deserving of its name unless it be histrionic. Histrionic for three reasons: First, because it is an attempt to imitate and represent on earth what Christians believe to be going on in heaven. Secondly, because this representation is partly effected by the employment of material symbols, to shadow forth invisible powers. Thirdly, because personal action rather than passive receptivity is the essence of its character. The whole histrionic principle is conceded and hallowed by the two most sacred rites of the Christian religion; Baptism, which physically suggests the idea of moral cleansing, and the Holy Eucharist, which shows forth the broken Body and the outpoured Blood, at the same time that it presents to the mind the notion of sustenance."

Mr. Perry, another high authority with his party, enumerates as the five prominent points to be insisted on:

(1). "The ancient vestments of the bishops and other clergy;
(2). The two lights on the altar;
(3). The incense;
(4). The mixed chalice; and
(5). The eastward position, in front of the altar, of the priest and his assistants at the celebration of the Holy Communion."

To these, other leading ritualists add:

"(6). The use of wafer-bread;
(7). The presence of 'the faithful' for what is styled 'spiritual communion;'
(8). The elevation of the consecrated elements."

The above particulars, however, refer only to the *ceremonial of worship*, not to matters of doctrine; nor to the favor with which monastic institutions, confession to a priest, and the celibacy of the clergy are viewed by the more "advanced" section of the party.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

For some time previous to his departure to Italy, where he died, this veteran writer resided in Bath. At a recent meeting of a Literary Association of that place, a paper was read, giving many interesting particulars of his life during his sojourn there. The paper says:

"Landor lived at No. 3 Rivers street, near the Park. He occupied the two drawing-rooms, and his bed-room and dressroom was immediately above. He always spoke of Bath with enthusiasm as an unrivalled winter residence—bright, clear and dry. No epigram passed his lips satirizing the sauntering steps of the inhabitants, or the hot, blue waters of the springs; nor did he ever grumble spitefully at the steep hills, or at the wheel-chairs, which are very apt to bar the way of pedestrians. He was a great walker, and was generally dressed in the shabbiest clothes. His umbrella was a marvel of untidiness, and he wore an old hat slouched backwardly so as to display the large front of a fine bald head. In this guise the literary veteran went forth on his daily rounds. He never paused to look in at shop windows, nor did he seem to covet any man's goods, excepting his pictures. He manifested no consciousness of weather, time, or space. To look at him you would say that he saw neither sun, moon, or stars, for he always gazed grimly on the ground. A great flood, violent hail, a storm, very vivid lightning, or other remarkable phenomena might attract his attention; but those of an ordinary description were apparently unheeded. He was destitute of all scientific instruments, and probably did not know the uses of the commonest. He never took part in conversation relating to barometers, thermometers, or telescopes. It is doubtful whether he was acquainted with the points of the compass or the signs of the zodiac. He was childishly innocent and careless about all 'objectivities,' save that he valued at their proper worth gold, silver and jewels. There was one creature in the Animal Kingdom which Landor appeared to love above all other creatures, and this was a pretty dog of the Pomerian breed, his constant companion for several years. No affectation was too bountiful for this dog—no offering too dainty. "It is impossible," Landor used to say with great vehemence, "that I can ever survive my dog, should it die before me." But, alas! the day came when the master was seen walking alone, somewhat sadder than usual, but not otherwise discomposed; and benevolent inquiry revealed the mournful fact that the dazzling little feathery dog had departed this life, and would never more be seen following his fond master. The walls of Landor's drawing-rooms were covered with paintings, and some were placed on chairs. These paintings were of various values: a few were genuine works of old masters, the greater portion copies. The fact is, that although Landor possessed a theoretical knowledge of the schools of painting, he had no practical knowledge of pictures. A shabby piece of colored canvas was often glorified by him into an old master, and placed in a gorgeous frame; and Landor then led his friends up to it as to an awful shrine. Few could help enjoying such a jest as this. He valued one picture, which he held to be by Correggio, at 1,200*l.*; and he repeatedly declared that he would not take a sovereign less for it. Most of his other pictures were valued by hundreds of pounds. Amidst much rubbish and imposture there were a few positive treasures. He possessed two undoubted Turners, in that great painter's style, of 1824-8; one or two Copley Fieldings, a Cox, and a Nicolas Poussin. There were also a few other good pictures by artists of less renown. The walls of the staircase of his house were covered with pictures, as were also those of his bed-room. His landlady, too, turned her rooms into a picture-gallery, adorning them with the pictorial crumbs which fell from her patron's table. Landor had few books in Bath, but those were of a high order of excellence. His habit was to spend the morning in writing and reading, and the afternoon in walking. He almost always called on his friends on Sunday afternoons. He largely illustrated in his own life the doctrine of 'plain living and high thinking.' He never went to private parties or public amusements, and hated mobs with the severity of an intellectual republican. He detested kings, bishops, and priests, always excepting Julius Hare, for whom he entertained a sincere friendship. All orders and hereditary castes seemed to him to be deeply stained with original sin. In fine, Landor while he lived in Bath was a keen, satiric, epigrammatic man, abrupt and not at all copious in conversation, bluntly cordial to a few near friends, but with antipathies much stronger and more abundant than his sympathies. Such are the leading characteristics of Walter Savage Landor as he was known in Bath. With commendable reticene Mr. Spender is silent respecting the events which cast a dark cloud over the last days of Landor's life in that city. A conqueror of many fields of literature, he never conquered himself, and suffered accordingly. How he went to Florence, giving intelligence of himself by occasional 'good words' in the *Athenæum*, is well known to our readers. Not equally well known is the fact that the grave of this eminent man of letters is deformed by a villaneous case of misspelling. His tombstone in the Protestant burial ground, at Florence, bears this inscription: 'Sacred to the Memory of Walter Savage Landor. Born 30 Jan. 1775. Died 17 Sept. 1865. The last sad tribute of his *Coife* and Children.' Is there no friend of Landor who will amend this error."

CALIFORNIA WINES.—A. S. Lowndes, Wine Merchant of 311 Battery street, has on hand some very choice native wines, among which is the famous "Gerke," a white wine which probably enjoys a higher reputation than any other product of our vineyards. For delicacy of flavor, it is certainty equalled by none of the native white wines yet known to the public.

In the same vaults is an article of Californian Port, so entirely different from the wine that commonly passes by that name, that it would not be recognized by those familiar with the common article. If there is any native Port at all equal to this, we have not yet had an opportunity of tasting it. Mr. Lowndes informs us that, as an experiment, he has this year, at a heavy cost, shipped all the wine he had on hand to the East and back, to give it the advantage of a double sea voyage, in the course of which it had to pass four times through the tropics. Only first class wines can stand a test like this. The resul of the experiment has been to demonstrate that California can produce wines which, when properly manufactured and skillfully handled, are not inferior to any in the world of correspondiug kind. Those who wish to judge intelligently of California wines in their perfection, should visit Lowndes' wine vaults.

THE MINT.—At this establishment, which is directly opposite the U. S. Mint on Commercial street, the mint-drops of the latter institution will be received as a legal tender for mint-juleps, or other liquid refreshments. Captain Sam. Gardner is superintendent of "The Mint," though he has not yet received his commission from Washington. In fact, he is not particularly anxious about the commission; and he defies all the politicians of all stripes and complexions to deprive him of his office. Captain Gardner's Mint, is not as exclusive and old fogy an institution as the opposite concern across the way. It is freely open to the public, without "permits" at all reasonable hours of the day and night.

STATISTICS show that during the past year nearly two hundred persons have been burned to death by the explosion of kerosene lamps, and that the destruction of property amounts to more than six million dollars.

JERUSALEM is still, in some respects, the city of the Jews. It is found that there are seven thousand Jewish inhabitants, five thousand Mahometans, and three thousand four hundred Christians in the place.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE—No. 223 Bush street, just east of the Occidental Hotel, is one of the most popular saloons in our city, and is gaining more than a local reputation for "fine brands" and choice beverages.

PUNCH says that women first resorted to tight lacing to prove to the men how well they could bear tight squeezing.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, ETC., are cured speedily and pleasantly for a stipulated fee, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. •

ELECTRICITY.—The powerful and superb battery of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, may be employed for only four bits. •

OAK POISON.—The truly scientific and only unfailing cure is the method of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street •

OUR DOG.

BY PRENTICE.

IT is necessary to own a dog. Why, it is difficult to tell, but everybody at some time in their lives have taken unto themselves a dog.

Our dog Nip, made himself at home immediately after his arrival at the house. There were no intermediate stages of backwardness with him in his intercourse with the family, or in his assumiug the direction of a large portion of affairs relating to the household. He is a small dog, but very lively. His natural condition seems that of motion. He concentrates within himself the activity of three or four ordinary dogs.

His first act soon after coming to live with us was to take charge of the back door mat. He seemed to regard it as his own exclusive possession. He had his ideas with regard to its place and use. We preferred that it should remain where the cleanliness of the household might be best promoted. He preferred it in the back yard. It staid in the back yard. The whole household toiled in vain to keep it where it was supposed to belong, dragging it time after time up the back stairs, all to no purpose. When such a dog as Nip chooses to devote his whole life to keeping a door mat in a back yard it is difficult to contend successfully with him. When he thought we had become resigned to his disposition of the mat he became dissatisfied and tore it to pieces. He was dissatisfied because we were resigned. He wished to do something provoking. He loves actions of this kind. There was an inoffensive old broom which, having been discarded from the house, was used to sweep the back stairs. This he set upon and tore also to pieces. The broom never did him any harm. It would not harm anybody. But its total innocence and inoffensiveness provoked him. Good nature is ofteu provoking.

He has access to the cellar. He rules there. It was a very quiet and orderly cellar previous to his coming. If it be so now, it is according to canine not human views of order and neatness. He was furnished with a heap of old clothes for a bed. These have been torn up and dragged in every direction. He has no use for a bed. His time is too precious to be devoted to sleep. There are holes to be dug in the bare cellar floor, and anything accidentally hung up in his reach must be torn down. The kindling wood must be kept scattered about. Old newspapers falling in his reach must be torn to shreds. In his eyes the general appearance of the premises is much improved by these bits of torn newspaper. He monopolizes the morning paper left at she door, and it is often found lying ignobly in one corner of the yard covered with dirt, "gone to the dogs." He shows a great contempt for newspapers.

Nip is a great pet. That is what he was given us for; something on which we might expend our spare care and sympathy. Nip more than "fills the bill." He is always performing some aggravating and mischievous action so that we never forget him—never.

He mines. The backyard is fitted with numerous excavations and heaps of dirt. He buries bones in one place, and then digs large holes elsewhere, pretending to be looking for them. This is the only shadow of an excuse made for any mischief committed. As for eating, he bolts a meal in ten seconds. Yet it is a satisfaction to see that this aggravating little brute cannot thus outrage nature with impunity, as evinced by his occasional bodily contortions consequent on an overloaded canine stomach.

We have a rooster. Before Nip's arrival he was a haughty and consequential rooster in his own estimation, and that of his several wives. He issued his prouunciamentos daily, claiming the allegiance of his hens, and boasted in long speeches concerning the completeness of his authority over the yard and hencoop. But Nip has taken all the conceit out of him. Daily he chases him in abject fear before his subjects. He has chased him from the high pedestal of his former dignity. Adding injury to insult he has torn out the most glorious of his tail feathers. It is pitiful to see a rooster so completely demolished both in appearance and dignity. He runs after the hens also. Not from motives of gallantry does he this, but to humiliate more thoroughly the dejected, tail-ridden rooster. Our persecuted fowl have scarcely a place n which they may lay their heads—or their eggs in peace.

He has contests with an old tin pan carried on with great noise and fury. He idealizes this pan into some terrible monster, and idealizes so successfully that the combat is more real than imaginary. The contest goes on over the whole yard, the combatants swaying backward and forward, but Nip always comes off victorious. We could dispense with his dragging this utensil up the steps and letting it roll down again. In his estimation the dramatic effect may be very powerful, but the peace of the family is not at all increased by the clangor. It must be very gratifying to fight an opponent so terrible, to be at times almost overcome and yet to be ever certain of victory.

The most provoking characteristic of this animal is that punishment when inflicted has no effect on him. He is often turned out of doors in disgrace, but he ignores this as punishment entirely. He refuses to be regarded with disapprobation. His manner speaks thus to us as he noisily scratches at the door for re-admittance, or looks impudently in, his paws resting on the sill of a low window: "O, you needn't look so cross. You like all these pranks of mine after all. You couldn't get along without me. I am the Punch of the household, Didn't I make a nice mess of the contents of your work-basket? I can do so again if you will only let me in."

He has occasionally been whipped, but seems to feel no shame on account of the castigation and the operation over, always resumes his usual frisky manner. He has an admirable command of temper and bears no malice. This disposition heaps coals of fire upou the heads of those whom he causes to loose their tempers. To one's conscience it says: "There you've lost your temper havn't you, and you a human being but little lower than the angels, and I nothing but a dog and a little dog at that. Feel any better for that kick you gave me? It shall not make any difference in our relations. I am still your affectionate Nip as full of mischief as ever."

Loss of temper causes remorse, both for our weakness in loosing it and for mean acts committed while laboring under such loss. Were Nip but possessed of a nature full of stupid, ugly antagonism causing him to seek revenge in snarling, biting, or a fit of sulks more or less prolonged, there might be some degree of compensation in our anger. But his persistent good humor and inevitable forgiveness is very aggravating. He comes off victorious in these soul conflicts, and covers us with shame to be so beaten by a dog.

Nip after all is a positive benefit. Although he at times annoys, yet he amuses and instructs. Dog nature is worth studying as well as human nature. And in the comparison between the two the latter has sometimes cause to blush.

THE CIRCUS.—The buffalo at the circus proves a great attraction. His talent is very generally acknowledged. A stern critic might take exception to his Western style; but he may, if he stays long enough in California, correct it and become an accomplished artiste. We have had few trained buffaloes here, and, therefore, if we would, could not justly institute comparisons. Of course all the children wish to see the buffalo, and as the circus will very shortly start for the interior, those who have not yet visited it should go at once. Performances this afternoon and evening. On Monday evening, Mr. Wm. Kennedy, the clown, will take his benefit, when entire new features will be presented.

THE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—The billiard tournament gotten up under the auspices of Messrs. Strahle & Hughes, the manufacturers of the celebrated billiard tables, is now being played at Congress Hall. Virginia City, Carson City, Washoe City, Sacramento, Marysville, Stockton, Placerville, Grass Valley, Red Bluff, Shasta, Yreka, Portland, Salem, Victoria, and other places, are represeuted by their crack players. The playing is witnessed by a large number of persons. This eveuing A. W. Jamisou and Joseph Little will play a match of fifteen huudred points. On Monday evening, the receipts of the house being donated to the Southern Relief Fund. Some splendid playing will be doue this evening, and a full house will without douht be in attendence.

Not Crazy, but "Mad."

Henry Shine having knocked down a witness in the Police Court, was arrested. Several persons swore that Shine was sometimes insane in consequence of having some time ago fractured his skull. Judge Rix, under these circumstances, imposed the light fine of $25. He evidently did not believe that Henry Shine is insane, hut, perhaps, as he is cracked, as regards his scull, thought that he ought uot to be so severely punished for gettiug mad as other people.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & Co.—This leading Dry Goods House announce in our advertisiug columns, 200 pieces of superior Black Silks at 25 per cent. less than the cost of importation; and 500 pieces of French and English Cloths at greatly reduced rates; also, Ladies' Dress Goods, and Domestic Goods, such as Sheetings, Shirtings, Towelings, Table Damasks, Flannels, etc., at surprising low rates. Meagher, Taffee & Co. are determiued to undersell any House in San Francisco.

MADISON & BURKE'S Real Estate Agency, 316 Montgomery street, is one of the business features of the city. The amount of buying and selling, leasing and reuting, and business transacted there in a single day is almost increditable. A small army of clerks and corps of horsemen are kept constautly busy iu transacting the business of this Real Estate Exchange.

B. C. HORN & Co.—This favorite House, so long celebrated for the superiority of its imported Tobacco and Cigars, have just received the long expected Hibernia Smoking Tobacco, which proves to be the best ever imported. Try it. They are also offering 500,000 cigars at the surprising low rate of $5 per thousand. Everyhody can afford to smoke cigars at that rate.

PEET & SON.—Saddlery and Harness Warehouse, 315 Battery street, one door from Commercial, is one of the most complete establishmeuts in that line of husiness. Among the specialities that may be found there are improved side saddles, splendid sets of harness, made to order, rich robes, fancy whips, California saddles, made like the English riding saddles, etc.

STRENGTH, APPETITE AND GOOD HEALTH.—Wheu these qualities are impaired a good tonic is often the most efficatious remedy. Lacour' Sarsapariphere Bitters possess valuable medical properities in these cases, and are highly recommended by those who know their merits.

WATER CURE.—"Pioneer" and only Water Cure in San Francisco, No 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Dr. Bourne, the only old, experienced and practical water cure physician on this coast. Guarantees cures for stipulated fees in all cases.

ITALIAN OPERA.

SINCE our last issue we have to notice the production of five different operas on five successive nights—an amount of work which naturally had an unfavorable effect upon tha performers, and was by no means acceptable to the public. Hereafter there will be but four performances each week, and we may, therefore, reasonably expect an improvement in their quality. *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Norma* and *Il Traviata*, were given respectively on Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and all but *Norma* to crowded and fashionable houses. Madame Stella Bonheur, who made her *debut* as "Orsini," also appeared as "Azucena" and as "Adalgisa," and made, on the whole, a very favorable impression. Her voice is full and clear, and the low notes are especially good; the upper ones might be equally so if they were not spoiled by an almost coustant and very injudicious use of the *tremolo*. Her face and figure are prepossessing; but her manner indicates embarassment and lack of experience; her acting, although intense enough, has little variety, and her expression changes suddenly from extreme grief or anger to a broad and hearty smile, or *vice versa*, without any apparent reason, and without resting upon any intermediate emotion. Of the three characters which she has assumed, her "Azucena" was certainly the best. Signorina Bellini appeared as "Leonora" and as "Violetta," but her success was not encouraging. Her voice is hard and thin, and she sings the *piano* passages with her lips almost entirely closed; her intonation is correct, and she apparently knows the music of her part, but has neither style nor mechanical execution. She has, however, youth, beauty, and natural talent, and under proper training will undoubtedly attain high rank as an artiste. Signor Limberti, as "Edgardo," and as "Pollio," was suffering from a severe attack of hoarseness, and cannot justly be criticised; but his "Gennaro" was a spirited and successful effort. Signor Bianchi appeared as "Manrico," and as "Alfredo;" Signor Mancusi as the "Count di Luna," as "Enrico," and as "Giorgio Germont;" Signor Milleri as the "Duke Alfonso," as "Ferrando," as "Raimondo," and as "Oroveso." Other characters in the various operas were creditably sustained by M. Charles and M. Roncoveri, Mme. Yonker and Mrs. Hall. The orchestra and chorus, though overworked, have doue bravely.

Signoriua Eugenia Bellini made her *debut* last night in the comic opera of Don Pasquale, with Signorina Bellini, Signors Bianchi and Mancusi in the other parts. We are obliged to defer until next week any notice of the performance. *Il Trovatore* will be given this evening. *Un Ballo en Maschera* is announced for Monday.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

AT Maguire's Opera House, the *Corsican Brothers* was produced on Monday, with Miss Helen Western in the parts of "Fabian'" and "Louis dei Franchi," which she played tolerably well. The piece was well put on the stage and the scene of the "Moving Graveyard" was effective. On Wednesday the *Female American Cousin*, a play written expressly for Miss Helen Western, was produced. This is one of the most trashy productions ever produced on the stage; it is an unscrupulous plagiarism, plot, situations and characters being all stolen from the stupid play of *Our American Cousin*. To appear in such a part as "Flora Hazlett" would prove fatal to the reputation of any actress; Miss Helen Western appeared to take delight in aggravating its repulsive features, and succeeded in thoroughly disgusting all present by her coarseness and vulgarity. J. A. Herne deserves great credit for making so much of the badly written part of "Nathan Bennett," and by his assumption of the clever Yankee dialect and fine acting, rendering the character somewhat amusing. In the afterpiece, the *Pet of the Petticoats*, Willie Edouin caused roars of laughter by the manuer in which he acted the character of "Zephyr," the dancing master. Miss Western made "Paul" too rowdyish a character to be the pet of any young ladies. This afternoon the *American Female Cousin* will be played, and in the evening the bill will consist of *Rosina Meadows*, and the *French Spy*. On Monday, Miss Helen Western will appear in *East Lynne*, and it may with safety be prophesied, present an entirely differeut "Lady Isabel" from any ever before witnessed on this stage.

At the Metropolitan Theater, the Martinetti Troupe are producing ballet and pantomime.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy will lecture as usual to-morrow evening, at Mechanics' Institute Hall. The subject of her lecture will be "The Religious Destiny of California."

TOUCHSTONE.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—These delightful pleasure grounds never looked more lovely than at present. In one of the hot houses a number of beautiful pine apples may be seen in various stages of growth.

PACIFIC MUSEUM.—Strangers visiting this city should not leave without first inspecting the beautiful models to be seen at this institution.

LEISURE.

THE cultivation of leisure as an art seems to be in danger of dying out amongst us, not so much for want of appreciation of its value, which in theory at least we are more likely to exaggerate than to under-estimate, but for want of its being generally recognised as an art which comes, not by nature, but by practice. Busy people are apt to think that you have only to take away business, and what remains will be leisure. But daily experience shows that this is by no means the case. Life is composed of an elastic material, and wherever a solid piece of business is removed, there the surrounding atmosphere of trifles rushes in as certainly as the air into a bottle when you pour out its contents. Most people have to guard an hour's leisure by as strong a barrier of resolution and precaution as can be needed for hours of study or business. Indeed hours of business and study in a measure guard themselves, but leisure has no natural protector except sleep, which robs it, in exchange, of half its charms and all its individuality. You can no more calculate upon finding the possession of leisure in connexion with a life of small moment to the outer world, than upon its being a necessary accompaniment of great and important occupations; indeed the latter would be the safer presumption of the two.

A man whose life is spent in conducting affairs of large national importance will often sit for an hour talking, with a perfectly disengaged mind, upon some trivial matter of domestic interest; while a lady who lives upon her sofa, and has no creature dependent upon her, will tell you that she has waited week after week for leisure to answer a note. And this is not necessarily either a false pretence or a morbid fancy. It is a form of weakness. Method no doubt facilitates the closer packing of the hours, and the quality of their contents will vary according to each person's mental calibre; but the quantity, whether of business or leisure, which can be compressed into them depends chiefly on nervous energy. People who have but a small or an intermittent supply of this have really a smaller quantity of life than others, whatever may be the space over which it is spread; and the more brains and method they have, the more clearly will they recognise the impossibility of increasing (beyond a certain point) the quantity of their activity within any given time without injury, not only to its quality, but in the long run to the actual amount accomplished. They absolutely require vacant intervals in which to allow for the replenishing of their stock of energy. Their hours of activity are like bits of china, which must be packed separately in a great deal of hay or wadding; and their hours of leisure are like some kinds of plants, which will not blossom freely unless set in plenty of space and in a rich light soil.

The perfection of leisure, that state of things in which any pursuit expands to its fullest beauty and perfection, depends upon three conditions. The first and most obvious is such abundance of time for the pursuit in hand as shall leave no temptation even to hurry over, much less actually to abridge or omit, any of its details. The very essence of leisure is a luxurious sense of a boundless superabundance of time. It is the sense of the infinity of time as opposed to the sense of the infinity of the objects of knowledge or pursuit. And this will naturally be enhanced by occupation in employments limited enough to be not only carried on, but calmly and fully completed.

The second condition necessary to the perfection of leisure is that the matter upon which it is spent be regarded, not as a means, but as an end. That state of mind in which the book, the musical performance, the walk in the country, or the conversation with a friend, or whatever else may be the occupation of the hour, is read, listened to, or gone through, for the sake of an ulterior object, is not true leisure. As a certain singleness of effect is necessary to the perfection of any work of art, so singleness of interest is necessary to the perfection of leisure. And no hours deserve the name of leisure of which the contents are in any way or for any purpose, cramped or curtailed. And besides this, the mere strain upon the mind of any ulterior aim, the mere fact of the complication of feeling which it introduces, destroys the play and freedom and beauty of real leisure.

And this brings us to the third condition of which we have spoken— namely, that the mind itself be at a certain happily pitched degree of tension, neither overstrained nor relaxed, but elastic, ready to vibrate to every breath of pleasure, of association, of emotion—not pre-occupied so as to be insensible to suggestions from without, nor indolent so as to be unready to respond to them. Such elasticity implies a healthy state of mind, and a due supply of nervous energy. This accounts for the curious contrast, to which we have already referred, between the faculty of being at leisure which is often seen in busy people, and the very common want of it in those who have nothing to do. Too little work is as fatal as too much to that lightness and elacrity of spirit which are needed for the conversation of spare time into hours of leisure worthy to be so called. And the same fact affords a fairly good, if not quite a certain, test of the way in which health is being affected by hard work. A man can scarcely be very seriously overworked who is able keenly to enjoy a holiday.

Leisure is not only, when thus obtained in perfection, a state of extreme enjoyment, but it is a necessary condition of certain graces and charms of mind, or at least of their fullest development. One of these is the love of beauty in all its forms, from the cultivation of art (or rather that part of the cultivation of art which depends upon sensibility to beauty) down to the most evanescent graces of manner and the observance of delicate fitness in the smallest details of every-day life. Life can never be made beautiful while it is being got through in a hurry, although the hurry which leaves no room for beauty in its details may be a splendid sacrifice to a worthier object than mere beauty of detail. The price may be well worth paying, but it should not for that reason be ignored.

Another gift, the exercise of which in perfection depends upon leisure, is sympathy. This faculty can never reach its greatest degree, either of intensity or delicacy, in a pre-occupied mind, and any degree of hurry is apt to be fatal to its manifestation. And it is equally obvious how unfavorable to sympathy are both fatigued and indolent states of mind. The sympathy which is really healing is that which is given with such a prodigality of time, such a singleness of interest, and such an elasticity of mind as we have already described as the necessary conditions of leisure.

For these and similar reasons, people who, by reason either of their wealth or their sex, are at leisure to fix the amount of their own activity, would do well to remember what they throw away when they suffer themselves to be drawn into the general tide of hurry which carries away all who do not resolutely set bounds to it. They throw away the power of cultivating flowers and fruits, which will not grow except in the rich soil of leisure fed upon activity. And these fruits and flowers of leisure in return nourish and stimulate the activity which prepares the soil for them. The sense of beauty and the sympathetic insight which flourish in intervals of leisure are among the strongest incentives to active work in self-culture, and for the comfort and help of others.

Activity which never relaxes sufficiently to allow time for a calm and more or less passive contemplation of life as a whole, is apt to degenerate into mere hand-to-mouth fussiness or drudgery, and can be justified only by necessity. And the very repose of leisure is by no means a purely selfish enjoyment. It is one of the most communicable, nay contagious, of pleasures. There are people whose company is as restful as sleep, in whose presence hurry seems like a bad dream when it is past, and whom one leaves with a sense of refreshment and renewed energy such as is produced by a good night's rest. To afford such refreshment to others may often be turning time to better account than to crowd it with self-chosen business.

The means of cultivating this art of leisure are obvious, but not very easy. The first, of course, is to cut one's coat according to one's cloth—to undertake neither too much nor too little. But to take the measure of one's strength, or income, or abilities is a task in which but few people succeed. Neither is it easy to count the cost of any proposed undertaking. Yet both must be done in order to make both ends meet, whether in time or money. Most of us know too well how hard a thing that is to accomplish. Still forethought and determination may do much in providing against hurry, and luck will do something in affording intervals of leisure.

As a security against pre-occupation of mind, a strenuous habit of forgetting, a severe determination to dismiss what is done with, are needed, and great things may be accomplished in this direction with practice. But when the hours have been reclaimed from hurry, and swept clear of pre-occupation, only the outward form of leisure is secured; it is reserved for that elasticity of mind which is perhaps hardly attainable by any direct effort to give it life and value. This crowning felicity, if not bestowed by nature, must be won, if at all, in other fields. It is not everyone who can obtain even the materials of leisure; it is a bad sign when those who have it do not enjoy it; and it is surely a pity when those who are capable of enjoying it, and of transmitting that enjoyment to others, make no effort to secure it.—*London Saturday Review.*

WHY IT IS THE BEST.—Miss Julia Canty, 399 Canal street, New York, who has been using Sewing Machines eleven years, states: "I like the Grover & Baker Machine best; it is simpler. I have tested the Wheeler & Wilson and Singer. I give the Grover & Baker the preference over all others; it is easier managed; the stitch is durable; I have made garments on the Grover & Baker Machine and had the garments entirely worn out without ripping at all; and the machine is much easier learned. It will do a greater range of work; it will do from a piece of heavy cloth to a piece of Nansook without any change excepting cotton and needles. I can make an ordinarily intelligent girl quite a good operator in about a week, and on other machines I do not think they would understand as well in three weeks, the Grover & Baker Machine is so simple."

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

LITTLE NELL.

BY MARIETTA HAWLEY.

CLASP your arms round her neck to-night,
Little Nell;
Arms so delicate, soft and white,
And yet so strong in love's strange might;
Clasp them around the kneeling form,
Fold them tenderly, close and warm,
And who can tell,
But such slight links may draw her back,
Away from the fearful fatal track?
Who can tell
Little Nell?

Press your lips to her lips of snow,
Little Nell;
Oh, baby heart, may you never know
The anguish that makes them quiver so;
But now, in her weakness and mortal pain,
Let your kisses fall like a gentle rain,
And who can tell
But your innocent love, your childish kiss,
May lure her back from the dread abyss?
Who can tell
Little Nell?

Lay your cheek on her aching breast,
Little Nell;
To you 'tis a refuge of holy rest—
But a dying bird never drooped its crest
With a deadlier pain in its wounded heart;
Ah! love's sweet links may be torn apart,
Little Nell;
The altar may flame with gems and gold,
And splendor be bought, and peace be sold;
But is it well
Little Nell?

Veil her face with your tresses bright,
Little Nell;
Hide that vision out of her sight—
Those deep, dark eyes, with their tender light—
Uplift your pure face, it cannot be
She will bid farewell to heaven and thee,
Little Nell;
No, your mute lips plead with eloquent power
And her tears fall like an April shower;
It is well,
Little Nell.

Now close your darling eyes in sleep,
Little Nell;
Bright angels o'er thee watch will keep;
At morn a ship will cleave the deep,
And one alone will be borne away,
And one will clasp thee close and pray!
Oh, Little Nell,
Never, never beneath the sun,
Will you dream what you this night have done—
Done so well,
Little Nell.

—*Home Journal*

KNOCKED ABOUT.—It is a good thing for a young man to be knocked about in the world, though his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all, certainly nineteen-twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplusage of self-conceit. The sooner they are relieved of it the better. If, in measuring themselves with wiser and older men, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes, that it be knocked out of them.

A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level. His will may have been paramount at home; but schoolboys are democratic in their ideas, and if arrogant, he is sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed into the position of leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall back with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing which he can aspire to is respectability; but no man can be either truly great or respectable who is vain, pompous, and overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social position, be the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or worn away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough; but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet, and arrived, though by a rough road at self knowledge. Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world; it makes men of them.

INNOCENCE.—To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence—an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and solicitudes; and to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.

WHAT is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

THE LEGEND OF ARGIS.

ONE of the most curious and pathetic legends of Wallachia, tells of the foundation of the great metropolitan church of Argis.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the Prince of Niagoe, warring against the Turks, was on the eve of fighting a great battle, and went to the hermitage of a pious anchorite, before whom he made a vow that, if victorious, he would build on that very spot the most splendid temple that ever sought the rays of the sun. Consequently, it is supposed, his triumph was complete. The Ottomans were dispersed; and he had nothing to do but to accomplish his promise. Princes were usually faithful in these kinds of undertakings. Niagoe had much wealth at his command, and knew of an able architect named Manoli. To him he entrusted the task of constructing the temple—bidding him collect the best Greek, Arab, and Byzantine workmen. That solitary region was accordingly soon peopled with strangers. The forests began to retire, the flanks of the mountains were torn open; and the bears that looked in while passing down the long glades on the rugged ruins, became convinced that their occupation in that part of the world was gone for ever.

Manoli had set about his task with enthusiasm. There were day gangs and night gangs; so that the walls rose as if by magic.

Already the topmost pinnacle began to appear to the distant traveler over the surrounding trees. when suddenly the edifice sunk into the earth, and spread upon it in ruin. Manoli attributed this disaster to some defect in his plan, or to the too great haste with which it was carried out; and began again with more caution. But, no sooner had the building reached the former elevation than down it came again. Not one stone remained upon another. Manoli had confidence in his own talent, and was therefore convinced that some invisible power was determined to cross his purposes. He would have been inclined to give up the work altogether; but Niagoe had become furious. As usual in building enterprises, the expenses of the first construction exceeded the estimate by at least a half. To effect the second the prince was obliged to sell the diamonds of his wife. His vow was costing him dear; but he dared not break it. The simpler course was to swear by his beard that Manoli should be decapitated, and all his workmen hanged, if the church were not finished by a given time.

Under these circumstances, Manoli went to consult the aged anchorite who had witnessed the Prince Niagoe's vow, and asked him what was to be done. "Build again," was the reply, "and when the last stone is about to be placed, come to me, and by that I may have found an expedient." Manoli accordingly, for the third time, labored, and for the third time brought the church near perfection. Then he paused and went to the anchorite, who received him with a glare of horror such as he had never seen before, hurriedly interrupted his pious salutation, and said in a strange unearthly voice, "Watch tomorrow from the pinnacle, and the first woman thou beholdest approaching from the east cause her to be taken, when she reaches the place of work, with whatever she may have in her arms, and walled up within one of the pillars of the church. Thus only will success crown thy efforts."

Manoli was a humane man; and his heart shrank within him at hearing this order. But his own life, with that of many others, was at stake, and he went away from the cell sadly determined to obey what he conceived to be a divine command. He was awakened next morning by the singing of the workmen, and climbed up immediately to the appointed place, when, shading his eyes from the low sun with his hand, he anxiously looked forth. Some time passed and no female form appeared. At length a slight figure was seen approaching down a glade, in the midst of a light mist, kindled into gold by the still slanting rays of the sun. Manoli was about to rejoice, when suddenly he recognised in the devoted victim his own young wife Uca—his wife of two summers only, the mother of the boy whose smiles and even whose cries gladdened his heart, when he drew near home. He knelt down and prayed with streaming eyes, that some obstacle might present itself to turn back her steps. He had scarcely concluded when a huge dog rushed out from a thicket, overturned the basket of provisions which Uca was bringing for her husband, and forced her to go back to prepare a new meal.

Manoli rejoiced, and continued to look toward the silent and motionless east. Suddenly the form of a woman again appeared. He strained his eyes beneath his broad hard hand, leaning forward, he nearly toppled over, and to his dismay he saw that it was Uca again. The good housewife had returned to her home, had replenished her basket, and was now not walking but running, lest her husband might suffer by the delay. Manoli resorted to prayer once more; although he believed it was almost impious thus to strive with fate. This time a gaunt wolf stalked forth from beneath the trees, and Uca again fled back to her dwelling.

Manoli returned thanks in a passion of joy, and remained for the whole day still looking anxiously out. The sun had gone down beneath the long black horizon behind him; the trees had melted into a dim shadow; the course of the stream could no longer be traced; the flocks on the hill sides faded from sight, though their monotonous bleating and the shouting of the shepherds could still be heard. Manoli began to believe that the church was destined never to be finished, and resolved to share its destruction. Suddenly, near at hand, quite among the workmen, he beheld the indomitable Uca, with a third basket of provisions on one arm, and her babe upon the other. She looked around for her husband, eager to explain the cause of her delay and to justify herself. He was soon in her presence. Looking on, by the workman's torches, which were already lighted, she wondered at the solemnity of his aspect. He did not now shed many tears; for he believed that he was obeying the thrice-expressed will of Heaven. He kissed his wife tenderly, putting aside the hands of the little child which endeavored to clasp his neck—for how could he have resisted that caress?—and then, in a loud, husky voice, ordered the two victims to be enclosed in the central pillar of the great aisle. They wondered and murmured—but they obeyed; and the shrieks of despair that thrilled at first through the darkness were soon drowned in the noise of hammers and chissels and pickaxes. Manoli looked sternly on until the pale face of his wife had disappeared; and then he went apart, and throwing himself on the ground, spent the night in despair, which no consolation came to visit.

Shortly afterwards, the church was finished, and all the country round came to shower praises on the architect. But some say envy, and some say injured affection, was on the watch. The most probable story is that the father of Uca, a master-workman, silently excited his comrades against Manoli. One day he had ascended to the highest tower to see that all was right, they drew away the ladder, and called out to him tauntingly to come down if he could. The unhappy man shrieked aloud, endeavoring to justify himself. He had obeyed the orders of Heaven, given through the anchorite of the cell. They replied that the anchorite had died the day before his last visit, and that he had been deluded by a fiend in human shape. His despair then became overwhelming. But love of life is strong. He was a great mechanician, and endeavored, they say, to fabricate a pair of wings, by which he might fly down from that immense height. He dared not implore the succor of Heaven, and he leaped with mad courage. Down he came. The wings shattered by the first shock, beat uselessly round him during that terrible dive. He was seen to descend like an arrow; and they say that the earth opened like water to receive him, and closed again over his head. The legend asserts that ever since, at the hour of midnight a plaintive woman's voice is always heard murmuring through the church, imploring Manoli to release her and her child.

The present inhabitant of the ruined Argis has never heard these words; for he has never been present at the hour when they are uttered. But he knows that he can do so when he will. Meanwhile, he never wakes at midnight without offering up a prayer for the soul of poor Uca, and even for that of the unfortunate Manoli.

ABOUT AMBER.—Now that amber is being largely used for trimming ladies' dresses, and is otherwise attracting marked attention, the following facts concerning it (which we cut from an English journal) have a peculiar interest: "The uses to which amber is put, are not very numerous. As a material for art carving, nothing can be more beautiful. The principal market is Constantinople, where it is made into pipe mouthpieces, and articles of female ornament, such as beads. The Turks and Armenians are acknowledged to be first-rate judges of amber, and a *connoisseur* could enjoy no greater treat than a stroll through the Bazaar at Stamboul, where the amber-workers are located. For a pair of *chibouk* mouth-pieces, of moderate dimensions, but well matched as to color, sums varying from twenty to fifty pounds will be demanded; while, for a chaplet of beads, three shillings the drachm would not be considered exorbitant, although that amount might be fractionally reduced, should the purchaser have the nerve and patience to devote a day or two to the conduct of the bargain, and be able to withstand the flattering allusions to his imperial descent, with which Ali or Hassan will plentifully bespatter him. There are many very fine examples of carving in amber to be found in the royal collections of Europe. In the loan collection at South Kensington, may be seen an octagonal casket, the property of the Queen, the oblong plates carved with figures emblematic of the cardinal virtues; and, in close proximity, there is a larger casket of architectural design, chiefly remarkable for the variety of colors in the amber used in its construction. It is ornamented with *statuettes*, twisted pillars, and quaint panelling, the workmanship being Flemish, of the early part of the seventeenth century. A very elegant piece of modern carving, in amber, was shown at the International Exhibition of 1862, in the shape of a vine branch with leaves and fruit; but such works of art must always be scarce, owing to the difficulty of procuring lumps of amber of sufficient size and purity. The only purposes to which amber is applied in the useful arts, is in the manufacture of varnishes for carriage-builders and photographers. That used for the panels of carriages is expensive, and is a long time in drying.

ALWAYS LOVE.

BECAUSE Love's sigh is but a sigh,
Doth it the less Love's heart disclose?
Because the rose must fade and die,
Is it the less the lovely rose?
Because black night must shrond the day
Shall the brave sun no more be gay?

Because chill Autumn frights the birds
Shall we distrust that Spring will come
Because sweet words are only words,
Shall love for evermore be dumb?
Because our bliss is fleeting bliss,
Shall we who love forbear to kiss?

Because those eyes of gentle mirth
Must sometime cease my heart to thrill,
Because the sweetest voice on earth
Sooner or later must be still,
Because its idol is unsure.
Shall my strong love the less endure?

Ah, no! let lovers breathe their sighs,
And roses bloom, and music sound,
And passion burn on lips and eyes,
And Pleasure's merry world go round
Let golden sunshine flood the sky,
And let me love, or let me die!

—WILLIAM WINTER.

WITNESSES IN COURT.—Of all unfortunate people in this world, none are more entitled to sympathy and commisseration than those whom circumstances oblige to appear upon the witness stand in court. You are called to the stand and place your hand upon a copy of the Scriptures in sheepskin binding, with a cross on one side and none on the other, to accommodate either variety of the Christian faith. You are then arraigned before two legal gentlemen, one of whom smiles at you blandly because you are on his side, the other eyeing you savagely for the opposite reason. The gentleman who smiles proceeds to pump you of all you know, and having squeezed all he wants out of you, hands you over to the other, who proceeds to show you that you are entirely mistaken in all your suppositions; that you never saw anything you have sworn to; that you never saw the defendant in your life; in short, that you have committed direct perjury. He wants to know if you have ever been in state prison, and takes your denial with the air of a man who thinks you ought to have been there, asks you all the questions over again in different ways, and tells you, with an awe inspiring severity, to be careful what you say. He wants to know if he understood you to say so and so, and wants to know whether you meant something else. Having bullied and scared you out of your wits, and convicted you in the eyes of the jury of prevarication, he lets you go. By and by everybody you have fallen out with is put on the stand to swear that you are the biggest scoundrel they ever knew, and not to be believed under oath. Then the opposing counsel, in summing up, paints your moral photograph to the jury, as a character fit to be handed down to time as the type of infamy; as a man who had conspired against innocence and virtue, and stood convicted of the attempt. The judge, in his charge, tells the jury if they believe your testimony, etc., etc., indicating that there is even a judicial doubt of your veracity, and you go home to your wife and family, neighbors and acquaintances, a suspected man, all because of your accidental presence on an unfortunate occasion.

THE "EXILES OF SIBERIA."—According to a manifesto issued for and probably by aristocratic representatives of Poland, the number of Poles sent to Siberia since January, 1863, amounts to 18,682, among whom 164 are women and 114 priests. All were transported for political delinquencies, and, according to the offence imputed, are sentenced either to forced labor in the mines, colonisation in the villages, or mere residences in the villages or towns. In addition to these, 33,780 persons were banished to the steppes of the Ural, as severe a punishment as removal to Siberia, but nearer home. Furthermore, 12,556 persons, among them 218 women and 163 priests, were forcibly made to leave their homes and accept a compulsory abode in the interior of European Russia; 2,416 were placed in the ranks of the army; 31,500 in houses of correction, (the greater part of whom were subsequnetly removed to Siberia,) and 620 in the churchyards of divers penitentiaries, having died before trial. On the battle-fields of the rebellion, as Russian communication show, 33,800 were buried. As 1,468 more were shot or hung by courts martial, and 7,060 forced to seek refuge in foreign countries, the total of the melancholy list is swelled to 141,881. Besides these, Poland has furnished two per cent. of her male population as recruits.

CHINESE.—The Chinese, themselves, have no tunes, and no ideas of music. Their instruments can only produce two or three tones, and their singing is screeching in *falsetto* to no kind of tune. The conventional terms of "high" and "low," are utterly unknown to them. Why, they ask, should a grave note be "down" and a shrill note be "up?" Their voices are harsh, to a painful degree, and their talent for flattening wonderful. They must never be asked to go above D, and, after half an hour's singing, loose all command of their voices. They also incline to bawl.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

IS OUR SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT A FAILURE?

IT is a fact not to be disguised, that the number of thoughtful Americans who have come to regard this question as one open to serious discussion, and that may possibly admit of a decision in the affirmative, is very rapidly increasing. In the progress of events, the development of new social conditions and of the results of some of our social and political experiments, the more advanced mind of the nation has quite outgrown that state of childlike faith and patriotic enthusiasm which inspired the Fourth of July orations of the last generation, and has learned to feel and express doubts in regard to the excellence of some of the leading features of free Democratic institutions, which would have been deemed rank treason twenty years ago.

We allude to this change simply as a fact which will be conceded by every candid observer, without designing at present, to enter into a discussion of the question whether there is reasonable foundation for the spirit of distrust alluded to. A certain natural reaction from what is familiar, is characteristic of a large class of cultivated and philosophic minds in which judgment predominates over sentiment. The distant ship, says Emerson, ever seems fairer to us than the one in which we are sailing. At the same time that thoughtful men among us are seriously alarmed by some of the workings of an elective judiciary and of universal suffrage, many of the same class in England are strenuously urging modifications in their system which shall approximate it to our own. If in many of our most intelligent circles the melancholly conviction is felt that the government of numbers has proved a failure, and a preference for monarchical over popular institutions is freely expressed, it is equally true that our system has many of its most enthusiastic admirers and also not a few of its ablest expounders among distinguished writers who are subjects of European monarchies. The obvious explanation is that as no form of government is perfect, each possessing defects and merits of its own; and as the evils inevitably attract the attention of those who experience them more readily than the excellencies, men whose candor and judgment are not affected by a spurious sentiment of patriotism, are naturally prone to exaggerate the inconveniences which attach to the system under which they live, while inconveniences equally great connected with other systems in a great measure escape their observation. Thus, while the more enlightened and philosophic advocates of reform, in France, admire the conservatism and extreme caution that characterize English statesmen in introducing political changes, some of the most eminent British political writers have been enthusiastic in their admiration of the boldness and thoroughness with which French reformers have overthrown at a single blow institutions that were the growth of centuries, and proceeded to erect an entirely new edifice upon the ruins.

Within the last quarter of a century, certain very marked changes have been developed in the older communities in the United States; and they have been of such a character as not only to strengthen the tendency on the part of Americans of wealth and education to regard our political future with feelings of alarm, but in a great measure to modify the favorable views of the foreign admirers of our institutions.

The wide diffusion of a modicum of education among the masses, has without doubt diminished the influence of the more highly cultured few, has promoted the general growth of conceit and self-confidence, and destroyed the wholsome respect for what is superior. The experiment of an elective judiciary has made the office of a judge, a reward for party service. The principle of universal suffrage, by rendering it necessary for all who aspire to office to conciliate the multitude, has produced a horde of demagogues, and excluded the best class of citizens from office. New York, the largest American city, and which it might be claimed with some show of plausibility may be taken as a fair type of what large communities will become under the influence of the rule of numbers, is one of the worst governed cities in the world. Why, it may be asked, are we not to expect similar developments in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and other growing cities, when they shall have become as old as New York; when larger amounts of public money to be disbursed shall present greater temptations to jobbing and corruption; and when the same causes that have placed the control of New York municipal affairs, in the hands of demagogues and unscrupulous politicians, to the exclusion of the best citizens, shall have produced the same results in all the great centres of wealth and population?

But it is not in our great cities alone that the opponent of American institutions, can find facts upon which to found his argument against them; neither in the disregard of law, and the frequent resort to "irregular justice," which have been the rule, and not the exception, in many of our frontier communities. An official document, the startling statements of which are vouched for in such a manner as to leave no room to doubt their accuracy, informs the American public and the world, that for several years there has existed in the State of New York an organized association of depredators whose operations, carried on in defiance of the law, extend through eight counties, and whose members are numbered by thousands. Among these are farmers, country merchants, and even justices of the peace. "They have," says the Report, "numerous well-trained confederates in all those counties." The organization has, hitherto, proved itself altogether too strong for the law. Its members, we are told, "have been indicted times without number" in Oneida, Oswego, Otesgo, Madison, Chenango, and other counties, "but none have ever been convicted." No sooner are they arrested than "farmers, apparently respectable, who belong to the gang, and share its profits," come forward and offer bail. Persons who exhibit any activity against them, are sure to be visited with speedy punishment. Their houses take fire mysteriously, or their horses and cattle disappear. Even District Attorneys and Judges seem to stand in awe of them, for these officers are elected by popular vote, and the Report informs us that the association "*exerts a great political influence*, and it is well understood that it is always ready to reward its friends and punish its enemies."

Of course, no association of such a character, and upon such a scale, could exist for a month, under any European government; and we cannot wonder at the declaration of the *London Quarterly*, made after quoting several pages of the Report, that such facts show that our "boasted liberty resolves itself to a considerable extent into freedom for theives, and thraldom for honest men."

But after all, facts like these do not demonstrate that popular government is a failure. They simply confirm the principle always insisted upon by the friends of popular government, that the education of the masses is necessary for the permanence and purity of our institutions; they show the great importance of preventing the control of municipal affairs in large cities from falling into the hands of needy politicians, and also the importance of insisting upon character and probity as the very first qualifications for municipal office; and they further show that Judges, and all other officers connected with the administration of justice ought either to be selected in some other way than by popular vote, or to be chosen for life. We cannot perceive that the logical force of the facts which we have frankly conceded, extends beyond the inferences stated. Popular government may indeed prove a failure, but we are not yet justified in declaring that it has already proved one. The trial is still going on; and until further evidence shall be produced, a verdict will be premature.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WE have received from A. Roman & Co. the following publications:

LECTURES ON NATURAL THEOLOGY; or, Nature and the Bible from the same Author. Delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. By P. A. Chadbourne, A. M., M. D., Professor of Natural History in Williams College; Author of Lectures on the "Relations of Natural History," etc. New York; G. P. Putnam, 1867.

A JOURNEY TO ASHANGO-LAND; And Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa. By Paul B. Du Chaillu, author of Explorations in Equatorial Africa, with maps and Illustrations, New York; D. Appleton and Co., Broadway, 1867.

A TALK WITH MY PUPILS, By Mrs. Charles Sedgwick, New Edition, New York; James Miller Publisher, 522 Broadway, 1867.

CLASSIC QUOTATIONS: A Thought-Book of the Wise Spirits of all Ages and all Countries, Fit for All Men and All Hours. Collected, Arranged, and Edited by James Elmes, Author of "Memoirs of Sir Christopher Wren:" "Dictionary of the Fine Arts;" "Lectures on Architecture," etc., New York; Published by James Miller, Successor to C. S. Francis & Co., 522 Broadway, 1867.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, By Charles Dickens, With original Illustrations by S. Eytinge Jr., Boston; Ticknor and Fields, 1867.

PLUTARCH ON THE DELAY OF DEITY IN PUNISHING THE WICKED, Revised Edition, with Notes, By Professors H. B. Hackett and W. S. Tyler, New York; D. Appleton and Co., Broadway, 1867.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW; complete. The Diamond Edition. Boston; Ticknor & Fields, 1867.

MORE POLITICAL BITTERNESS.

THE New York *Herald* alludes to the riot on St Patrick's Day, as "a most unfortunate occurrence," and has from the commencement been remarkably mild in all its allusions to the matter. There are, however, others among the leading Eastern journals that are far from taking the affair so meekly. Several New England papers hint strongly at the necessity of organizing an new "Native American Party," upon a wider and wiser principle than that of the old one. The Boston correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* speaks as though he anticipated an early political movement in this direction. The recent grant of one side of Union Square, in New York, made by the Common Council, to the Roman Catholics, for the erection of a building in which to hold a fancy fair, seems also to have caused dissatisfaction in some quarters. The *Nation*, commenting upon this action of the New York Municipal Authorities, expresses the opinion that "no other denomination would have asked such a favor," and adds: "The Common Council confesses frankly that no other denomination would have received it. The building has raised the rate of insurance on the houses along the entire block, but the owners have applied in vain to the Courts for an injunction." If the New York Common Council after granting this unusual favor, did in fact "confess frankly that no other denomination would have received it," we can scarcely wonder at the bitterness of the *Nation's* concluding comment on the affair taken in connection with the outrage of the 17th of March, which is as follows: "The experiment of Fenian government is, in fact, being tried in New York so thoroughly that we cannot for the life of us imagine what causes the Brotherhood to risk their pence in trying to wrest Ireland from the British. When people can butcher policemen on Patrick's Day, and raise money for their church by blocking up the public streets, they must be great fools to go fighting for "liberty" elsewhere."

Unless we are mistaken, however, there has been a precedent for granting the use of the Square for the purpose of holding a fair, though in the case referred to, it was for a national purpose, that is, in aid of the Sanitary Commission, and not for the benefit of any particular religious body.

IT SEEMS to be the general impression among the Eastern press that legislative corruption is rapidly spreading over the whole country. In New York and New Jersey it has become so flagrant and open, that its existence in the most shameless forms is disputed by no one. It is now said that the condition of things in Pennsylvania is very nearly as bad, and that in the latter State the Central Railroad company wield a power similar to that of the Camden and Amboy, in New Jersey, or the New York Central, in New York. The two last named corporations have long been said to "own" the States in which they respectively located, and it is an undisputed fact that they have long possessed the power to defeat any bill before the legislature which they saw fit to oppose. Large railroad coporations at the West, and throughout the country, are said to be grasping at the same kind of political influence. A large increase in the number of the legislature of the States where the evil exists has been suggested.

THE DISTURBANCES among the freedmen at several points in the South, have elicited a great deal of comment of a kind which would seem to imply that it is reasonable to expect better behavior from the black man than from the white, under corresponding circumstances. The negroes, suddenly removed from the condition of slavery to that of freedmen, have been guilty of some follies and excesses. In this they have simply acted as all men, of whatever race or color have done when placed in a new and strange position, for which there had been no gradual preparation. It is unreasonable to expect a slave suddenly transformed into a free man, to conduct himself with the judgment and prudence of one who has always been free. But there seems to be a considerable number of political moralists who insist, just now, of applying a higher standard in judging the acts of the late slaves, than when those of their late masters are in question.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for April, contains a remarkably instructive paper on "The New Jersey Monopolies," from which California politicians and public men can, we think, learn some valuable lessons. The writer shows how a score or so of men have for thirty years managed to control a sovereign State, for their own private benefit. He shows how governors and legislators have been made and unmade, as the interests of the clique seemed to demand; and how the press, the legislature, and the bar were influenced to lend themselves to the purposes of a great monied corporation; and finally he shows how the public suffered, as it always must in similar cases, for the benefit of a few wealthy schemers.

A COPY of a painting of the Crucifixion has been shown us by Mr. Edwards the accomplished and well-known actor, who is its owner. The picture is by Master Benoult, who is but eleven years of age. Considered as the work of one so young, it is a very remarkable production, and furnishes evidence of rare talent, which should not lack judicious encouragement.

GLIMPSES OF BOHEMIA.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

GLIMPSE THE FIRST—A METROPOLITAN BOHEMIAN IN HIS DEN.

MY plan for the future was conceived and matured during that last sleepless, remorseful night at Old Union, and a most preposterous plan it was, such as could only have originated in the brain of an inexperienced and romantic, not to say weak-minded youth. It was nothing less absurd than the project of going to New York and earning a living by my pen. The most intimate friendship I had contracted during my year and a half of college life was with John Pike, the junior editor of the *Pantheon*, at the time when I entered the institution. Pike was a young man of sanguine temperament and versatile talents, a ready and rather clever writer on almost any subject. Whatever he was capable of doing at all, he could do with facility and at the shortest notice. All his performances, whether in prose or verse, evinced talent and ingenuity, but without a scintilla of genius. His special forte was burlesque and parody; and he produced surprisingly neat imitations and caricatures of the manner of celebrated authors. To a considerable share of wit he joined that species of rollicking humor which results from overflowing animal spirits and native vivacity of temperament, rather than from purely intellectual characteristics. In our little world, he was considered a brillant genius. His travesties of popular poets were pronounced equal to anything in the Rejected Addresses, and of course, distinguished literary success was predicted for him. Upon graduating, he had gone to New York for the purpose of reading law with an uncle, and since that time he had maintained a regular correspondence with me. His letters presented a highly colored and most alluring picture of the charms of metropolitan life. He very seldom made any allusion to his law studies, or the routine of his office duties, and the impression naturally produced upon one's mind by his letters, was that he was leading the careless existence of a member of a select Bohemian Circle, of which the choice spirits found it easy by brief periods of fitful literary labor, to obtain the means of indulging in intervals of elegant leisure and harmless dissipation. Champagne dinners at Delmonico's; rustic feasts at the "Wehawken Cottage;" the Saturday afternoon excursions of the "Mango Club" to Coney Island; the doings and sayings of said Bohemian Association at their weekly meetings in the back-room of a lager-beer saloon in the Bowery, (the Teutonic beverage had not then become fashionable and invaded the aristocratic precincts of Broadway, as it did a few years later)—these and the like matters furnished the staple of Pike's epistles.

A few months after his arrival in the metropolis, he had became an occasional contributor to a certain Sunday paper, which I will call the *Dredger*, and through some one connected with that journal had made the acquaintance of a publisher, who employed him to furnish indexes to American editions of standard works, and to perform other labor of the like kind. Although he never went into details, or mentioned the amount of compensation received for these services, I very naturally inferred that it must be liberal from the kind of life my friend appeared to be leading, and my knowledge that he was as destitute of resources as myself, he having himself mentioned that his "close-fisted curmuedgeon of an uncle," allowed him barely enough for his "invaluable services as clerk to pay his washing bills"—a statement which I understood literally, and which in fact was not extravagantly figurative, as I afterward learned.

Under these circumstances, my inference in regard to the liberal rewards of literary labor in the metropolis, and the pleasures of a literary career, were not altogether unnatural. I secretly held myself to be not inferior to Pike as a writer; why then should I prove less successful? why should not I too enter the charmed circle and share the glory and the felicity of the "Mangoes?" Manifestly there was no reason why it should not be so—at least I was unable to discover any. Accordingly, my brain fired with visions of literary distinction, and of the charms of such pursuits and society as my imagination had erected upon the slender foundation of Pike's lively and unpremeditated letters, I resolved to seek my fortune in the metropolis. I would no longer be a burden upon a care-worn mother, the selfish lazy self-indulgent wronger of brothers and sisters pinched and economizing for my sake Never shall I forget the feelings of pride and exultation—the sense of independence which I experienced, when I had settled the entire matter in my mind. There was of course something both ludicrous and pathetic in all this; but it was long before the ludicrous element fully revealed itself in my own consciousness

Pike's descriptions and allusions had made the chief ornaments of his circle so familiar to me, that I had formed as distinct, if not as truthful, images of them in my mind as though I had already met them in bodily presence, had drank lager with them at their Bowery Symposium, and shared their festive sandwiches, bolognas, and "weiss wein" on the occasion of those Saturday visits to the Wehawken *Gast house*. which my imagination pictured as so altogether charming. I seemed to know them all—those choice and gifted spirits—from the grave, imperturbable "Pork-up," the great poet and novelist of the *Dredger*, with his flowing beard and majestic stature, to the fiery and etherial little "C. Columbus, Tottle," musical and dramatic critic on the Sunday *Globe*, with his erect and martial form, measuring just five feet three, in high-heeled boots. Already, in my heart I hailed these children of genius as comrades and friends; already I revelled in the anticipation of such intellectual feasts and such manifold forms of Bohemian enjoyment and good fellowship, as poet or novelist has never yet adequately painted.

So fully possessed was I by the conviction of the perfect practicability of my scheme, so confident of success, and that confidence imparted such an air of manliness and independence to my bearing, that I easily succeeded in imposing my own views upon my foud and credulous mother. Indeed, it was but natural that she should become a ready convert. Had she uot always had faith in my precocious talent? Had she not always said I was reserved for illustrious things, since the day of my providential deliverance, through the hands of Jake Darter as the human instrument, from that air-hole in the ice of Moffat's Mill poud? Had I not carried off the prize at the Academy, when a mere child, from a host of competitors among whom were great hulking lads of eighteen? How then should I fail?

I did not, however, develope my scheme very clearly to my mother. I spoke of "influential friends," made at College, who were now residing in New York, and hinted vaguely at employment in a law-office, and a position on a newspaper, yet with an air that implied that all was arranged and certain. Had she understood the real position of things, and the slender foundation upon which my hopes were built, her consent to my scheme could not have been so readily gained; and had I hinted at such a thing as any connection with Sunday papers, or intimate association with the writers for them, I should have utterly destroyed the illusion I had created, and inflicted upon her needless pain and mortification.

It was on a very pleasant June morning that I arrived at New York. The steamer, towing a barge loaded with hay, had left H—— about a huudred and twenty miles up the river, at five o'clock P. M., the preceding day, and it was eleven A. M., when she rounded to, at the foot of Courtland street. The Albany steamers made the trip in half the time—but then they were more expensive, and economy was an important consideration to a youth going to seek his fortune in a strange city, with all his worldly effects packed in a deer-skiu trunk of such moderate weight and size as would not task the strength of a consumptive porter, and possessing the sum of twenty eight dollars, six shillings and sixpence, New York currency, as his entire cash capital.

Following the advice of certain traveled members of my family, who had several times made the voyage between H—— and the metropolis, I left my trunk on board the boat for the present, and stepping upon the wharf with a pleasant sense of freedom from all embarrassment arising from the necessity of looking after "luggage," made my way through the crowd of hackmen, porters, etc., until I found myself in the busy, and crowded thoroughfare that borders the North River. I was now very hungry, having had no breakfast, and seeing close at hand a sort of booth, its whole front open on the street, with a display of hot coffee, pies, crabs, lobsters, and small plates of raw oysters, such an establishment as is to be found in the vicinity of the wharves of most large maritime cities, for the accommodation of sailors and watermen, I perched myself upon one of the row of high stools in front of the counter, or bar, aud regaled myself with a sumptuous repast of coffee, oysters and lobster. I say a sumptuous repast, for such it seemed to me, shell-fish being a marine dainty that very seldom fouud its way to H—— in those days, and I do not believe that I had tasted oysters a dozen times in my life. After a week of metropolitan experience, I should have smiled (or perhaps blushed) at the thought of being seen eating at such a place; but at present, in my rustic simplicity I had no suspicion that the establishment was not such an one as might be patronized at times by the "Mangoes" themselves, or that an epicure might not consider it a highly eligible place for the gratification of a taste for marine delicacies.

Having finished my meal, and paid the sum of "one and ninepence" (twenty-one and a half cents) therefor, I obtained of the proprietor of the booth directions for finding Nassau street, and went on my way pondering the expensiveness of the luxuries in which I had been so extravagantly indulging. Upon reaching Broadway, I was less impressed than I had expected to be by that great thoroughfare, which, at the point where I entered it, was far from exhibiting the splendor and attractions with which my imagination had clothed it. Throngs of pre-occupied, eager looking men were hurrying along the sidewalk, and the street was crowded with drays, hackney coaches, and other vehicles of a homely, business like aspect. All was dust, bustle and confusion; and I looked in vain for the magnificent stores, the aristocratic equipages, and the gay throng of fashionable promenaders which were associated in my mind with the name of this renowned street. I was not yet sufficiently familiar with the city to be aware that these were features of Broadway that were only to be found north of Chambers street.

Upon leaving the steamboat, it was my intention to seek out Pike at once, inform him of my plans, and obtain his advice as to the proper steps to be taken in order to obtain literary employment. He had never formally communicated to me his address, but I had a clue to it in the following paragraph in one of his recent letters:

"Behold me, then, my dear Flicker, fairly embarked on the voyage of life entirely on my own hook, where,

"Each for himself must cast the sounding-line
In the deep ocean of Futurity."

But I fear I am not much of a navigator, on that metaphorical sea, all my nautical achievments for two days past having consisted of reading Cooper's "Red Rover" while reclining at ease upon the dilapidated lounge which constitutes the most ornamental article of furniture that my "apartments," (third floor back, No. 9, Nassau street,) can boast of. The spell of an invincible indolence is upon me. Blackstone and Graham's Practice have become as an abomination, and I can brace myself to no severer intellectual effort than novel reading. I have even proved unequal to the exertion of preparing my weekly contribution for the *Dredger*, a sin of omission which will have to be expiated, I fear, by fasting; prayer alone, being inefficacious (so far as my personal experience goes) in cases of this nature."

Taking a glance at the letter in order to refresh my memory as to the address, I soon succeded in inquiring my way to No. 9 Nassau, which proved to be a high and rather ancient looking brick building, one or two doors from the corner of Pine street. The sides of the main entrance were plentifully garnished with tin signs of various dimensions, upon which appeared the names of numerous "Attorneys" and "Attorneys & Counselors," together with a few which boasted the additional title of "Solicitor in Chancery"—for the "New Code" had not yet been adopted in the State of New York, and the Court of Chancery still held jurisdiction of all "cases in Equity."

Among this multitude of signs, my eye rested upon one bearing the name "John Pike" without title or addition of any kind. Inside the entrance I discovered another with the same name and a hand pointing upstairs, and at the head of the first flight, still another with the name and hand, beneath which was the legend "Excelsior! Back room; left hand side." At the head of the second flight of stairs, on the left side of the hall, was a door upon which were two pieces of paper, affixed with wafers. The upper paper, which seemed to be designed as an economical substitute for a sign, exhibited the single word "Pike" in elaborate German text; the one beneath it was of a temporary character, and bore the inscription "Gone to the City Hall. Will return in five minutes."

While I stood, considering how I could best pass the "five minutes," I heard a light quick step ascending the stairs, and turning, I encountered my college friend, face to face. His reception of me was as cordial as could have been desired; indeed his greetings were so loud and animated that the front room door at the end of the passage opened, and a sandy head with a pen behind one of his ears thereunto appertaining was thrust forth to see what had caused so unwonted a commotion.

Taking a key from what appeared to be its place of concealment in a small space between the wall and a coal box in the corner near the head of the stairs, my friend opened his door and ushered me into his "den"—a name which I saw at a glance was appropriate to it in the most literal sense. It was a small, dingy, bare apartment, without covering for the floor, and with no furniture except a chair, a washstand, a table covered with green baize, a trunk of prodigious size, and a tarnished lounge, the inequalities in the surface of which spoke of long use. A rusty little grate, without any fender enhanced the forlorn aspect of the room, which was imperfectly lighted by one high old-fashioned window. There was no closet, and no door opening into any other apartment. On the mantel over the grate stood a fragment of looking-glass and a dozen or so of books. Such was the "den" with all its appurtenances and belongings, which Pike has informed me in one of his letters, served him "for bed-room and office at once." Understood literally, my friend's epistolary allusions to his quarters, were not such as to justify me in expecting anything much better than I now saw. But instead of so understanding them I had taken all his disparaging expressions as mere pleasantries, and had supposed that his "office and lodgings" though not perhaps patterns of order and neatness consisted of at least two or three comfortable rooms, in one of which he could, if occasion required, offer a friend a "shake down."

THE American Institute has decided to hold a world's fair in New York in 1867, beginning on the 4th of July, the centennial of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

SUSPICION is no less an enemy to virtue than to happiness. He that is already corrupt, is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes suspicious, will quickly be corrupt.

THE ROBBERY OF COUNT DE MONTGOMMERI.

A HISTORICAL STORY.

IN the year of grace sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, Laurent Guillemott d'Anglade, lived in a fine house in the Rue Royale, at Paris, near the Bastille. He and his wife lived in great style, kept their carriage, played high, talked incessantly of their high birth and family estate, appeared to have plenty of money—which they lent occasionally upon good security—and, on the strength of their own representations obtained entrance into the society of some of the best houses in Paris. For the rest, they were a worthy, respectable couple, like hundreds of others; their only sin being that they gave themselves out for being much richer and grander than they actually were.

M. d'Anglade and his wife occupied the greater part of the house; but, as general in Paris, there were other inmates. A certain Count and Countess de Montgommeri occupied the ground-floor and the rooms above. The ground-floor consisted of three rooms, which all opened into a long corridor, at one end of which was the porte-cochére of the court-yard, and at the other a staircase leading to the rooms upon the first floor, where there was a small inner closet or strong room. Here the count and countess kept their money and jewels. The Abbe Francois Gagnard, the count's almoner, a page, and a valet-de-chambre, slept in one of the three rooms on the ground-floor.

A friendly acquaintance soon sprung up fletween the 'lAnglades and the Montgommeries. Soon after he entered the house, the Count de Montgommeri received a large sum of money, partly louis-d'ors, some of which were quite new and others au cordon, or old ones. The remainder of the money was in thirteen bags, each bag containing a thousand francs; also there was a bag containing eleven thonsand five hundred livres in Spanish pistoles. All this money, together with a magnificent pearl necklace, estimated to be worth four thousand livres, was secured in a strong coffer, and the coffer was carefully placed in the small inner closet we have mentioned. The d'Anglades knew all this, and had recommended an investment for his money to the count. One day M. de Montgommeri and his wife agreed to go and spend a few days at their country house of Ville Vousin, near Mont l'Hére, and invited their neighbors, the d'Anglades, to accompany them. They accepted the invitation; but subsequently made some excuse for remaining at home. The count and countess set off on Monday, the twenty-second of September, sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, and gave out that they should return the following Thursday. The almoner, l'Abbe Gagnard, and all the servants accompanied them, except a femme-de-chambre, named Forménie, and one lacquey. Four sewing women, employed to embroider some hangings for Madame de Montgommeri, were also left in the house; but they were lodged in another part of the building. The key of the outer door of the room on the first floor was confided to the femme-de-chambre; the Abbe Gagnard shut and double-locked the door of his room on the ground floor; and the family departed, considering that they had left everything secure. This was showing a contempt for burglars that, under the circumstances, amounted to rashness; and they seem to have thought so, for, they returned home suddenly, twenty-four hours earlier than they had intended.

The first thing that struck the abbe was, finding his room-door ajar, although, during the absence of the count and countess, it had seemed to be closed; the abbe having double locked it with his own hands, and the key had never been out of his possession. All the servants remarked the fact also, but at the moment it did not, singular to state, make much impression on them. Supper was served to the count and countess in the salle-á-manger, and they were still at table when their neighbor, d'Anglade, came home, at eleven o'clock, accompanied by the Abbes de Fleury and de Villais, who had supped with him at the house of la Présidente Robert. Finding the count and countess were returned, they all went in, and presently Madame d'Anglade joined them. After a lively conversation they all separated for the night, and everything seemed as usual.

The next morning, the Count de Montgommeri discovered that he had been robbed. The lock of his strong box had been forced, and everything it contained had been carried away.

He of course made a complaint to the lieutenant-criminel of the châtelet; who, with the procureur du roi and the commissary of police, lost no time in repairing to the spot. On examination they declared the robbery to have been committed by some one upon the premises, and decided upon searching the whole house. D'Anglade and his wife requested that their own apartments should be the first examined. Strict scrutiny was made, but nothing could he discovered in the rooms they inhabited. The officers proceeded to the attics. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from accompanying them upon the plea of sudden faintness. Up to the attics the officers went; and, concealed in an old chest, under wearing apparel and house linen, they found a rouleau of sixty louis au cordon, wrapped in a printed paper, which the Count de Montgommeri declared was his genealogy. He also said that part of the money stolen from him consisted of louis au cordon of the years sixteen hundred and eighty-six and sixteen hundred and eighty-seven.

When d'Anglade was questioned about this money, he stammered and could give no account of how he came by it. He seemed in despair, and Madame d'Anglade said that the door of the apartment of the Abbe Gagnard had not been secured as it ought to have been, and she insisted that it should be likewise searched. This was done, it was found that money had been abstracted from five bags, each containing a thousand livres. As the Abbe Gagnard had double-locked the door before his departure and never parted with the key out of his possession, this incident confirmed the suspicion that had settled upon d'Anglade and his wife. The lieutenant-criminel went so far as to say to d'Anglade—

"Either you or I must have committed the robbery."

So convinced was he that he had secured the guilty person, that he declared it useless to waste time in making any further search, especially as the count said he could answer for the honesty of all his own servants.

D'Anglade and his wife were taken formally into custody; their persons were searched, and seventeen louis-d'or and a double pistole, Spanish money, were found in d'Anglade's purse—a circumstance which strengthened the suspicion against him, as part of the money stolen was in pistoles. It came out also, that d'Anglade, who was in the habit of supping every night in town, always took the key of the street door; there being no regular porter; but, upon this night on which the robbery must have been committed, he supped at home, contrary to his usual custom. This crowning piece of circumstantial evidence seemed decisive; seals were placed on all the doors, and d'Anglade and his wife were carried off to prison—the husband was placed in the châtelet, and the wife in Fort Evéque. They were each thrown into a dungeon, and the gaolers were strictly charged to prevent them seeing or communicating with any one. Their confinement was made as severe as possible. Madame d'Anglade had a dangerous miscarriage, but it brought no amelioration to the rigor of her prison.

The trial came on. Witnesses were heard for the prosecution. Amongst the chief were the count's servants and the Abbe Gagnard, his almoner; and two of these witnesses deposed that they had seen d'Anglade near the door of the abbe's apartment just before the arrival of the Count de Montgommeri. Another witness swore that he knew d'Anglade to be a gambler, and that he had heard the Abbe Bouin call him an old clothes-man; and this tallied with the fact that he lent money upon pledges.

Another witness deposed to having heard that d'Anglade had once stolen a piece of ribbon, and that, before he came to live in the Rue Royale, a quantity of silver plate had suddenly disappeared from the house where he lodged. Many other minute facts came out, all tending to deepen the suspicion against the d'Anglades. The most damaging evidence, however, was gathered from his own replies to the interrogatories concerning his birth and source of income. An evident mystery surrounded him. He prevaricated in his answers. At last it was made clear, that instead of being, as he had boasted, a gentleman of high birth and large fortune, his origin was mean, and his income was not more than two thousand livres, although he lived expensively, paid for everything in ready money, and had money to lend out besides. This at once established him as a chevalier d'industrie, and put an end to the sympathies of honest men. Added to all these facts and suspicions, d'Anglade and his wife contradicted each other, and there were discrepancies between their statements. The case looked black against them; but, as the justice of those days would on no account condemn a prisoner without giving him every chance of confessing his doom to be well merited, d'Anglade was put to the torture. The evidence was after all only circumstantial, and it would be a satisfaction if he could he made to confess. He was first put to the torture ordinary; and, as that brought nothing, they proceeded to the torture extraordinary, which brought nothing either. As d'Anglade refused to confess his guilt, there was nothing to be done but to condemn him without a confession (for of course justice never felt a moment's hesitation as to his guilt,) and, on the sixteenth of February, sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, he was condemned to the galleys for nine years: his wife was banished from Paris for a like period. Also, he was sentenced to pay fine to the king, to make restitution of the stolen goods, and to pay three thousand livres to the count by way of compensation, which required more than he had in the world. The five months he had spent in prison, during which he had lived on bread and water, with nothing but damp and rotten straw for a bed, had entirely shattered his constitution. Nevertheless, on being taken from the torture chamber he was thrown into the darkest and frightfulest dungeon of the Montgommeri tower, from which he was only removed to be taken—all broken to pieces—to the Château de la Joucelle, where he was attached to a gang of forcats. He seemed to be at the point of death; he declared that he was innocent of all knowledge of the robbery, received the last sacraments with devotion, pardoned his enemies, and expected death with a composure that might arise either from a sense of innocense or the prospect of a release from intense suffering. He recovered, however, sufficiently to depart for the galleys with the rest; but he was obliged to be conveyed in a cart, and two men were employed to litt him down every evening and lay him upon his bed of straw, and to lift him again into the cart the next morning. The Count de Montgommeri, who was terribly afraid that the sufferings of d'Anglade might soften the heart of justice, or that death might deprive him of his revenge, was earnest in his solicitations for the immediate departure of d'Anglade to the galleys, and stationed himself upon the road by which he must pass in order to feast his eyes upon the spectacle of d'Anglade's misery.

Upon the fourth of March, sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, d'Anglade died in the hospital at Marseilles, four months after his arrival at the galleys.

No sooner was d'Anglade dead, than annoymous letters began to circulate in all direction, in which the writer declared that his conscience would give him no peace until he declared that M. d'Anglade was entirely innocent of the robbery committed upon the Count de Montgommeri, and that the real criminals were one Vincent, alias Belestre, and the Abbe Gagnard, almoner to the count. It was added that a woman named La Comble could give important evidence.

Here was a terrible revelation! The penitent prosecutor had become horror-struck at the possibility of having been the means of subjecting an innocent man to so terrible a fate. He ordered a certain Degrais, (the same who was employed to persuade the prisoner, Madame Brinvilliers, to leave the convent, where she had taken refuge), to make inquiries into the life and habits of the party now accused. The result was that Peter Vincent, or Belestre, the first named, was discovered to be the son of a poor tanner at Mans. He had enlisted as a soldier, under the name of Belestre, and had risen to the rank of serjeant; but had been tried and condemned to the galleys for his share in the assassination of a miller. This was his first offence. His latter exploits had been confined to burglary and highway robbery. After being very poor for a long time, and a vagabond besides, he had finished by purchasing an estate in the neighborhood of Mans, for which he had paid ten thousand livres. As to the Abbe Gagnard, his father was gaoler to the prison in Mans, and the son had nothing to live upon when he first came to Paris, except the masses he said at the Saint Esprit. When he entered the household of the Count de Montgommeri in quality of almoner, he was in the most abject poverty; but, three months after he quitted him, he lived in something like opulence. He had never been suspected of any especial crime; but he was intimate with Belestre. He was moreover perfectly acquainted with everything that passed in the count's household; and, above all, he knew that the count had received a large sum of money in the month of June, sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, and he also knew where it was kept.

They were both arrested. The woman La Comble, alias Cartant, Belestre's mistress, gave evidence which was corroborated by a crowd of other witnesses; and it was clearly proved that Belestre had committed the robbery by means of false keys, and with the assistance of Gagnard. Belestre endured the torture without confessing anything; but Gagnard had less fortitude, and confessed his crime. He said, too, that he was so much alarmed when the lieutenant-criminel was examining the premises, that had he asked him the smallest question he should have confessed everything. A comfortable hearing for that officer!

The gibbet relieved the world of these two scoundrels. Nothing then remained to be done, except to make amends to the victim of judicial error. Letters of revision were obtained. Parliament pronounced a decree on the seventeenth of June, sixteen hundred and ninety-three, which rehabilitated the memory of d'Anglade, justified the wife, and rescinded her sentence, condemned the Count de Montgommeri to make restitution of the money that had been adjudged to him as reparation for the robbery, and to pay all expenses besides. A collection was made in the court for the benefit of the daughter of M. and Madame d'Anglade, which amounted to above a hundred thousand livres.

But all this did not bring back poor M. d'Anglade to life again.

THE grand event of the Opera season in Havana, has been the *début* of Mme. Peralta in "Sonnambula," who electrified the audience by her superb and magnificent singing. She is undoubtedly one of the greatest *prima donnas* now living, and should she come to New York will create a *furore* here. Mme. Peralta is a native of Mexico, and of a very commanding appearance.

In Harlem, a peculiar ornament of white lace and cardboard, hung just outside the street door, signifies the birth of a child; and for the period of six weeks after a birth while such a badge is visible, no tax collector or creditor of any kind is allowed to demand payment.

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MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1866.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.

(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)

NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

624 Clay street, San Francisco

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED

AT

GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S

NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

(Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties. LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA

COFFEE AND DINING SALOON,

(Formerly the German Coffee Saloon,)

NOS. 612 AND 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.

J. R. REAGAN.....Proprietor

This house has undergone a thorough change, both in MANAGEMENT and PRICES. A fine Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up in the rear, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued

A. BONZI & CO.,

Italian Restaurant,

515 Merchant street, opposite Washington Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

MEALS, WITH WINE, 50 CENTS.

THE CHOICEST COMMODITIES OF THE Market served up in the best style of Italian and French cookery.

On the second floor are numerous private rooms, for social or private DINNER PARTIES. Coffee, Chocolate, Wine, Beer, Liqueurs, with every description of edible accompaniments, served to order at any hour of the day or evening.

REMOVED

To 645 Clay street, a few doors below Kearny.

DR. BLAKE CAN NOW BE FOUND AT the above location. Engagements as usual can be made with all those who desire thorough and FIRST-CLASS GOLD FILLINGS.

Lamott's Hat Emporium

IS THE PLACE TO GET A FASHIONABLE

HAT OR CAP,

AND AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. LESS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THIS CITY.

Do not fail to have one of

LAMOTT'S HATS!

CORNER PINE AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

Manufacturer and Importer of

PIANO-FORTES.

FACTORY AND WAREROOM, NO. 536 MARKET Street, opposite Second.

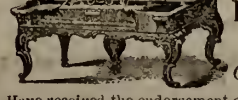
☞ PIANOS TO RENT. ☜

WALTER S. PIERCE'S

Piano Manufactory

Is the most complete on the Pacific Coast, having every appliance of machinery for Making or REPAIRING Pianos to be found in the largest Eastern Factories.

Old Pianos converted into new, by putting in new interior mechanism complete.



THE FAMOUS

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Chickering & Son

Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agent's.

Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.

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421 Montgomery street.

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Book and Job Printers,

Have the Largest Office,

Do the most work,

And do it better

Than other offices

536 In this City,

Try them

With a Job,

And you will be

Satisfied the above

Statements are facts.

Their office is at 536

Clay St., below Montgom'y,

Over Pacific Fruit Market.

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PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

STERETT & CUBERY,

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533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY.

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

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Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

DO YOU WANT ANY *PRINTING?*

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

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San Francisco Mill.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

BOXES,

Market Street, between Beale and Main,

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For Sale, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, and other Fancy Woods.

D. A. MACDONALD, J. H. MACDONALD, } J. MCGILL, H. CHIPMAN.

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SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

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Finishing Work for Buildings constantly on hand, and got up to order.

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MILLER & HALEY,

EMPIRE STEAM MILLS,

NO. 29 FREMONT STREET,

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SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND MOULDING FACTORY.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine.

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

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Etna Iron Works!

S. E. corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,

Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,

MANUFACTURE

STEAM ENGINES,

QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting

PISTON PACKING,

Now so extensively used in the East and in this State. Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,

The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in running order in two days' time.

TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,

Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.

All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.

SOLE MAKERS FOR THIS COAST OF THE "PENDERGAST WHITE IRON STAMP SHOES AND DIES."

None genuine unless obtained from us. Every one warranted.

Patented Machinery of all kinds will be furnished by us at market prices. Particular attention given to drawings and specifications of machinery, which will be made to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

☞ Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,

Machinist,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE,

HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES

AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at one per cent. per month.

Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.

Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

THE SIGN OF THE BIG GLOVE.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets.

J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Festhers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA FOR THE HAIR FOR SALE.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

SLOKUM ON PRACTICAL JOKES.

Si Sloakum, Jr., evidently is not partial to practical jokes, or other little pleasantries of that nature. He says:

"I don't like, when in kumpany, tu hev a chair ontu wich I am about tu squot, pulled away & konsekently I go tu the floor, causin' a bust ov larfter & snickerin' amnng the wimin. It aint gratifyin'.

I don't like a feller tu say, 'Stand up tu me, back tu back, let's see how much difference thare iz in our hite,' & then for him tu bend forard sudden & vigerous, sendin' me face tu the floor, dislokatin' mi back, or puttin' the lumbago intu it. It aint agreeable, bi no meens.

I don't like for a chap tu put the red hot end ov a cigar ontu mi face, sayin' thare wuz a fly thare & he didn't meen tu burn *me*. It aint helthy—not tu him.

I don't like for a chap, wich I confide intu, tu say, honest like, 'Si, don't yoo waut tu go tu the theatur tu-nite? I've got a ticket & can't use it. Yoo'd better go—here,' upon wich I take the ticket, & put for the theatur, on'y tu find ont itz a last yeer's peace ov pasteboard, & ov no akount. It makes mi blud bile, that duz.

I don't like, when, in a party wich iz imbibin ontu whisky punches, tu hev a free-mannered kuss in the krowd, one ov those wide awake chaps wich duz things all in a joke yoo kno, put his finger in mi punch, stir it round & taste ov it—even if he duz say it's good. I prefer tu be my own judge, I do.

I don't like for one ov them free-mannered kusses tu say awl ov a sudden, 'Hold still, Si—thare's a muskeeter,' & hit me a thunderin' welt on the cheek, sayin', 'The kuss got away arfter awl.' It isn't soothin,' & iz apt to bring on a fite.

I don't like a feller tu say in a corjul manner—'Kum, take sunthin, Si,' (this part I like,) & we go in, & hev him swoller hizen afour I've got tu mine, & then have him say 'Hold on a minit, Si,' & go ont and leave me tu pay for the entertainment. The refreshment duz no good in sich cases.

I don't like to hev a chap give me a thunderin' slap ontu mi back, & knock mi hat off, jest az I wuz goin' tu bow tu a female, & then hev the free-mannered kuss say, 'Oh, I thawt it wuz Jim Brown.' It makes one feel awkeredly. Make sure ov yoor Jim Brown, & then slap, but not utherwize.

I don't like for a feller when he shakes hands ontu me, to squeez mi hand in hizzen till I holler with pane, & the tears knm. It's fnstrate for him, but it's too coarjul & pressin' for me.

There's many other things I don't like, ov similer kussedness, but ov them anon."

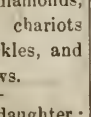
PORTICAL.—A young lady says the first time she was kissed she felt like a tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs, and cranberries. She felt also as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows.

A WIDOW said one day to her daughter: "When you are of my age you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the young lady, "for the second time."

Hoops surround what ruin men—wine and women.

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,
Corner Second and Folsom streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors.



THE GREAT
New England Remedy!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
White-Pine Compound,
IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:
Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery Street, cor. Clay, San Francisco.

MASONIC TEMPLE,
Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!
Cures Without Medicines.
Experience of 25 years (15th (1866) in San Francisco,) enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.
10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

P. A. FINIGAN'S

NORFOLK STABLES,
ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN POWELL AND MASON,
SAN FRANCISCO.
THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.
Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
DOWNY PULU, CURLED HAIR, MOSS, AND WOOL MATTRESSES.
—ALSO—
The sole right to manufacture FULLER'S PATENT SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESSES, admitted by everybody to be the BEST, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.
A full assortment of FURNITURE, SHEETING, BLANKETS, etc., at extremely low prices, for cash.
JACOB SCHREIBER,
Nos. 121 and 123 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine, San Francisco.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

HOAGLAND & NEWSOM,
ARCHITECTS,
Southwest corner Sacramento and Kearny streets,
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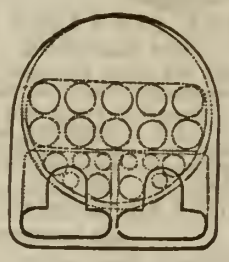
BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware.
Main street, Petaluma.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,
Portland Boiler Works,
311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,
Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.
Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.
All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.
T. J. MOYNIHAN, JAS. AITKEN, } Proprietors.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.
MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF
HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.
The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.
All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.
D. CAMERON.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

SAN FRANCISCO
Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam tight; with ont excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.
LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.
RETAIL STORE,
Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Stell, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morsbead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner California and Davis, and 124 Market.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 15 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreet, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Savannu's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holdiog's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohlor, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOODAND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

SANS CŒUR.

I was born to be a rich man's bride,
My father's rugged kinsmen said;
I was reckless and clever, and fair beside,
Like my lady mother, who rashly wed;
Reckless and clever, and very fair—
I know that the women hated me then,
For my pensive eyes and my amber hair
Had worked sad mischief among the men.

I fancy they knew that I played them false,
That I laughed at the flames I helped to fan,
And took them only to practice the waltz,
Before the dance of my life began.
And yet they searched for a woman's heart,
As a miner sifts the sandy grains,
Until I was weary rehearsing the part,
And longed for a guerdon worth my pains.

It came one evening—a monied beau,
Sallow with cities, and worn with wine;
He was doing the pastoral thing, you know,
And had heard of our lodge—that the sport was fine.
I counted the creature a costly prize—
There was scanty fuel to start a flame,
But I knew the magic in my eyes,
So I gathered my glances and played my game.

I claimed no cunning at ribbons, or rouge,
They lay below by finer arts,
For it costs a deeper subterfuge
To warm the blood in shrivelled hearts.
I did not trust to look alone—
I was not my mother's child for naught,
And the langnid lids were all her own,
And the winning whisper she had taught.

The odds were strong against me; life
Had been to me a feast forlorn,
A banquet broken up with strife,
Lit by the mockery of morn.
To him all women wore a mask,
As every rose conceals a sting,
From such as spurn, to such as ask
All trinkets, save the wedding ring.

I pleased him from the first—a slight,
Indifferent fancy, it is true—
But one I watched and guided right,
And nurtured as it slowly grew.
I had no hope of winning love,
Beyond a witchery of the eye,
And yet the meshes that I wove
Were tightened to the marriage-tie.

Heigho! The scene was shifted then,
And I had left the life I loathed,
To hold my own with women and men,
Daintily fed and richly clothed.
The thing was clever that I had done,
The world was ready with smile and stare,
And I spent the money that I had won,
And queened it over the proudest there.

I am growing old, my enemies say,
But the fire of youth is in me still,
And of jewels and flowers, and all things gay,
I fear I shall never have had my fill.
Right merrily I have lived, and well,
Careless of cavil, and deaf to blame,
And not the foulest tongue can tell
A slanderous story to my shame.

Men are gathering round me yet,
Of every age, and every style,
And many remember, but few forget,
The bright bewitching of my smile.
I have conquered the world, and I'll hold my place
That I toiled to maintain, and lifted high,
Ruining men with my handsome face,
And living on flattery till I die.

—*New York Home Journal.*

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

THE SIGN OF THE BIG GLOVE.
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets.

J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Pure without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA FOR THE HAIR FOR SALE.

WINE SALOON.

UNION SALOON.—C. H. Cordea is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davie" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

California Wines.
Vintage 1862.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFRS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,
311 Battery Street, S. F.

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CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

THE BEST FAMILY WINES
IN THE CITY
—Are to be found at—
HOADLEY & CO.'S,
533 Merchant street, under
Pacific Fruit Market.

☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE,
No. 223 *Bush Street,*
Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.

☞ HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.
Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
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FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,
Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
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A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - Proprietor

ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

IS A CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF THE CHOICE root, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effectual antidote for diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. Such a remedy is surely wanted by those who suffer from strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove, as this has, of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found in the following complaints:

Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, etc

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left in comparative health.

Female diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are often soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

Do not discard this invaluable medicine, because you have been imposed upon by something pretending to be Sarsaparilla, while it was not. When you have used AYER'S—then, and not till then, will you know the virtues of Sarsaparilla. For minute particulars of the diseases it cures, we refer you to Ayer's American Almanac, which the agent below named will furnish gratis to all who call for it.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, for the cure of Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Heartburn arising from Disordered Stomach, Pain, or Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, and for a Dinner Pill.

They are sugar coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best Aperient in the world for all the purposes of a Family Physic.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
and all Dealers

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

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THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT Establishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined.

SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.

Double-sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.

Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

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Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

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1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 *Volumes of Standard Works,*
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

Beauty!
Auburn, Golden, Flaxen and Silken Curls
PRODUCED BY THE USE OF PROF. DE BREUX FRISER LE CHEVEUX.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address
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No. 285 River street, Troy, N. Y.,
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Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

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The Madame has astonished thousands of her visitors in Europe, England and America, by revealing the Past, Present and Future Events of Life, such as Law Suits, Travel by Sea or Land, Lost or Stolen Goods, Hidden Treasure, Absent Friends or Relatives, and all affairs of business in general.

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Office of MADAME LAURUSTINUS, No. 816 Montgomery street, between Jackson and Pacific. Office hours, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 in the evening.

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WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
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Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
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(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

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FINE CLOTHING,
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And all kinds of
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Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
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C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
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NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
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☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
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Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

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FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines have is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all gradee of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A. DEMING,
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IF there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

THE LOVE BIRD.

The maple is flushing in crimson spray,
The cold and the winter have passed away,
A little bird sits in the buds at play,
And he sings and whistles the live-long day
One constant strain in a tinkling swell,
Like a fairy's touch on a silver bell.
I know not if others can read so well
The story his gurgling warbles tell;
Now pealing loud and sinking low,
Now bursting and swelling with liquid flow;
But each rippling note,
From his mellow throat,
As it floats along,
Sings the sweet song:
I love you, I love you, I love you.

Way down in my heart a little bird sings,
With golden plumage and scarlet wings;
His voice is clear as the crystal springs,
And his notes, like a pattering of pearls, he flings.
A gentle thing is that bosom bird,
With the tenderest tone you ever heard,
His strain is by softened memories stirred,
And its key note is struck from one sweet word.
His lay begins with the earliest morn,
Yet e'en in my dreams it goes ringing on;
And my heart beats time
To the silvery chime,
Pealing back the same
In a tone of flame:
I love you, I love you, I love you.

REFRESHING CANDOR.—The late Mr. Braham, known to the public as the greatest male volcalist of his time, was equally famed among his private friends as a narrator of funny anecdotes, which he is said to have recounted with a certain grave humor, not to be equalled, much less surpassed. The late Mr. Bnnn—no bad story-teller himself—has recorded one of these, observing that he only regrets that he cannot give it the point which it derived from the manner of the celebrated singer. A certain Hebrew, it appears, having no readier means of making money, hit upon the expedient of purchasing a book of one of the elder Charles Mathew's entertainments, and announced his intention of repeating the entertainment to the public of a provincial town, in which amusements were scarce. The assembly room at which the performance took place was crowded, but not many minutes had elapsed before it became painfully evident that the artist, having no talent whatever, was about to read through the book, without displaying any more humor or any aptitude for delineating character than was at the command of the least artistic person in his audience. Indeed, it is a question whether they would not all have surpassed him, for at all events they would have read with a proper English accent, whereas his utterance was veiled by a Jewish dialect of the thickest and most repulsive kind. The discovery of the "entertainer's" deficiencies soon led to an universal cry of "Swindle! swindle!" Meekly bowing to the sentence thus pronounced, and looking as if he acknowledged its justice, he said with the utmost calmness, "Ladish and gentlemansh—Yon are right. It ish a swindle." General indignation was at once merged in a general roar of laughter.

THE Boston *Bulletin* interprets titles of sundry popular songs in the following style:

I Know a Bank—Sand or Fare?

My Highland Rose—Did it? Then you made something.

Song of the Lark—We won't go home till morning.

There's a Bower—There are two, right and left.

All Hail to the Land—Some rain would be better.

The Days Seem Longer Now—Well, they are longer.

I Would Not Live Always—Sour Grapes?

Will You Come to the Bower?—If you play the right one.

You'll Remember—When my note is protested.

In Darkness I Wander—Take a lantern and go straight on.

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ARCHITECTS,
Southwest corner Sacramento and Kearny streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK BREWERY,
CORNER POWELL AND FRANCISCO STS.
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Ale, Porter, and Lager Beer
In the country, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally.
☞ All orders from the country promptly filled and delivered free of charge in the city.

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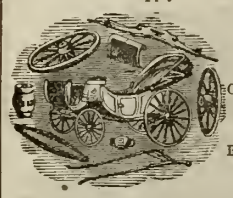

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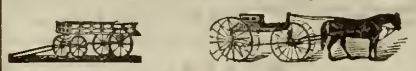

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CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

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Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.
A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

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Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

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INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
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AT THE LOWEST RATES.
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FURNITURE
At Less than Gold Cost,
AT THE WAREROOMS OF
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It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.
Parties about to purchase are invited to call and satisfy themselves of the correctness of these assertions prior to buying elsewhere.
J. PEIRCE & CO.,
415, 417 and 419 California street.
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HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL,
For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.
For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dollar per bottle.

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LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.
RETAIL STORE,
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Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

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ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN POWELL AND MASON,
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THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.
Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

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LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
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The sole right to manufacture FULLER'S PATENT SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESSES, admitted by everybody to be the BEST, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.
A full assortment of FURNITURE, SHEETING, BLANKETS, etc., at extremely low prices, for cash.
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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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J. B. DUNHAM, F. C. LIGHTE & CO.,

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Are warranted for FIVE YEARS, and indorsed by the LEADING PIANISTS of AMERICA as SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

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MANUFACTURER

—AND—

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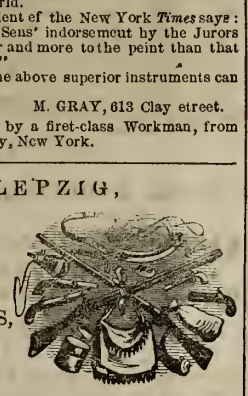

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Gilding and Silver Plating of all kinds of metals; also, Silver or Plated Ware reburnished.

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HAVE IN STORE, EX LATE ARRIVALS, A FULL stock of

STOVES AND RANGES,

METALS, WIRE, IRON PIPE,
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HOLLOW-WARE, TIN-WARE,
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112 AND 114 BATTERY STREET,
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Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.
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WARM SWIMMING BATHS!

N. E. Corner Powell and Filbert Streets,

OPPOSITE WASHINGTON SQUARE.

J. M. NASH.....PROPRIETOR.

WARM AND COLD BATHS from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. daily, with every appliance usually connected with a well-ordered Gymnasium for the development of Health and Muscle.

The only Complete Swimming Bath on this Coast.

Another advantage connected with this establishment, not usually found in Swimming Baths, is, that the water is Continually Changing, Fresh Water running in and out Constantly.

Single Baths, including Towels and Bathing Dress.25 cts
5 Bath Tickets, " " $1

Call and Try Them. The Kearny Street and Montgomery Street Cars pass the door *every five minutes.*

The Baths are reserved for Ladies every Tuesday, from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. Ladies to supply their own Bathing Dresses.

I will *guarantee* to impart a thorough *practical knowledge* of *Swimming* in *one month.* Terms for the Course, $10.
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612 CLAY STREET,

Nerth side, four doers above Mentgomery.

Takes all kinds ef Photographs in the very best etyle of the Art. Would especially invite attention to the superiority ol the "Cabinet Photograph," or new size, taken at this establishment.

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Executed in a Superior Style, at

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NEW AND ELEGANT ROOMS,

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Photographs retouched in India Ink or Water Colors, and copied from daguerreotypes or ambrotypes to any size. All work guaranteed and perfect satisfaction given. Call and see specimens before going elsewhere.

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GEO. BORDWELL,

ARCHITECT,

To the S. E. corner Montgomery and Pine streets,

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Architects,

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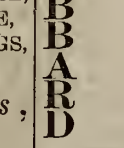
B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washingtou street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, cerner of Clay; Wm. J. Adame, Esq., (Adams, Blinu & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnvereiu Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnstou, Esq., Insuranco Building, 412 and 414 Montgemery street; Jamee Breeks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

THE MOST PERFECT CUTTING MACHINE EVER MADE

HUBBARD PRIZE MOWER



The Excelsior Mower of the Day.

The Makers of this Celebrated Machine have finally been enabled to increase their manufacturing facilities to such an extent, as to equal the Eastern demand, and permit of a full stock being kept at San Francisco for the wants of the Pacific Farmers.

This Machine took the FIRST GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM from

EIGHTEEN COMPETITORS,

At the Great Public Trial of MOWERS held at Utica, New York.

Farmers and Dealers, send for a pamphlet, and consult your own interests by examining this Machine before you make your purchases for the season.

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WM. B. ISAACS,

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106 AND 108 BATTERY STREET,

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AMERICAN HOTEL,
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CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
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" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one fer Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers fer Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregen, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedre, and San Diego.

Office ef the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

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Fashionable Milliner.

NO. 23 POST STREET,

Between Kearny and Mentgomery,

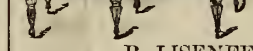
SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.

Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.

☞ Goods received by every steamer, frem New York and Paris.

REMOVAL.—FIRST PREMIUM



Billiard TABLE MANUFACTORY.

P. LISENFELD,

Has removed frem 612 Battery street to 537 Sacramento street, a few doors below Montgomery,

Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the medern improvements.
Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every descriptien.
All goods sold are warranted.

LOTS FOR SALE ON BERNAL RANCHO.

NOTICE IS GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE OF AN Order of the Probate Court ef the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the undersigned will sell at public auction, in two separate parcels, subject to confirmation by said Court, on TUESDAY, the 4th day of June, 1867, at 12 o'clock noon, at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said City and County, the real estate belonging to the Estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased, described as follows, to-wit:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated, lying and being on the Bernal Rancho, in the City and County ef San Francisco, aforesaid and known and designated upon a certain map entitled, "Gift Map No. 3," as and by the numbers 269 and 271—being each 25 feet in width, in frent and rear, and 70 feet deep.

Terms of Sale—Cash, in United States Gold Coin. Deeds and Stamps at expense of purchaser.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius Rickter, deceased.
Dated May 11th, 1867. my11-3w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of DANIEL B. BARNES, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distributien should net be made.

On reading and filing the petition ef Stephen Smith, Administrator of the Estate of Daniel B. Barnes, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased. in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the third day of June, A. D. 1867, at cleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of said deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order he published for four successive weeks, before the said third day of June A D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated May 3d, A. D. 1867. my4-5t13

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CITY AND COUNTY OF San Francisco. In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of THOMAS A. KIMBALL, deceased.

Order of Publication on application for order of sale.

On reading and filing the petition of William A. Quarles, administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court-room thereof, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 20th day of May, 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated April 17th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court, this 19th day of April, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JECHERS, Deputy Clerk.
WINANS & BELENAP, Att'ys for Petitioner. ap20-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No. 5 of the 100-vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELLEN JENNER, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William A. Jenner, the Executor of the last will and testament of Ellen Jenner, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the heirs and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Ellen Jenner, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 3d day of June, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs and devisees of the said Ellen Jenner, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said third day of June, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated April 23d, A. D. 1867.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Att'y for Executor. ap27-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, William Rowan, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said William Rowan, at No 532 Merchant street, Room No. 3, in the City and County of San Francisco.

WM. ROWAN.
Administrator of the estate of Claude Jacquin, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1867. my4-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF HENRY SEAMAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

JANE SEAMAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Henry Seaman, deceased.
May 10th, 1867. my11-6w

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARR. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

The Beautiful and Fascinating

HELEN WESTERN,

Supported by THE GRAND COMBINATION COMPANY,

This Afternoon.....May Eighteenth,

AMERICAN COUSIN.

THIS EVENING,

Rosina Meadows, and French Spy.

In Rehearsal—The Helen Western Speciality -

HOME AND ABROAD!

In which she will enact Ten Characters, and introduce the celebrated FEMALE MINSTRELS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra $1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

☞No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Business Manager

ITALIAN OPERA.

SATURDAY EVENING.....MAY 18th,

Will be presented the Grand Opera of

IL TROVATORE.

Leonora.....Siguorina Eugenia Bellini.
Azucena.....Madame Stella Bonheur.
Manrico.....Signor E. Bianchi.
Count di Luni.....Signor G. Mancusi.
Ferrando.....Signor S. Milleri.

MONDAY EVENING.....BALLO EN MASCHERA.

Conductor.....MR. GEO. T. EVANS.

☞ The Regular Subscription Nights will be Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. On Saturday evening an extra night will be given.

GO AND SEE THE
WONDERFUL PERFORMING BUFFALO
AND THE
GREAT COMBINATION OF
EQUESTRIAN, ACROBATIC AND GYMNASTIC
PERFORMANCE AT
THE

New York Circus,

International Lot, Jackson Street, near Montgomery.

Afternoon Performance at 2 o'clock To-Day.

GRAND PERFORMANCE THIS EVENING.

MONDAY EVENING,

Benefit of

WM. KENNEDY, CLOWN.

☞ Entire New Features will be Presented.☜

Pacific Billiard Tournament,

OPEN TO

ALL PLAYERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE GRAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT FOR THE Championship of the Pacific Coast, is now taking place at CONGRESS HALL, Bush street, just above Montgomery, and will be continued TO-DAY and THIS EVENING, and on MONDAY.

First Prize—A most splendid gold-mounted Cue, and the Championship.

There will also be four other prizes in cash, ranging from One Hundred Dollars up.

The New York American Billiard Players' Association's rules will be strictly adhered to in this contest.

STRAHLE & HUGHES,
567 Market Street, San Francisco.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery,

Museum, Gymnasium

.....AND.....

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, half price.

Peet & Son,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

No. 315 BATTERY STREET,

Nex Door to Commercial Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Black Silks.

200 PIECES.

VERY SUPERIOR BLACK SILKS.

Suitable for

DRESSES,

CLOAKS AND

MANTILLAS,

AT A REDUCTION OF 25 PER CENT.

From Cost of Importation.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

LICK HOUSE.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,

No. 107 BATTERY STREET, BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE.

Cloths, Cloths.

500 PIECES.

FRENCH, SCOTCH AND ENGLISH CLOTHS

Suitable for

CLOAKS, AND MEN AND BOYS' WEAR,

Just received, and will be offered on

MONDAY, 13th inst.,

AT A REDUCTION OF 50 PER CENT.

From Cost of Importation.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

LICK HOUSE.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,

No. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.

Family Dry Goods

AT

REDUCED PRICES!

Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings;
Linen Sheetings and Shirtings;
Towels and Towelings;
Barnesly, Scotch and French Table Damask and Table Cloths;
Flannels, Blankets, Quilts, Etc.

—ALSO—

A large line of French Cambrics, Nainsooks, Mull Mull, Jaconets and Organdies, suitable for Ladies' and Childrens' Dresses.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

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No. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.

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B. C. HORN & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

HAVANNA CIGARS,

Agents for Virginia Manufactured Tobacco,

FRONT STREET, CORNER OF CLAY,

SAN FRANCISCO.

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LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

A. ROMAN & CO.'S

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MAY, 1867.

A Journey to Ashango-Land. By Du Chaillu.
Sybil's Second Love. By Julia Kavanagh.
Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1866 and 1867.
Black Sheep; a Novel. By Edmund Yates.
Lion in the Path. By J. Saunders.
Beale on the Microscope in Practical Medicine; new edition.
Treusseau's Clinical Medicine—Part II.
Up and Down the London streets. By Mark Lemon.
Thomas' American Fruit Culturist; new edition.
Natural Theology. By Prof. P. A. Chadbourne.
"Maga" Stories. Putnam's Railway Classics.
Literary Life of J. K. Paulding. Compiled by his Son Wm. I. Paulding.
Froude's History of England—Vols. IX and X.
Æneid of Virgil. Translated by J. Conington, M. A.
Edgar A. Poe's Prose Tales; new edition—2 vols.
Political Writings of Richard Cobden—2 vols.
The Rich Husband. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell.
Sut Lovingood's Yarns.
Siege of Washington. By F. C. Adams.
The Reign of Law. By the Duke of Argyll.
Mexico under Maximilian. By H. M. Flint.
Edged Tools. (Win and Wear Series.)
Lydia. A Tale of the Second Century.
The English of Shakspeare. By Geo. L. Craik.
True Protestant Ritualism. By Rev. Chas. H. Hall.
Five Centuries of English Literature.
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